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THE ACADEMY.

*A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
AND ART.*

J U L Y — D E C E M B E R,
1888.

VOLUME XXXIV.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 27, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.
—
1888.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD,
LONSDALE BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1888.

No. 844, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

The Ethic of Freethought. By Karl Pearson. (Fisher Unwin.)

FREETHOUGHT is generally understood as a euphemism for the rejection of supernatural religion; and it seems to be understood by Prof. Karl Pearson in this sense when he defines freethinkers as those "who do not accept Christianity as a divine or miraculous revelation" (p. 14). But elsewhere the tests to be satisfied by those who would merit this title are made more stringent and exclusive. "The Freethinker vigorously denies the existence of any god hitherto put forward, because the idea of one and all, by contradicting some law of thought, involves an absurdity" (p. 6). Apparently he must also assume as above dispute that the immortality of the soul is "a delusive, if not a dangerous hypothesis" (p. 71). Nor will he admit the fellowship of Agnostics; for, while they assert "that some questions lie beyond man's power of solution, the Freethinker contents himself with the statement that he does not know at present, but that looking to the past he can set no limit to the knowledge of the future" (p. 6).

It must be admitted that a definition which would exclude Prof. Francis Newman, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Prof. Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer from the ranks of freethought involves a considerable strain on the ordinary use of language.

Prof. Pearson has no wish to attack Christianity, which he regards—perhaps somewhat rashly—as an exploded superstition. His principal quarrel is with the Agnostics. Freedom of thought is for him not so much independence as empire; and he claims all phenomena, or rather all existence, as possibly subject to its dominion. What he has to tell us on this point is most interesting, and forms, I think, the most valuable portion of his volume. At once a mathematician and a student of Spinoza, his ideal is the reduction of all knowledge to a chain of demonstrated propositions evolved from a single self-evident principle, just as Kepler's laws are explained by gravitation, as gravitation itself may next be explained by the structure of the atoms, as our conceptions of matter, or rather of mass and motion, may ultimately be referred back to the conditions of intelligence itself. Certainly a most fascinating ideal! but is it not rather premature, rather dogmatic to assume that the universe *must* form such a system, that the laws of nature *must* go without a remainder into the laws of thought, that all existence *must* satisfy the demands of a simplifying centripetal speculation? For that Prof. Pearson postulates no less is, I think, evident from the following passage:

"The universe is what it is, because *that* is the

only conceivable fashion in which it could be—in which it could be thought. Every finite thing in it is, what it is, because *that* is the only possible way in which it could be. It is absurd to ask why things are not other than they are, because, were our ideas sufficiently clear, we should see that they exist in the only way in which they are thinkable. Equally absurd is it to ask why any finite thing or any finite individual exists—its existence is a logical necessity—a necessary step or element in the complete thought-analysis of the universe, and without that step our thought-analysis, the universe itself, could have no existence" (p. 29).

In the very next paper our knowledge of invariable sequences is spoken of as only amounting to a very high degree of probability, and the order of nature as something that "may arise from my having to perceive it, if I perceive it at all, under the forms of space and time" (p. 36). This is a thoroughly Agnostic view; at any rate it is the very theory put forward by Kant, the father of modern Agnosticism, to explain why things in themselves are unknowable, and to prove that they must ever remain so. In any case Mill's "Limit to the Explanation of the Laws of Nature" is left untouched, that is the irresolvable multiplicity of the primordial feelings out of which all knowledge is composed.

The idea of the universe as a rational system, which Prof. Pearson has derived from Spinoza, really originated with Plato; but the Athenian philosopher soon abandoned the speculative problem for the easier and more congenial task of reconstructing human society on *a priori* principles. Prof. Pearson does precisely the same thing in the concluding division of his essays. In these we find unfolded a scheme of policy avowedly based on the results reached, or rather assumed, in the first part, but in fact, as I think, totally independent of them, although involving the employment of a very similar method. Prof. Pearson seems to hold that a sweeping revolution in our moral standards must necessarily follow on the destruction of theological belief:

"Take," he exclaims, "the average clergyman of whatever denomination, the church or chapel-going lawyer, merchant or tradesman, as a rule you will find absolute ignorance of the real bearings of modern philosophy and of modern science on social conduct" (p. 23).

And again:

"The modern Socialistic theory of morality is based upon the agnostic treatment of the supersensuous. Man in judging of conduct is concerned only with the present life; he has to make it as full and as joyous as he is able. . . . Can a greater gulf be imagined than really exists between current Christianity and the Socialistic code? Socialism arises from the recognition (1) that the sole aim of mankind is happiness in this life, and (2) that the course of evolution and the struggle of group against group has produced a strong social instinct in mankind, so that, directly and indirectly, the pleasure of the individual lies in forwarding the prosperity of the society of which he is a member" (pp. 318-19).

So far, this "Ethic of Freethought" is nothing in principle but utilitarianism pure and simple; and utilitarianism has been held as an ethical creed by many Christian divines of unimpeachable orthodoxy, Paley

among the number, while all Christians, whether utilitarians or not, maintain that happiness, even in this life, would follow on the application of their principles to conduct. Asceticism never formed an essential element in Christianity, and is now fast disappearing from all its churches, while it has always been intimately associated with the agnostic religion of Buddhism which Prof. Pearson so much admires. If it can be shown that Socialism is both feasible and expedient, that a scheme can be devised and executed for giving every member of the community an approximately equal share of its wealth without ultimately drying up the sources of wealth altogether, I do not think that the new economy will have any opposition to fear from Christians as such—especially when it is advocated by one who has such a great and well-founded horror of revolutionary methods as our author.

Prof. Pearson absolutely refuses to draw up a detailed constitution for the regenerated society of the future. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes" seems to be his motto. Yet surely before we permit any tampering with the present organisation of industry, we have a right to ask what will be given us in exchange for it. We cannot surrender Jerusalem on the bare strength of a promise that we shall be taken away to a land of corn and wine, of bread and vineyards, of oil-olive and of honey. However, glimpses enough are vouchsafed of the Socialistic scheme to make us be sure that life under it would be a worse than Assyrian captivity. The state is to be the sole landlord and capitalist; in other words, the sole employer of labour in a community where everyone will be compelled to work. It will thus have the power of starving all unpopular citizens or of driving them into exile, which, if all nations accepted Socialism, would be equivalent to starvation. Whatever new ideas fail to win the favour of its authorities will be extinguished for want of the material means of putting them into action. In particular, by monopolising all the printing-presses, it will be enabled to exercise the most rigid censorship over literature that has ever been known. Nor is this all. Prof. Pearson, rightly judging that the material benefits of Socialism would quickly be lost were population allowed to increase without limit, proposes that the reproduction of mankind should be placed under state control. Parents who bring the requisite number of children into the world are to be subsidised, and those who exceed it are to be punished; as also, we must suppose, are those who undertake this office at all without having proved their fitness for it. Infertile unions may be formed and dissolved at pleasure; but one does not see how there can ever be more liberty in that respect than is at present enjoyed, as no legal penalty is imposed on free love, while the social stigma now attached to it lies beyond the sphere of state control. No government could compel the Lucy Feverels of the future to associate with its Mrs. Mounts; and in the struggle between them the matron is sure to get the better of the hetaira, as the opinions and tastes of the former will alone be transmitted to posterity.

In his anxiety to provide a machinery for checking over-population Prof. Pearson pays

too little attention to another danger. Free and infertile unions, with their immunity from the trouble and responsibility of reproductive marriage, might become so general as to bring about the extinction of the community, or its submergence in international competition. This is the ultimate sanction of our established sexual morality, and has been duly recognised as such by utilitarian writers on the subject. The difficulty is indeed stated with great force by our author in his essay on "The Woman's Question," while elsewhere it is quite ignored. One might suggest the maintenance of our present marriage system with the slaughter of superfluous children, the weakest being of course chosen for execution, as after all a less dangerous remedy than that proposed. Some prejudices no doubt would have to be overcome; but when once devotion to the state is substituted for devotion to humanity as our supreme guide a long step will have been taken in the return to the practices as well as to the feelings of those ancient commonwealths which are now again being held up to our exclusive admiration.

Even were it desirable to invest the state with these tremendous powers there remains the difficulty that it would be incompetent to undertake them. Prof. Pearson points to the excellent administration of the German post office and the German army as proofs of its success in the management of great undertakings. But both are to a great extent matters of routine; and both are, so to speak, parasitic organisms, supported by a comparatively free industrial society, and enlisting in their service the ability evolved by its system of unrestricted competition. We should remember, also, that the successes of the German army have been largely gained through the gross mismanagement of other armies, a proof that the states to which they belonged had failed to discharge one of the two primary duties of a government—the defence of the country against foreign enemies. As to the other primary duty of protecting life and property and enforcing the obligation of contracts, we find it ill-performed all round. Prof. Pearson notes "that it is through the enterprise of private companies that the lives of Londoners are endangered by a network of overhead telegraphs. In London the state already carries its wires underground" (p. 332). But how discreditable to the state that it should allow the lives of its subjects to be so endangered! Meanwhile, pending its assumption of industrial functions, the state in every country but one is doing its best to ruin industry by the adoption of an insane protectionist policy.

The grand argument of Prof. Pearson against our present system, the moral ground on which he denounces it as anti-social and inconsistent with modern thought, is that it enables idle people to live in luxury at the expense of others. This is true and regrettable; but it seems a perversion to state that "the misery of the labouring classes is directly proportional to the luxury of the wealthy" (p. 361); for were it so the one would increase with the other, whereas we know from Mr. Giffen's statistics that the contrary is true. This, however, is only by the way. The vital question is: supposing a

socialistic community to be organised, what security is there that the managers, having absolute power in their hands, will not use it to enable themselves and their friends to live in idle luxury? Under such a despotism as is contemplated there would be far less protection for the mass of the people against economical corruption than now exists in America against political corruption, and we know to how little that amounts. Clearly the introduction of Socialism must be preceded by such a moral reform as we can now hardly conceive, and such as, if effected, would make Socialism superfluous.

Prof. Karl Pearson is the Boulanger of freethought. What he demands is the self-surrender of all thought and all action into the hands of an undefined authority, of which we only know that it would be incompatible with any individual spontaneity, and that it would lead to the speedy extinction of any community so misguided as to accept its dictation.

ALFRED W. BENN.

Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln.

By the Rev. J. H. Overton and Miss Wordsworth. (Rivingtons.)

BISHOP WORDSWORTH was certainly a man whose life ought to have been written. He filled a large space in the public eye; he was one of the last, and not the least brilliant ornaments of the old Cambridge school of philology; he was a bishop venerated by all within his diocese and by the clergy without it. And yet the life was difficult to write. It should hardly have been written by his daughter and a canon of his cathedral. We want an explanation of the difference between his position in the Church and his position in the world; between the way he impressed a Church Congress and the way he struck the newspapers. Such an explanation could only have been given by a biographer who did not stand too near to his subject or look up to him too much, and who yet at the same time knew him intimately and loved and honoured him. The writers only betray a perception that in profane eyes Bishop Wordsworth had a grotesque side to him by assuring us that he had a sense of humour (which more than one passage in the *Holy Year* and the *Commentary* might make us doubt), and knew perfectly well that others beside ladies needed a translation of the Greek letter of Archbishop Lycurgus which he had been reading aloud at a public meeting. They inform us, too, that in his Harrow days he had a strong tendency to sarcasm, which he conscientiously and completely repressed. His mastership there was the one unsuccessful episode of his life, and his biographers tell us nothing about it. They confine themselves to a few letters from old pupils (which contain nothing very characteristic) and his remarkable composure during the fire at his house. Nor can it be said that they give us a clear or complete impression of his public activity, from his appointment to a canonry at Westminster to his resignation of the see of Lincoln. They are on their guard against losing the life of a man in the history of his time, and so they pass over much; for instance, Dr. Wordsworth's share in the controversy over *Essays and Reviews*, except so far as the subject came up in Convocation. But about the

causes which he made his own we have more than it is easy to digest. No doubt the "Burials Bill," the "revival of Convocation," Gallicanism, and "Old Catholicism" were all a great part of Bishop Wordsworth's life; but we fail to get his action into place. A *précis* arranged under heads of what he said and did about such matters does not help us to know what bearing such action had upon his whole life or upon the course of events.

Very possibly it is difficult to get his action into focus, because he himself was lacking in the sense of proportion—the comparative magnitude of things. Through the whole of his active life, the Church of England was much more prosperous, both temporally and spiritually, than at any period since the Reformation; but he felt the loss of some incidental privileges, and the threatened loss of others, so keenly that he actually congratulated the present Archbishop of Canterbury on his prospects of living to be martyred. The late Lord Beaconsfield gravely assured the sceptical that the Bishop of Lincoln was right in defending every outwork of the historical position of the Church till the last. Still there is something strange in the spectacle of one who was always firing off heavy guns in defence of lost causes, not only going on his way rejoicing, but actually succeeding in most of his personal undertakings. He was a man whom it was easy to call combative and meddlesome, and yet he made no enemies and got into no scrapes. When Dean Stanley was appointed to Westminster, the matter cost him several sleepless nights. He put out something like a protest, in which he tried to prove that the formalities a new dean would have to go through were something like a recantation, after which he lived very happily with the new dean, though they both were active members of Convocation. The truth is that he was very single minded. It was a sort of proverb about him that he lived three parts in heaven and one in the first century A.D., or, as Lady Welby Gregory put it, he always seemed to be on a visit to the nineteenth century from the sixteenth. And, vehement and angular as he was, his fundamental opinions were moderate enough. Rome was Babylon, but the Pope was not Antichrist; the Jews were to be converted to Christianity, but not restored to Palestine; the Divorce Act was abominable, but a man whose wife played him false might be allowed, though not encouraged, to marry again; vows of virginity were objectionable, but sisterhoods were excellent; the bishop's "jus liturgicum" was precious, but Convocation was not to be "a manufactory of prayers"; daily service was a very great privilege, but he never set it up in his own parish church for fear his curate should be overtaxed when he was at Westminster; episcopacy was an essential to valid sacraments, but it was lawful in Scotland to join in Presbyterian prayers and listen to Presbyterian sermons. The clearest impression we get of Bishop Wordsworth's own work in his diocese is that he did a great deal to stimulate and assist such of his clergy as had any turn for literary labours. When one of them, for instance, was writing on Bishop Andrewes he sent him a copy of Casaubon's *Ephemerides* with all the passages relating to Andrewes marked. We learn also that he succeeded (perhaps too well) in

carrying out the work in which his predecessors since Bishop Kaye had been engaged, of "breaking up the nests of rooks"—a name applied to the clergy who, while they were allowed, lived in small towns and went out to serve the village churches on Sundays. He greatly enjoyed his confirmation tours; and we are told that whenever possible he drove about his diocese instead of going by train. This, we hear, was very good for his health. His great nervous irritability threatened his vigorous constitution; but early rising, extreme moderation in food, and his great care not to work his brain in the evening, preserved his activity and spirits till his seventy-seventh year. We gather that the last six months were very painful. Otherwise his life was happy; not the less that it was very laborious and austere. After he left Harrow he appears to have renounced most of the elegancies and amenities of life except books (he thought nothing worth reading that was not worth buying) and engravings. When his house at Westminster was robbed by burglars he not only gave the clergyman of the parish fifty pounds towards the better guidance of his parishioners (which was remarkable enough) but refrained from replacing the plate stolen and went on using kitchen forks.

The book closes with some interesting reminiscences. The fullest and most genial is by Dean Burdon, who glides into poetry. The Archbishop of Canterbury recalls Bishop Wordsworth's enviable promptitude, "When other men were putting on their great coats he was a quarter of a mile ahead; when other men were taking them off he was already at his writing table half way down the page." Other traits are quaint. He not only talked the section of the Commentary he was writing to his visitors, but he catechised his household before them, including his wife, who sometimes had to make "shots."

G. A. SIMCOX.

A MEDIAEVAL LATIN VERSION OF "KALILAH AND DIMNAH."

*Johannis de Capua | Directorium Vitae Humanas | alias | Parabola Antiquorum | Sapientum | Version Latine | Du Livre de | Kalilah et Dimnah | publiée et annotée | par | Joseph Derenbourg | Membre de | l'Institut | 1^{re} Fascicule | Paris | F. Vieweg, Libraire-Editeur | 67 Rue de Richelieu &c..**

THE venerable Hébraisant (and son of a venerable Hébraisant) has resumed a study he chose for himself as far back as 1846, when he edited the *Fables de Lokman*, and he

* Large 8vo. pp. 240, forming the 72nd Fascicule of the Bibliothèque, &c. P. 2 contains list of abbreviations; p. 3, the Prologus, beginning "Verbum Johannis de Capua, post tenebrarum olim palpationem ritus iudaici divina sola inspiratione ad firmum et verum statum orthodoxe fidei revocati." Pp. 4-13 contain the Prologus interpretis Arabici, Abdallah ibn Almocaffa (Al-mukaffa'a = The Shrivelled), a learned Persian Guebre who Islamised and was barbarously cut to pieces and burnt by the Caliph Al-Mansur (Ibn Khalikan i. 43); he translated from the Pehlevi, and claims to have consulted other sources (p. 102). This ends with "Explicit prologus. Incipit liber"—a Semitic formula generally terminating the chapters. P. 14 begins the true introduction, headed "De Legatione Berozise (= Barsyah or Barsaway, i.e. Barsaymih), in Indiam, and opens,

shows no falling-off in point of acumen or industry. This volume, published for the Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, collates no less than fifteen versions—Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac, Greek and Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German. All students know the labour which such comparisons demand; and a literary friend writes, "I very much doubt whether anything but love for his subject and downright enthusiasm can prompt a man to exercise that constant and unsleeping vigilance which collation, one of the most irritating and odious of occupations, incessantly requires."

A few trivial remarks anent Johannes de Capua. He is supposed to have taken for text the Hebrew version of an author not certainly known, but supposed to be R. Joel, who has left naught but a name; and the date must have been before A.D. 1250, when the Latin translation was made. There is another Hebrew version by R. Jacob ben Eleazar (thirteenth century), compiler of a Hebrew dictionary. "It is a literary product of modern Judaism, being little more than a cento of Biblical verses, possessing hardly any critical value." These *Deux Versions hébraïques du Livre de Kalilah et Dimnah* (Paris, Vieweg, 1881), were edited by M. Derenbourg, who gives the text, together with critical notes, but no translation.

Johannes de Capua, who so naïvely relates his conversion to Christianity, flourished about the end of the thirteenth century, not earlier than A.D. 1263 and not later than 1279 (De Sacy). We find that he was moved to undertake the "presens opusculum, in honorem domini Mathei, Dei et apostolice sedis gratia tituli Sancte Marie in porticu diaconi cardinalis." Matteo de Rossi (Mathaeus de Rubris), nephew of Nicholas III., was created cardinal-deacon by Urban IV. in 1262 or 1263; he was made arch-priest of St. Peter by his uncle (about 1278), and protector of the Fratres Minores in 1279; and the non-mention of these dignities in the Prologus explains De Sacy's limitation. The Capuan's Latin version is a clumsy and servile reproduction of the original, and nothing is easier than to render it into vulgar Arabic, e.g., "Dixit Kali'lah: Quomodo fuit illud? Inquit Dimnah," &c. (Kála Kali'lah: Kayf házá? Kála Dimnah, &c.). So "Quid est?" (p. 61) = aysh házá? For this reason it has an especial value in the eyes of the critical reader. And the matter of the Directorium is far superior to the manner, otherwise it would not have begotten a host of European versions—German, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian (old and new), French, and English. The Greek of Simeon

Seth, an M.D. in the days of Alexius Comnenus Imperator (A.D. 1081-1118), gave rise to the Ethiopian and the Croatian versions.

The debased Latinity of Johannes de Capua, e.g., cap. viii. De Murilego (La Belette, the weasel), shows clear traces of the writer's mother tongue. Such are, "nunc autem quicumque studet in hoc libro considerare debet ad quod factus est" (p. 5): "Et sciat quoniam liber iste habet duas intentiones" (p. 6): "Cogitavit alter eorum cambire (Ital. *cambiare*) porcionem suam" (p. 9): "nec unquam regradiare (*ringrariare*) potere" (p. 22): "Vade, dixi, ex quo non inveni ubi possim appodari (*appoggiare*) non est mihi melius quam permanere in lege parentum meorum" (p. 25): "Et projectit rasorium versus illam" (p. 56): "Non videtur mihi bonum consilium mittere pre Senesba" (p. 69): "Momordit eum elephas dentibus (!) in multis locis" (p. 76): "Sedite vos in loco vostro" (p. 77): "Et exurgens ivit ad apotecarium" (p. 95): "Accipe plus de argento" (p. 95): "Et si fuerit taciturnus dicitur bestia" (p. 150)—the language of a Neapolitan peasant; while "Rectificasti cor meum" (p. 155) is the modern arabic "Irshád."

Despite a few *longueurs fastidieuses*, this compendium of ancient wisdom is justly, indeed, entitled a Directorium; and its homely lessons still bear repetition. Such are, "Dicunt enim sapientes; quoniam non decet sapientem abundare in aliquo nisi in sapientia" (p. 7); "Scientia est enim sicut arbor, cuius fructus est operatio"; and the insisting upon the truth that the ignorant ever hate the learned, fools the wise, bad the good, and depraved the righteous (p. 98). "Hoc tempus" (p. 33) is scurvily rated and reviled, as if it were the later nineteenth century, A.D. Saws, the sageness of the vulgar, are scattered profusely about the book. In p. 107 we have the truth brought out by debate "like fire from flint": "The more you stir it the worse the stench" here is "Sicut res sordida et fetida, quanto magis agitur tanto magis de suo malo odore sentitur" (p. 107). "Charity begins at home" = Quicumque non benefacit sibi met nulli alteri benefacit: "Silence gives consent" = Qui tacet affirmat (p. 112). "Vulnus linguae non sanatur neque cessat" (p. 176) is the modern French:

"L'amour-propre offensé ne pardonne jamais, and the Arabian saw:

"There is healing for hurts of the fire and the steel,
But the hurts of the tongue—they may never heal."

Physiognomy (p. 121), the Semitic "Ilm al-Firásah," teaches us to avoid the man whose left eye is smaller than his right; Physiology (p. 31) proves that the male embryo, which is perfected in forty days, lies with the face turned towards the mother's loins; Morality (p. 148) discovers that gold exercises a magical effect upon the mind; and Holy Poverty (p. 149) is forcibly condemned as that mean ecclesiastical virtue deserves. The free tone of the plain-spoken Middle Ages is everywhere apparent, but nowhere more so than in p. 124. The "mulier meretrix," with whom kings are compared (p. 70), is a pet subject; and a favourite exordium is, "Fuit quidam qui habebat pulchram mulierem, erat tamen

"Dicitur quod in tempore regum Edom [i.e., Nabathae, comp. 'Lingua Edomica,' p. 130, where an Empedoclean history is related], habuit rex Anastus Casri (Anúshirwán Kísar) virum nomine Beroziam." This tale of the mission ends with a list of the xvii. caps.; ix. being given in this fascicule, and the rest will follow when the veteran scholar finds time to carry out his programme, despite increasing years and decreasing sight. I may note that, while Mr. W. Wright's work is everywhere cited, the excellent "Kalilah and Dimnah" of his *Child*, Mr. I. G. N. Keith-Falconer (see the ACADEMY, June 20, 1885), for whose valuable and scholarly introduction (pp. lxxi.-lxxv.) these notices are mainly borrowed, occurs only at the end of the fascicule.

meretrix." There is no sham shame in the tale of the monkey who, "propter brevitatem crurium," met with an ugly accident (p. 40); of the barber who cried to his wife, "After nasum tuum in exenium amasio tuo" (p. 55); of the husband who lay under the genial bed, "dormiens in stercoribus" (p. 186); and of the woman who was poisoned by expulsion of the mortal powder which she had administered to her slave-girl's sleeping lover (p. 54). In Modern Egypt, as I have noted in the *Nights*, a pistol takes the place of the tube. Lastly, Cap. v., "De Corvo et Sturno" is no improvement upon the original campaign of the Crows and the Owls.

I rejoice to see that the age of refinement has preserved its interest in the worthy old work, and that my friend, Prof. P. Peterson, of Bombay, has edited for the "Sanskrit Series" (No. xxxiii.) the *Hitopadesa* of Naráyana, that venerable successor of the *Panchatantra*. Had space allowed, it might have been profitable to compare the beast-fables recited to Rex Diales (= Dabialim) with those occurring in King Jeli'ád of Al-Hind and his Wazir Shimás (= Sindibad, Siddhapati) of the *Arabian Nights*, ix. 32. My high opinion of these ancient apologues follows that of Voltaire—"Quand on fait réflexion que de pareils contes ont fait l'éducation du genre humain, on les trouve bien raisonnables"; and even the advanced anthropologist will look back to them for the survivals (often of the unfittest) and the "superstitions," etymologically so called, which still linger at the bottom of all the creeds. The Alexandrian Greeks were wont to call the the Indians "wisest of nations" from their *Niti-Shastras*, or systems of ethics which, based upon the beast-fable and its simple life-lesson, rose to the highest and most mystical of doctrines, such as we find in the *Mantik al-Tayr*, by Farid al-Din 'Attár, and in the lovely allegories of Azz al-Din al-Mukaddasi (G. de Tassy)—the apologues' latest and noblest developments.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

The Unknown Madonna. By Rennell Rodd. (David Stott.)

IN one of the poems in this volume Mr. Rodd tells his critic that he must not "impugn these scanty handfuls for a season's yield," for he has other fruits ripening:

"But now and then the lute is set atune,
And fancy beckons in the wandering time."

In other words, he is at the British Embassy in Berlin, and is not adopting the rôle of poet by profession. Yet to have published four volumes of verse since carrying off the Newdigate in 1880 can hardly be called a scanty harvest for a man who is generally occupied with practical affairs. As earlier in the same poem he tells us not to expect ten talents when only one "fell to his lot to play," Mr. Rodd evidently does not wish us to form too high an estimate of his work.

Indeed, we should anyhow have been obliged to confess that still we fail to see in Mr. Rodd's poetry the distinctive note by which the true poet is recognised. The most ambitious poem in the book, "In Excelesis," is a failure. Mr. Rodd has taken the most difficult of all subjects—a philosophical or

rather ethical poem—and has allowed himself to be carried away by the music of his instrument. Not content with following out the good Horatian advice which he gave us in *Féda*—

"Be glad to live, nor care to question why"—he here has launched out again into the infinite. Trying, like Icarus, to get too near the sun of all knowledge, he has shared the fate, if not the fame, of his classical fore-runner. The rest of the book is taken up with a second series of "Poems from many Lands" and with more "Translations from Heine," some of which, however, are reprinted, without acknowledgment, from his first volume. It is a pity that Mr. Rodd has not bestowed the same careful study and polish upon this second series which he did upon the first. The subjects are, for the most part, not new, nor does his treatment redeem them. Yet now and again he reaches his old standard. Take, for instance, this "To F.M.C.":

"Strange is it not, old friend, that you who sit
Bowered in quiet, four garden walls your world,
With books and love and silence,—sails fast
furled
And grounded keel that hardly now will quit
Its stormless haven,—you sit there and write
Of human passions, of the fateful fight,
Of all men suffer, dream and do,
Denounce the false and glorify the true!
While I the wanderer, I whose journey lies
In stormy passages of life and sound,
I with the world's throb ever beating round,
Here, in that very stress of storm and cries
Make song of birds, weave lyric wreaths of
flowers,
Recall the spring's joy and the moonlit hours,
And know that children's ways are more to me
Than all you write of and I have to see."

Here Mr. Rodd is at his happiest; and it is noticeable that he is so in the very poem where he forgets his, surely somewhat worn-out if not affected, boast—the one with which Mr. Browning is so fond of mystifying us—that he will "keep his own soul's secret." No one expects Mr. Rodd to "sell his soul to win the crown of art," but we do expect him to sing of that which touches him most deeply. Yet he gives us his apology in two of his most graceful lines:

"He knows who sings what songs are of the heart
How the highest notes touch silence."

Mr. Rodd seems to fall between two stools. Either he should take a great subject and treat it in the great manner, or he should leave both and give us humble themes and simple melodies. But as in *Féda* he failed by taking an altogether inadequate story and treating it in the grand style, so in *The Unknown Madonna* he fails from taking great subjects, such as "Dante's Grave" and "Assisi," and dismissing them in a breath. "Assisi" is confessedly only an introduction; but if so we cannot but think that Mr. Rodd would have done well to wait before he gave any part of his poem to the world.

We have thought it our duty to be severe with Mr. Rodd, because from his *Raleigh*—those

"Stray thoughts gathered on an autumn night"—we had formed high expectations; expectations which were certainly more or less fulfilled in his *Songs from the South*. But in each succeeding volume he seems to fall more and more from his high estate. The transla-

tions from Heine are very pleasantly turned. They are mostly from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, and the *Heimkehr*. Perhaps he has been most lucky in the following, from the *Neuer Frühling*:

"Der Brief, den du geschrieben,
Er macht mich gar nicht bang;
Du willst mich nicht mehr lieben
Aber dein Brief ist lang.
"Zwölf Seiten, eng und zierlich!
Ein kleines Manuscript!
Man schreibt nicht so ausführlich
Wenn man den Abschied giebt."
"The letter which you sent me
I read without afright,
You will not love me longer,
And yet, you write and write;
"Almost a little manuscript,
And written close and neat;
If that were my dismissal
Then why the second sheet?"

But Mr. Rodd will be best judged by his original verse; and we may at least quote one of the most felicitous, "to G. L. G.":

"Less often now the rolling years
Will time our feet together,
And seldom now the old voice cheers
The march of wintry weather.
"But friendship knit in other days,
When hope was first aspiring,
Will hardly quit the travelled ways
For fancy's new desiring.
"Hope beckoned round the world, dear lad,
And light we followed after,
And knew the grave and loved the glad,
And shared men's tears and laughter.
"We set our young ideals high,
And if the aim out-scared us,
Still not to trust was not to try,
And something shall reward us.
"We made mistakes in youth, my lad,
But they will not outlive us,
The worst we did was none so bad—
The world may well forgive us!
"Long be it ere we two depart!
Time make our friendship mellow!
I never loved a truer heart,
Nor wished a better fellow."

Verses like these will gain him warm friends, if few admirers. Mr. Rodd's victory is yet to win. *The Unknown Madonna* does not compel our worship, even with some of Mr. W. B. Richmond's work for a frontispiece.

CHARLES SAYLE.

TWO BOOKS ON NEW GUINEA.

Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea. By Capt. John Strachan. (Sampson Low.)

Among the Cannibals of New Guinea; being the Story of the New Guinea Mission of the London Missionary Society. By the Rev. S. McFarlane. (London Missionary Society.)

NEXT to Africa, no region of the globe presents so many attractions to the pioneers of science and religion as the almost continental island of New Guinea, which, notwithstanding the ever increasing expeditions of recent years, still remains the least known mass of habitable land in the world. Both English and German explorers have been fairly active in the regions of the eastern section lately appropriated by their respective governments; and here some progress has been made in geographical research, at least along the seaboard and up the numerous navigable rivers reaching the coast in inde-

pendent channels. But in the western section of the island, for over a century claimed by the Dutch, so little has been accomplished that, while the interior remains almost a blank, the official charts of the periphery and adjacent islands are now shown to be in many respects quite inaccurate.

The north-western extremity, which on all maps figures as continuous land with the rest of New Guinea, was carefully explored in 1886 by Capt. Strachan, who finds that it must be decomposed into one if not two insular masses. He penetrated through the deep inlet of MacCluer's Gulf to within three miles of Geelvink Bay, and satisfied himself that the intervening space was not a narrow isthmus, as represented on our maps, but a group of islets with channels two to three miles wide, seven fathoms deep, and apparently offering clear navigable passages right through to the Geelvink waters. All the land to the left would, therefore, appear to be an island, and is named Berau Island by this explorer, who also detaches another large mass from the mainland by a narrow channel supposed to run from near the head of MacCluer's Gulf southwards to the Arafura Sea over against the Ki and Aru Archipelagoes. So, also, Shemai and Nimatota are both shown to be, not single islands, but insular groups with narrow channels between them. The same proved to be the case with the supposed island of Bauwar, the author concluding generally that

"the whole of the charts issued under the authority of the Dutch are inaccurate, and, having now followed this coast line for a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles, I found that in hardly any case could they be depended upon; in fact, for all practical purposes, the coast has never been surveyed" (p. 277).

He also discovered—what, however, was more than an open secret—that Holland exercises no kind of effective control, nor, in fact, any supervision at all, over the lawless and piratical inhabitants of her New Guinea possessions:

"I confess to feeling that the government of the Netherlands cannot be held blameworthy for the state in which I found these people. The importation of spirits, opium, powder, and arms is, it is true, prohibited; but the Arab and Bugis traders yearly visit these places, carrying large supplies of each. No effective restriction is placed upon the action of the natives. Traders are murdered and they murder one another; friendly tribes join together and organise great slave-hunting expeditions, attack the more savage races and carry off their women and children into slavery. At the same time, not one of these barbarians proceeds one hundred yards from the shore in a canoe unless flying the ensign of the Netherlands; and I consider it the imperative duty of the Dutch Government to send round a ship of war to collect every flag from these tribes, because the stranger, running down among them and seeing the flag of a friendly nation flying, receives them with full confidence; and finds to his sorrow when it is too late that, instead of being among people representing a civilised and cultured nation, he has run into a horde of savages who, to use the words of the commandant at the island of Gissor [Kissa?], will smile in your face, shake one hand and hold the other in the breast with the knife ready to plunge into you" (p. 297).

But we are, unfortunately, not in a position

to throw stones, for much worse things are of almost daily occurrence in the part of New Guinea to which Great Britain has lately extended her protecting arms. To this part of the country Capt. Strachan paid two visits, in 1884 and 1885, confining his attention mainly to the watery region between the Fly and Baxter estuaries, which he has named the "Strachan Country." The rich deltaic district enclosed between the Mia Kasa and main branch of the Prince Leopold river he has also named the "Strachan Island"; and suggests that the whole of this fluvial system is connected through the Gregory, the Neill, and other eastern channels with the lower course of the great Fly river itself. Although he failed to verify his hypothesis by actual observation, there can scarcely be any doubt of its soundness. In fact, the "Prince Leopold," as he calls it, appears to be identical with the "Baxter," which was already discovered by Dr. McFarlane, and which seems obviously to be nothing more than a western branch of the Fly. It is to be regretted that, before undertaking its survey, Capt. Strachan did not ascertain what had already been accomplished in this region. His new nomenclature, such as "Strachan" for Urama, "Prince Leopold" for Baxter, and so on, has introduced an element of confusion into the map of New Guinea which threatens long to remain a source of trouble to our cartographers.

His account of the amphibious natives of these districts is highly instructive; and he deserves the thanks of the public for his outspoken language on the subject of the unspeakable horrors daily perpetrated, especially by the ferocious Tugara cannibals, in a country officially declared to be British territory. Here is a little incident which occurred during the "administration" of Mr. John Douglas, successor to the late First Commissioner, Sir Peter Scratchley:

"At four o'clock in the morning when all were asleep [on the island of Baigo, near the mouth of the Baxter] these bloodthirsty wretches [the Tugara men]—not less than a thousand strong—surrounded the village and began to massacre men, women, and children. Between thirty and forty escaped into the swamp, and those who were not killed were captured and thrown bound into the canoes. The conquerors then made fires and commenced to make a feast of the slain. For some days they remained feasting, singing and dancing with devilish glee, until they had eaten those killed in the affray. Finding that the legs of their victims swelled from the cords which bound them, and that they were likely to perish from sheer agony, they cut the cords, and with their clubs broke the limbs, and from the living victims cut pieces of flesh, which they roasted and ate before the faces of the poor wretches, who lay writhing in agony until mortification set in and death put an end to their sufferings" (p. 132).

The scene of these horrors is the "Talbot Island" of the Admiralty charts, which lies in Torres Strait, scarcely eighty miles from Cape York, the nearest point on the Australian mainland. Well may the writer exclaim that our failure to protect these latest subjects of Her Majesty "is a scandal to our policy and a reproach to us as a Christian nation."

It is among savages of this temper that the London Missionary Society has been

labouring with unquestioned zeal and a fair degree of success since about the year 1870. The history of its manifold vicissitudes, disastrous failures, often compensated by brilliant triumphs when all seemed lost, could not have been entrusted to more competent hands than those of Dr. McFarlane, founder of the Mission, and worthy associate of his two fellow-pioneers, Mr. W. G. Lawes and Mr. J. Chalmers. The book is interesting both for its own sake and also as the first of a series entitled "Missionary Manuals," in which the society proposes to give a permanent record of the various missions with which it is connected in different parts of heathendom. Such a series will certainly supply a much felt want; and if, carried out in the spirit of the opening number, will form a library of really valuable and entertaining information.

Among the Cannibals of New Guinea is a sufficiently sensational title, but fully justified by the experiences of the labourers in this field. It has been remarked more than once that the natives of Papua Land do not improve upon acquaintance; and the generally unfavourable impression created by the writings of D'Alberty, Maklukho Maclay, Stone, Chalmers, and other recent observers, is rather strengthened by Dr. McFarlane's accounts, perhaps all the more telling because of the moderate language adopted by the writer. Cannibalism is now known to be widespread throughout the island. But it

"has its degrees. Those at the east end consider themselves quite respectable compared with their neighbours in the D'Entrecasteaux group. I remember trying to persuade some of them to accompany me on a visit to Normanby Island, when they described the natives of that place as a sort of degraded cannibals, who ate every part of the human body, even the hair being boiled with the blood and devoured. Yet, when visiting one of the villages of these exemplary cannibals . . . we were disturbed at night by a great noise in the village, and went out to see what it was all about. We found our friend the chief—a notorious old cannibal, who wore a necklace of small bones indicating the number of persons he had killed—mounted on a village rostrum, which he paced most excitedly, as he poured forth what appeared to be quite an oration. The object of his vituperation was a woman who had that day been visited by some friends from a distance; and, being anxious to place before them the best she had, had served up the body of her husband, who had [opportunistically] died the day before. Old Bony's proposition was that they should banish their wives, lest they should treat their bodies with like disrespect after death. His proposal, however, met with little favour—a native who stood near us jocosely remarking that he was only angry because they did not send him a piece" (p. 105).

Another, who had for many years been a deacon of the church—a very consistent, devoted, and spiritually-minded man—confessed that, although fish, fowl, turtle, turkey, beef, pork, &c., were all good in their way, "there was nothing so good as human flesh." In all this the author is candid enough, and even betrays a sort of admiration of the anthropophagists for their many noble qualities of courage, manliness, hospitality, and even "humanity," being "greatly superior in these qualities to their lighter coloured neighbours, who look down upon them—"

such is the blind, arrogant pride of human nature!"

Dr. McFarlane is equally candid in telling his readers how the missionaries deal with such questions as polygamy and the absence of the "foreign" bread and wine usually supposed to be indispensable for the administration of the Lord's Supper. This latter difficulty is got over by the simple device of substituting the "bread and wine of the country," that is to say, yams and coconut milk. And as to polygamy:

"I often had serious misgivings about conforming to the usual rule of requiring a native with two or three wives, when he abandons idolatry, to forsake them all except one. Why should he be required to make this selection? The other one or two are, according to the laws [*sic*] of the country, as much his wives as the one selected. In some cases they have lived together many years in peace and happiness; and I have known it to be very difficult for the man to decide which to retain and which to abandon. The women thus forsaken were exposed to temptation or ill-treatment, which sometimes led to serious trouble. Moreover, such an arrangement appears as unscriptural [*sic*] as it is unkind and unjust. . . . And so I determined not to interfere with these social relations in which the Gospel found the people of New Guinea" (p. 147).

Here the word "unscriptural" certainly gives food for thought; and as, instead of converting, Bishop Colenso was converted by, the now historical Zulu chief, some readers will begin to think that the apostolic envoys of the London Missionary Society have been half reconciled to polygamy by their New Guinea neophytes.

But apart from these side issues, it is but fair to acknowledge that, so far, the mission itself has been productive of great good, and has tended far more than the feeble British administration to put down intertribal warfare, piratical and head-hunting expeditions, and even cannibalism. The book is illustrated by several artistic sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Hume Nisbet; but, like Capt. Strachan's work, it lacks an index—in both cases a serious oversight.

A. H. KRANE.

NEW NOVELS.

A Dream and a Forgetting. By Julian Hawthorne. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Counsel of Perfection. By Lucas Malet. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

The Reverberator. By Henry James. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Mystery of Mirbridge. By James Payn. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Modern Brigand. By the Author of "Miss Bayle's Romance." In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Vaia's Lord. By Jean Middlemass. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

MR. HAWTHORNE'S latest story is more in his father's manner than any previous work of his which the present reviewer has read. It recalls, both in motive and execution, the conception and tone of more than one of the *Twice-told Tales*, and yet so that no impression of conscious imitation is suggested, but only that of differentiated heredity. The

story is told by a friend of its two chief actors. A young American poet of promise has the good fortune to win the affection of a very noble girl, without genius or any special literary tastes, but of a strong and sweet nature. His poems, though favourably received, and commanding a certain sale, are yet not quite good or popular enough to assure either permanent fame or immediate income. The girl's strong sympathy with his aspirations causes her to dream a story in a series of episodes, which she gives him that he may versify it. He does so, and achieves a great success. But, in course of the publishing arrangements, he becomes entangled with the wife of his publisher—a handsome, clever woman of the world, caring nothing for her husband. Under her influence, he attempts to dramatize the poem which had already succeeded so well in narrative form. But the false lights mislead him, he spoils his work, and the play is unequivocally and deservedly damned at the first representation. The shock proves a wholesome humiliation; and the poet returns to his first love, while the woman with whom he so nearly compromised himself also takes a step upwards, and mends her domestic ways. It is not practicable, in a bare outline like this, to convey an idea of the manner of handling, which is subtle and introspective, if not noticeably virile.

A Counsel of Perfection is a study of characters rather than a plot, and exhibits considerable graphic faculty. The author sees her personages clearly, and sets them vividly before us. Dr. Casteen, the great ecclesiastical scholar, cold, selfishly absorbed in his work, suavely polite and cynical in demeanour; Lydia, his nearly middle-aged, but still young-hearted and young-looking, daughter and amanuensis; and Anthony Hammond, a cultured man about town, and writer of *vers de société*, whom Lydia Casteen meets while travelling with some friends on her first continental tour, for which unwilling permission has been wrung from her father, are the leading figures. Hammond has good taste enough to recognise Lydia's fine qualities, and she in turn becomes attached to him. He gives her reason to believe that he will visit her to explain himself fully on their return to England; but, led away by an old flirtation with another lady, he does not fulfil his implied pledge. She droops in consequence, but meets with no sympathy from her father, who views her merely as an instrument for making copy for press. When Hammond does come to his right mind again, and arrives to make his proposals, she refuses him, on the ground that her father, who in the meanwhile has gone nearly blind, needs her more than her lover; and this resolve gives the story its title. But the reader is made to recognise the fitness of such an ending—nay, its happier nature than the regulation marriage would have been likely to prove in all the circumstances. A society woman, Mrs. Denison, Lydia's hostess on the tour, is a very clever foil for her, as lacking the note of sincerity which is Lydia's chief quality. And there is a happy touch just at the close, where Dr. Casteen's selfish absorption is broken down at last, so that he learns to understand and value his daughter. Altogether, this book is

not only a good piece of work, but has the note of distinction.

The Reverberator is a New York society newspaper; and the doings of Mr. George Flack, its correspondent in Paris, form the subject of the story. The Dosson family, consisting of a father and two daughters—one shrewd and plain, even a little common; the other ravishingly pretty and simple—come over to Europe in a Cunarder with Mr. Flack, who strikes up an intimacy with the father, having ulterior views on Francina, the pretty daughter. Among other services he renders them in Paris is an introduction to an artist who is to paint the younger girl's portrait. At the studio she meets with a friend of the artist, one Gaston Probert, a member of a Gallicised American family, whose other elements are a refined, fastidious, invalid father, and three daughters married to French nobles. She refuses Flack, and accepts Probert, whose people, however, are not delighted with the engagement, and accept her rather on sufferance. Flack persuades her to supply him with materials for a paragraph in the "Reverberator" concerning her portrait, her intended, and all his family; and she tells him everything about them, even of the most private nature (such as the kleptomania of one member, the enforced economies of others, and the relations of married couples to each other), which she has learnt from them since her engagement. All this is dished up by Flack in a coarse, vulgar fashion in the paper, to the intense disgust and torture of the Proberts, who are one and all supersensitive and thin-skinned, and find their acquaintances all over Paris accurately posted in the article. They learn from Francis's admissions that she is the remote cause of the scandal, and they break with her in a row royal accordingly, though her betrothed does so with extreme reluctance, and only because dominated by strong family affections and associations. But though the "Reverberator" is of the same type as the journals which Martin Chuzzlewit encountered on landing in New York—the "Sewer," the "Stabber," the "Keyhole Reporter," and all the rest of them, far beneath even the *labefacta veritas* of the low-type London society paper—none of the Dossons see any particular objection to the article which has driven the Proberts nearly to frenzy; and Francina Dosson especially does not appear to have the slightest idea that she has grossly violated trust and disclosed an incurable vulgarity of nature. Mr. James makes his readers doubt what is his own attitude towards the question by the views he ascribes to his characters and by the close he puts to his story. Delia Dosson, when she hears of the affair from her sister, at first thinks that the whole thing has been a plot of Flack's to break off her engagement, and to put himself in Probert's place; but when the article comes to hand, and the family read it, none of them sees any particular harm in it: Mr. Dosson, because so much worse has been commonly said in its columns of people who took the abuse simply as one of the ordinary accidents of public life; Delia Dosson, because the article is some weeks old, and she thinks must be already forgotten; Francina, because she likes the praise of her own portrait, and fails to see the stings in the remainder. Of course, this may be all very subtle satire and

irony on Mr. James's part, and he may intend to read a lesson to his countrymen on the coarsening of moral fibre and the loss of delicacy and self-respect which a low-class press is apt to generate and foster; but as he makes Gaston Probert come round to the Dossone's view of the situation, and prepare to go with them to America, abandoning his own people thenceforward, this interpretation is scarcely plausible, and no other is creditable.

The Mystery of Mirbridge is not one of Mr. Payn's happier efforts. It can be read; but it would be no penalty to lay it down without resuming it, and that at a moment's notice. The plot (revealed very early in the story) is that Sir Richard Trevor, a country squire, has, as a very young man, seduced a girl under his mother's protection, and gone off with her. The scandal obliges him to keep away for twenty-five years, when he comes back. News of the death of the girl he seduced having come to hand very soon after their flight is followed by other news of his marriage to a Frenchwoman, who bears him two sons, Hugh and Charles. In point of fact, the alleged Frenchwoman is his former mistress, and the elder son is illegitimate. He is the mother's darling, though a thoroughly bad fellow all round; and she is ready to sacrifice his amiable younger brother, as well as everyone else, to his interests. How Lady Trevor's secret is at last penetrated, how things go on after her husband's death, is the corpus of the story; and the "mystery" is how the illegitimate son, as usurping heir, is prevented from becoming the ruffianly tyrant he has every wish to be, and is perforce compelled to be a tolerable landlord till he is got out of the way in time to allow his brother to come into the kingdom. Mr. Payn tells his story well, and has drawn three or four characters with a good deal of force; but he has done much pleasanter work before.

A Modern Brigand is clever in parts, but is not so good as *Miss Bayle's Romance*. A phrase or two, and the mistake of making an earl's son bear the courtesy title of "Lord John," appear to indicate American authorship. The title is ambiguous, as it remains a little uncertain to which of two characters the name applies—to an actual Italian brigand, who has an ambitious plan for reconstructing the brigand industry in Italy on a sounder, safer, and more assuredly remunerative basis; or to a London financier, head of a great monetary firm, who robs the public on a very much larger scale. The intention seems to be that the reader shall take his choice, but be sily directed to the financier as the proper object of that choice. There are a few fairly effective situations here and there; but, as a whole, the story drags.

Vaia's Lord is a dull and occasionally slangy society novel, which might pass for a bad imitation of Lord Lytton's earlier manner—the *Pelham* stage—and which has no merits whatever. The author observes in one place, "Grammar does not signify when talking to one's self," and seems to extend the application of this canon to writing for the public. However, as there are spots on the sun, so there are sparks in the gloom; and the Latin, *Noli interficere*, as the equivalent for "Don't interfere," serves to promote cheerfulness. What "Vaia" may stand for, or be derived

from, the present reviewer is unable to say. It would be tolerable Romaic for "palm-boughs." But the Latin just cited fails to recommend a Greek origin as probable; and Vaia may be more plausibly ranked with "Morleena," which uncommon Christian name was invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs, and was founded on no precedent whatever.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Prometheus Vincit. With Notes by M. G. Glazebrook. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Glazebrook has found general approval for his plan of editing the *Medea* by dividing it into acts and scenes; the result is that he has divided the *Prometheus* in the same way. We believe that, for youthful readers, he is entirely in the right. Such divisions not only assimilate the unknown and puzzling Greek play to the more familiar modern drama—in itself a great gain for boys—but they also facilitate comprehension of the story, as a novel is helped by its chapters. Our only doubt is, whether Mr. Glazebrook does not a little overdo it; whether, e.g., such stage-directions as "threateningly," "deprecatingly," "with alacrity," are not superfluous, or, if not, better left to be discovered from the context. After all, boys do not read Aeschylus before they have some sense of context and circumstance. But Mr. Glazebrook's divisions are interesting: act i. is called "Punishment"; act ii., "Sympathisers" (why not "Sympathy"?); act iii., "Retrospect"; act iv., "Fellow-Sufferers"; act v., "Defiance." These certainly discriminate the elements of the play very well. We like the sketch of the story of the myth (Introd. B. pp. xi.-xiv.) better than the description of its origin. The Aryan fire-drill, and the root *MANTH*, and how *Zeus Προμηθεὺς* became *Προμηθεύς*, are just the kind of information which, however true it may be, muddles the comprehension of boys, who can grasp the scene of Prometheus, and his rock, and his eagle, and his Oceanides, and Hephaestus, Kratos, and Bia, with perfect ease and delight. After all, poetry is one thing and philology another. The rest of the introductory matter—the sections on the chorus, on certain particles, on metaphors, on Aeschylus's style as affected by the epic poets—we entirely commend. The notes are sound and to the point. We doubt if, on l. 7, it is quite true to say that *ἄλως* is used metaphorically for "pride." Nor do we feel sure (l. 22) that the very marked instance of zeugma should be described as "natural." It is intelligible, as an abbreviated form of speech, but hardly natural. On l. 62, we agree that *σφοδρῆς* is "part of the predicate," but it means more than "in wisdom." A reference to l. 976, and, indeed, to Mr. Glazebrook's own note on that line, will show that it = "instructor," with the well-known disparaging sense. Occasionally information is given which we think would be better withheld—e.g., the earlier part of the note on *σκεδῆ* (l. 957), and the version given for the beginning of l. 901. On the other hand, some reference to the *Supplices* or to Horace, or some narrative, should be given for the passage (ll. 879-895) about the Danaids. On the whole, Mr. Glazebrook has edited the play so as to make it enjoyable. This is the *πλέον ἡμῖν πάντος* for a school edition.

The Ajax of Sophocles. With brief English Notes for School Use. By F. A. Paley. (Cambridge: Bell & Daldy.) We incline to think that, whether for school or other use, Greek should be printed in type somewhat larger than this volume can boast. The weak point of Mr. Paley's commentaries has always seemed to us to be their English renderings; their

strong point, that he has usually a firm view, and does not halt between two opinions. In this edition, the English renderings are much better than some that deface his Aeschylus; but his criticism of other men is unsatisfactory, e.g., on l. 196, *ἔταν οὐρανίαν φλέγον*, which Campbell renders "letting mischief blaze up to the sky," and Jebb "inflaming the heaven-sent plague," he affirms that "such phrases are hardly English," and would substitute "adding fuel to (making to blaze up) a heaven-sent delusion"—no correction could be more inept: the sole difficulty is the exact sense of *οὐράνιος*. We are glad, however, to find him taking *ἔκωτος* (l. 15) to imply that Athene is heard, not seen, though there seems no doubt that *ἔκωτος* can = seen at a distance. We cannot without hesitation accept his correction of the well-known crux (ll. 601-2); *ἔταυλα* and *ἐνναίων*, thus explained—"he contrasts the uncongenial shepherd's life with his former life as a sailor," seem very flat. We lean strongly to Dindorf's *μηρῶν ἀνθρώπου*, as against *μήλων*: the thought fits the general context so well. On the whole, the notes are very well adapted for school use. They are suggestive, and they are not quarrelsome, nor occupied with the infinitely little; nor on the other hand are they of that slight and bald character which makes boys think that the editor despised the author, and that therefore they may do the same.

P. Vergili Maronis Bucolica. Edited by Arthur Sidgwick. (Cambridge: University Press.) Mr. Sidgwick's useful and tasteful labours upon Virgil must be approaching completion. Few people have done so much, in so small a compass, for the study of a great author. Nothing can be neater than the little essay (pp. 7-9) on the origin and quality of pastoral poetry; and the subsequent discrimination of the Theocritean from the purely Virgilian element in the Eclogues will be useful to maturer students than those whom Mr. Sidgwick has mainly in view. We agree with Mr. Sidgwick that the supposed "Messianic" character of Eclogue iv. has been absurdly exaggerated. At the same time we do not feel so positive as he does that it is impossible that Virgil should have heard, in vague and mystic rumours, of the "Jewish hope of a Deliverer." What was felt in Judea was known in Alexandria, and what was known in Alexandria was known at Rome. We suppose we must reconcile ourselves to our old friend "Pollio" being displaced by "Polio." We are glad to see that the "incongruities" of Eclogue x. do not blind Mr. Sidgwick to the haunting beauty of its best passages. The notes are distinguished by the editor's well-known facility of saying much in a little sentence; see, e.g., the note on "the pathetic use of 'tamen.'" (*Ecl.* x., l. 31.) This little book, side by side with Sir C. Bowen's recent version, would make the Eclogues a real intellectual treat to a clever girl or boy.

Platonis Crito. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By J. Adam. (Pitt Press Series.) Mr. Adam, already known as the author of a careful and scholarly edition of the *Apology* of Plato, will, we think, add to his reputation by his work upon the *Crito*. The introduction contains a somewhat fanciful theory about the trial of Socrates finding an echo, or, as it were, a parody in this dialogue. "In the *Crito* the semblance of a trial is still preserved under the mask of dialogue. This time Socrates is judge, Crito prosecutor, the state prisoner at the bar. The charge is wrong-doing (*ἀδικεῖν*): the verdict one of acquittal." Whether Mr. Adam can find indications enough of such a juridical structure or not, this way of putting things helps to bring out how innocent Socrates was. The guilt belongs not to Socrates, or to the state, which

Socrates pronounces innocent, but to the jurors who condemned as guilty a man who had upheld the laws of his country "against the fury of the people and the tyranny of the Thirty," and who now "consents to death rather than break them." But it is when we come to the notes that we feel that we are in the hands of an editor competent to do justice to his subject. The notes are simple, plain, and short, and there are generally enough of them. They explain matters of usage or syntax as they go on, and do not push too far the practice of sending boys to consult large works of reference—a council of perfection on which few boys will (or even can) act. In 460 Socrates says he will not save his life by flight, not even *ἂν πλείω τῶν νῦν παρόντων ἢ τῶν πολλῶν δόγῃς ὅσπερ παῖδας ἡμᾶς μορμαλύνεται, δεσμούς καὶ θανάτους ἐπιτίμειν καὶ χρημάτων ἀφαίρειν*. Here Mr. Adam says, with Prof. Church, that the word *ἐπιτίμειν* "means inflicting on, not, of course, threatening with." But is there not here a reminiscence of Plato's poetical reading? Just as in 540 Mr. Adam, following Kron, seems to find an echo of Sophocles *Antigone*, 450 sq., so here we should recall the *Odyssey* 11, 634, where Odysseus saves himself by flight:

Μή μοι Γοργυῖν κεφαλὴν δεινὸς πελάρου
Ἐξ Αἰῶος πέμψειεν ἄγανθ' Περσεφόνεια.

Mr. Adam has made some judicious use, in settling the minutiae of the text, of the new evidence of Greek inscriptions for the usage of Plato's time, as laid down by Meisterhans (*Grammatik der Attischen Inschriften*).

The Laches of Plato. With Introduction and Notes. By M. T. Tatham. (Macmillan.) The *Laches* is a very good specimen of Plato to set before boys. Short, simple, unobscured by philosophy, it is very well suited for reading in class; and, if any subject treated in Greek can arouse the interest of boys, that of *ἀνδρεία*, with its associations of pluckiness, may be expected to do so. The puzzles as to the nature of courage, with which Socrates overpowers the excellent but dull Nikias and Laches, ought to form a useful starting-point for a logic-lecture on the difficulties of definition. Mr. Tatham's commentary is perhaps not so skillfully adjusted to the wants of young readers as his notes on *Livy* were. Of translations he is free enough, and pupils will learn from him the art of translating easily and elegantly; but there is not enough grammar in his notes, and it is in grasp of the grammar that, as all examiners know, boys' papers are generally deficient.

Livy. Book XXII. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Maps, by L. O. Dowdall. (Bell.) There is something very fresh and pleasant about Mr. Dowdall's handling of even so well-worn a theme as the twenty-second book of *Livy*. He has aimed at producing something higher than an ordinary school-edition; and he has found his reward in turning out what is, beside its other merits, a very excellent school-edition indeed. His notes are plain and full. He knows when to suspend his judgment, as in the dispute as to whether Hannibal crossed into Italy by the Little St. Bernard or not (daries of Darius and Xerxes, found in the canal, confirm the story of Xerxes's cutting through the peninsula of Mount Athos. Why should we not have a "find" some day which will settle the question of Hannibal's route?); but he also knows that boys want firm leading. We have hardly noticed any passage in which a difficulty is passed over; but we doubt whether *navium classum* in chap. xxxvii. is to be called a tautology. *Classis* must here be taken in its old sense of "a force," the meaning which so puzzled *Livy* when he found the word in his authorities for an earlier period (Book IV., chap. xxxiv.).

Vergil's Aeneid I., V. By F. Storr. (Rivingtons.) These two little books are parts of a projected edition of Vergil "for the highest forms of schools." Whether there is any real need for such a work we will not try to decide; but we cannot accept the edition before us as suited to fill the hypothetical gap. It is the work, apparently, of a very clever and able man who is not a first-rate scholar. It contains, however, a great deal which is worth the attention of scholars; and a schoolmaster might learn a good deal from it, though he did not put it into the hands of his form.

Select Passages from Greek and Latin Poets. Compiled by E. H. C. Smith. With a Preface by J. M. Wilson. (Rivingtons.) This collection, made for use at Clifton College by one of the masters, differs in one point from the many existing "Repetition" books. Verse translations of each piece are printed on the opposite page, "chiefly," says the head master, "to help beginners to see the poetical beauties of the original; partly also as specimens of good translation." We approve this plan, but we should have expected it to be recommended on a third ground as well, viz., that it enables the book to be used by the "modern" side also, and thus puts a number of boys "in touch" with one another, in some matters of imagination, who would not otherwise be so. If, however, we are to learn translations by heart, they should be not only masterly translations, but of *masterpieces*. From this point of view, we would have rather less Ovid. One long piece is enough, if well learnt, to prompt the elegiac strain; and the hackneyed "Lament of Sappho" (p. 8) has surely done duty enough, both in Latin and English. We should not have put before boys, as specially worth knowing, the pretty but flimsy affectations of Oatullus about Lesbia's sparrow, nor, graceful and attractive as they are, the so-called poems of Anacreon (pp. 110-116). The extracts from Euripides are very good. From Sophocles we should have preferred the chariot-race in the "Electra," to the death of Heracles (*Trach.* 749-812, pp. 84-89). In spite of the speed and vigour of the beacon-race in the "Agamemnon," we think it is too geographical to be fully attractive or inspiring to boys.

The Revised Latin Primer. By B. H. Kennedy. (Longmans.) We need here do no more than chronicle the appearance of this book. It is a revision of the old *Public School Primer*, made by Dr. Kennedy with the knowledge of the Headmasters' Conference Committee; but it has not yet received the official sanction of that body, nor is it quite certain, apparently, whether it will receive it. In itself it is a neat volume of 240 pages, rather unlike the old *Primer*, and, so far as the present writer can judge, very much better than that much abused book. Further criticism would be out of place. One might, however, ask Dr. Kennedy in a future edition to correct the misquotation of Horace on page 191, *naturam expellat furca*. In general, the work is very scholarly, as was indeed to be expected. The print is clear and attractive, but the paper is rather too thin—a not uncommon fault in school books.

Lysias Orations Selectae für den Schulgebrauch. Hrg. von A. Weidner. (Leipzig: Freytag.) This is a most excellent little book, and deserves the attention of our readers for two reasons. In the first place, Weidner has in it done a great deal to mend the sadly corrupt text of Lysias, and, in the opinion of the present writer, has succeeded in producing a fairly readable text of the orations he includes (i., vii., x., xii., xiii., xvi., xix., xxii., xxv., xxx.-xxxii.). Secondly, the book is an admirable schoolbook. The selection (excepting oration i.) is a thoroughly good one, and the plan of editing deserves imitation. The orations are printed

in order of hardness, each with a brief introduction. There are no notes; but a vocabulary at the end of the book explains the more difficult words and the proper names, and the schoolboy is left to make out Lysias's really lucid Greek without undue aid. We wish—the present writer is a schoolmaster—that we had such editions of the easier Greek authors for use in our schools. The more difficult writers—Demosthenes or Aeschylus—absolutely require notes; but a good part of Greek literature assuredly does not, and the boy who is given them is treated with a cruel kindness. He learns either to despise notes or to be unable to dispense with them. Before leaving the book one may perhaps allude to one question of some interest—the dates of Lysias's life. As our readers will know, Prof. Mahaffy and others have broken with the traditional account, and Mr. Shuckburgh has been criticised for adhering to it. It is interesting to find that Weidner also accepts it. He makes some remarks in connexion with it which seem worth quoting. He thinks that the thirty years during which Cephalus lived at Athens need not imply a continuous residence: he may during it have gone to Thurii with his sons. It is noteworthy too that Weidner puts the death of Cephalus about 410, not about 430 as is usually done; and this view seems to clear up several difficulties. We have, however, still to deal with the statement of the ancients that Cephalus was dead when Lysias went to Thurii.

Sophocles Antigone. Edited J. Holub. (Vindobonae: Konegen.) This is a specimen of the worst type of German scholarship. It is intended "in scholarum usum"; but its only importance in the eyes of its author, it seems, lies in its conjectures. If therefore we are to review this "schoolbook," we must do so as if it were an original contribution to scholarship. The two things are essentially different, but few German editors are practical enough to discover it. If, however, we do treat the book as an original contribution to the study of Sophocles, we shall be compelled to put its value low. The conjectures are numerous—some are even ingenious—but they are the sort which any decent scholar could spin off as Lucilius did his verses, *stans pede in uno*. Thus in v. 2, *δοῖον* is taken as parenthetical *sc. δν*. In v. 5, *δοῖον δν* becomes *δν*; in v. 106 we have *Ἀργοθεν εἰ*; in v. 128, *σφὰς ἴσ' ἰδόν*, where *ἴσ'* governs *πέμματα*. It is much to be wished that German scholars would not mistake the nature of a "schoolbook," and would not print their thousands of bad conjectures.

We have received also some more volumes of Schenkl's series of Greek and Latin texts (Leipzig: Freytag). Among those intended for scholars we may mention Jo. Müller's *Tacitus* and A. Holder's *Herodotus*, both of which deserve notice as careful and able reconstructions. The series also includes texts edited *scholarum in usum*. These are usually selections, and are not likely to have much value for the English schoolmaster, while they are mostly of little interest for the scholar. Prammer's *Caesar de Bello Gallico* is, however, an exception in this latter respect.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that the publication of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's *Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe* has been postponed until the autumn.

THE chief paper of literary interest in the forthcoming number of the *Universal Review* will be a satirical sketch by Mr. Samuel Butler, entitled "Quis desiderio . . . ?" The title of Mr. Henry James's new story, the first part of which will appear in the same number, is "The Lesson of the Master." There will also

be four or five illustrated papers, and a reply by Mr. T. P. O'Connor to Mr. Hill's article on Home Rule, which appeared in the June number.

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation a volume by Prof. Laurie on *The Training of the Teacher*, which it is hoped will be published in the course of the ensuing autumn.

MR. JOHN ASHTON is now engaged in editing a collection of Modern Street Ballads, which will be published in a handsome edition, with about sixty illustrations in facsimile.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish next week *With the Camel Corps up the Nile*, by Count Gleichen, of the Grenadier Guards, illustrated with numerous sketches by the author.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish immediately an account of a journey through Burma, Siam, and the Eastern Shan States, by Lieutenant G. J. Younghusband, of the Indian Guides Corps. The book is entitled *Eighteen Hundred Miles on a Burmese Tat*, and will be illustrated.

THE next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *Mettewich*, by Colonel G. B. Malleon.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a new collection of sea stories by Mr. W. Clark Russell, called *The Mystery of the "Ocean Star"*.

THE following is a list of the writers with whom Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, have made arrangements for serial novels to appear in newspapers during next year: The author of "Mehalah," Dora Russell, Joseph Hatton, Adeline Sargeant, Jessie Fothergill, Hall Caine, W. E. Norris, G. A. Henty, Thomas Hardy, and the author of "Molly Bawn." It will be observed that four out of the ten are women.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in a few days a cheap edition, with all the illustrations by the author, of Mr. Froude's *The English in the West Indies*.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in the press a volume entitled *Among the Islands of the North Sea*, by Mr. W. S. Black.

Two new novels will be published this month by Messrs. Ward & Downey, each in two volumes: *A Leal Lass*, by Richard Ashe King, and *A Recoiling Vengeance*, by Frank Barrett.

Random Recollections of Courts and Society, by A. Cosmopolitan, is the title of a book which will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Elfin Music*, edited, with introduction, by Mr. Arthur E. Waite.

THE New Spalding Club will shortly issue to members the *Diary of the Scots College at Douai*, edited by the Rev. William Forbes-Leith, S.J.; and the *Register of the Scots College at Rome*, edited by the Very Rev. Monsignor Campbell, Rector of the College.

THE Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart announce a translation by Herr L. A. Hauff, of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *A Son of Hagar*, the story being also about to begin its serial publication in the well-known periodical, *Die Illustrierte Welt*. Herr Hauff, who has purchased the German rights in the whole series of Mr. Caine's novels, is now translating *The Shadow of a Crime*, and intends to follow with *The Deemster*. It may be of interest, as indicating the tendency of German fiction, to add that Mr. Caine has been invited to write an English detective story for a German publisher.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. announce a new edition, in one volume, of *The Secret of*

the Sands, by Mr. Harry Collingwood. This book, published in 1878, is, perhaps, the earliest in recent years of the class to which Mr. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* belongs. Indeed, a correspondent wrote a little while ago in the ACADEMY:

"Though I rank Mr. Stevenson's tale higher as literature, I incline to believe that a jury of schoolboys would find for Mr. Collingwood, if it were only for a fight with a pirate vessel, which is one of his leading incidents."

A CHEAP edition of Robert King's *History of the Church of Ireland* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock in two volumes.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. will publish next week a second and cheaper edition of *John Bull's Army*: from a French Point of View, by Capt. H. Franre.

MR. FRANZ THIMM, foreign bookseller, of Brook Street, has retired in favour of his son, Mr. Carl A. Thimm, who will henceforth carry on the business under the style of Franz Thimm & Co.

THE selection from the library of the Earl of Hardwicke, just sold at Christie's, fetched extraordinary prices. The total for the 220 lots was £2342. Mr. Quaritch gave £580 for Elliot's Indian Bible, and £260 for Caxton's *Game and Play of Chess* (one of only twelve copies known, but imperfect); while Mr. Stevens paid £555 for a volume containing twelve early tracts relating to America, one of which was Las Casas' *The Spanish Colonie*.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY has recently purchased the library of the late Mr. Walter Moseley, of Buildwas Park, a prominent freemason and seeker after the philosopher's stone. Mr. Moseley had amassed a very large and valuable collection of works relating to alchemy, spiritualism, mesmerism, ancient philosophies and worships, freemasonry, Oriental mysticism, and astrology. He had also an extraordinary collection of MSS. dealing with the black arts. It is hardly possible that another such collection can exist, as its late owner had devoted ample time and means to its formation ever since he left Oxford nearly fifty years ago.

THE latest issues in Messrs. Macmillan's prettily bound series of two shilling novels are four of Miss Annie Keary's, which, it is pleasant to know, are still in demand after twenty years. *Clemency Franklin*, we observe, has passed through five editions.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

WE are glad to hear that, by the energy of the Rev. W. C. Winalow and with the co-operation of Prof. C. E. Norton, it has been determined to attach an American student to the Egypt Exploration Fund. A special studentship fund has been formed, towards which the American Archaeological Institute contributes 100 dollars (£20). Dr. Farley B. Goddard, who has been selected as the first student, proposes to spend a few months of preliminary study at the British Museum and the Louvre, and then begin work in Egypt next winter, with M. Naville and Mr. F. Ll. Griffith, probably on one of the classical sites, for which Dr. Goddard is particularly qualified.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY has been seriously affected by the failure of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to pay a dividend on its common stock. The following retrenchments have already been resolved upon. Work on the hospital buildings, though nearly completed, has been brought to a stop; the tuition fees for the term ending October have been raised to 125 dollars (£45) a year, which will be demanded from the "fellows" as well as from the ordinary students; and the number

of scholarships has been reduced from 18 to 6, all confined to Maryland.

WE learn from the *Critic* that an important collection of papers, bearing on the colonial history of Maryland, has recently been discovered in England, in the possession of Col. Henry Harford, a descendant of the last Lord Baltimore. Among them are many documents of the Calvert family, extending back to the age of Elizabeth; also one in Latin, supposed to be the original charter of the Province of Maryland, together with a complete record of the dispute with the Penns over its boundary lines and the report of Mason and Dixon on their survey. One of the most interesting of the Calvert papers is Cecil Calvert's copy of his letter tendering the first year's rent of the province—two Indian arrows—with the receipt for the same. These papers have been lost to sight for a century and a quarter, and are now unearthed through the efforts of the Maryland Historical Society.

THERE will be no session this summer of the Concord School of Philosophy; but a special meeting was held on June 16, as an Alcott memorial service.

MR. C. N. CASPAR, of Milwaukee—who has made a speciality of this class of literature—has sent us the prospectus of a "Complete Volapük Dictionary" in two parts—Volapük-English and English-Volapük—based upon the last editions of Schleyer in German and Kerchhoffs in French. The compiler is Dr. Linderfelt, of the Public Library, Milwaukee. What is claimed as a new feature is the indication in all cases of the language from which the Volapük word is derived, over eighty per cent. being English.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & Co., of Boston, announce a biography of Delia Bacon, the author of *The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays*. The book will contain many letters from Emerson, Hawthorne, and Carlyle.

MR. RUSKIN has given his consent that selections from his *Sesame and Lilies*, *Queen of the Air*, and other books, should appear in the series of "Classics for Children," published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., of Boston.

MR. W. F. CODY ("Buffalo Bill") has written a book, to be called *Camp-Fire Stories*, which will be published in America by subscription. It deals not only with his own frontier experiences, but also with those of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and other early pioneers.

MESSRS. D. C. HEATH & Co., of Boston, have sent us a series of reprints of historical documents, intended for political instruction in schools, entitled "Old South Leaflets," which apparently takes its name from the Old South Meeting House, engraved on the front of each. The documents include the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and also Magna Charta. The price of each, we observe, is five cents; in England it would probably be only one penny.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell, my friend; you go across the sea;
But near or far, wherever you may be,
Deep in your inmost heart is room for me.
And though the great sea rolls between us now,
I may not feel your kiss upon my brow,
Yet love can cross a wider ocean. How
We know not; yet if death had ta'en your hand,
And led you to the shore of that far strand,
My love had reached you, in that distant land.
It may be that you would not feel it there,
Where all is joy and beauty, and no care
Can ever come to mar the quiet air.

But this we know, that, far beyond the sky,
Love lives for ever, and can never die.
Thus closely bound together, you and I
Will some day in that far-off country meet,
Will one day in that blessed land so sweet
Stand face to face, in the full light, and greet
With outstretched arms each other; as we cast
Trouble and pain behind us. All is past,
What matters death, so that we meet at last.

F. PEACOCK.

ELIZABETH.

(A Sonnet of the Armada, 1588.)

THREE centuries have passed since thou didst
sway

With more than man-like might, till thy last
breath,

This realm of England—great Elizabeth!
We keep the memory of thy proudest day,
When thy brave seamen won the rude sea-fray
That wrecked both Spanish force and Romish
guile,

And for the wider England cleared the way,
Making an Empire of our little Isle.

Thy courtiers were the heroes of thy reign,
Who ringed thee round, nor quailed at Rome's
fell dart,

Nor at her thunderbolt—the shock of Spain.

Thou like a lioness at bay didst start,
And face the world. . . Should such hour come
again,

Oh! may thy spirit rule thy Nation's heart.

ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE have received the first number of the *Journal* of the newly-founded Gypsy Lore Society. It consists of fifty-six demy octavo pages, excellently printed at the Edinburgh University Press. The editor is Mr. David MacRitchie, 4 Archibald Place, Edinburgh, to whom all communications should be addressed. Among the English contributors are Mr. Henry T. Crofton, who expands an article on "Early Annals of the Gypsies in England," originally read before the Manchester Literary Club in 1880; Mr. F. H. Groome, who translates a Roumanian gypsy folk-tale of "The Bad Mother"; Mr. O. G. Leland, who reviews the Archduke Joseph's great work on the gypsy language, *Cigány Nyelvatan*; and the editor himself, who writes of the gypsies of Catalonia, largely from the work of M. de Rochas, but partly also from personal knowledge. Not the least interesting papers, however, are those by foreigners. Dr. A. G. Paspatis, of Athens, sends some notes upon Turkish gypsies; Mr. J. Pincherle, of Trieste, gives translations of South-Austrian Romanes; and Prof. R. Von Sowa, of Brünn, contributes a statistical account of the gypsies in the German empire, from which it appears that they are most numerous in the Baltic provinces of Prussia, and that the minor states have been very successful in excluding them altogether.

WE confess to a difficulty in noticing the *Archaeological Review*. In our judgment, it attempts to cover too wide a field, with the inevitable result that the articles are scrappy. Archaeology proper is but one of four sub-titles into which the subject-matter is divided; and in the current number the only article under this sub-title is the Shetland version of one of Grimm's tales, by Dr. Karl Blind. Undoubtedly, the two most important papers are those in the section devoted to anthropology. Prof. Kovalevsky, of Moscow, tries to show that many traces of Iranian culture, not due to modern Persian influence, still survive in the Caucasus; while Mr. Joseph Jacobs points out the large part taken by younger sons in the story of the patriarchs, as given in Genesis.

We must also notice Mr. Edward Peacock's careful investigation of the history of the word "hearse"; and the conclusion of Mr. J. E. Price's index notes to Roman remains in London.

IN the July number of the *Antiquary*, the late Mr. Hodder Westropp's valuable series of papers on Finger-rings is at length concluded. It is the best popular treatise on ring-lore with which we are acquainted. Mr. J. Theodore Bent gives a series of extracts from an Elizabethan diary. It was kept by Thomas Dallam, an organ-builder. The spelling is put into a nineteenth-century dress, which we consider a great mistake. From the extracts before us there cannot be any doubt that the whole of the diary ought to be printed. One of the very few things we should be grateful for to Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s minion, is the establishment of parish registers. They have preserved for us a mass of detail which is simply invaluable. Almost every old parish register is interesting for many other reasons beyond those which occur to the pedigree-maker. The Rev. J. H. Thomas, the rural dean, has written an interesting report on the registers of the deanery of Uxbridge. Is Mr. Thomas quite accurate in speaking of the payment called a mortuary as a voluntary payment? We imagine, like certain examinations which are or were formerly held at Cambridge, and called voluntary because they were voluntary on the part of the examiners, they were practically enforced in former times. The civil courts would have nothing to say regarding them; but, if they were not paid by those from whom the money was due, they rendered themselves liable to all the terrors of excommunication. Mr. J. A. Sparvel-Bayly has written a good paper on Darenth. The passage on the dedications of Kentish churches is specially interesting. We do not think that the church-dedications have been classified for any shires except those of Northumberland, Durham, and Lincoln, which appear in the *Journal* of the Archaeological Institute (Nos. 152, 167). In Kent, it seems, dedications to the Blessed Virgin are the most common; in Lincolnshire, All Saints far outnumber them.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ARENDT, K. St. Quirin. Eine Monographie. Luxemburg: Heintze. 16 M.
BOIS, M. Sur la Loire: Batailles et Combats. Paris: Dentu. 6 fr.
HENNEQUIN, E. La Critique scientifique. Paris: Didier. 2 fr. 50 c.
MOLINARI, G. de. La morale économique. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
NEUMANN, F. J. Volk u. Nation. Eine Studie: Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M. 30 Pf.
PARIS, Gaston. La littérature française au moyen âge (XI.-XIV. siècles). Paris: Fischette. 2 fr. 50 c.
PROMET, V. La Passione di Gesù Cristo. Rappresentazione sacra nel secolo XV. Turin: Loescher. 38 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- BARTHEN, F. Beiträge zur semitischen Religionsgeschichte. Der Gott Israel's u. die Götter der Heiden. Berlin: Reuther. 10 M.
DOLLINGER, J. v. Ueb. die Wiedervereinigung der Christlichen Kirchen. Nördlingen: Beck. 2 M.
STOY, S. Erste Bündnisbestrebungen evangelischer Stände. Jena: Fischer. 4 M. 50 Pf.
TSCHACKERT, P. Unbekannte handschriftliche Predigten u. Schollen Martin Luthers. Berlin: Reuther. 2 M.

HISTORY.

- BERTHA, A. de. François-Joseph I^{er} et son règne, 1848-1888. Paris: Weethausser. 3 fr. 50 c.
CARRÉ, E. Le Parlement de Bretagne après la Ligue. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.
FORSCHUNGEN, staats- u. sozialwissenschaftliche. 2. Bd. 2. Hft. Das Konsulat d. Meeres in Pisa. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M.
GEMEINSCHAFTSGESCHICHTE, die preussischen. 5. Bd. 2. Hälfte. J. Hoppe's Geschichte d. ersten schwedisch-polnischen Kriege in Preussen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 9 M.
HASSERUSCHER, S. Abth. Von 1477-1490. Bearb. v. D. Schäfer. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 30 M.

KÄMPFE, deutsch protestantische, in den Baltischen Provinzen Russlands. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
PERRINS, F. T. Histoire de Florence depuis la domination des Médicis jusqu'à la chute de la république (1484-1531). T. 1. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HABOKEL, E. Die Radiolarien (Rhizopoda radiaria). 3. u. 4. Thl. Berlin: Reimer. 45 M.
MEIDINGER, H. Geschichte d. Blitzableiters. Karlsruhe: Braun. 8 M.
NATORP, P. Einleitung in die Psychologie nach kritischer Methode. Freiburg i. B.: Mohr. 2 M. 50 Pf.
QUENSTEDT, F. A. Die Ammoniten d. schwäbischen Jura. 18. u. 19. Hft. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 10 M.
SARS, G. O. Additional Notes on Australian Cladocera raised from dried Mud. Christiania: Dybwad. 3 M. 40 Pf.
SEMOK, R. Die Entwicklung der *Synapta digitata* u. die Stamme Geschichte der Echinodermen. Jena: Fischer. 9 M.
UPPERS, G. K. Wahrnehmung u. Empfindung. Untersuchung zur empir. Psychologie. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
UNNA, P. G. Die Entwicklung der Bakterienfärbung. Jena: Fischer. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- BIRZ, G. Zur Syntax der Baselstädtschen Mundart. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

London: July 2, 1888.

The Irish noun *atbithhe* is the gen. sg. of *atbithud* "adhaesio" (ML. 54d, 3, dat. sg.). Dr. MacCarthy, however (*ACADEMY*, June 30, p. 448, col. 2), says that it is the gen. sg. of *atoidad*. He must excuse me for declining to argue with him about Celtic matters. One might as well dispute on Latin philology with a boy who thought that *auditis* was the gen. sg. of "audatus." I will only say that the absence of umlaut in the gen. sg. of native and foreign names in *an* is so extremely common in the best Middle-Irish MSS.* that it must be regarded as a characteristic of the Middle-Irish period of the language. It should not, therefore, be attributed to scribal carelessness or ignorance. The "black list" given by Dr. MacCarthy (*ubi supra*, col. 2) is thus reduced from sixteen to three; and each of these three (*Cethecho*, *Sachall*, *Feidilmid*) admits of a satisfactory explanation.

But though Dr. MacCarthy's Irish is nought (see the *ACADEMY* for April 2 and July 30, 1887), his six conjectural emendations of the corrupt Latin of the Tripartite Life are deserving of all respect. They are as follows:

1. "Historiam dextere" (p. 2), read *historiam texere*. I followed Colgan (*Trias Thaum.*, p. 117, col. 1) in printing *dicere* for *dextere*. But the corresponding passage in the *Leabar Brecc* homily on Patrick has clearly *texere*, and the *d* may be due to the medialising influence of the preceding nasal. For this and other reasons we should adopt Dr. MacCarthy's emendation.

2. "Habentur et haec ubi dicit" (p. 64, l. 13). Dr. MacCarthy says "the true lection can be supplied from Egerton: Herent haec (ubi dicit)." But the Egerton MS. has not "Herent," but "hret," with a separate stroke over *r*, and so has Rawlinson, B. 512. For this abbreviation, which I have not met elsewhere, and which can only be read as *haberet* or *haeret*, Colgan (*Trias Thaum.*, p. 128, col. 2) gives *habentur*, which reading I accordingly adopted. It is probable, but not certain, that the codex archetypus had "haerent."

3. "Bite filium Assici" (p. 96, l. 5). Here the scribe of the Rawlinson MS. has omitted "fratris" before "Assici." This is clear from the reading of the Egerton MS., which I quote

* Take, for instance, *Leabar na huidre. Ad aperturam libri I find in Adamnan*, p. 27a. So *mas Gerdian*, p. 31a, *beile Mongán*, p. 154b, and hundreds of other examples.

as a footnote, though Dr. MacCarthy forgets to say so.

4. "Hoc enim non cum eis habuit" (p. 122, l. 12). For "non" here the Egerton MS. has "anon," with a stroke through the right limb of the first n, and a mark of length over the o. But there can be no doubt that the true reading is, as Dr. MacCarthy says, *nomen*.

5. "Sic quod uerbum unicuique ex eis dixit" (p. 212, l. 21). The omission to quote the Egerton reading, "Sicque uerbum," &c., which is certainly correct, was a clerical or typographical error.

6. "Cathir dócum uil. episcoporum" (p. 148, l. 24). Dr. MacCarthy proposes: "Cathir do [he means dó] cum uil. episcopis." This is a brilliant emendation, and quite certain. It makes one hope that he will try his hand at other obscure passages and words in the Tripartite Life and the Book of Armagh. I have, I think, explained *uagallias*. But what, for instance, is the meaning of "amicitiam ad reliquias fecit," "adunatur," "anapaopian," "anulum," "arohiculous," "campi pondera," "mathoum," "resticuit," "uaoa campi"? The Latin written in these islands in the early middle ages is of great interest and difficulty. But, so far as I am aware, no one but the late Henry Bradshaw has ever made it a special study. WHITLEY STOKES.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: July 2, 1888.

Dr. Whitley Stokes is so well able to defend himself that it would be an impertinence to enter the lists on his behalf.

I have carefully perused Dr. MacCarthy's letter in the ACADEMY of June 30; but rise from the perusal with a fear that, partly on account of its great length, partly on account of the dryness and repellent grotesqueness of the subject-matter, many persons will, without reading the letter through or verifying its statements, come to the conclusion that the editor of the Tripartite Life has been well and deservedly scourged, failing to discern how trumpery and pointless are the large majority of the sixteen lashes of which Dr. MacCarthy's scourge is composed.

It is also to be feared that this extremely valuable work of Dr. Whitley Stokes will suffer obscurity from being buried in the Rolls Series instead of being issued independently. That series forms a valuable mine in which scholars work, and from which they draw their material, but its contents are better known to the specialist than to the ordinary reader.

However, there is one passage in the Introduction to which I crave permission to draw attention. It contains an important historical and doctrinal conclusion at which Dr. Whitley Stokes seems to have arrived, and yet the soundness of which I venture to dispute. A summary of St. Patrick's creed ends with these words:

"He had a reverent affection for the Church of Rome; and there is no ground for disbelieving his desire to obtain Roman authority for his mission, or for questioning the authenticity of his decrees that difficult questions arising in Ireland should ultimately be referred to the apostolic see" (vol. i., p. cxxxv.).

There can be no objection to the earlier part of the summary which precedes the above words. It is based on the Confession and Hymn of St. Patrick, and on the Hymn of St. Secundinus, the genuineness of which documents is accepted as beyond dispute.

The concluding sentence, just quoted, is based on a much later authority, namely, on some canons contained in a document in the Book of Armagh called the "Liber Anguli." Certainly this document is as old as A.D. 807. Equally certainly it is a forged document of about that date to support the primacy of

Armagh. Both in language and substance it exhibits those features which such a forged document would be expected to exhibit. The "Liber Anguli" professes to be a direct revelation from an angel in heaven. Yet it contains a minute description of the local boundaries of Armagh. St. Patrick is made to style himself "apostolicus doctor et dux principalis omnibus Hiberionacum gentibus," and his successors "archiepiscopi" and "heredes cathedrae meae urbis." Armagh is asserted to possess relics, including that most precious of all relics, "sacratissimus sanguis Iesu Christi." Minute directions are given for the reception, and penalties for the non-reception, of the Archbishop of Armagh. All cases of difficulty are to be referred firstly "ad cathedram archiepiscopi Hibernensium," from whence an appeal is to lie "ad sedem apostolicam, id est ad Petri apostoli cathedram," &c.

The part directing the appeal to Rome has already been printed and condemned by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs as erroneously attributed to St. Patrick (*Councils*, &c., vol. ii., part ii., p. 332). The genuine writings of St. Patrick are silent both as to his supposed Roman Mission and as to Roman jurisdiction. The earliest authority for the latter are these canons fathered upon St. Patrick in the Book of Armagh, and certain canons in the Hibernensis, a compilation of about the same date, which bears internal evidence of having been written after a feud had arisen within the Celtic Church itself on this very point of recognising the authority of Rome (*Wasserschleben, Die Irische Kanonensammlung*, Lib. xx., canons 5, 6, and appendix to canon 3).

I regret that inferences as to St. Patrick's doctrine, based upon authorities of such varying trustworthiness, have been placed together in a single paragraph as equally worthy of acceptance. Dr. Whitley Stokes's conclusion is sure to be made capital of. It has already been singled out for praise, in advance of any general review of the book, in the last number of the *Revue Celtique*.

F. E. WARREN.

"BULL-FIGHT" IN THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: July 2, 1888.

Dr. Murray has apparently been misinformed in the matter of the Spanish bull-fight. The New English Dictionary defines it as "a sport practised in Spain, in which a bull is first attacked by horsemen called *toreadores*, and footmen called *picadores*, and finally slain by a swordsman called *matador*."

The term *toreador* is a general one, applied to any "bull-fighter," though perhaps more usually to one on horseback. The mounted bull-fighter is properly called *picador*, "pricker" (which means otherwise a "riding-master," *picadero* being a "riding-school"). He is armed with a *pica* or *garrocha*, a short-bladed lance, which serves to infuriate, but not seriously injure, the bull. The attendants on foot are called *chulos*, "varlets"; while the slayer of the bull—the really important personage in the performance—is known as the *matador*, "slayer," or (more commonly) *espada*, from the weapon, a long cross-hilted sword, with which he slays the bull.

In the real Spanish *corrida de toros* six bulls are usually slain, each being done to death in three acts. In the first of these the *picadores*, backed up by the *chulos*, are the performers. In the second act appear the *banderilleros*, men on foot carrying in each hand a barbed dart decorated with coloured paper (*banderilla*), which they have to plant in the shoulders of the bull. The last act is the death-scene proper, when the bull, exhausted by the baiting of the previous acts, is confronted by the

espada, whose skill and nerve enable him to deliver the death wound (*estoque*) in the critical position and at the critical moment approved by the *aficionados*, or dilettanti, of the bull-ring. As soon as the bull drops he is put out of his misery by a stab in the brain from the *cachetero* ("man with the dagger"), after which his carcase, and those of the horses he has killed, are dragged out of the arena by a team of richly caparisoned mules.

The same routine is gone through with each bull, though not always with the same performers. Until quite recently it was customary for two *espadas* to appear, each slaying three bulls in succession; and in this way it was possible to see two such performers as Frascuelo and Lagartijo at the same *corrida*. Within the last few years, however, it has become the fashion for a single *espada* to kill all six bulls—a practice which originated, I believe, with Mazzantini, a bull-fighter of Italian extraction.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE NAME OF "MOSES."

Queen's College, Oxford: June 30, 1888.

Mr. Collins has forgotten the name of Shelomoh, or Solomon, which corresponds to that of the Assyrian god, Sallimmanu, as well as those of Ner and Abner, which must be referred to that of the Babylonian deity, Nerra. He has also forgotten that Saul of Edom is expressly stated to have come from "Rehoboth by the river" Euphrates (Gen. xxxvi. 37).

The proper names of the Old Testament have never yet attracted the attention they deserve. When thoroughly investigated they have, I believe, many surprises in store for us.

A. H. SAYCE.

TWO GLOSSES IN DR. SWEET'S "OLDEST ENGLISH TEXTS."

Berlin, S.W., Kleinbeerenstrasse 7: June 23, 1888.

Prof. ten Brink, *Beuvulf-Untersuchungen*, p. 10, concurs with Dr. Sweet in thinking that the first word of nr. 1080 of the Corpus Glosses, "imunes orcas," is a scribe's error for "immanes." If, however, we take *orcas* as an adjective (cf. Bosworth-Toller), the only fault to be found with the gloss is that the Latin is not *immanis*, or that the English is not *orcæse*.

I avail myself of this opportunity to point out another superfluous alteration of Dr. Sweet. The Epinal Glossary (nr. 680) and the Corpus Glossary (nr. 1454) have "orcus orc," the Erfurt Glossary "orci orc." Dr. Sweet's "orca orc" is correct in itself; cf. Wright-Wülker, 123, 18. But "orcus orc" does not require any emendation; cf. Wright-Wülker, 459, 31, "orcus orc, pyræ orðe heldæfol."

JULIUS ZUPITZA.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 9, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," VII, by Prof. W. R. McNab.
WEDNESDAY, July 11, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," VIII, by Prof. W. R. McNab.
4 p.m., College of State Medicine: "Responsibility and Disease," by Sir J. Crichton Browne.
FRIDAY, July 13, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," IX, by Prof. W. R. McNab.
SATURDAY, July 14, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE:

The Eton Latin Grammar: for Use in the Higher Forms. Part II. By F. H. Rawlins and W. R. Inge. (John Murray.)

THE Eton authorities have lately been publishing a number of new school books, most of which are primarily intended for use at Eton. The volume before us is a more ambitious effort. It is meant "to be not only suitable for school use, but for scholars and students generally." It aims, that is to say, at giving all the information about Latin accidence or syntax required by those students or scholars who for one reason or another do not habitually use the larger works of Roby, Dräger, and Kühner. Such a book would naturally contain little original matter; but there can be no doubt that, if well put together, it would meet a serious want, and could claim to be an important publication.

There are two points to be considered in reviewing a book of this character—its scholarship and its practical usefulness. With respect to the former, the *Eton Latin Grammar* aims high: "No pains," says the prefatory note, "have been spared to make the work complete and up to date, as well in the philological as in the grammatical information contained therein." Two pages later on Schleicher, Westphal, Kühner, and Vaníček, figure as "standard authorities" on matters philological. One rubs one's eyes and seeks further. In the chapter on "Sound-change," one meets a crowd of statements which sound to the scholar of to-day like half forgotten things. *Idem*, we read, stands in the neuter for **id-dem*; U is raised to O in *-us* stems, such as *corpus corporis*; R turns an U into E in *genus generis*; the *o* of *sero* is a "link-vowel." And so it is all through the Accidence, worst perhaps in the chapters on the verb. The original Indo-European language has for our editors only three vowels (p. 21). For them, happy men, the "Græco-Italic period" has not ended; vowel gradation, strong and weak stems, the workings of analogy, do not exist. They live like Epicurean gods in some place untroubled by the storms and troubles of these things, "careless of mankind." At the same time it is a little hard to reconcile this with the preliminary statement that "no pains have been spared to bring the work up to date." If the editors choose still to believe in Schleicher they have a perfect right to do so, though most scholars will think them grievously mistaken. But they have no manner of right to tell the outside world that their work is up to date, when they advocate theories which even the followers of Curtius would sometimes call obsolete. And it is much to be doubted whether teachers are right—wise they certainly are not—in imposing such views upon learners.

It is but fair to add that the non-philological part of the Accidence is more scholarly. Even here, however, there are mistakes. We are told in various places that Plautus shortened the nominative plural of U nouns, the dative singular of O nouns, and various other case-endings. Plautus, as a matter of fact, did nothing of the sort. What he did was to scan iambic dissyllables as pyrrhics, and that without any great regard for parts of speech. Again, the *libella* is said to have been a copper coin (p. 211). But, unfortu-

nately for the *Eton Latin Grammar*, Varro expressly says it was silver, while modern numismatists have come to the conclusion that in all probability the word denotes not a coin but a value. Of such slips as these there are several; and I cannot think that the Accidence, though containing a great mass of matter, is one which "scholars and students generally" can use with entire confidence.

These charges cannot be brought against the Syntax. It is, however, shorter and more elementary than the Accidence, comprising only 150 pages as against 220. Some parts are treated very fully, but the most important part—the compound sentence—is almost scamped. One gets the idea that the editors found, when they reached it, that they had given too much space to the earlier parts of the book. In consequence, a great many facts are omitted which ought to have found a place. Nor is the Syntax historical. The editors have consulted Dräger, but they have not adopted his method; and there is equally little similarity between their work and that, for example, of Schmalz. The scheme of the conditional sentences is, however, very good and quite up to date.

Unfortunately the scholarship of the book is not the only point in it which is open to attack. In practical usefulness, in the selection and arrangement of facts, there is much that might be mended. The curious thing is that in this respect the work is very uneven. Some sections are admirably clear, others loaded with needless details or devoid of necessary information. A few instances will make clear the kind of faults meant. Under "gender" we are told that all names of rivers are masculine, except *Allia* and four others named, while three are occasionally feminine. The list is not only not correct; it is unpractical. Either all details should have been given, or only the important ones, to the exclusion of words like *Trebia*, which is feminine once only in an out-of-the-way writer. Again, one wonders very much what is the practical value of the remark that the neuter in *-e* is "found in stems in *-pi*, *-bi*, *-mi*, *-vi*, *-ci* (rare), *-gi* (rare), *-ti* (rare), *-di* (rare), *-ni*, *-li*, *-ri*, *-si*" (p. 52). And of such remarks there are a great quantity. If one turns to the pages on *Oratio Obliqua*, one is equally puzzled. The rules for tenses given on p. 324 are so worded that no distinction is made between principal and subordinate clauses; and not a word is said about the frequent occurrence of present or perfect subjunctive in "historic sequence." Yet the use glaringly contradicts the grammar rules; and even the fifth form boy might like to know something about it. Indeed, the whole section on the compound sentence is, as I said above, somewhat inadequate. "Another practical defect which spoils the book is—if I may return whence I began—the philology. There was no need to insert any of it; and, if only a little had been thrown in here and there, no one would have grumbled at it, however obsolete. But, when absurd and antiquated theories obtrude themselves on every other page, or on whole pages in succession; when an impossible explanation of *laudari* receives nearly as much print as the sequence of tenses—one puts the book down in despair. That schoolmasters should have written this Accidence is incomprehensible.

Even in a scholarship examination, philology, however good, "tells" very little. It is, indeed, a bad precedent that Eton has set in this book. For the rest, the reviewer has only to say that the printing is accurate, but the paper is too thin, and the type sometimes too small. F. HAVERFIELD.

TWO BOOKS RELATING TO PAHLAVI.

A Hymn of Zoroaster (Yasna 51). Translated with Comments by A. V. Williams Jackson. (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer.) This English translation of one of the Gāthas by an American scholar affords fresh evidence of the interest that attaches to these most ancient fragments of the Avesta, and of the persistent attempts that are being made to obtain an adequate conception of their meaning. This particular hymn has probably been the object of more study than any of the rest; and, if we compare this translation with that of Dr. Mills, recently published in the "Sacred Books of the East," vol. xxxi., we have a fair opportunity of ascertaining the extent of agreement that Avesta scholars have yet attained to in the interpretation of these difficult texts. And where they differ, it should be remembered that the existence of such differences is the best guarantee of honest and independent research that we can have. Dr. Jackson justly claims to be both conservative and liberal in his mode of treating the text, trusting rather to the internal evidence of the Gāthas themselves than to any extension of the use of Sanskrit analogies. His views, too, with regard to the Pahlavi version appear to be sound. Its chief value is that it shows how the Gāthas were understood in Sasanian times; but they were even then so old that the priests understood little more about them than they do at present. However, the more the Pahlavi version is studied the more useful it is found to be, perhaps because it contains traditional meanings older than itself, so that no Avesta scholar can now afford to neglect it. With regard to these ancient hymns, it is worthy of remark that the more accurate our translations become the less reason we find to depreciate the Gāthas, when comparing them with the Jewish Psalms. The contrast, no doubt, is great, but it is by no means certain that the ideas of the latter would always be preferred by every modern reader. The book contains the hymn in Avesta characters facing the translation, as well as a transliteration of the text accompanying the commentary, and is a very good specimen of printing.

The Alleged Practice of Next-of-Kin Marriages in Old Iran. By Darab Daatur Peshotan Sanjāna. (Trübner.) This reprint from the *Transactions* of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society is intended to refute all the statements of classical writers regarding the occurrence of such marriages among the Persians, as well as the conclusions on the same subject deduced from a careful examination of the Avesta and Pahlavi texts, detailed in the "Sacred Books of the East," vol. xviii., pp. 389-430. As the author is the son of the high priest of the Parsis in Bombay, his views deserve the utmost attention, as expressing, most probably, the general opinion of the Parsi priesthood. It may, however, be remarked that any priesthood who, in addition to their proper duties of upholding the original doctrines of their religion and carrying them out in daily practice, undertake to defend the opinions and actions of all their predecessors, are likely to find their task far beyond their powers. Why should they not candidly acknowledge that their ancestors held opinions which are no longer admissible, instead of disputing facts ascertained by careful inquiry?

no one need doubt the sincerity and piety of its ancestors in acting according to the habits and convictions of their time, when he considers how completely his own actions are guided by the predominant opinions of his own associates. Most readers will be able to judge how far our author has refuted the statements of classical writers. They only require to be warned that they are dealing with special pleading, and should be careful to verify all quotations. With regard to the Parsi texts, he has had an impartial statement to start from, in which all doubtful passages were rejected as evidence after examination. But, while taking full advantage of this impartiality when it agrees with his foregone conclusions, he declines to recognise it when the result is unfavourable to his views. The subject of inquiry is the meaning of the Pahlavi term *khvdtak-das*, the *khvadtavadatha* of the later Avesta, which signifies something that has been always advocated as highly meritorious in the Parsi religious writings, and has been applied to marriage between first cousins for some centuries past. Our author has an ingenious theory that the term means "self-association," or "self-devotion," which may be one of the etymological possibilities, but is hardly probable. If the term had had that meaning in Sasanian times the Pahlavi translators would not have left the word untranslated; and the difficulty of converting the idea of "self-devotion towards God" into "marriage with relations," however distant, is considerable. As the author disputes the accuracy of some of the translations in the "Sacred Books of the East," vol. xviii., I have considered it necessary to re-examine them; but in no case have I found his emendations otherwise than misleading. Sometimes his errors are based upon deviations from the MS. text, introduced into the printed edition of the "Dinkard." He also takes too much advantage of the alleged obscurity of Pahlavi; for, though it must be admitted that Pahlavi texts are sometimes ambiguous and obscure, this obscurity arises chiefly from our own ignorance of the idiom, the construction of sentences in Pahlavi being as well defined as in any other language.

E. W. WEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BABYLONIAN ORIGIN OF CHINESE WRITING.

London: July 2, 1888.

In the last issue of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society appeared a letter of Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, accusing me of a wilful mis-statement. As the committee of the society, of which the professor is a member, refuses to print any answer, I wish to state my authority in the ACADEMY.

I said that Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie had taken up the theory of Mr. Hyde Clarke on the Babylonian origin of Chinese writing. On November 5, 1886, Mr. Hyde Clarke wrote to me on this subject: "Indeed, on his coming here Mr. Terrien told me that he had read this in my writings." I may also refer to a letter of Mr. Hyde Clarke's in the *Journal* of the Society of Arts (vol. xxxiii., p. 791), in which he claims priority. It is, therefore, a question between Mr. Hyde Clarke and Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.

G. BERTIN.

"GEOMETRY IN SPACE."

Belfast: July 2, 1888.

Will you kindly permit me a few words regarding your notice (ACADEMY, June 23) of my *Geometry in Space*? In this notice it is asserted (in opposition to my statement) that the *Solid Geometry* published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was not written by De Morgan, but by Pierce Morton;

and further, that it bears no trace of De Morgan's manner. To the former assertion—a matter of fact—I have to reply that the book I used has clearly printed on its title-page the name of author and publisher, exactly as I state; to the latter—a matter of opinion—I can only say that, in my judgment, the book is redolent of De Morgan from beginning to end.

Your reviewer also says that my proof of xi. 4 is Legendre's. It may be; but it certainly bears no resemblance to the one usually given as Legendre's: see, e.g., Wilson's *Solid Geometry*, p. 4 of first edition.

R. C. J. NIXON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new work by the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, of Christ Church, Oxford, author of "Euclid and his Modern Rivals." It is entitled *Eurosia Mathematica*; and the first part, now in the press, will set forth a new theory of parallels.

THE Annual Report of Mr. W. Ireland, the State Mineralogist in California, recently issued for 1887, is of considerable interest, inasmuch as it deals mainly with the subjects of coal, oil, and gas. California is unfortunately ill-supplied with deposits of good coal in accessible situations, and hence it is important to discover stores of other natural fuels, such as petroleum. The principal oil-region is in Humboldt county, in Northern California. Of late years natural gas has been discovered in several localities, especially near Stockton; but it is doubtful whether the gas will ever be found in sufficient quantity to become of much economic importance to the State.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE are glad to announce a new undertaking which will earn the thanks of a wide circle of readers, and especially of those who are engaged in the study of Semitic philology or ancient history. In the autumn of the present year there will be issued by the publishing house of Herr H. Reuther at Berlin the first volume of *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*, or a "Collection of Assyrian and Babylonian Texts," in a transliteration of the original into Roman characters, and with a German translation. This work will be edited by the *Altmeister* of German Assyriology, Prof. Eberhard Schrader of Berlin, in co-operation with other scholars. It is expected that the whole will consist of four volumes, the first of which will contain the "Historical Inscriptions of the old-Assyrian Empire." The second will begin from the Tiglathpileser of the Bible, and give the texts of the neo-Assyrian Dominion; the third those in the Babylonian style; while the fourth will offer a selection of the most important inscriptions relating to religion or mythology, astronomy, jurisdiction, and private affairs. It is intended that the first three parts should form an Assyro-Babylonian Manual, or *Urkundenbuch*. The editor has been anxious to combine accuracy, convenience, and reliability as to both the transcriptions and the translations. Only a very few notes will be added, and the smallness of the types will prevent each volume from exceeding 200 pages, large octavo. Part of vol. i. is already printed off. It contains contributions from the editor, Dr. Winckler, Dr. Abel, and Dr. Peiser. Vol. ii. will contain contributions from Dr. Bezold and Dr. Jensen, and arrangements have also been made for the other two volumes. There will be appended at the end of the work chronological indices and maps, to make it as useful as possible both to the Assyrian student and the historian.

THE first part has just appeared of the Catalogue of the Sanskrit MSS. in the Library of

the India Office—a work which was begun nearly twenty years ago. The present part has been compiled by Prof. Eggeling, of Edinburgh, his collaborator, the late Dr. E. Haas, of the British Museum, having died before the preliminary work was far advanced. It deals with Vedic Literature, and enumerates 566 MSS., thus classified: (1) *Samhitās* and *Brāhmanas*, and works relating thereto; (2) Vedic Ritual; (3) Upanishads; and (4) Vedāṅga. Prof. Eggeling has been careful to give an approximate indication of the age of each MS. that is not actually dated. It is interesting to notice how overwhelming is the proportion that come from the collection of Henry Thomas Colebrooke. Special details are given concerning a copy of all the Upanishads known to Andhra Brahmins, written in Telugu characters, which was prepared for the late Sir Walter Elliot in 1850.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, June 12.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The Rev. H. G. Tomkins read a paper on Mr. Flinders Petrie's collection of ethnographic types from the monuments of Egypt. The author classified the collection under the four heads of Westerns, Southern, Asiatic, and Egyptians; and he examined, in order, the races mentioned under each of these heads. Among the Westerns are the Tahennu, or fair people, who, as Egyptian mercenary troops, founded, by a praetorian revolt, the famous XXIInd Dynasty, to which Shishak, the invader of Palestine, belonged. The Leba, or Libyans, also fall under this head; and the author identified with them the light-complexioned, fair-haired, and blue-eyed brickmakers of the celebrated tomb of Rekhmara. The want of the long side-locks is not surprising, since they were slaves employed in the lowest drudgery. The Shardina furnished highly trained soldiers to the Egyptian army of Rameses II. They wore helmets with two horns, crested with a disk, and seem to have been Sardinians. Under the head of Southern we have very various and interesting types. It is curious to find, in the paintings, blacks with red hair; but it seems probable that the colour was produced by the use of dye. Mr. Tomkins gave a full description of the race of Pūn, and dwelt particularly upon the terraced mountains covered with incense-trees that caused so much astonishment to the officers of Queen Hatsheut. He also gave a probable explanation of the origin of the remarkable features of Amenhotep IV., the celebrated Khu-en-aten, whose mother, Queen Tia, was distinguished for her beauty.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, June 27.)

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, the president, in the chair.—Dr. W. Knighton read a paper on the "Literature of Spiritualism," in which he traced the modern development of spiritualism to the Wesley family. Between 1715 and 1717 there were mysterious noises, rappings, and knockings in the house of the elder Wesley at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. The younger members of the family thought that a servant, Jefferrey by name, caused these noises in the first instance; but in John Wesley's journal, and in his life by Southey, the matter is left an inexplicable mystery. In 1846-7 similar mysterious noises broke out in the residence of a Wesleyan family of the name of Fox, living at Hydesville, in New York. Spirits were supposed to make these noises, and a means of communication was opened up with them by affirmative and negative rappings. Tables were supposed to be turned by the spirits; and so popular did this become in the United States that in a few years there were 30,000 circles engaged in cultivating intercourse with spirits by means of table-turning, and a literature was gradually developed, with its own periodical papers, magazines, and reviews. The conclusion to which Dr. Knighton came was that in investigations of spiritual phenomena the evidence of very few could be trusted. The temptation to deal in the marvellous, to

exaggerate, to be overcome with religious awe and mystery, is so strong that few are able to withstand it. Hallucinations wholly due to fancy are described as beings met and conversed with. Nor had a single communication been received from the pretended spirits of the slightest value or importance to mankind. After some remarks by the president, a discussion followed, in which Mr. William H. Garrett, Dr. Phené, Mr. R. B. Holt, Mr. Percy Ames, Mr. J. W. Bone, Dr. Zerff, and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, took part, the general tendency being to acquiesce in the views expressed by Dr. Knighton.

NEWCASTLE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—
(Wednesday, June 27.)

DR. BRUCH in the chair.—Dr. Hodgkin said that Lord Armstrong had just been making some lakes on the hills beyond Orasidge, and had informed him that the place where the lakes had been made was called Nelly's Moss. There was a tradition that at that spot she practised her incantations, and that she was afterwards burnt upon the same place. While digging out the lakes the workmen had found a stake, and some charred timber, presenting all the appearance of some person having been executed there. This might have been the instrument used in putting Nelly to death.—Mr. John Robinson read a paper on a number of old letters and other documents which he had been fortunate in securing from destruction in the Hartley Bottle Works. Mr. Robinson also exhibited the letters. In the course of his paper Mr. Robinson said that Dr. Charlton, in his lecture on "Society in Northumberland in the Seventeenth Century," which he delivered about twenty years ago, made mention of the thousands of letters, &c., belonging to the Delaval family, which were preserved at Ford Castle, and among which were letters from nearly all the principal families of the North of England, as well as from the leading men of letters of the last century. Ever since the delivery of Dr. Charlton's lecture, local historians had longed to have an opportunity of inspecting the collection at Ford. Yet during all these years there had been a vast pile of letters, despatches, and old records lying in a roofless warehouse not a dozen miles from where they were now assembled. Some few of these had been saved; but hundreds of valuable papers had been reduced to a decomposed mass of pulp, through the winters' snows and summers' rains of more than fifty years, for the oldest inhabitant could not remember the roof being on the building. It was only by a portion of the roof falling upon the old papers that some of those they saw before them had been preserved. A great number of letters, despatches, and royal signatures which had passed through the hands of the Delaval family were burnt about twenty years ago, when the plant of the Hartley Bottle Works was sold; and the historical interest of the burnt papers could only be estimated by the value of those which had been saved, which included the blackened but fairly preserved great seal of Henry VII., the privy seal and letter of James I.; the autograph of Queen Anne, and that of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater. From the stone steps which led up to the granary John Wesley preached to the Hartley colliers. By the courtesy of Mr. Lumaden, agent to the Marchioness of Waterford, he (Mr. Robinson) had been allowed to inspect and collect what he thought would be of any interest. He began his labours among a vast collection of ledgers, &c., removed from the Hartley offices and pitched on to a lime heap, with the object of compiling and tabulating the wages paid to the various trades and labouring workers in Seaton Sluice a hundred years ago; but, as he turned over ledger after ledger and countless piles of vouchers, he began to pick up packets of private letters of the Delavals, Irish State papers, and Admiralty despatches to Capt. Delaval, with innumerable receipts for legacies and annuities paid to almost every family in Northumberland of any importance, together with the cost of cows bought at Hexham and Morpeth in the year 1590, as well as receipts for the daily articles used in castle and out from time immemorial. His original idea was, by this discovery, put aside for the time. Among the papers which he exhibited were the signatures of a Fenwick, Ogle, Milford, Ord, Lilburn, Rowes, Gray, Milbank, Brandling, Foster,

and scores of others whose names were interwoven with border history. In the Admiralty despatches would be found names which would live as long as England's naval glory was part of history. The name of the ill-fated Admiral Byng often appeared. Among the letters the most interesting was one by Lord Chesterfield, bearing on the Irish question. Next in importance were letters of Samuel Foote, the actor and dramatist. The collection of family letters were a most interesting portion of the collection. The collection was also rich in documents of more national interest. There were several Portuguese letters and despatches; the petition of the first English settlers in Carolina, who were robbed of the lands and implements of husbandry which the Government had given them: "Ye petition of ye French Protestants taken in ye Dutch ships"; the names of the lords spiritual and temporal in the Parliament, holden at Dublin, July, 1634, and innumerable other papers and documents.

THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Annual General Meeting, Thursday, June 28.)

THE incoming president, Prof. Edward Dowden, delivered an address on "Goethe in Italy" to a large audience. This address, which will be issued as one of the Society's publications, will also be found in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*. M^{me}. Sophie Loewe, Mr. Oscar Beringer, and Mr. Robt. Kaufmann kindly offered their services, and gave a selection of vocal and instrumental music.—The secretary, Mr. W. C. Coupland, reported briefly on the work done by the society, and on the steady progress it had made. He urged the enrolment of fresh members, with a view to giving adequate stage performances of Goethe's masterpieces.—The proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the president, moved by Dr. R. Garnett, and to the musical performers by Dr. Eug. Oswald.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (National Gallery); also Mr. KEMLEY HALSWELL'S "October Woodlands" (Grosvenor Gallery). Important Sightings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

PREHISTORIC CHARIOTS IN DENMARK.

*Vognfundene i Dejbjerg Præstegaardsmose ved Ringkjøbing, 1881 og 1883.** Af Henry Petersen. (Kjöbenhavn: C. A. Reitzel.)

WORLD-FAMED are the Danish mosses or peat bogs for their contributions to the prehistoric history of the ancient North. In them have been found, from time to time, thousands of objects—arms, ornaments, tools, and all sorts of things (some of them with Old-Northern Runic inscriptions), and even Roman coins, dating from the third and fourth centuries after Christ. Wheels were not absent, but seemingly they had only belonged to baggage-waggons. Elsewhere also, in South and West Germany, as well as in Switzerland and France, wheels and other remains of waggons have been discovered and described. But they only show that the wheels were nearly always in sets of two, and that the vehicles had otherwise nothing in common with the latest chariot-finds in Denmark.

And hitherto, however early were the old remains from the Danish bogs, with their national "barbaric" types and work, they also abounded in things proving contact with classical and Provincial-Roman influence and manufacture. It was in 1877 that a new era opened, with absolute correctness called

* Quarto, pp. 52. Printed by Thiele. With five copperplates by Prof. Magnus Petersen, and thirty-six figures in the text.

"pre-Roman." In that year a grave at Langa Mark, near Broholm in Fyn, gave to science a very large iron kettle, bronze bottomed, containing, besides burnt bones, many bronze and iron fittings for the wheels and other parts of a richly decorated car, together with several bronze vessels, iron weapons, &c., and two golden rings. Thus, the deceased lord had been burnt on his chariot, and then committed to his tomb. See all this detailed by the late gifted and munificent old-lorist, the Chamberlain F. Sehested, in his grandly illustrated quarto—*Fortidsminder og Oldsager fra Egnen om Broholm* (Kjöbenhavn, 1878, pp. 172-181 and pl. 37-39). Sehested boldly announced his conclusion that the finely wrought metallic fittings had belonged to a four-wheeled car older than the Christian period. This has now been verified by the remarkable finds from Jutland here examined by Dr. H. Petersen.

In 1881, an old peat bog at Deiberg, near Ringkjøbing—in the centre of the west coast of Jutland—suddenly became historical. Its turf-cutters came across pieces strikingly similar to those previously taken up in Fyn. It was at once decided that Dr. H. Petersen should commence scientific diggings on the spot. He did this with his usual energy and sagacity, and collected large remains—both metallic and of wood. The result was a more or less complete, highly ornamented four-wheeled chariot, with its seat or chair, in general almost identical in workmanship and detail with that from Langa. Its wooden sides were about 5 ft. 4 in. long by a little over 10 in. high. The light and elegant wheels were 3 ft. across, the nave a foot in length and highly finished. The felloes, 2½ in. thick by 1½ in. broad, were of one piece of wood artificially bent and then sheathed with iron heated and bent, and so fixed on to the felloes. There were fourteen spokes over a foot long, turned out of white beech.

Yet more. In 1883 the workmen came upon other like remains in the same Deiberg moss. Dr. Petersen was again sent down by the museum authorities, and there was a new triumph. A second four-wheeled waggon was largely rescued, nearly a twin with the first, only the chair or stool could not be found. But there was one remarkable fact, that these vehicles—which had seen hard and long service, the woodwork being old and worn and worm-eaten—had been first taken to pieces and then carried into the bog for safety, their exact site partly marked out by staves, &c. However, the owner or owners had never been able to come back for them,—whether god, or goddess, or chieftain, of which we know nothing; and so these symbol-decorated vehicles, once oxen or horse-drawn, have remained to this day, carefully "treated" and preserved and put together, in the splendid Danish Museum.

Now, this is not the place for many further details, or for technical descriptions of the admirable industrial art exhibited, which includes some of the best "hits" and "patents" of the modern smith and carpenter. Suffice it to say that bronze and iron are handled with solid routine and a rich ornamentation—the latter showing also the Triskele and the mystical S-emblem,

while the whole clearly betrays a long art development in Denmark before such luxuries could have been produced. Among the ornaments which have been nailed on are bronze human heads, mustachioed but without beards, the eyes showing traces of enamel. The bronze has from 10 to 15 per cent. of tin; no zinc, which comes in with the Roman culture. In a word, the characteristics point to Keltic and La Tène schools.

By long inductive comparison with other Danish finds and their surroundings, the author fixes the age of these waggons at nearly 100 years before Christ. This, as I judge, is a whole century too late; but in such matters it is always better to date too low rather than too high.

This beautiful quarto is published at a nominal price (eight Danish crowns) in consequence of generous help given by the Count Hielmskiærne-Rosenkroneke Fund. It is excellently done. The author minutely handles every thing, and we have to thank his skill and patience as digger and archaeologist for this great addition to the history of our Scandinavian forefathers. Of course, a great deal of time has slipped away from 1883 till now. But there was immense mechanical and chemical and constructive work to do before pen could be put to paper. And much of this was effected by the author himself, hand in hand with the well-known Conservator to the Danish Museum, V. F. Steffensen.

Dr. Petersen will be remembered by the readers of the ACADEMY. In its pages August 6, 1887) I had the pleasure of directing their notice to his magnificent folio on the ecclesiastical seals of Denmark.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

EGYPTIAN PORTRAITURE OF THE ROMAN PERIOD.

THE portraits recently discovered by Mr. Linders Petrie at Hawara, the cemetery in the Fayum, are a welcome contribution to our scanty knowledge on the subject of encaustic and portrait painting as practised under the Roman Empire. Over sixty were found, and of these more than half are to be seen at the Egyptian Hall, together with the other interesting items of the "find." The portraits are approximately dated as belonging to the second and third century A.D., and were employed to take the place of the modelled gilt masks which covered the features of the Greco-Egyptian mummy. The time of transition is marked by the fact that in the mummies of different members of the same family some have the gilt cartonnage mask and some the painted portrait. Most of the portraits are on thin cedar panels, but a few (and these appear to have been intermediate in date between the masks and the panel paintings) are on cloth. The lifelike character of the portraits and their variety of type and expression (no two being at all alike) attest the fact that these are portraits in the true sense of the word. The only unusual characteristic which runs through all (or nearly all) is the largeness of the eye; but that this is not due to the fancy of the painter is sufficiently proved by the skulls discovered, which in nearly all cases have very large eye-sockets, extending much farther down the cheek than in ordinary modern types. The persons represented were evidently of a mixed race, with the exception of one or two palpably and purely Roman. Sometimes

the type partakes strongly of the Egyptian, sometimes of the Greek, sometimes of the Roman; but the general impression is of a fine and handsome mixed race. In execution the portraits are unequal, but they bear testimony to a high average skill among the artists employed. In many cases this execution is masterly. One, of an unmistakable Roman, with strong rough features, is painted throughout with visible bold strokes of the brush, the colours being laid on in thick impasto. In most the general laying-in is smooth, with raised high lights and strengthening touches added; in some the work is smooth all through, the modelling and shading of the features being executed with much delicacy. Effects of reflected light and colour and well-painted jewellery are not unfrequent. It is to be hoped that some of the best may be secured for the British Museum.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made at the Grosvenor Gallery for an exhibition, in October, of pastels—a refined branch of art which has lately been revived, and which is capable of important development.

MISS MARGARET THOMAS, to whose successful bust of Fielding for the Shire Hall at Taunton we called attention at the time of its unveiling by Mr. Lowell, has recently completed a similar memorial of another Somersetshire worthy—Doctor Wilson Fox, the Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. This, the fourth bust executed by Miss Thomas for the Shire Hall, will be unveiled in the autumn.

THE *Art Journal*, which during the past half year has well sustained its reputation both in literary and pictorial matter, begins the new one in a promising manner. The interesting and admirably illustrated articles by the editor on Japan and its art wares, and MM. Villars and Myrback's illustrated papers on England, are continued; and Mrs. Allingham gets well-deserved praise from Miss Laura Dyer. Mr. Edwards Roberts's account of "The American Wonderland," and Mr. E. Phené Spier's "Palaces of the late King of Bavaria," are also of interest. The Glasgow Exhibition forms the subject of a special number of this periodical; and, like other special numbers of the same kind, gives a good and comprehensive account of the miscellaneous gathering, full of illustrations of objects of all sorts from the exhibition building itself to the Glenorchy Charmstone.

THIS exhibition, as far as its art galleries are concerned, will not be without a still more important memorial. Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, have in preparation a catalogue *de luxe*, to be published by Messrs. MacLehose. The success of their beautiful catalogue of the pictures at the International Exhibition held at Edinburgh in 1886 has justified them in this new enterprise; and no doubt everything that can be done in the way of fine paper and printing, and etching, and other forms of reproduction, will be done for this book. Mr. Henley has been engaged to write the biographies of the artists, and the rest of the letterpress.

WE are asked to state that a Biblical Museum has recently been formed at the offices of the Sunday School Institute, in Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, which is open free to the public every day. Among the principal contents are casts of Assyrian bas-reliefs in the British Museum, of the Rosetta and Moabite stones, and of the Silsœm inscription; models of ancient Jerusalem, of Herod's temple, and of

ancient Athens; a series of coins illustrating the history of the Jews, and antiquities from Babylonia and Egypt, including several presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund; and, lastly, modern objects illustrating the ancient mode of life and the modern religious customs of the Jews. The honorary curator of the museum is the Rev. J. G. Kitchin, who will be glad to receive any help towards the collection either in money or in kind.

MR. THOMAS HUMPHREY WARD has printed a "Letter to the American People" upon *International Copyright in Works of Art*. The particular branch of the subject with which he deals is the unauthorised reproduction, by heliotype, artotype, albertype, and other photographic processes, of the best work of European engravers and etchers. It appears that these reproductions—which are described as "showy, effective, and well got up"—are sold for one dollar or less. But if this be so, it is difficult to understand how the demand for the original plates, costing twenty or thirty dollars, can be seriously affected. Yet Mr. Ward assures us that it is owing to this cause that the art of line engraving in England is "threatened with extinction." However this may be, it is satisfactory to know that the bill now before Congress provides a complete remedy.

THE STAGE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT IS A TRAGEDY?

Beckley Heath: July 2, 1888.

I see that in the July number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* our old friend "Sylvanus Urban" opposes the argument of a letter I wrote a few weeks ago on what I thought the transformation of "Ben-my-Chree" from tragedy to melodrama. So far as I can see he finds no answer to his difficult question "What is a Tragedy?" But after quoting the Encyclopædic Dictionary, Prof. Skeat, and Milton, against my rendering of Fletcher, he seems to join hands with those who have told me (with rather unnecessary warmth) that tragedy is a "sacred name," that it is confined to what is "lofty and elevated" in dramatic art, and that it "belongs to the great houses." Putting the dictionaries aside (and as many of them are with my definition as are against it), I am unable to see that by "general acceptance throughout Europe" tragedy has been a "sacred name." Going no further than our own literature we find that by "general acceptance" tragedy has been allowed to include nearly every kind and quality of dramatic composition of which the end has been death. There have been good tragedies and bad; and in Shakespeare's day the name of tragedy was no more "sacred" than the name of comedy or tragic-comedy. The very titles given to the old plays show clearly that the word "tragedy" was used by the old dramatists in a very simple and ingenuous sense. Thus we have "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," "The Tragedy of Nero," "The Atheist's Tragedy," "Byron's Tragedy," "The Revenger's Tragedy," and "The Tragedy of the Duchess of Malfy"; just as, on the other hand, we have "The Comedy of Old Fortunatus." Clearly the term "tragic" was used quite without thought of "loftiness" or "elevation," whether as regards diction or subject, and was simply meant to show that the dramatic action led up to and terminated in death. I see as little reason to think that Marlow intended to indicate the "elevation" of his subject as that so modest a man as John Webster wished to advertise the "loftiness" of his diction. Indeed, I am convinced that if "The

City Madam" had been tragical in its draft Massinger would not have been restrained from so describing it by any thought of the meanness of its *dramatis personae*. In fact, the gods were not more lawful or essential than mean people to a tragedy written in the best days of English tragic art.

To come to the "general acceptance of tragedy throughout Europe," "Faust" is properly called a "dramatic mystery," because in its first part it is tragical in only one of its episodes—the episode of Margaret. The first part of "Wallenstein," ending with the struggle between father and son (but not with death) is described in its early form as a drama; the second part, ending with the death of Wallenstein, is described in its early form as a tragedy; and yet the first part is in many respects loftier and more elevated than the second both as to action and diction. I think I am not wrong in saying that in Russia certain of Tourgenieff's short stories (such as that of the porter and his dog) and some of Gogol's (such as, if I mistake not, that of the poor official and his new overcoat) are with "general acceptance" described as tragedies. And I would go so far in support of the definition given in the former letter as to say that tragedy is a term which is independent not only of literary quality, but even of literary form; that the *Bride of Lammermoor* is as much an English tragedy as "Hamlet" is, and that M. Daudet's story of Fromont and Rieler is as certainly a French tragedy as Mr. Buchanan's play on that subject is an English melodrama.

As for the definition that I rendered from Fletcher's "Apologetical Preface," let any reader interested in the subject judge for himself how far my implication is justified by Fletcher's description of tragi-comedy. And since there is now no definition of melodrama that fits the more recent developments of that species of play, let me make bold to offer one that shall be in the manner, and partly in the words, of the author of the "Faithful Shepherdess." A Melodrama is so called because it does not bring its hero to his death (which is enough to make it no Tragedy), and yet brings him very near to it (which is enough to make it no Comedy). HALL CAINE.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL, ETC.

THE performance of "Israel" on Friday week was a very grand one. It would be possible to mention one or two places in the second part in which there was a little wavering; but we prefer to dwell on the wonderful effect produced by the double choruses, and notably the "Hailstone" and the "Horse and his Rider." It was not only the vigour and precision with which the large army of choristers sang which called forth admiration, but the volume and richness of tone. The severe measures adopted, for this festival, to get rid of all singers whose best plea for admission consisted in what they had done in the past, brought about the happiest results. The soloists were Mme. Vallerie, Mme. Patey, Miss A. Marriott, and Messrs. Lloyd, Bridson, and Brereton.

The Handel Festival of 1888 has been a brilliant success; and for this, of course, thanks are in a very large measure due to Mr. Manns. A few years ago many persons feared for the time when Sir M. Costa would no longer be able to wield the baton at these festivals. The time, however, came, but with it a worthy successor. Mr. Manns has done a great deal this year in the way of removing some of his predecessors' unjustifiable additions to Handel's music. There is still room for improvement; and we hope by next festival that everything will be done

decently and in order. The audience on Friday numbered 23,722, the figures for the four days amounting to 86,337—a total which was only exceeded in 1883.

Last week we made a slip in speaking of the number of oboes and violins in the orchestra. In comparing them with the numbers of the Festival of 1784, we took the figures of 1885 instead of 1888. The mistake would, perhaps, have been pointed out to us but for the unfortunate fact that the balance this year, in a Handelian sense, was still more unfavourable. In 1784 there were 26 oboes to 96 violins, in 1885 16 to 203, but this time only 12 to 216.

Herr Richter gave his eighth concert on Monday evening. The programme included the first of Bach's six Brandenburg Concerti Grossi—works which, as Dr. Spitta, in his *Life of the composer*, says, "exhibit the highest point of development to which the older form of the concerto could attain." The score consists of strings, horns, oboes, bassoon, and a part for violino piccolo (a bright-toned and smaller violin). It was played by Mr. Schiever on an ordinary instrument. As there is a line marked *continuo*, the harpsichord must also be included. This harpsichord part, according to the practice of Bach, was not written out. But by omitting it altogether, as Herr Richter did on Monday, the composer's intentions were certainly not fully realised. This was especially noticeable in the last movement, in the passages for solo violin accompanied only by the basses. Intermediate parts were undoubtedly added by the harpsichord player. Why should not a pianoforte part be written out and played when such works are performed? This first Concerto contains some fine music. The middle movement *Adagio*, with its plaintive theme, its curious false-relation effects, and its Beethoven touches of strings answering wind in the final chords, is most interesting. The programme included the closing scene from the first act of "Siegfried." The hero is welding together the broken pieces of his father's sword, while Mime, the dwarf, is preparing a draught, one drop of which will suffice to kill Siegfried. On the stage this is a most effective scene: every note of the music fits in with the busy action of the two personages. On the concert-platform it has but little meaning. However, there was the music to listen to, and Mr. Lloyd sang magnificently. The same cannot be said of Mr. Nicholl, but he was, according to report, indisposed. The Overture to "Obéron," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony completed the programme.

Mlle. Otta Brönnum, a clever pupil of Mme. Carlotta Patti, gave a concert at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening. Her clear and flexible voice told well in some graceful Scandinavian songs, and in the florid music of the "Barbiere." She was supported by artists from St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Holland. Chev. Carpi was an effective Figaro in the "Barbiere" duet, and sang, besides, some light songs which were much appreciated. M. J. Wolff was also most successful with his violin solos.

The pupils of the Hyde Park Academy of Music gave their annual summer concert at the Steinway Hall on Thursday afternoon. The excellent choral pieces given under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost proved, as usual, a welcome feature of the programme. Miss Mary Willis, with her clever singing, was also an attraction.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

"Great Writers."—Victor Hugo. By F. T. Marzials. (Walter Scott.)

MR. MARZIALS has told his story very well. His narrative of the poet's life is clear and concise, emphasising the important, passing lightly over the unessential, with fine literary instinct. The criticism, too, is, on the whole, appreciative and discriminating; but here, of course, we are on more debateable ground. Mr. Marzials, for instance, demurs when it is asserted that in Hugo we have a second Shakspeare. Now if this denial be based upon the plays alone, I am at one with him; though, perhaps, no amusement is more idle than that of classing artists in a supposed order of merit, like a pack of schoolboys. Yet, while "Le Roi s'amuse," and "Marion de Lorme" are great plays, perhaps they are rather to be mentioned with the best work of Webster and Marlowe than with the best work of Shakspeare; and the other plays seem to me inferior to these. But "Le Roi s'amuse," powerful and poetical as it is, as well as admirable for concentration and effectiveness, has, I think, a certain Elizabethan insanity, a convulsive crudity of insufficiently moralised horror and suffering, which prevents it from attaining the highest place in art. "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," "Lucrezia Borgia," are chiefly remarkable as first-rate melodrama, for striking situations, and great passages. That these poetical firstfruits of the new romantic movement are finer than the masterpieces of the classical French theatre, than Racine, Corneille, Molière, appears to me a perfectly untenable position; and I am entirely at one with Mr. Marzials in the true and excellent remarks he makes about the latter. Too much cant has already been talked about their alleged academic coldness. They are strong, and warm with humanity, for all their reserve and noble form. But then, not the plays only, but the romances also of Hugo should be put in as evidence. For these are essentially dramatic; and through them, unless I mistake, does the neo-romantic impulse find its proper modern consummation in profuse luxuriance and lovely riot, and exhale its own full idiosyncrasy of perfume. I confess I should be sorry to have to weigh in my poor balance *Faust*, *Les Misérables*, *Consuelo*, *Quatre Vingt Treize*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Esmond*, *Le Père Goriot*, *David Copperfield*, against "Macbeth," "Hamlet," or "King Lear." Readily do I grant the grave defects in Hugo—his almost barbaric exuberance of rhetoric and ornament, occasional bombast and lack of concentration, inordinate love of imposing, colossal or grotesque and lurid effects. But, then, surely it is only a temporary, though very

general, glamour and enslavement to conventional opinion that makes us refuse to recognise the grave defects, of another kind, in our own great poet. Is there no unseasonable and inappropriate euphuism, no occasional lapses and crudity in the portraiture there? While for profound and various knowledge of human nature, good and evil, for sympathy with what is great and noble, as well as for humour, tenderness, pathos, sublimity of imagination, invention, delicacy of fancy, technical skill, lyrical charm, command of language, would it not be difficult to adjudge the palm? Jean Valjean, Gilliatt, Javert, Gavroche, the Thenardiens, Lantenac, Cimourdain, Myriel, and how many more, are at the same time salient individualities, and monumental types. Esmeralda, Cosette, Marion, Michel Fléchard, Josiane are breathing women; and who has drawn children better than Hugo? Not Shakspeare certainly. Then Hugo was a master of satire, and excelled in the presentment of external nature in vital interpenetration with human nature (*Travailleurs de la Mer*)—a peculiarly modern gift, which the earlier romantic poets could not so fully possess. He was author, too, of that grand legendary epic, the *Légende des Siècles*.

The art of both these great romantic poets is non-religious, if compared with the classical drama of ancient Greece, or Augustan France. To Aeschylus and Sophocles, as to Racine, the work of Shakspeare or Hugo would have appeared a chaos, both aesthetically and morally. In neither is the *Hebraic* religious element present in any considerable degree. Seldom do the gods intervene manifestly to punish vice and reward virtue. There is comparatively little of divine Nemesis. For in Christian art that is rather relegated to the after world. The towers of Siloam seldom fall upon the right people, either with our play or in real life. And yet in truth this chaos is only apparent. Our poets have a more complex aesthetic unity, a subtle spiritual *καθαρσις*, and even a final, far-off reconciliation, though more vaguely suggested. Triboulet and Lucretia are moralised and redeemed by a touch of humanity. Poor mad Lear agonises indeed; but he was surely as foolish and insolently rash from the beginning as ever was Oedipus in Sophocles; and there is a dawn of hope for him at last, when he turns in the confusion of his mind to wronged Cordelia; Cordelia herself feels it in her agony. And though they suffer, the aureole of saintly martyrdom is visibly around Desdemona, Cordelia, Valjean, and Gilliatt, the hero going to death, while his mistress and her lover pass by to happiness. Even Romeo and Juliet die when their love is purest, unfaded, untarnished, unpolluted—which is not ill. Now it is rather in this higher signification of the term that Hugo may be accounted as a "prophet" (another claim to which his biographer demurs) than as mere correct foreteller of future events, or advocate of particular political and social arrangements; but it is in this more important sense also that those whom mankind have consented to reverence as "sacred writers" (and I would include the two earliest Greek dramatists in this category) are indeed prophets and seers. Only the so-called recent "naturalistic" school are verily amenable to

the imputation of aesthetic and moral chaos, because they leave out the ideal element, without which art is no better than a corpse; because they have no deep and sincere human sympathy, their own humanity being defective. But the higher modern art gives the education of character through circumstance, and the inevitable reaction of character on experience, making us love the good, hate the evil, pity the feeble and oppressed.

Victor Hugo was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. His father, who called himself *Brutus*, though son of a carpenter, was at this time a distinguished officer in the army. He had taken a considerable part in the revolutionary wars against the royalists in La Vendée; but later he served under Napoleon, became a general, a Spanish grandee, and governor of the Province of Avellino, in Italy, so that his wife, the poet's mother, took precedence of a Spanish duchess in Spain, when she and her sons (including Victor) went with the military convoy to join Col. Hugo at the court of Joseph Buonaparte in Madrid, one of them becoming a royal page. This mother, on the other hand, was an ardent royalist, and rejoiced over the restoration of Louis XVIII. Now, here comes the question, debated by Mr. Marzials, how far one may rely upon the accuracy of the poet's statements concerning himself. Mr. Marzials sums up, in a sense unfavourable to Victor Hugo; and he even ventures (upon this score of alleged unveracity) to question the dignified claim to personal respect which the veteran master makes for himself in a preface to the collected edition of his works (p. 208). It is a serious charge, and, for my part, I confess I do not think it substantiated. Victor Hugo was proud that, having been brought up an aristocrat and a religionist, he had emancipated himself from that which he came to regard in later years as political and religious obscurantism. Well, whatever his ancestry may have been, I think most readers will conclude, even from the brief account here given of the poet's youth, that his education and surroundings were decidedly aristocratic. Moreover, he was trained for awhile in a Spanish school kept by monks, and for some time by a priest, one Larivière, who, though, indeed, unfrocked during the Reign of Terror, and frightened into marriage with his cook, need not, therefore, have renounced all his own private religious convictions. And whether Mr. Marzials is right or not in concluding, with M. Biré, that the poet's ancestors had nothing in common with the noble family of Hugo, the poet himself, as well as his father, may quite honestly have thought otherwise.

His mother, a woman of strong character, became everything to the boy when his father appears to have cast him adrift, on his resolving to devote himself to literature; and she, as I said, was an ardent royalist. After their return to Paris, M^{me}. Hugo lived with her sons in a house surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which were some ruins of an old convent called the Feuillantines. To the children this was a very fairyland of romance. Here Victor's godfather, Gen. Lahorie, was in hiding, being sought for his participation in Moreau's conspiracy against Napoleon. Here the boy read Tacitus with his godfather, who told him stories of battle and adventure, and imbued

him, the poet tells us, with that love of liberty which flamed forth in later years. Here, too, he played with his future bride, little Adèle Foucher, with whom he fell in love very early, whom, with the determination that characterised him, he resolved, in face of all obstacles, to marry, and whom in 1822 he married. She made him a faithful and admirable wife, sharing his exile at Guernsey, after the usurpation of Napoleon III., which he punished so terribly in the *Châtiments* and *Napoléon le Petit*. M. Asseline, her cousin, indeed gives a pathetic picture of her in the autumn of her days at Hauteville House, Guernsey, left at home when her husband and sons were gone to dine with M^{me}. Drouet, between whom and Victor Hugo there was an ardent friendship, which lasted even into the winter of his days, after poor Adèle was gone. Ah! but life is full of that kind of pathos, prodigal of such meanderings, transformations, declensions. Yet shall the poor little human heart not prove large enough to hold more than one strong, true affection—one love—without inconstancy? And both women were noble, magnanimous, generous; as was the man also, whatever may have been his faults. M^{me}. Hugo, within a year of her death and almost blind, writes: "My husband is leaving Brussels the day after to-morrow. He is young, and of exceptional strength; he is happy, and covered with glory, which is my greatest joy." There was a period of extreme poverty for the young man, like that of Marius in the *Misérables*; but he worked hard to support his child-wife and the family that soon came. A chequered life of sorrow and joy was his. He lost his beloved daughter, Leopoldine Vacquerie, who was drowned in the Seine by the capsizing of a sailing boat, with her husband, in 1843. The *Contemplations* are redolent with memories of her. Another daughter became divided from him by insanity. He lost his Adèle in 1868 at Brussels, and his son Charles, who died suddenly in a cab, at Bordeaux, while coming to dine with his father after the poet's return from exile on the fall of Napoleon. His long years of exile were sad enough; but he spent them in hard work, in "contemplating the sea" from his window, and in vigorous walks; feeding poor children, doing many generous and kindly deeds; finally, writing some of his greatest works—the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, that sublime epic of Man subduing Nature, the *Misérables*, *Quatre Vingt Treize*, and the *Châtiments*. Yet one disappointment he never knew, the lot of so many sons of genius—good work done without appreciation, encouragement, or adequate remuneration. He began to write poetry even at school, and as a lad of fifteen received commendation from the Academy. Yet, like our Byron, he was a king among boys, as afterwards among men, "drinking delight of battle with his peers." In an early ode he tells us how his cradle had often rested on a drum, how water from the brook was brought to his childish lips in a helmet, how the glorious tatters of some worn-out flag were wrapped around him in his sleep. He began as a classic of the classics; and in a paper started by himself and his brother he told us that "the plays of Shakspeare and Schiller only differ from those of Corneille and Racine in

that they are more faulty"! He accepted a pension from Louis XVIII., was made knight of the legion of honour by Charles X., and a peer of France by Louis Philippe. After the fall of Louis Philippe, he addressed the people in favour of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. But subsequently he became a moderate republican. Can a man serve his country only under one régime, and may not his opinions on political details change with large alterations in the surrounding mental atmosphere? Yet where principle was concerned he was unalterable, haughtily refusing to profit by the amnesty offered to exiles by Louis Napoleon and return to France. His conversion to very radical views seems to have been effected by the shameful extinction of Roman liberty under the triumvirate on the part of the French Republic, and confirmed by the usurpation of one who had been his friend. Victor Hugo took an active part in opposition to the *coup d'état* (see *l'Histoire d'un Crime*, &c.), and affirms that M. Pietri offered a large reward for his capture. Mr. Marzials, and others, deny it; but he at least offers no proof that the poet did not believe it, nor even that the fact was otherwise. It is quite possible that Hugo did love to surround himself and his circumstances with a halo of romance; for we note his bias toward the wonderful, colossal, adventurous, everywhere; and there may have been, as with Byron, a disposition to mystify. One remembers the combat of Gilliatt with the octopus (though the master told me he had himself seen an enormous octopus in a Sark cave), Gwympaine in the House of Lords, Quasimodo on the towers of Notre Dame, the Dumasian adventures of Valjean. Yet the prosaic Horace Walpole was hardly justified in concluding from the black letter "forgeries" of Chatterton to his "more facile imitation of promissory notes." Clough, in a line of the "Bothie," deals more sympathetically with such a temperament. Mr. Marzials, I think, exaggerates the idea in its application to Hugo. But his political testament—distinguished by extreme moderation of tone, as well as by artistic perfection—is rather to be found in *Quatre Vingt Treize* than in a few excited and casual speeches. The famous campaign anent "Hernani" in 1830 is well narrated over again by Mr. Marzials. In drama, Hugo has all the honour of enthroning the romantic art of Shakspeare among his countrymen.

He returned to Paris in 1871, and encouraged his compatriots during the siege by his cheerful courage, exhorting them to persevere in their gallant resistance. Little Georges and Jeanne, his grandchildren, lived with him, and great was his anxiety when the privations told on Jeanne's health. How beautifully he has written about these children! He was never old in spirit, though he lived to be eighty-three. On the top of an omnibus without a great coat, going up in a balloon, making excursions about Paris, he is frolicsome and delighted with everything, like a boy. On May 13, 1885, he died, his last word, his last conscious act, being for his grandchildren. And we all recollect what a funeral his countrymen gave him!

Who will cast the first stone? He had faults. Sometimes he "posed." At one point or another, what amount of genius

(which, by itself, even weakens) may enable a man or woman to escape the malicious, ironical, impish taint of human inferiority—shall we say, folly? The wise and kindly may regard these signs and symbols of our common humanity in no ungenerous temper, with a certain pitying, amused, affectionate tolerance rather. Somebody has said how fortunate we are in having few details about the private life of Shakspeare—fortunate, yes, if we are "valets" to our "heroes"; otherwise perhaps hardly. Mr. Marzials is none. He is tolerant and reverent. Hugo's theatricality, he admits, was only superficial. These all have their "treasure in earthen vessels." Ah! and most of us have so much earthen vessel, so little treasure! Well, when I had the honour of being presented to the master in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he latterly lived, I noticed that the room was hung with gorgeous hangings of crimson, brocaded velvet and gold, and that the only thing in form of a statue or bust was a statuette of the poet himself. But this, of course, was not his private room; and what impressed me far more was the master's unaffected, unassuming, and genial cordiality, the rare charm of his manner. He neither preached nor soliloquised, moreover, but conversed. This ruler over hearts and minds was possessed of an ability to set loyal and devoted subjects at their ease, which many merely hereditary monarchs might envy. All who came in contact with him (Charles Dickens among the number) testify to his singular personal charm; and the old man's face was magnificent.

RODEN NOEL.

THE "MASTER OF THE ROLLS" SERIES.

Icelandic Sagas. Edited by Gudbrand Vigfússon. In 2 vols.

Chronicles of Robert of Brunne. Edited by Fred. J. Furnivall. In 2 vols.

A good many years have passed since the work was undertaken of editing and translating the Icelandic documents which relate to the history of the United Kingdom, and the results have hitherto been meagre in quantity, however excellent the quality of the product. We are still waiting for instalments of a translation of the Sagas which relate to the settlements and descents of the Northmen, and it will be acknowledged that the public may reasonably expect as much assistance in dealing with Icelandic texts as the rules of the Treasury and the Master of the Rolls will allow.

Mr. Gudbrand Vigfússon has now produced two volumes of very high authority and value, of which the first deals chiefly with the history of the Orkneys before they were united to Scotland, and the other with the long reign of Haaco Haacsonson, the great patron of trade and intercourse between England and Norway. The Orkney Saga, itself a compilation from many sources, is supplemented by the addition of several appendices, containing various accounts of the life and miracles of St. Magnus, the great earl, who is now best known as the patron of Kirkwall Cathedral; and a few additional pieces of Icelandic origin, which relate, in some measure, to the Orkneys, but are scarcely to be regarded as serious history. Among these is an extract from the popular

Nial's Saga, characterised by Mr. Vigfússon as "the kind of stuff with which later compilers filled out the older Sagas." Other extracts are taken from the story of Brian Boromhe, who fell at Clontarf in the year 1014; the curious tale of Helge and the Wolf; a semi-mythological rendering of the circumstances attending the Battles of Stamford Bridge and Hastings; and a dubious life of Edward the Confessor, with some account of the Norman Conquest and an extraordinary story of the foundation of an English colony in the Black Sea, for which Sigurd, Earl of Gloucester, procured bishops from Hungary, and where his followers founded a New London and a New York.

The importance of the volume lies in the fact that we have, for the first time, a complete text of the great Orkney Saga or history of the Men of Orkney. Mr. Vigfússon tells us that as early as 1859 he prepared a text with the help of all the materials at Copenhagen, and that it was printed "with translations facing it." It is to this unpublished work that the references are made in the Oxford Icelandic dictionary. It is to be hoped that the translation will soon appear, to the relief of those who have to pick out bits of the history from the Lives of the Kings in Laing's and Peringskiöld's editions, from the abridged history of Torfæus, or from the Edinburgh version of the work of the learned "Jonas Jónæus." About the year 1866 Mr. Vigfússon found reason to believe that the author of the *Lexicon Runicum* must have had before him a fuller and better text of the "Earls's Saga" than had ever been known in this country. Some time afterwards he found a Swedish MS., which turned out to be a translation of one of his texts when it had been in a more perfect condition, and in 1874 he worked carefully through it at Stockholm. The rest must be told in his own words:

"In August of that year I visited the library at Upsala. The *Islandica* were kindly brought out for me to see. I turned over several till I came to a little book in the hand of Magnus Olafson, and discovered in it several full extracts from the lost *larla Saga*, from which the *Lexicon Runicum* had got its brief citations. I copied all there was; and had the happiness a few hours later of telling my friend, Prof. Carl Sæse, that I had discovered a new Icelandic text, the very existence of which was not suspected. . . . Considering the amount of new and valuable material that I had thus collected, the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury were pleased, on the recommendation of the Master of the Rolls, to agree to a proposal that the unissued work then standing in type should be cancelled. Since then I have wrought out the revised text which is printed in this volume."

Another very valuable part of the introduction contains an account of the great Flatey Book, which contains the greater part of what is known about the older history of that "Outer or Colonial Scandinavia," of which the Orkneys and Faroe Islands, and even Greenland and "Vineland the Fair," may be counted as portions. The authorship and date are fixed, and the mode of its compilation explained. The work was due to the energy of one John Thordson, who employed the scribes John and Magnus to make an encyclopædic compilation out of a whole library of valuable MSS. The work as at

first undertaken was ended in 1387—the date usually assigned for its commencement—and was supplemented by a few excerpts of annals ending in 1394, and by a large addition of Kings' Lives in a much later generation. With the exception of the scribe who filled in the gaps in 1498, Mr. Vigfússon thinks that no one saw the book for 250 years. After referring to the value of the originals from which it was compiled, he states his belief that they have all been lost.

"Though I believe I have had in my hands every scrap of the Old Norse or Icelandic vellum-writing existing in Scandinavia, I have never been able to identify a scrap of the material they used; nay more, I never remember having found a line in the well-known hand of either John or Magnus, though it is not probable that the Flatey Book was their first or only work. So great has been the destruction of MSS."

The subject is interesting in many ways. There is a controversy, for example, whether Columbus may not have learned the contents of the book, including the legends of the fair countries beyond Greenland, when he visited Iceland in a Bristol merchant-ship, and met Bishop Magnus of Skalholt. Some think that the bishop may have had the book in his possession when he was abbot of Helgafell; and it seems probable, at any rate, that he would be acquainted with its principal contents. Another story on which one would like more light is the tradition of the Orkney earls hunting reindeer in Scotland in the twelfth century. Mr. Magnússon took the scribe as saying that "it was the custom for the earls nearly every summer to go over into Caithness, and then up into the woods to hunt red-deer or reindeer"; and he doubted whether the writer of the Saga knew that the animals were different. Prof. Boyd Dawkins thought that the passage indicates that the two animals existed in the district together, but considered that the pastures of the reindeer must have been almost appropriated by its more vigorous rival. Mr. Vigfússon appears to be satisfied that the story relates to both kinds of deer, and refers the reader to Dr. Smith's paper read before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

The second volume consists of less interesting materials, or of such as seem, at any rate, to have little concern with English affairs. The reign of Haco, who died at Kirkwall in 1263, was chiefly concerned with the conquest of Iceland, which brought him, no doubt, into contact with English commerce. Mr. Vigfússon has given a dispiriting account of the period in his *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*. The kings, including Haco, were (as he contends) mere impostors set up from time to time by warring factions. Haco survived through nearly half a century in the struggle against a crowd of rival pretenders. It is admitted that he at last restored the country to peace and prosperity; but we are told that he only gained "a hollow pasteboard glory." It certainly seems to have been hardly worth while to edit the story of his life with such pains and labour. The text is recovered by means of an elaborate comparison of a number of MS. abridgments, made probably by Icelanders for the use of Norwegian nobles. In dealing with them,

Mr. Vigfússon has made the curious discovery that the process of abbreviation was constantly carried out "in a rough mechanical way," passages being omitted and whole sentences suppressed without much other alteration of the words. Towards the end of his task each scribe seems to have flagged, and to have contented himself with "a brief bald narrative," so that, as Mr. Vigfússon points out, there are as many abridgments as narratives:

"Just as one must often put together two or three clipped and shorn coins to get the full image and superscription, so one must put together as many abridged and curtailed texts as are preserved, to get at the full phrasing of the architype."

The most important of the addenda consist of newly discovered fragments of the lost Saga of King Magnus, carried down to the year 1276, whereby the text as edited by Peringskiöld is considerably altered. The appendix also contains a life of St. Dunstan, compiled by an Icelandic monk in the fourteenth century, which is here printed for the first time. Mr. Vigfússon offers no criticism on its contents, but offers it "as an adjunct to the body of lives of St. Dunstan, printed in this series in 1874 by Dr. Stubbs, now Bishop of Chester." The rest of the appendix consists of certain Icelandic Annals, ending in 1430, which are noteworthy, as Mr. Vigfússon points out, because they are passing into the shape of chronicles "like the latter part of the Laudian MS. of the English Chronicle," and also because they record events noticed by no other native authority. This, he points out, for the period 1395-1430 is the sole Icelandic history.

"Where it ceases there is no more historical writing for more than 160 years. It is, therefore, the last example of a school of historians that begins with Are three centuries back. It is also germane to the main object of these volumes—the illustration of British History—inasmuch as it preserves the only Icelandic record of the English fifteenth-century trade, from 1413 to 1430, during one generation."

The public will not grudge Mr. Vigfússon the publication of his short and simple annals. But what are we to say about the *Chronicle of Robert of Brunne*, edited by Mr. Furnivall, which stands as the latest addition to the list of mediæval chronicles and memorials. The House of Commons having resolved to recommend a convenient edition of the works of our ancient historians, the Master of the Rolls submitted a plan for publishing "the ancient chronicles and memorials of the United Kingdom," preference being given to those of which the MSS. were unique, or the materials of which would "help to fill up the blanks in English history." But, when we turn to an apparently official description of these handsome volumes, we find the following brief notice:

"Robert of Brunne, or Bourne, co. Lincoln, was a member of the Gilbertine Order established at Sempringham: his Chronicle is described by its editor as a work of fiction, a contribution not to English history, but to the history of English."

Robert Manning, or Robert de Brunne, "the patriarch of the new English," did, in fact, write a version of the *Manual des Pesechies*, which was in one sense a history, or rather a view, of the social condition of the English

as they had been under Edward I., and as they were at the beginning of the fourteenth century. A delightful review or abstract of this work is to be found in Mr. Furnivall's introduction to the Chronicle; but the last-named book is only a history in the sense that it is a translation of the old legends first collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth. We have the descent of King Loirine from Noah, the mediæval tale of Troy, and the wanderings of Brutus. After the arrival in Britain, the story proceeds in the words of Wace, "with a bit from Bede here and there, from Langtoft and Geoffrey of Monmouth," till the first part of the Chronicle ends. Langtoft's French Chronicle, edited by Mr. Wright, appeared in the Rolls Series in 1868. The first part has been included in the series for various reasons, "because it was in name a chronicle," and "because, the second part being so widely known, the first was, of course, often asked for and wanted," and because the authorities thought "that, among so much worthless repetition in Latin as the Rolls Series must of necessity contain, there might well be one rendering of our early historic legends in useful English"; perhaps, as Mr. Furnivall suggests, it was desired to give "a lift by the way" to the students of the history of English words and syntax.

From this point of view the public may be congratulated on having an interesting addition to the work of the English Text, Chaucer, and New Shakspeare societies. Mr. Furnivall encourages a hope that the other MS. of the Chronicle, with which this edition does not deal at large, may be printed by the same editor for the Extra Series of the English Text Society; and in that case we may expect that the questions as to language and dialect, which cannot be fully dealt with in the volumes before us, will be settled by the discussion and comparison of the two versions of the chronicle.

CHARLES ELTON.

TWO BOOKS RELATING TO SPAIN.

Select Plays of Calderon. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by Norman Maccoll. (Macmillan.)

Études sur l'Espagne. Par A. Morel-Fatio. 1^{re} Série. (Paris: Vieweg.)

So far as I know, Mr. Maccoll's is the first edition of a Spanish author that has been published in England with all the apparatus—introductions, arguments, notes grammatical, philological, and elucidatory, various readings and conjectural emendations—which we are accustomed to look for in an edition of a Greek or Roman classic. We cannot but welcome such an attempt. In England the study of Spanish (with the exception of Cervantes) has been regarded too much as the amusement of amateurs. We rejoice to see it here undertaken in a more scientific spirit. I do not know how far the choice of these particular plays has been decided by the programme of the Oxford Taylorian scholarship, which is this year devoted to Spanish. Be this as it may, the fact will not detract from the permanent value of Mr. Maccoll's attempt.

I can regard this work, excellent as it is, only as a tentative, and not as a definitive, edition. Mr. Maccoll leans too much on Dr. Krenkel's editions of these plays. From

them he has got much that is valuable—especially the numerous references, citations, and illustrations of meaning from other plays of Calderon, and of contemporary Spanish dramatists. These alone suffice to make the work worthy of the attention of the student. The grammatical notes are generally good, and the references for etymologies to Diez and to Dozy are very useful. But, as in all such cases, to a fresh reader they appear sometimes needless, sometimes lacking where he would expect them. To the former class belong the note, p. 214, l. 101. "Instead of *y* one would expect *pero*"; but in rapid narrative we may say: "I fired at the bird and missed it." Would anyone say that this is a use of "and" for "but"? Again, p. 414, ll. 727-9. "It is hard to say why, after using the subjunctive, Calderon should use the indicative." Surely we may say: "Should they find him, they will kill him." And p. 331, l. 886: "Observe the use of the masculine *otro* instead of the feminine *otra*"; but "*otro*" does not refer to *mujer*, but to the *gritos* in l. 883. Other notes show a want of familiarity with actual Spain, and with Spanish literature outside the period treated of. On p. 64, l. 217, is a strange note on the use of the plain "*Señor*" to the sovereign. Mr. Maccoll and the traveller whom he cites both overlook the fact that the Spaniard in prayer, &c., addresses God as *Señor*; and he could hardly give a higher title to his king. The case is not at all parallel to that of "*Sir*" or "*Monsieur*." P. 68, l. 337, the *doradas luces* opposed to the *otomanas sombras* refer to the gilding and lights round the altar contrasted with the lack of light and gilding in the mosques. In nearly every current description of a Roman Catholic religious ceremony the flashing of the altar lights from the gilding around, outshining the sun's rays, is dwelt upon (p. 71, l. 448). The salutation "*Ave Maria purísima*," with its response, is still common in many parts of Spain and Spanish America, and is the usual cry of beggars at the door of a house. Many an incident might have been illustrated from the *Romanceros* or from Coplas, instead of from the more doubtful testimony of foreign travellers—*s.g.*, the Romance of the Cid beginning "*A concilio dentro Roma*" would illustrate Spanish pride in quarrels for precedence, and "*la Perfecta Casada*" of Fr. Luis de León the use of paint by Spanish ladies far better than the citations given from M^{me}. d'Aulnoy. Such shortcomings are, perhaps, inseparable from a first edition, and we do not attach any blame to them; but another defect is less excusable. Mr. Maccoll has caught from Dr. Krenkel the vice of premature conjectural emendation. Of all the suggestions in the present volume, whether by Dr. Krenkel or by the editor, there is scarcely one which would, we think, pass muster with a competent native authority. Many of them arise from the commentator's habit of dealing with separate words and lines instead of with the whole passage or scene. Spanish authors have a habit, when about to play upon a word, of using it in an uncommon sense; alone it is difficult to understand it, but by reading the subsequent passage the meaning becomes clear. Again, certain words in Old Spanish have a very wide signification—such as *prudencia*,

rigor, valor, &c., and these are not to be expunged or emended because the exact shade of significance does not strike the commentator at the first glance. It is altogether too early for foreign editors to begin the task of emendation, except in the case of manifest misprints. These remarks may seem harsh in dealing with so praiseworthy an edition; but we must remember that such scholars as Ticknor, Bergenroth, Dozy, and Gachard, have all come to grief in passages perfectly clear to any Spaniard. Easy as the grammar may be, the copious vocabulary of the Spanish, and the use of it, make the language difficult to translate. As M. Morel-Fatio remarks, "*Le drame Espagnol est véritablement intraduisible*"; and again he speaks of "*l'étude des livres espagnols du XVII^e siècle, si hérissés de difficultés de tout genre et qui rebutent par leur goût si prononcé de terroir*."

These citations may introduce us to the three essays on Spain by M. Morel-Fatio. All are excellent; the first and most generally interesting—"How France has known and understood Spain from the Middle Ages to the Present Time"—might serve as a model for a similar essay, and one quite as interesting, in the case of England. There was an influence of the Spanish drama on England in the days of Elizabeth and of James I. as there was on France in the days of Corneille. The Spanish romanticism of Byron, Lockhart, and even of Southey, is not so very different from that of Victor Hugo and the French romantic school. If we must, perhaps, assign the prize for absurdity and misconception to the French tourist in Spain, it is not without hesitation: his English rival runs him very close. In the second essay on "*Lazarillo de Tormes*," Mr. Morel-Fatio is, I think, more successful in the doubts which he throws on the authorship of Hurtado de Mendoza than in his attribution of the work to either Alonso or Juan de Valdés—two spirits far too refined and delicate, dwelling much too apart from the common herd, to have penned such a work of realism. The third essay on Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* is a respectful but unsparing exposure of the second-hand sources from which the great poet drew the materials for his drama, and of his frequent misunderstanding of even these French writers on Spain. Like Mr. Maccoll, Lord Stanhope, Buckle, and a host of other writers, M. Morel-Fatio constantly cites from M^{me}. d'Aulnoy's *Mémoires*. He shows, indeed, that she has only pillaged from others, and refers to the originals. He allows that "*on n'est impunément auteur de contes de fées*." Yet, with all his exposures and all his reserves, he still seems to me to give too much weight to these memoirs. The question is, was M^{me}. d'Aulnoy ever in Spain at all? And, besides her own inventions, are the sources from which she drew trustworthy? Do they not in many cases simply represent court gossip caught up by foreigners? No one is more competent than M. Morel-Fatio to clear up these matters, if only he will do so. For myself, I must own to a suspicion that M^{me}. d'Aulnoy's *Mémoires* on the court of Spain of Charles II. are worth about as much as, or little more, than the Grammont *Mémoires* on the court of Charles II. of England.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

Ireland in '98: Sketches of the Principal Men of the Time, based upon the Published Volumes and some Unpublished MSS. of the late Dr. R. B. Madden. With Engraved Portraits and Contemporary Illustrations. Edited by J. Bowles Daly, LL.D. (Sonnenschein.)

DR. BOWLES DALY had a great subject. Dr. Madden's three volumes, published forty-five years ago, and the vast mass of his unpublished MSS., purchased by Messrs. Sonnenschein, were a mine out of which the veriest bungler could not help bringing up much valuable metal. I do not say Dr. Daly is a bungler; far from it. But I do say that the ideal epitome of Madden's *Lives of the United Irishmen* and of his MS. collections will be something very different from *Ireland in '98*. For one thing, Dr. Daly lacks arrangement. His second chapter—on secret societies—excellent in itself, ought to have followed, or to have been incorporated in, his introduction; because, while the former shows how monstrous was the social condition to which the country had been reduced and how steady was the endeavour of the ascendancy to goad it into rebellion, the latter proves what a farce was the parliamentary independence of '82, so soon to be followed by the declaration of the Volunteers under Lord Charlemont against giving the franchise to the Catholics. Dr. Daly, however, sandwiches between these two closely connected chapters an account of Robert Emmett and his pitiable attempt, of which it has been truly said "The apathy of the government and the imbecility of the conspirators were worthy of each other." This, if given at all, should have been the last instead of the first of his chapters; and it should have been ushered in with a few telling paragraphs on the temper of the dominant classes after '98 which invited a sequel to that rising. Instead of this, Dr. Daly gives us a tirade against the penal laws, not a whit too strong, but surely out of place in 1802, when these laws had been considerably mitigated. Then, again, it is often hard to tell what is Madden and what is not. In the preface Dr. Daly assures us that he abandoned the intention of quoting Dr. Madden, and that he has merely "aimed at giving as representative a sketch of the times as is needed." It is always well that a sketch of any times should be as representative as possible; and happily in chap. iv. our epitomiser gives much of his author's exact words, but the reader ought not to be left to find out wherein Dr. Madden's record has been followed and wherein, "in consequence of endless iteration and irrelevant matter, it has been abandoned."

Lastly, Dr. Daly limits himself to Lord Edward, A. H. Rowan, Tone, Thomas Russell, Dr. M'Neven, and Bartholomew Teeling, saying not one word about Orr, judicially murdered, if ever there was a judicial murder—"Remember Orr" was the rallying cry in Ulster in 1797—nor about the brothers Sheares or Father Coigley, of whom Thurlow said he was convicted quite without evidence; while he devotes the greater part of a chapter to the wholly needless story of Pamela, the extinct scandals about M^{me}. de Gualis, the impertinent question whether Lord Edward was too fond of Mrs. Sheridan, and the after life of Lady Edward, &c.

And yet Dr. Daly writes in good faith, and with a deep love of Ireland and a sincere admiration for what was heroic (and that was much) in the strangely incapable leaders, as well as in the rank and file, of '98. I am truly grateful to him, though I have begun by pointing out blots; because every book, on the right side, about Ireland which is likely, from the manner of its presentation, to make its way among the English public is just now sure to do good. This book brings before the educated reader, "who knows" (as Dr. Daly truly says) "more of the laws of Solon than of the penal code," much that he ought to inwardly digest; while its shortcomings will probably strike few except those who are already well versed in the subject. With such material it was impossible not to make out a strong case; and, above all, Dr. Daly has done good service by giving long extracts from Tone's diary; the "Letter to the People of Ireland" (calm, sober-minded) of that Thomas Russell who was described in *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1836, as "a fanatic demagogue, bordering on fatuity"; and Dr. M'Neven's cross-examination before the Irish Lords and Commons. His introduction is valuable; to many it will be startlingly new, bringing out as it does the fatal narrowness of the Volunteer movement. Tone—who in the dying speech which he was not allowed to deliver, wrote—

"I have laboured to create a people in Ireland by raising three millions of my fellow-countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have laboured to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution by uniting Catholics and Protestants. To the former I, a Protestant, owe more than can ever be repaid" (*Cornwallis Correspondence*, ii. 435)—

was one of the very few who rose above sectarian differences. Dr. Daly traces forcibly the growth of a national spirit in the north; but why does he "spare his readers the odious and disgusting details of the penal laws"? A few well-chosen facts would have given point to his arguments.

Nothing in literature could be more pathetic than the extracts from Tone's diary—the wretched ante-chamber work in Paris; the delays till the good weather had gone by, because the French marine was so hopelessly out of gear; the commissaries flocking to the expedition like eagles to the carcass in the hope of making a fortune out of Ireland. And then the hurried start; the royalist Villaret-Joyeuse's less than half-heartedness; the extraordinary seamanship which "with moderate weather and moonlight nights" (p. 247) severed the admiral (and general) from the fleet; the refusal of Grouchy (afterwards so strangely behind time at Waterloo) to act on the strong representation of the other officers, and land without Hoche. That is act i. of the invasion tragedy. Act ii. begins with Tone, Daendels, and De Winter at the Texel, playing duets on the flute, while the wind that kept them idle was bringing daily fresh ships to the English fleet outside. In its second scene it shifts to Rochelle, where, stung by the reproaches of the Irish as news came of arrest after arrest in Ireland, Humbert, like another Jean Bart, got the magistrates and merchants to give him some money, and set sail with less than a thousand men "on

perhaps the most desperate attempt recorded in history" (p. 280). In this perished Matthew Tone, Theobald's brother, and young Bartholomew Teeling, victims to the ferocity of General Lake. Act iii. is Bompard's expedition, which, sailing just about the equinox, was scattered like another Armada. The English liners came down upon him; and Bompard sent off his small vessels through shoal water, all the officers supplicating Tone to escape on board one of these. "Shall it be said," he answered, "that I fled while the French were fighting my country's battles?" When the *Hoche* struck, the English officers would have been glad for Tone to pass as a Frenchman. His college friend, Sir G. Hill, recognised him and brought in the police.

A word about the illustrations. It is well to have the portraits of the poor youths (Teeling was only twenty-four, Lord Edward thirty-five, Russell thirty) who went to death for what the civilised world has held to be a sacred cause; it is even better to have the reprints (from *Cox's Dublin Magazine*) of the picketting, Peep o' Day boying, &c. They are a good pendant to Cruikshank's nightmare caricatures in Maxwell's history; and they are, what Cruikshank's are not, truthful representations of the scenes depicted.

I am afraid my respect for Dr. Madden's zeal and thoroughness made me begin by being a little angry with Dr. Daly. No doubt Dr. Madden's collections are painfully prolix. Much that to him was of the first importance to us seems very small indeed. He was, moreover, afflicted with that love of fine writing which belonged to his day and to the society in which he was trained. It had its strong side, this rhetoric, written or spoken. Curran was past-master of it; yet what could be terser than his denouncement of the Castle system of terrifying individual prisoners into private confessions than the words: "He was buried a man and dug up an informer"? Yet, though Dr. Madden is sometimes wearying to readers of this generation, the man who gave up to his labour of love time, money, and energy without stint, who went to America in search of information, who spared no pains to verify what he meant to be an exhaustive set of *mémoires pour servir*, deserves better at the hands of his epitomiser than such a tasteless jest as this: "The silk purse from the well-known bristly material is mild in comparison with his endless iteration," &c. (p. 113).

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

NEW NOVELS.

Eve. By the Author of "Mehalah." In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Bitter Repentance. By Lady Virginia Sanders. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

An Unlaid Ghost: a Study in Metempsychosis. (Appleton.)

In Opposition. By Gertrude M. Ireland Blackburne. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

In Herself Complete: a Love Story. By Francis Forbes-Robertson. (Vizetelly.)

Uncle Pierce. By Charles Blatherwick. (Longmans.)

SINCE the author of that most striking novel,

"Mehalah," still elects to retain his quasi-incognito—despite the fact that his identity has long been *secret de polichinel*—we must, in common courtesy, respect the whim, and content ourselves with wondering why anybody who could write such a novel as *Eve* should shrink from claiming it. It is simply one of the most fascinating romances we have read for some time, notwithstanding a rather gruesome termination. Was there any real reason, by the by, for such a massacre as crowns the last scene on the Raven's Rock? The scene is laid on Dartmoor, chiefly in or near Morwell House—a quaint old place of monastic origin, but, at the time of the action, the residence of Ignatius Jordan, a well-to-do squire of the lower grade. There is a lurid atmosphere about the opening chapters which serve as prologue to the main body of the novel—seventeen years elapsing between the time when Ezekiel Babb comes in search of his truant daughter, and that in which we are introduced to Barbara and Eve on their memorable midnight drive. The meeting with the three fugitives, and the rescue of Jasper, is well and dramatically told; but it strikes one that Miss Jordan must have been singularly wanting in woman's wit, else it must surely have struck her that an escaped convict would have closely cropped hair, and one would have thought that she must have seen at a glance that the prison suit which she took as such damning evidence had never been made to fit her patient. However, the tale is a good one. Jasper's self-abnegation is finely and pathetically set forth; and his patient endurance, even when misjudged and loaded with virulent abuse by the woman he loved, enlists all our sympathies on his behalf. In fact, we think he was much too good for prosaic Barbara, who, with all her virtues and devotion, does not make a very interesting heroine. The mind involuntarily turns for relief to lovely, wilful, frivolous Eve, with her inherited love of pleasure and beauty; and we almost feel disposed to rebel at her fate. Cannot one imagine the consternation which, at that period, would have been excited in a quiet Devonshire family by the calm announcement of one of its female members that she wished to go on the stage? However, the poor girl never got her wish—a more tragic ending was in store for her. The characters are well drawn, as might have been expected; particularly good are those of the hypocritical old Calvinist, Ezekiel Babb, the half-elfin Watt, and the dreamer Ignatius Jordan himself—Martin is, perhaps, a trifle melodramatic. The action increases in intensity as the narrative proceeds, and the latter part is exciting enough to satisfy the most exacting—witness the prisoner's escape from durance at Morwell.

A remarkably clever, though in many respects a painful, novel is *A Bitter Repentance*. Without unfairly revealing too much of the plot, which, by the by, is extremely simple, we may say that it turns upon the career of a young girl, Magdalen Rose, whose mother had, years before the opening of the story, been deceived and deserted by a lover who, at the time of the action, has become a wealthy man, as careless as he is ignorant of what had become of his victim and their child. Lucy Forrester, the unhappy girl in question, being of gentle blood, had attempted

to hide her disgrace by coming under an assumed name to London, where she supported herself for a time by dress-making; but when the story commences we find her in abject poverty, dying of consumption in a alm. There is power as well as pathos in the scene where Magdalen, in order to fee Dr. Tremaine, sells her glorious hair—a slight reminiscence of *Fantine* here; and the following episodes, embracing Lucy's death, and her daughter's mysterious disappearance, are well given. It should be said that Magdalen's unknown father, Sir Arthur Percival, has but one surviving child, his daughter Lily, in whom his whole heart is centred, but who is dying, as all of the family have done, of consumption. The sick girl has often from her window seen her unknown sister watching for Dr. Tremaine; and she takes so strong an interest in her that when, after a series of most romantic adventures, the heroine becomes domiciled in the house of the good doctor as companion to his blind mother, the two girls, being brought into contact, conceive a most ardent affection for each other, and the unacknowledged daughter becomes the almost daily associate of the legitimate. Of course, Tremaine, who has learned the facts from the dead woman, feels bound to reveal the true state of the case to Sir Arthur, and the result of this disclosure gives scope for an extremely subtle study of character. The guilty man is really repentant—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, remorseful—and anxious to do all in his power to make tardy reparation for his crime; still, although he feels every day a growth of paternal affection for Magdalen, he cannot bring himself to acknowledge her as his child, simply because Lily is the apple of his eye. He knows himself to have been her life-long ideal of all that is best and noblest, and cannot face the terror of degradation in the eyes of his darling. The result naturally is that when Magdalen becomes the Percival's guest at their Devonshire country house she is placed in an utterly false position, since everybody but herself either knows or suspects the truth; fortunately the neighbours were not all such venomous fiends as Bessie Hodge, who, in spite of her pretty face, makes one sigh for the revival of that good old British institution, the cuckoo-stool—or perhaps the branks would have been better. Her last exploit, so fatal to poor frail Lily Percival, would be almost inconceivable in its wickedness, unless we bore in mind Congreve's *dictum* about "a woman scorned." We do not propose to enter more minutely into detail. It is unnecessary to reveal what was the result of Lord Conway's wooing, to what decision Sir Arthur ultimately came, or upon whom the heroine at last bestowed her hand—these interesting particulars must be gathered from the book itself. But we must draw special attention to the character of Lady Ruthin, which stands out conspicuous for its cleverness of drawing where all the *dramatis personae* are well drawn. It is a thoroughly life-like study of a brusque, warm-hearted woman of the world—almost too outspoken for any place except Mr. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth"—who secretly fights a noble battle against straitened means, bears with her reckless husband, and finds almost her only consolation in her son's love. We must own to having

grown fond of "Cousin Emily," though she did come into the room rather like a whirlwind. It is a very good novel. At the same time we should like to suggest that it was Domitian who was so fond of killing flies, and that "hecatomb" is not equivalent to the algebraic x as implying an unknown quantity. Any dictionary would show the author that to talk of a "hecatomb of flowers" is nonsense.

We hardly know what to say about the anonymous novel which stands third on our list. There is a certain amount of cleverness about it, and the author does not lack descriptive power; but, notwithstanding the mystical preface, and the views cited of Lessing and others, most readers will probably, like ourselves, be hardly prepared as yet to swallow the doctrine of transmigration of souls *en bloc*—we are disposed to side with Malvolio in the matter. The stories contained in the book are two: the first dealing with the career of the infamous Poppaea Sabina; the second with that of a blameless French girl, Hortense de Barthe, who, after bringing misfortune upon everyone whom she loves, at last seems to be freed from the spell, and marries the man of her choice. Are we to suppose that the soul of the Roman empress was working out its purgation in the frame of the French governess? If so, it seems rather hard on *Mdlle. de Barthe*. It is superfluous to say that both spelling and grammar leave something to be desired, and the author seems to have vague ideas on the subject of English titles.

Were it only for the character of Paul Wordsworth, the statesman and literary genius, *In Opposition* would be worth reading. It is but seldom in modern fiction that we meet with a masculine portrait, by a lady's hand, drawn with so much truth to nature, or whose virile personality impresses one with such a sense of reality. Indeed, though this is by far the best study, all the men are drawn with unusual cleverness, from the selfish egotistical Sir Ralph Carstairs down to little Grey Meredith, the universal lover, who never can make up his mind, but for whom, notwithstanding his vacillation and want of moral backbone, one cannot help entertaining a certain kindly feeling. The women, curiously enough, are not so good. Vera, however excellent, is rather a conventional heroine; and, although there is, of course, no excuse for her husband's conduct, it must be admitted on the other hand that, to a man of Sir Ralph's ambition, it must have been galling in the extreme to find himself mated with a wife who manifested such open repugnance to playing her proper part in society—for, as we understand the case, that repugnance was her habitual attitude, and was only intensified, not caused, by little Daisy's tragic death. Of the others, Anice Bentley is a pleasant little *ingénue*; but for the honour of womanhood, we trust that Georgie Leyton had no prototype in real life. One can hardly imagine how any decent society would tolerate a girl who so unblushingly threw herself at the head of every eligible man who came in her way, to say nothing of her other proceedings. In fact, so extremely unconventional, to put it mildly, was Miss Leyton that it was some time before we could come to any decision as to

the nature of her relations with Carstairs. The plot turns upon a not uncommon subject—viz., the marriage of two uncongenial people, and the consequent misery inflicted upon the timid shrinking wife by her domineering and unsympathetic husband; but although the theme may be an old one, Miss Blackburne has handled it with a certain originality which lends freshness to it. The episode of Lady Carstairs's introduction to Wordsworth, and their mutual attraction to each other, ripening into love before either was aware, is fine and pathetic; and the author's delicate treatment of the position is above praise. The man is one of those loyal, chivalrous gentlemen whom we still have among us for the salt of society. His early life has been embittered by the treachery of a woman; but, although disappointment has made of him something of a recluse, he is no cynic in the bad sense. His reasons for not cultivating society are so good that we cannot avoid quoting them:

"If there be any other means of keeping oneself in touch with humanity (which, by the way, society proper is not in touch with)—if my sympathies can be kept flowing (and they are usually checked by contact with the crowd in a drawing-room), why then, I say, let me go free. I am not a young man. I am not seeking a wife, or mooning after the wife of another man. I am not trying to kill time. No one can give me more comfort than I find at home, and I have not the conceit to think that I give any pleasure to mortal soul in a drawing-room."

The catastrophe by which a happy ending to the story is rendered possible was, we suppose, inevitable, and has certainly the merit of originality; but, although one may extend some measure of pity to the dead girl and her mutilated cousin, it is for poor, unlucky Charlie that one feels really sorry. The accident was enough to blight the lad's whole life. The misunderstanding as to Caroline's letter is not very ingenious. We may point out to Miss Blackburne that the omission to date epistles is not a *masculine* failing; and, even if the date had been omitted, any sane man would have at least examined the water-mark before suspecting his wife—added to which a letter fifteen years old, which had passed through several hands, would not greatly resemble a newly-written one. The two conversations in the boats might have been omitted. They are not amusing, and in no way further the story.

In Herself Complete is a sad but interesting little "love-story" of the Midland Counties, obviously the work of a beginner, who may be encouraged to study the English language, and then try again—for instance, "she laid back" is rather startling. But the courtship of Maurice Martley and pretty Freda de Maur is freshly and prettily described. The girl herself is charming, and all must wish the lovers a happier fate. The supernatural touch towards the end is not out of keeping. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, by his references to an imaginary "we," seems to have but a poor opinion of the capacity of his fellow men for belief or reverence.

Mr. Blatherwick's tale is decidedly sensational, but not unamusing. It was, we think, an error in judgment to introduce the ghostly element, since the plot is not affected in the remotest degree either by Henry Dent's

trances or by the apparition of Red Frazer. The mysterious adventures at Broxford would have been quite enough to afford excitement. There is some novelty in the character of the disreputable old uncle, with a mania for blue china, and Lettie is a nice girl; while the story certainly cannot be said to be wanting in incident, especially as it proceeds. But we entirely fail to detect any suspicion of "dog-grel" in the mournful burden of old Maisie's song.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Ancient Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Tithes. By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. (Macmillan.) Lord Selborne's reputation as a lawyer is rather forensic than judicial; and the volume before us is less a decisive solution of the problems it discusses, or even a legal statement of the case, than an accumulation of materials for a brief. It covers a wide area of study, and is very painstaking, but is not put in a convenient form for the ordinary student, who has little experience in distinguishing essential facts from accompanying details, and needs to have them accentuated for him. The main thesis which the author sets himself to prove is that no such regulations of tithe have prevailed at any time in Western Europe as make for the chief contentions of those who aim at the secularisation of Church revenues in this country; and more specifically, that neither the quadripartite nor the tripartite division of tithes, as applied to the specific purposes of episcopal and clerical stipends, the building of churches, and the relief of the poor, prevailed at any time in England. He is agreed with Selden that the payment of tithe is not an original Christian precept—here he might advantageously have examined Dean Comber's argument on the other side in his *Historical Vindication of the Divine Right of Tithes*, an acute reply to Selden—and alleges Caesarius of Arles (542) as the earliest writer who treats it as a moral obligation, while the earliest secular law for its compulsory enforcement is a Gaulish enactment of the sixth century. He traces the history of tithe in the Frankish empire down to the beginning of the ninth century, and then proceeds to sketch its progress in England. The principal facts brought out in this part of the work are that there is no trace of parishes in England till after 800, so that the common ascription of this mode of territorial division to Theodore of Tarsus, Archbishop of Canterbury (668-690), must be given up; that the Danish destruction of the monasteries gave the first strong impulse to the erection and endowment of parishes; that the earliest clear evidence for tithe is in a treaty of Edward the Elder with the Danes; that the parish first plainly emerges under Edgar in 970, when forcible recovery of tithe is facilitated; that any references to a tripartite division of the tithe which meets us in English writers of that date are merely derived from imperial sources, and do not imply its existence here; and that this identical method was expressly rejected by the legislation of Canute in 1014. To those who are already familiar with the questions discussed, this book is a useful magazine of reference; but it is quite possible for a tiro to read it through without discovering what it is meant to prove, or what its practical bearing is upon the modern controversy of Liberationism.

The Church and the Eastern Empire. By the Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer. (Longmans.) This is one of the series of "Epochs of Church History" issued under the general editorship of Prof. Creighton. It is concerned chiefly with the later or Byzantine phase of ecclesiasti-

cal history, and thus merely outlines the great conciliar era of the first four centuries. The history of the Empire itself is compendiously sketched in a short chapter, covering the period between Constantine the Great and his distant successor Constantine XI., the last of the Palaeologi, who perished in the Turkish storm of Constantinople. Thence, Mr. Tozer passes to his more direct subject; and in successive chapters describes the distinguishing peculiarities of the Orthodox Eastern Church, its relations with the State and the people, its attitude towards the heretical Churches, the Iconoclastic controversy, the missionary efforts of the Eastern Church, its monastic system, and the separation between the East and West. All are treated with competent scholarship, and the book is a convenient handbook for its subject. A chronological table and a reasonably full index add to its practical usefulness.

Aristotle and the Christian Church. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This book, which was prepared at the request of the Concord School of Philosophy, contains a good deal of miscellaneous matter; but the only clear impression that one carries away from it is that the mediæval church is to be excused for trying to keep Aristotle out of the schools, because when Aristotle made his first appearance there he came in a very questionable shape indeed—in the form of Macaronic Latin translations from the Arabic versions made from Syriac versions (already tainted with the heresy of the Nestorian school of Edessa), while the Arabic versions and the commentaries on them were compiled under the influence of apocryphal works. Brother Azarias lays a good deal of stress on a commission given by Gregory IX. in 1231 to examine and expurgate the works of Aristotle, which is clearly intended as a preliminary to their use in the schools. No doubt accurate, or tolerably accurate, versions, from the Greek were not so fundamentally anti-Christian as the corrupt versions from the Arabic; and it was less of a defeat to be forced to tolerate one than the other, especially when the teaching of them had fallen into the hands of powerful thinkers, who undertook in perfect good faith to impose an orthodox sense upon Aristotle. The victories of the great Schoolmen more than repaired the defeat of the ecclesiastical authority, which was forced after all to tolerate the free teaching of Aristotle unexpurgated, though no longer interpolated. The book closes with two rather heavy chapters on Aristotle and the Schoolmen in metaphysics and Aristotle and the Church in morals. It would have been interesting to have had an account of the expulsion of Aristotle from Islam as a parallel to that of his reception in mediæval Christendom.

The Royal Power of the Church. By the Rev. Edmund G. Wood. (Macmillan.) This is a short but difficult treatise on Canon Law, intended to promote the revival of its study in England, but couched in such scholastic language and so bristling with technicalities as to be of little avail to a beginner. Mr. Wood has considerable learning, but he has not the art of putting things—least of all that of putting them lucidly; so that his tractate is tough reading even for those, like the present reviewer, who have worked for years at the subject. And though there is a great deal of matter packed into a small compass, yet the lack of an analytical syllabus, and even of an index, seriously lessens its utility as a book of reference. As a text-book for the student it will not do at all; but it is only fair to say that the author does not put it forth for that purpose. He states his intention to be the vindication of the claims of the Canon Law, a brief exposition of its fundamental principles.

and a plea for its wider study as a branch of theology. He has fairly succeeded in the first of these objects; he has made some approach to achieving the second; but we fear that the lack of clearness which we have noted involves lack of persuasiveness also, and that some might even be repelled from the study, rather than attracted to it, by perusal of the book.

The Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-Offering. By the Rev. Henry Batchelor. (Nisbet.) The object of this book is to prove that the Old Testament teaching about atonement is that "the blood of the animal, which is its life in compendio, was offered for the forfeited life of the sinner"; and that "the core of all atoning sacrifice is life for life." That such teaching is to be found in the Old Testament Mr. Batchelor may be said to establish successfully; but he does not establish that such teaching is the only teaching in the Old Testament, nor that it is morally satisfactory. He completely ignores Ezekiel xiv. He administers severe reproof to Erskine, Campbell, Robertson, Maurice, and it may, perhaps, be admitted that some of these writers do not interpret accurately that part of the Old Testament teaching which Mr. Batchelor treats of. But, on the general question of the atonement made by Christ, Mr. Batchelor has no right to criticise these writers at all, for they begin where he leaves off. Anyone not brought up in China finds a difficulty in comprehending how one life can atone for another. This difficulty Mr. Batchelor orders us imperiously to swallow, and severely condemns our qualms as "sentimental rationalism." To do him justice he is rarely rational himself. His view of inspiration is narrow. "Men and the great system of things are subservient to the Bible as a revelation of God." He denounces the "dangerous extravagance" of the present "morbid" age, in which "God is declared to be nothing but a mild and compliant Father, and the analogy of the righteous Lawgiver and Judge is cancelled." The obvious answer to this is that the revelation as a Father includes and transcends the revelation as a Judge. Fathers are more just as well as more merciful than judges. But it must be noted in conclusion that Mr. Batchelor's style is strikingly vigorous and clear cut. His incivility to those who differ from him and his distressing dogmatism obscure this fact somewhat; but it gives his book a permanent value, as a more than usually able statement of the doctrine it maintains.

An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By the Rev. J. E. Yonge. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This excellent exposition is one of the series entitled "The Theological Educator," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. Mr. Yonge speaks of it modestly as "designed to be a popular presentment of Bishop Pearson's great work"; but he has brought Bishop Pearson down to date by the use of the works of Dean Plumptre and Canon Westcott, and produced a treatise which will be read with appreciation by learned and unlearned alike. The Greek of the Nicene Creed and the Latin of the Athanasian Creed are given in an appendix, with a few short notes, and the well-known defence of the latter by F. D. Maurice.

The Second Book of the Kings. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. J. Rawson Lumby. (Cambridge: University Press.) In this volume of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" Prof. Lumby completes his work on the Kings. His edition of the second Book is as clear, accurate, and thorough, as was his edition of the first. It would be difficult to find a commentary better suited for general use. Without being pedantic it gives all the information which is needed; and only specialists will require more elaborate guides.

Word Studies in the New Testament. By Marlyn R. Vincent. (Nisbet.) This volume is more bulky than was at all necessary, which is a grave fault in a book of reference. Dr. Vincent, moreover, makes the mistake of attributing to Prof. Ezra Abbot Dr. E. A. Abbott's article on the "Gospels" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and has an "additional note" of "omissions and errors" which will seriously disturb the student who has been trusting to his accuracy. But, in spite of these blots, Dr. Vincent's book will be found useful and interesting. It is a compilation, but not only a compilation. Its arrangement is scholarly, and much of the matter is original and valuable.

De Incarnatione Verbi Dei: Athanasius on the Incarnation. Translated with an Introduction, Analysis, Synopsis and Notes. By T. Herbert Bindley. (Religious Tract Society.) We cannot discover that this translation is better than previous ones, but it is as good, and its appearance in the daintily printed "Christian Classics Series" will make it popular. Mr. Bindley's synopsis is carefully done, and will be found useful. [His notes are too few to be worth mentioning on his title-page. We are somewhat surprised that he unhesitatingly endorses his author's opinion that Christ's body could not become weak or sick; his note affirms that "Christ, being Perfect Man, could not suffer from sickness, which is a consequence of the Fall." This is a notion which most Christians will strongly object to. The more we consider it the more fantastic do we find it.]

THE latest addition to that marvellously cheap series, published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, under the title of "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," is a reprint of the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. (1549). A copy of one of the earliest editions in the British Museum has been followed *verbatim et literatim*—so truthfully, indeed, as to belie one of the statements made in the introduction. It is there said that the copy chosen is "one of the three or four editions printed by Grafton." But the real truth seems to be as follows. The colophon at the end, with the name of Grafton, applies only to the Ordinal for the making of bishops, priests, and deacons, which was expressly allowed to be omitted from some copies. The rest of the book, as is shown, both by its title-page and by its own colophons, was printed by Whitchurch; and the two separate impressions have been bound up together in the copy selected. We have no doubt that this would become manifest at once on inspection of the original.

WE must briefly notice two small but valuable contributions to liturgiology, and also to ecclesiastical history. Mr. B. T. A. Evetts, of the British Museum, has translated from Coptic MSS. the Order of Baptism and the Order of Matrimony, according to the use of the Coptic Church; and he hopes that he will be encouraged to follow this up with the remainder of the Coptic Ritual. It forms a neat little volume of some sixty pages, and is published by Mr. David Nutt, to whose enterprise we owe several similar novelties in publishing. The other book is the *Liturgy of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia*, in both Armenian and English, which bears no other imprint than "London, 1887." The Armenian original has been edited by the Archimandrite Kessie Asdvadzadourians, from two copies printed at Smyrna (1761), and Jerusalem (1873); and the English translation is that of the Rev. Dr. S. C. Malan, revised and augmented by himself, which was originally made direct from the Armenian.

THE S. P. C. K. has published a pretty edition of the *De Imitatione*, based upon the

well-known English translation of B. F. (1612), which was adopted by Wesley, and later by Keble. But this translation has been compared throughout with the authoritative Latin text of Hirsche (Berlin, 1874); and the "sections, breaks, and paragraphs" of the original have been carefully reproduced. The editor, however, has thought it right to tamper with his text by relegating to footnotes (and to the obscurity of the original Latin) "a few passages and phrases inconsistent with Anglican doctrine."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. NASH's *Life of Lord Westbury*, which is to be published through Mr. Bentley, will shortly be in the hands of the public. It will consist, to a large extent, of letters; and it will (among other things) explain the relations between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Westbury after the latter's retirement from the woolsack on account of an adverse vote in the House of Commons.

By command, Mr. Loftie's *Kensington, Picturesque and Historical*, to be issued by subscription during the coming autumn, is dedicated to the Queen, which is the third work from the Leadenhall Press thus honoured. We learn that the production of this sumptuous work has already cost a sum represented by four figures.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON's new book, *The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses*—of which, by the way, a foretaste, with illustrations, has been permitted to appear in *Scribner's Book-Buyer*—will be issued in this country very shortly by Messrs. Cassell & Co., the publishers of Mr. Stevenson's other stories of adventure.

WE understand that the whole of the second volume of the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* is now in type, and that it will be duly published (in accordance with the original announcement) by the middle of September. It covers the space from BEO to OAT; and among the more important articles will be the following: Bechuanaland, by Sir Charles Warren; Beethoven, by Sir George Grove; Berkeley, by Prof. A. C. Fraser; Bewick, Blake, and Botticelli, by Mr. J. M. Gray; Bible, by Prof. A. B. Davidson; Bimetallism, by Prof. J. S. Nicholson; Biology and Botany, by Mr. Patrick Geddes; Bismarck, by Mr. Charles Lowe; Boiler, by Prof. A. B. W. Kennedy; Bookbinding, by Mr. Joseph Cundall; George Borrow, by Mr. F. H. Groome; Boulder Clay and Carboniferous System, by Prof. James Geikie; Breviary, by the Marquis of Bute; British Museum, by Mr. A. W. Pollard; Broads of Norfolk, by Mr. Walter Rye; Browning, by Mr. G. Barnett Smith; Bunyan, by the Rev. John Brown; Burma, by Sir Charles Bernard; Burns, by Mr. Andrew Lang; Samuel Butler, by Mr. A. H. Bullen; Byron, by Mr. G. Saintsbury; Cairo, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole; Canal, by Prof. Vernon Harcourt; Canon Law, by the Rev. Dr. R. F. Littledale; Cape Colony, by the Rev. John Mackenzie; Carlyle, by Mr. W. Wallace; Cashmere, by Major Holdich; Caspian Sea, by Prince Krapotkine, &c.

A NEW volume of poems by Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton, to be entitled *Imaginary Sonnets*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. WILLIAM PATERSON will issue in a few days the fourth and concluding volume of Halkett and Laing's *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain*, including the works of foreigners written in or translated into the English language. It carries the dictionary from TIT to Z, and contains in addition complete indices of pseudonyms, author's names, authorities, &c.

MISS MARY DAMANT the author of *Peggy Thornhill: a Tale of the Irish Rebellion*—which met with a very favourable reception when published in the early part of last year—has nearly ready for the press a new book, consisting of original fairy-tales from the north of Ireland.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY—who has made a speciality of this class of literature—announces an "esoteric" series, to consist, for the most part, of reprints of old books dealing with alchemy, astrology, freemasonry, magic, and Rosicrucian mysticism. Among the first to appear will be the works of the anonymous cosmopolite philosopher, known as Eirenaeus Philalethes; and the *Lumen de Lumine* of Thomas Vaughan, who wrote under the name of Eugenius Philalethes.

AMONG the articles in the forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will be the Ettrick Shepherd's journal (published for the first time) of his tour in the Highlands in 1803; an article on Giordano Bruno, composed largely of extracts from his own depositions before the Inquisition; and papers on the Faust legend, the transition state in the Highlands, and nationality and Home Rule.

SIR THOMAS FRANCIS WADE, the recently appointed professor of Chinese at Cambridge, has been elected to a professorial fellowship at King's College.

MR. INGRAM BYWATER, reader in Greek at Oxford, has been elected corresponding member in the philosophical and historical faculty of the Academy of Science at Cologne.

MR. E. T. ATKINSON, president of the Bengal Asiatic Society, has been elected a foreign member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

DR. KARL THEODOR GAEDERTZ, the author of *Zur Kenntnis der alt-englischen Bühne*, reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 9, has been elected an honorary member of the Society for the Literature of the Netherlands at Leiden.

DURING next week, from Monday to Friday, Messrs. Sotheby will sell by auction the stock of Mr. J. Mosley Stark, of Garrick Street, who is retiring from business. The collection mainly consists of Catholic theology, and also includes several rare commentaries on Aristotle.

KING'S COLLEGE, London, has just brought out a journal of its own, chiefly devoted to the news of its various departments, including the ladies' department, whose classes are held in Kensington Square. The *King's College Gazette* is well printed on toned paper, and will be issued twice each term.

MESSERS. MACMILLAN have issued a new edition, in two volumes, of the works of Arthur Hugh Clough—the "Thyrsis" of Matthew Arnold. This edition does not differ in any material particular from that published in 1869, under the title of "Poetry and Prose Remains." Jeans's portrait is now prefixed to the former instead of the latter; and, though the poems are expressly described as "revised"—and, indeed, on the verso of the title-page, as "with additions"—the one change that we have been able to discover is the omission of the schoolboy verses, "Thoughts of Home," printed at the beginning of the edition of 1869. So, again, in the Prose Remains, the only alteration seems to be another omission—that of the review of F. W. Newman's *The Soul: Her Sorrows and Aspirations*, in which Clough spoke out more openly on religion than in any other of his prose writings.

Correction.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter on "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" in the ACADEMY of last week (p. 11, col. 1, line 4), before "non" insert "anim."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TIME AND DEATH.

THERE are some old-world spots I know where
Time,
A grey old man, still wields his scythe, and where
He dares to stop and whet the blunted steel—
A garden trim, a church close by, whose chime
Is sweet to hear, no taint of smoky air,
No hum of city noise, we scarcely feel
Time's presence or his work, until grim Death
Arrests his step, and in low accents saith,
"Take up the spade and dig a bed full deep";
The darkness falls, the grey old man is gone,
And Death and I as comrades left alone;
Ah! is it Death, or only kindly Sleep?

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the July number of *Mind* Mr. G. F. Stout begins a series of articles on the history of psychology in Germany with a very readable account of the underlying principles of Herbart's psychology. It is curious that a psychologist who has so profoundly influenced the whole course of German psychological thought should still, in spite of Dr. Ward's exposition in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and elsewhere, be an unfamiliar name to English students. And one's surprise is increased at discovering that Herbart has at least one point in common with British Associationist psychologists, in that he does away with all innate faculties and dispositions of the mind, and seeks to explain all its phenomena by means of a mechanism. At the same time Mr. Stout's article serves to show how widely different are the two methods of psychologising. Whatever may be thought of the metaphysical basis of Herbart's psychology, and of the particular mechanism of presentative activities, mutual arrest and so forth, it is certain that he is able to supply, in the case of some of the more intricate psychical processes, a much more exact and complete explanation than has yet been extracted from the Laws of Association. The remaining articles of the number are philosophical, viz.: "Space and Time," by Mr. A. F. Shand; "The Philosophical Importance of a True Theory of Identity," by Mr. B. Bosanquet; "Reality and Thought," by Mr. F. H. Bradley; and "The Lesson of Neo-Scholasticism," by Mr. Winterton. Each of these papers appears to deal competently with its own weighty theme, and one of them at least—that of Mr. Bosanquet—manages to introduce some lively strokes of banter. The psychology of the journal is eked out by the contributions to the discussions, one of which from the editor's own pen, aiming to show that the perception of extension or space follows and is psychologically based on that of object (resisting substance or obstacle), ought not to be overlooked by the student of psychology. One remarks, too, with a feeling of deep regret, a last contribution from that eager truth-searching spirit which has so often illumined the pages of *Mind*. In Mr. Gurney's reply to Prof. Royce's strictures on his method of psychical research the reader will recognise all the familiar characteristics—a rare love of truth for its own sake, a fine scrupulosity of intellectual conscience, and an almost childlike candour.

BODLEIAN FACSIMILES.

AT the suggestion of some of the authorities of the Bodleian Library, and with the co-operation of the delegates of the Clarendon Press, it is proposed to issue a series of facsimiles of the choicest treasures of that collection, if adequate support be given to the undertaking. The works to be reproduced will be selected either for their special rarity, or for some unusual

importance or interest attaching to them. The processes used will vary according to the work to be copied, but they will all be in their basis photographic. For MSS. the comparatively expensive method of collotype will be adopted, as being most appropriate to show each blot or stain on the original; while for scarce printed books the cheaper process of photolithography suffices to render the mere black and white effects.

The first three reproductions to be taken in hand will be the following:

(1) MS. Junius 11, commonly known as the Caedmon MS., as containing poems agreeing in subject with those attributed by Bede to Caedmon. This is one of the four famous MSS. to which we are indebted for the preservation of the chief monuments of our oldest English poetry. It was written either late in the tenth or early in the eleventh century, and was given by Archbishop Usher to the celebrated scholar Junius, and by him bequeathed to the Bodleian in 1678. Apart from its literary value, this MS. has a remarkable antiquarian interest as being illustrated with drawings which afford a curious display of the national art and customs of the period. Out of a total of 232 pages, fifty-one pages bear illustrations; and in addition, there are twenty-two elaborate ornamental initials. The colouring cannot, of course, be photographically reproduced; but copies carefully coloured by hand will be supplied by special arrangement.

(2) The "Ars Moriendi" that is to say the craft for to dye for the helthe of mannes sowle." This treatise, consisting of sixteen pages small quarto, is No. 97 of those described by Mr. Bayly in the second edition of his *Biography and Topography of William Caxton*. It bears no printer's name, date, or place; but it is in Caxton's No. 6 type, with four lines of heading at the beginning and some head-lines at the end in the No. 1 type of Wynken de Worde, Caxton's workman and successor. It is conjecturally assigned by Mr. Bayly to the year 1491. The Bodleian copy is perfect, and no other copy or fragment of one appears to be known.

(3) An excessively rare and perhaps unique tract describing the thanksgiving ordered by the Pope for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, printed at Rome in the same year. The tract consists of 4 pages small quarto. The full titlepage is as follows: Ordine della Solennissima Processione fatta dal Sommo Pontefice nell' alma Citta di Roma Per la felicissima noua della destruttione della setta Vgonotana. Con la inscriptione posta sopra la porta della Chiesa di S. Luigi in vn panno di seta paonazza a letere d'oro maiuscole. In Roma, per gli Heredi d'Antonio Blado Impressori Camerali, 1572. The body of the account is in Italian, the lengthy inscription in Latin, and the prayers said in the church of San Lodovico in Latin also.

In order that the series of facsimiles may be issued at the lowest possible price, it is necessary that a certain minimum number of copies of each be taken up; and the issue of any facsimile is liable to be deferred until a sufficient number of names have been sent in. Subscriptions are now being received by Mr. Henry Frowde, Amen Corner. After publication, the facsimiles will be sold only through the ordinary trade channels at enhanced rates.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BORNH, W. Die pädagogischen Bestrebungen Ernst d. Frommen v. Gotha. Gotha: Thienemann. 4 M. 40 Pf.
BREHET, M. Grétry: sa vie et ses œuvres. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 3 fr.
CHERBULIEZ, Victor. La Vocation du Comte Ghislain. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

CHESNEL, Eug. Plais d'Égypte: les Anglais dans la Vallée du Nil. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.
 DAUBET, Alph. L'Immortel: mœurs parisiennes. Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.
 HOFFMANN, F. Nachklänge altermanischer Götterglaubens im Leben u. im Dichten d. deutschen Volkes. Hannover: Hahn. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 LEMAITRE, Jules. Cornélius et la poétique d'Aristote. Paris: Lecène. 1 fr. 50 c.
 MAIZEROT, René. La grande bleue. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
 MORILLON, Paul. Scarron et le genre burlesque. Paris: Lecène. 8 fr.
 TÜRCK, H. Hamlet a Genie. Zwei Vorträge. Reudnitz-Leipzig: Hoffmann. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 VINOT, Léonard de. Les Manuscrits de. 3 Volume. Paris: Quantin. 180 fr.
 WILMOWSKY, J. N. v. Römische Mosaiken aus Trier u. deren Umgebung. 1. Hft. Trier: Lintz. 30 M.
 WOLFFERT, F. A. von. L'École Néerlandaise et ses historiens. Paris: Kistemaker. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

OHLE, R. Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte. I. Die pseudo-philosophischen Essener u. die Therapeuten. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

AUBIER. Un Régiment de cavalerie légère de 1793 à 1815. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 6 fr.
 BLINSEY, K. Friedrich der Grosse bei Collin. Berlin: Luckhardt. 3 M.
 CICHORIUS, O. Rom u. Mytilene. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M.
 FREISEN, J. Geschichte d. canonischen Eherechts bis zum Verfall der Glossenliteratur. Tübingen: Fues. 30 M.
 LEFRANC, A. La Jeunesse de Calvin. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
 MARQUARDT, J. u. Th. MOMMSEN. Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. Römische Staatsrecht v. Th. Mommsen. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. Leipzig: Hirzel. 10 M.
 MARSANGY, L. Bonneville de. Journal d'un volontaire de 1791. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 35. Bd. Die Verhandlungen Schwedens u. seiner Verbündeten mit Wallenstein u. dem Kaiser von 1631 bis 1634. Von G. Irmer. 1. Thl. 1631 u. 1632. Leipzig: Hirzel. 9 M.
 ROCHER, W. Umriss zur Naturlehre d. Cäsarismus. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.
 SAIGÉ, G. Documents historiques relatifs à la Principauté de Monaco depuis le XV^e siècle. T. 1. 1413-1494. Paris: Picard. 25 fr.
 SOLMS-RÖDELHEIM, O. Graf su. Friedrich Graf zu Solms-Laubach, erster regierender Graf zu Rödelheim (1874-1885). 1. Bd. Berlin: Luckhardt. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

CLERC, Ch. Études de géologie militaire: Le Jura. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 5 fr.
 FERRARI, E. v. Die Hemipteren-Gattung Nepa Latr. Wien: Hölder. 4 M.
 FINCH, O. Ethnologische Erfahrungen u. Belegstücke aus der Südsee. 1. Abth.: Bismarck-Archipel. Wien: Hölder. 10 M.
 ITINERA principum 80. Ooburgl. 2. Thl. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 40 M.
 LUKAS, F. Die Methode der Eintheilung bei Platon. Halle: Pfeffer. 6 M. 80 Pf.
 OFFENHEIM, P. Die Insectenwelt d. Hithographischen Schiefer in Bayern. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 6 M.
 RUST. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der fossilen Radiolarien aus Gesteinen der Kreide. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 20 M.
 SCHILLWEIN, R. Optische Hiresien, erste Folge, u. des Gesets der Polarität. Halle: Pfeffer. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 SCHMITT, E. H. Das Geheimnis der Hegelschen Dialektik, beleuchtet vom concreten Standpunkte. Halle: Pfeffer. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 SCHURTE, H. Theorie der Sinnesempfindungen bei Lucres. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 TRPA, A. F. Ethische Abhandlungen. Köthen: Schulze. 1 M. 80 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

COMICORUM atticorum fragmenta. Ed. Th. Kock. Vol. III. Leipzig: Teubner. 16 M.
 GUNDERMAN, G. Quaestiones de Juli Frontini strategematon libris. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 HAHN, W. Zeus in der Ilias. I. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 HATTENDORF, W. Sprache u. Dialekt des spätmittelenglischen Romans of Parmentay. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 HEUSLER, A. Der alemanische Consonantismus in der Mundart v. Baselstadt. Straßburg: Trübner. 4 M.
 HOROP, A. De Eustathi proverbis. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 KELLER, J. Die St. Galler deutschen Schriften u. Notker Labos. München: Franz. 3 M.
 KEMPF, E. Darstellung der Syntax in der sogenannten Oedmon'schen Exodas. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 MILLER, Th. Euripides rhetorica. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 Παταγόριος, Π. Ν. Κριτικά καὶ παλαιωγραφικά εἰς τὰ παλαιὰ Ἀρχαίου σχόλια. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M.
 ROTHSTEIN, M. Quaestiones Lucianae. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.

SCHWAB, v. CAROLSFELD, H. Ueber die Reden u. Briefe bei Sallust. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.
 SCHWAB, E. De M. Terentii Varronis apud sanctos patres vestigia capita 2. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S "LOTUS AND JEWEL."
 University of Bombay: June 19, 1889

In the *Times* of May 25 a reviewer of Sir Edwin Arnold's *Lotus and Jewel* puts his author above Tom Moore, on the ground that Moore's knowledge of the East was secondhand only, while Sir Edwin has "studied the languages and ransacked the literatures of Eastern races." The lyrics interspersed through the poem "In an Indian Temple" are singled out for special praise, and one of them is quoted.

There are eleven of these lyrics, and eight of them are taken without acknowledgment from my English preface to an edition of Vallabhadra's *Sabbashitavali*, published in 1886. I sent my book to Sir Edwin, and asked him to do me the service of noticing it. It is only from the chance study of his *Lotus and Jewel*, induced by this review, that I have learned that my book and letter did not miscarry. I leave these facts to the judgment of your readers.

PETER PETERSON.

THE PROPOSED POPE COMMEMORATION.

Twickenham: July 11, 1888.

At a meeting held at Twickenham on Friday, June 15, attended by residents in the neighbourhood and some well-known men of letters, the following resolutions were unanimously carried:

- (1.) That it is desirable to celebrate the completion of two centuries from the birth of Alexander Pope, one of the most illustrious names in English literature, by a commemorative festival at Twickenham—a place intimately connected with his fame, where he lived for six and twenty years, and where he died.
- (2.) That the commemoration take the shape of a temporary loan-museum of editions of the works, autographs, portraits, and relics of Pope, his friends and contemporaries, as well as of engravings of old Twickenham.
- (3.) That the foundation of a permanent Popean collection in the Twickenham Free Public Library be part of the work of the celebration.
- (4.) That a water pageant illustrative of Twickenham in the eighteenth century be arranged.

To carry these proposals into effect a committee was appointed, which now includes the names of Mr. Alfred Austin, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. H. M. Cundall, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. E. Gosse, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Prof. Henry Morley, Prof. Fred. Pollock, Mr. B. F. Sketchley, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Prof. A. W. Ward, together with the Rev. Rich. Tahourdin (vicar), Mr. J. Bigwood, Mr. H. Labouchere, Capt. Sydney Webb, Mr. Thomas Twining, Mr. C. J. Thrapp (chairman of the local board), Mr. Vincent Griffiths (chairman of the Free Library committee), the Rev. L. M. D'Orsey (hon. local secretary).

A number of books, autographs, pictures, and engravings connected with Pope and Twickenham have already been offered for exhibition. May I appeal, through your columns, to persons willing to lend desirable objects to communicate without delay with Mr. E. Maynard, Free Public Library, Twicken-

ham? The greatest care will be taken of articles lent for exhibition, and attention will be paid to their being all returned in proper order. A printed catalogue will form a permanent record of what may be expected to make an extremely interesting feature of the commemoration. Donations to the proposed Popean collection in the Twickenham Free Public Library and offers of help in connexion with the other objects of the committee will be thankfully received. The commemoration will take place between July 28 and August 4. The Loan Museum will be opened on Tuesday, July 31, with an address by Prof. Morley. Mr. Henry R. Tedder, librarian of the Athenaeum Club, is the hon. London secretary to the committee.

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

London: July 10, 1889.

I have just now no time to reply to Mr. Warren with the elaborate fulness which so learned and courteous a critic has a right to expect. I will only say that, like my masters, Bishop Reeves and Dr. Petrie, I have always regarded the *Liber Anguli* as forged for the purpose of supporting the primacy of Armagh. Still a forgery may (and when skilfully executed often does) embody some genuine matter. Such matter, in the present case, seems to me contained in the canon directing difficult questions to be referred, first to Armagh, and then, if necessary, to Rome. This canon occurs in its original form in the *Hibernensis*, xx. 5, "b. *Patricius*: Si quae quaestiones in hac insula oriantur, ad sedem apostolicam referantur."

Mr. Warren says that the *Hibernensis* is "a compilation of about the same date" as the Book of Armagh, which codex was written in the ninth century (A.D. 807). But Wasserschleben thinks that the *Hibernensis* was composed at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century; and the late Henry Bradshaw was of opinion that it was compiled in the monastery of Dairinis at the opening of the eighth century. The names of the compilers appear in the following corruptly written rubric of one of the Breton scribes (*Die irische Kanonsammlung*, 2te Aufl., pp. lxxii. and 243):

"Hucvq; nuben & cv. cuimnia, & du rinis."

This may easily be emended as follows:

"Huc usque Ruben et Cu-cumme et du [Dai]rinis."

I know nothing of Ruben; but Cu-cumme or "Cu-chuimne Sapiens" was a rather celebrated person, who wrote before 703 a Latin hymn to the Virgin, which has been published by Mone and by Dr. Todd, and who died in 742 (Four Masters), 746 (Annals of Ulster), or 747 (Tigernach).

It thus appears that Mr. Warren post-dates the *Hibernensis* (and with it the canon in question) by at least a century.

The authenticity of a canon proved to have existed early in the eighth century, and harmonising well (1) with the reverent affection which Mr. Warren admits Patrick to have felt for Rome, (2) with the third of the *Dicta Patricii*, and (3) with the canon (lii. 7) about the Roman tonsure, cannot be impugned by the fact that it is quoted in a comparatively recent forgery, or by the fancy of a previous feud as to recognising Roman authority.

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE MEANING OF THE TERM "FREE THOUGHT."

East Anstey Rectory: July 3, 1888.

Mr. Benn's incisive review of Prof. Karl Pearson's *Ethic of Free Thought* in the last number of the *ACADEMY* brings up a subject

on which I should be glad to be allowed a few brief remarks: viz., the almost universal misconception prevalent as to the term "free thought."

By a procedure analogous to that which seeks to comprehend under the term "Liberal" the extreme forms of destructive Radicalism, the term "free thought" has become a synonym for atheists, acquiescent agnostics, and all the tribe of negative dogmatists.

Now a moment's reflection will serve to convince any thinker that this is a mischievous perversion of what ought to be a well-understood as well as an honourable term.

In one sense thought can never be free. It can never be free from its own laws, its conscious mode of procedure, its actual representations, whether of the outer or inner world. True free thought can therefore only mean freedom from prejudice, from *a priori* and unverified convictions, from excessive and unwarrantable dogma. An atheist or any other type of negationist is no more a free thinker than a believer in the Pope's infallibility, transubstantiation, or any other extreme dogma.

True free thought must be allied with, if not actually contain a measure of, suspense—in the original and praiseworthy sense of the term, skepticism; though this, as I have shown elsewhere, may be no more than the normal healthy exercise of men's highest faculties of intellectual search and aspiration.

It follows that a believer in Christianity rationally interpreted may be a free thinker, if he gives to his beliefs that proportion of moral and intellectual certitude which he deems, in each respective instance, their due.

The arrogant monopoly of the term "free thought" by persons whose mental principles and procedure prove them to be servile instruments of prejudice, and most bigoted maintainers of unverifiable dogma, is a perversion against which every genuine thinker is bound strongly to protest.

JOHN OWEN,
Author of *Evenings with the Skeptics*.

THE NAME "MOSES."

Trinity College, Cambridge; July 9, 1888.

I imagine that Mr. Collins had not forgotten Solomon and Ner and Saul, but would entirely deny the identity of Shlomo with Salamannu; and wherever Saul, the King of Edom, came from, the name Saul obviously is simple Hebrew; and, I suppose, the same is true of Ner and Abner.

The conditions under which Prof. Sayce supposes the name Masu to have been given to the Hebrew babe adopted by the Egyptian princess are altogether different from the condition of things in Israel, either at the birth of Ner, or at the birth of Solomon; but I should like to know if Prof. Sayce believes the Hebrew legislator to have been such a babe, so named by Pharaoh's daughter, and what relation he conceives that princess to have borne to the Assyrian sun-god? Does he take her for a worshipper of Masu?

With his general remark about the names of the Old Testament, I suppose, we must all agree. Another question arises. Is the name Moses the same with Rameses. Is Rameses Ra-Masu? E. B. BIRKS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 16, 8.30 p.m. East India Association: "Agricultural Improvement in India," by Pandit Sri Lal.

4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," X., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

WEDNESDAY, July 18, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," XI., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

8 p.m. Elizabethan Literary Society: "Elizabethan Versifiers of the Psalms," by Mr. James E. Baker.

SCIENCE.

CAPPELLER'S SANSKRIT-GERMAN DICTIONARY.

Sanskrit-Wörterbuch. Von Carl Cappeller. (Trübner.)

It is rather a curious fact that in Germany, where Sanskrit studies have been taken up with far greater zeal and success than in any other country, there should not have existed till now a Sanskrit lexicon at all adequate to the practical requirements of students. This is probably due to the reluctance of professional scholars in Germany to make the results of research generally accessible. The only glossary hitherto in existence was that of Bopp. This was, no doubt, a useful work in its time; but besides being written in Latin, it was to a great extent etymological, the scope of its vocabulary being otherwise extremely limited. It is, moreover, out of print, the third and last edition having appeared more than twenty years ago. The price of the abridged edition of the Petersburg dictionary must place even that work (to say nothing of the larger edition) beyond the reach of the great majority of German students. It is also too bulky for their needs, besides being still incomplete. Hence so valuable a work as Böhtlingk's chrestomathy, supplying, as it does, a remarkably representative selection from Sanskrit literature, must hitherto have remained comparatively useless.

Prof. Cappeller's lexicon, which is a handy volume of 541 pages, published at the very moderate price of twelve shillings, therefore supplies a real desideratum in Germany. Based on the larger and smaller Petersburg dictionaries, it is meant to furnish a vocabulary to Böhtlingk's chrestomathy, the seventy hymns of the Rigveda translated by Geldner and Kaegi, the twelve hymns edited by Windisch, and the parts of the Satapatha-brāhmaṇa translated by Weber, besides Nala and the dramas of Kālidāsa. The value of the book is, however, not solely practical. It will prove serviceable to scholars also, for it professes to contain a complete list of roots and primitive words in Sanskrit. The accent, too, is marked in authenticated cases. The method of accentuation followed is that first introduced by L. von Schroeder in his *Maitrāyaṇi Sambhitā*, the acute being indicated by a vertical stroke above, and the circumflex by a curve below, the accented syllable. It is noticeable that, in a good many instances, besides those given among the *errata*, the wrong syllable is marked with the acute; so, for example, in *kāvasha*, *kehaitrá*, *gā'avidyā*, *dīvā*, and *dhānus*. The accent, though known, is omitted in *ekābā*, *kālpate*, *kūvala*, *ghrīnivat*, *gāla*, *tailā*, *duhāmsa*, *dūrvā*, *dvirātrā*. As it is important to avoid errors of the former class, of which there are probably several more, a careful revision in this respect will be necessary for a new edition.

The book will probably prove to be a very complete glossary to the works for which it is meant. I have discovered only the following omissions of words occurring in Böhtlingk's chrestomathy: *dvandvibhū*, *dvigendra*, *ātakah* (RV., iii. 38), *devanītha* (Ait. Br., vi. 34), and of the meanings "freedom" and "victory" under *gyotis*.

A high degree of conciseness has been attained by the judicious use of brackets and of ingenious abbreviations. In his striving after brevity, however, the author is rather too prone to define by such sesquipedalian compounds as *Wortgruppenverzeichnisse* (*ganapāṭha*) and *Freundschaftsverhältnisse* (*samyoga*). But, in spite of the general curttness of his definitions, Prof. Cappeller often improves on the Petersburg dictionaries by adding explanations showing how the various meanings of a word are connected. Without such, many a student might be at a loss to understand how, for instance, *kāryāntara* can mean both "another business" and "leisure." But that *kuvalaya-dris*, "lotus-eyed," really means "blue-eyed," is hardly probable in connexion with the Hindu type of beauty.

As a list of *errata* will be of use for a future edition, I add such as I have noticed in the first half of the book. Strict alphabetical order is not observed in the case of *udākarita*, *khaivātala*, *karama*, *karkā*, *kuṭ*, *gayāghoshā*, *tuḷā*, *tushāragiri*. Sanskrit misprints are—*krāṇka* (*krauṇka*), *krudhmi* (*-min*), *kshītiskara* (*-svara*), *kshebhya* (*kahubhya*), *kārttrikeya*, *kashtha* (*ku-*), *kusalikur* (*-kar*), *ganta* (*-u*), *ganya-sthala* (*ganda-*), *kakshas* (*-us*), *kāudāyana*, *kumba* (*kumb*), *khāti* (*khyati*), *khukkhundara* (*-ūn-*), *gayādhitya* (*-ditya*), *tāmkārīta* (*-krita*), *turyavātta* (*-vāt*), *tribāyana* (*-na*), *diṇna-nāga*, *daivayegata*, *dhanurdhāra* (*-dhārin*). Misprints in German are—*schaufen* (*scheufen*) s.v. *kāy*, *redlich* (*unredlich*) s.v. *dvayāvin*, *gerissel* (*gerissel*) s.v. *galdā*, *Bestimmungsort* (*-wort*) s.v. *upasargana*, *enthaltend* (*-er*) s.v. *katurthāmsa*.

The abbreviation *~* should be corrected to *~* under *kampin* and *kāryena*; *~*, on the other hand, should be substituted for *~* under *ātta* (*√dā*). The verb *ghat* governs the acc. (not abl.) besides the dat. and loc.

The words *kusilava*, *kurkā*, *dāvadahana* are masculine, not neuter; while *kumitra*, *gharmānta*, *galodara* are neuter, not masculine; *kāntāra* and *kāpa* are masculine as well as neuter. After *gava* and *divātāra* "*m.*" should be omitted; while under *tanūruba* "*n.*" ought to be added before *Haar*, and "*m.*" before *Sohn*; under *tapaniya* "*n.*" is to be supplied after *Reis*.

In conclusion, it may be added that Prof. Cappeller's dictionary contains a number of words not to be found in Böhtlingk and Roth; and these words being generally compounds will be especially welcome to students to whom such compounds are often a conspicuous difficulty. The combined practical and scientific character of the book ought to assure to it that success which is in itself rendered probable by the manifest demand for a work of this kind in Germany.

A. A. MACDONELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BABYLONIAN ORIGIN OF CHINESE WRITING.

London: July 7, 1888.

I have already refuted (*Babylonian and Oriental Record* for March) Mr. Bertin's assumption as to my supposed indebtedness to Dr. Hyde Clarke, whom he styles a prior discoverer of a prehistoric connexion between the Chinese and the Babylonian characters.

I need only observe here that I am just as much, or as little, indebted to the venerable author of the *Prehistoric and Protohistoric Com-*

parative Philology, as to François Lenormant, G. Pauthier, L. de Roeny, J. Edkins, MacClatchie, and others who were previously to him familiar with the idea of a connexion during the pictorial period between the writings just named, but who were not in possession of the materials upon which I have been enabled to work.

What I have discovered is the derivation within historical times of the primitive Chinese characters from the old Babylonian cuneiform symbols, and not from the hieroglyphs which must have preceded them. Therefore I cannot be indebted to any of the previous speculations concerning their supposed connexion in prehistoric and hieroglyphic times.

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE are asked to state that Mr. J. H. Isaacs has been elected Librarian to the Liverpool Astronomical Society, and editor of its *Journal*.

ON September 22, 1886 (September 10 of the Russian calendar) three meteorites fell near the village of Novo-Urei, Government of Penza, in South-East Russia. One of these, preserved at St. Petersburg, has been made the subject of elaborate investigation by MM. Jerozeff and Latchinoff, who have recently laid their results before the French Academy of Sciences. They find that the aerolite consists of olivine augite, nickeliferous iron, pyrrhotite and chromite, with about 2.26 per cent. of carbonaceous matter. This carbonaceous matter is a mixture of amorphous carbon and diamond. The diamond is present to the extent of about 1 per cent. of the meteorite, and is probably in the form of carbonado.

THE Indian Meteorological Department is showing itself alive to the importance of publishing detailed accounts of the cyclones prevalent in the Indian Seas within a shorter period of their occurrence. One of the first fruits of this arrangement is a memoir on the Balasore cyclone of May 20-26, 1887, which has just appeared from the Government Press, Calcutta. Hitherto the accounts of the cyclones in the Bay have not been drawn up until all available information had been previously obtained, and were thus usually published from one to two years after the occurrence. The present storm, though a very interesting one in some respects, does not present any such striking and special features as the Calcutta cyclone of 1864, the Backergunj cyclone of 1876, or the False Point cyclone of 1885. It occurred at the change of season extending from the beginning of May to the middle of June, which ushers in the south-west monsoon, and during which it is well known from long experience that violent cyclones occasionally occur. Their formation and motion are now so well understood that the daily report issued in Calcutta followed its path with almost perfect accuracy day by day until it reached the coast on May 26. There was thus available for the public, several days before the arrival of the storm on the Orissa coast, much more precise information respecting the position and line of advance of the storm at sea than is ever given by any meteorological bureau in Europe for similar ocean storms. The author of the present memoir points out that the fiercest storms may be generally expected from May 1 to June 15, and from September 15 to the beginning of December. Unfortunately, there are no exceptional premonitory features or indications by which the more dangerous storms can be predicted, their conditions and appearance being similar to the lighter storms; and it is only by special caution at these periods of the year that the sailor can guard himself from venturing too near their path.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will issue shortly an authorised translation of the *Volapük Dictionary*, by Prof. Pflaumer, of Halle. The work has been carefully revised by the author since the appearance of the first edition.

THE same publishers announce a translation of Prof. Seyffert's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*.

MR. D. S. MARGOLIOUTH'S *Arabic Version of the Poetics* has been the subject of a review by Dr. Diels, which is published in the *Sitzungsberichte der Kgl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin* (1888, pp. 49-54). Dr. Diels concludes that, although Mr. Margoliouth has at times been far too rash in emendation, he has nevertheless been able in a good many passages to restore the true text of the *Poetics*, and that the publication of the Arabic version has thrown a great deal of light upon the trustworthiness of our MSS. The article should be read by all who are interested in the textual criticism of the *Poetics*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* will contain the following articles: "The Tree of Life and the Calendar Plant of Babylonia and China," by Prof. T. de Lacouperie; "A Buddhist Repertory" (continued), by Prof. C. de Harlez; "The Rock Inscriptions of Upper Egypt," by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie; "The Cone-Fruit of the Assyrian Monuments" (continued), by Dr. J. Bonavia; and "The Pehlevi Suffix *Man*," by Prof. C. de Harlez.

UNDER the title of *Christianity in China* (Trübner) Prof. Legge has published in pamphlet form a lecture which he recently delivered in Oxford on "The Nestorian Monument of Hsi-an Fu, and the Present Prospects of Christian Missions in China." What calls for notice here is the amended text of the inscription, with translation and notes, which he has now prefixed to the lecture. This amended text is based upon two rubbings submitted to him, which have enabled him to correct in several points the two versions previously published—that in Kircher's *China Illustrata* (Amsterdam, 1678), and that in Wang Chang's "Great Collection of Inscriptions in Metal and Stone" (1805). It is interesting to learn that the transcript of the Chinese antiquary was by far the more accurate of the two. Prof. Legge has now printed (with the resources of the Clarendon Press) the whole of the Chinese inscription, together with the Syriac sentences incorporated in it, omitting only the long list of Syriac names of individuals. For the translation of the Syriac he acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. D. S. Margoliouth, of New College, and to the Rev. F. H. Woods, of St. John's College, Oxford. An apparent discrepancy in date between the Chinese and the Syriac is plausibly interpreted as indirectly attesting the genuineness of the monument, though that really stands in no need of confirmation. The Chinese date is equivalent to A.D. 781; the Syriac date runs thus, "in the days of the Father of Fathers, my lord Hanan-Yeshu, Katholikos, Patriarch." Now, we know that Hanan-Yeshu, Nestorian patriarch at Bagdad, died in 778; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the news of his death would take more than three years to reach China. Finally, Prof. Legge is careful to give the following recent note, written palimpsest-wise on the monument:

"After its erection 1079 years, in the ninth year of the reign Hsien-tsung [1859], I, Han T'ai-hwa of Wü-lin, came to see the monument, and, glad to find the characters all perfect, I rebuilt the shed that covers it. Alas, that my old friend, Wü Tse-pai—the Treasurer—has not been able to accompany me on the visit! I grieved long because of his absence."

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage."—(National Gallery)—also Mr. KEELEY HALSWELL'S "October Woodlands"—(Greenwich Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, MESSRS. DOWDSEWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

Die Gemälde-Galerie der Königlichen Museen zu Berlin. Text by Julius Meyer and W. Bode. Parts I. and II. (Berlin.)

THE first two parts of this great publication, which is destined to represent in distant countries the glories of the Berlin Museum, are now before us. The text of the first deals with the Florentine school of the fifteenth century; that of the other is devoted to Rubens. The names of the two contributors are sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the contents. No discovered fact, we may be sure, will be omitted because the authors were not aware of it. What is written represents the judgment of two of the first scholars in Europe, and will be read with the interest that attaches to statements of weight.

The essay upon the character of fifteenth-century art, with special reference to Florence, is a contribution to a philosophical history of art in Italy. The development of principles and styles presents a fascination for our German friends, and none are better suited to give formal expression to it. The general reader, however, may be expected to turn with more avidity to the accounts of the lives and work of individual artists; and the story of the doings and makings of Fra Filippo Lippi, with which the next chapter commences, will not fail to interest anyone to whom Italian art is interesting. For the first time we have a brief, but excellent, life of that strangely incongruous person, written with full knowledge of all that Dryasdust has in late years discovered about his more than questionable habits of life. This painter of purest Madonnas and holiest Virgin Saints is now proved to have been a forger and a cheat, as well as a man reprobated as an evil-liver even in that feebly moral day. The chapter devoted to the naturalists, to Andrea del Verrocchio and his school, will meet with most opposition at the hands of what we may call the critics of the Milanese school. It is the opinion of Dr. Bode, as we have before had opportunities of learning, that Verrocchio was the great master of the period in question. He not only taught Leonardo, Lorenzo di Credi, and others, but he gave to the best of contemporary art its peculiar tone and character. The Milanese historians will in no wise accept this view. By them Verrocchio is relegated to a lower place. They regard the style, fathered by Bode upon him, as the style of Florence. Some pretty fighting around this theme may be expected in the coming months. The champions have sounded their trumpets and made themselves ready to battle. The section devoted to Rubens offers less material for disagreement. Points remaining in dispute with regard to the great Flemish master are of minor importance. We do not look for discoveries with regard to him, but for a clear and artistic statement in brief compass of what the man was, and what were the nature and

cope of his art. Perhaps this might have been done with more terseness and compression than has been the case. The pictures by Rubens are, however, fully and well described; and, in so far as a glorified catalogue was the ideal, it has certainly been brilliantly attained.

The text is, of course, an accompaniment subsidiary to the wealth of illustration by which this great work appeals for public patronage. All methods and processes have been, or are to be, employed. In the text there are vignettes done in heliogravure, in woodcut, or in etching. We regret that the marvellous unfinished picture by Rubens, representing the conquest of Tunis by Charles V., was not selected for treatment by one of the nobler processes. Each part is accompanied by some half-dozen full-page prints of etchings or line engravings. They do not belong to the part, but are issued in whatever order is most convenient, and they will have to be rearranged when the work is complete. The two or three line engravings are not specially good; but some of the etchings are excellent, notably those by W. Unger. Best of all is the noble rendering of the astounding portrait by Velasquez of Alessandro del Borro. The massive, half-comic dignity of this ugly personage, and the pomp of the ample area of his body, are given again with much of the skill which only Franz Hals or Velasquez could have taught. Rubens's "Andromeda," Franz Hals's "Nurse and Baby," and Van Dyck's "Dead Christ," have likewise been specially well interpreted by their respective engravers. The publication is one which all collectors of fine illustrated works will be well advised to acquire. It is printed with bold type on a well-proportioned page.

W. M. CONWAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HITTITE SYMBOL OF LIFE.

London: July 9, 1888.

Some months ago I brought under the notice of the readers of the ACADEMY a remarkable symbol which appeared on a quadrangular seal obtained from Tarsus by Mr. Greville J. Chester (ACADEMY, August 13, 1887, and subsequently). This symbol, which I regarded as denoting life generally, or particularly human life, had an oblong body, with projections upward at the two ends. On the centre of this oblong horizontal body above was a rounded head, while proceeding from the centre beneath was a pair of divergent legs with turned-up toes, or "Hittite boots." This symbol was found to be closely associated with the equilateral triangle, a figure from which probably it derived its origin.

Very lately, through the kindness of M. Berger and M. Heuzey, casts have been received of a Hittite seal and seal-impression in the Louvre. Both of these bear the symbol I have described; and their evidence is entirely in accordance with the views I expressed. The seal resembles to some extent Mr. Chester's five-faced quadrangular seal, and it bears the symbol of life on four of the five faces, there being, moreover, in each case a triangle above the symbol. The extremities of the legs, like those of other figures on the seal, have turned-up toes. The difference from the symbol on Mr. Chester's Tarsus seal consists in the fact that the head is not similarly rounded. On three of the faces, apparently, the symbol is

associated with the star of Venus or Ashtoreth, the giver of life,* through whom

"genus omne animantium
Concipitur vitæque exortum lumenq; salus."

The face of the seal from which the symbol is absent has a winged solar disk, which is being worshipped by two figures having arms stretched upward and uplifted palms, but with the heads, bodies, and hinder legs of oxen. Here there is a remarkable analogy with what is to be seen on the Yuzgat seal, recently acquired by the British Museum.† The figures in both cases are probably to be connected with the moon. Those on the Louvre seal bring easily to mind Izdubar's ox-like friend, Hea-bani, who, however, has usually, if not always, a human head, as depicted on the Babylonian seals. The great Izdubar struggles with a bull, while Hea-bani is engaged in contest with a lion. Izdubar is in all probability, as has been suggested, a solar hero; and his contest with the bull has received an astronomical interpretation. Hea-bani, in like manner, may be regarded as a personification of the moon, and his struggle with the lion is also connected probably with the zodiacal sign of the lion.

Of the seal-impression I must not now say more than that it resembles the Yuzgat seal and the seal of Tarkutimme in having figures at the centre divided from those round the circumference. The symbol of life is to be seen in the central space; and here again the symbol has above it the equilateral triangle.

THOMAS TYLER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, with Lord Aberdare as chairman, to collect a fund for the benefit of the three surviving sisters of the late John Leech. These ladies, after having for many years supported themselves by keeping schools, and having striven bravely and under many disadvantages to secure some provision for old age, at last find themselves in such straitened circumstances that their only certain income consists of the small pension of £35 each granted to them by Her Majesty, and a trifling annuity paid to one of them by the Vintners' Company. The hon. treasurers and secretaries of the committee, to whom subscriptions may be sent, are—J. C. Whitehorne, 22 Kensington Gardens Terrace; and Dr. Graily Hewett, 36 Berkeley Square.

A JOINT meeting of subscribers to the British School at Athens and to the Cyprus Exploration Fund will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries on Wednesday next, July 18. Lord Herschell will be in the chair. Reports will be read of the work of the school during the past session; and Mr. Ernest Gardner, director of the school, will give an account, illustrated by plans and diagrams, of the explorations in Cyprus, and especially of the excavation of the temple of Aphrodite at Paphos.

THE report of the director of the National Gallery for 1887 has been issued as a parliamentary paper. Six pictures were bought during the year: "The Holy Family," by Marcello Venusti, purchased out of the Lewis Fund; "The Blood of the Redeemer," by Giovanni Bellini; and "A Muse inspiring a Court Poet (?)," by Dosso

* On the face of the seal, which has the symbol of life without the star, there is what is probably a phallic symbol.

† For an illustrated description of the Yuzgat seal, as also of that from Tarsus, I may refer to a series of five articles which I recently contributed to *Nature*, on "The Hittites, with Special Reference to very Recent Discoveries."

Dossi, purchased out of the Walker bequest; portrait of a girl, by Domenico del Ghirlandajo; portrait of a man, by Sir Antonio Mor; and portrait of a man, by Heinrich Aldegrever, purchased out of the Walker bequest. The bequests and donations to the gallery, eight in number, include "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," by Sir Edwin Landseer, bequeathed by Mr. Newman Smith; "Portrait of Sir Samuel Romilly," by Sir T. Lawrence, bequeathed by Mr. Charles Romilly; "Titania and Bottom," by Henry Fuseli, presented by Miss Julia Carrick Moore; and "View of the House in which the Artist was born," by John Constable, presented by Miss Isabel Constable. In the course of his remarks upon the re-arrangement of the collection, Sir F. W. Burton says:

"The recent addition of five new rooms afforded an opportunity, the first in the history of the gallery, for attempting a more complete and systematic subdivision of the pictures; but, though the present arrangement may be regarded as a step in the right direction, it has not been effected without compromise, and can hardly be regarded as final. More than one room even now may be called over-crowded. The influx of fresh acquisitions, for which space must be found, may at any time interrupt and disorganise the classification just adopted; and the prospect of such a contingency induces the trustees and director again to urge the advisability of supplementing the work of the late ministry by a further extension of the building. Between April 1 and May 31 the five new rooms and a vestibule on the eastern side of the central staircase were hung with pictures, while the contents of thirteen rooms in the older portions of the building were either wholly or partially re-arranged, all the apartments having been renumbered as nearly as practicable in consecutive order."

A PHOTOGRAPHURE of Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini," another of a drawing by Cattermole (both in the National Gallery), and a fine etching by Mr. C. O. Murray of a drawing ("A Windy Day") by George Chambers (in the South Kensington Museum), are the three plates in the *Portfolio* for July. Mr. F. G. Stephens—himself one of the P.R.B. who saw Rossetti paint the lovely "Annunciation," and with others (especially Mr. Woolner) "sat in aid" for the face of the angel Gabriel—gives an interesting account of the picture. The same writer also contributes a notice of the late admirable etcher, Paul Adolphe Rajon. Mr. Hamerton continues his conversations on "Book Illustrations" and Mr. Monkhouse his articles on the "Earlier English Water Colour Painters." Mr. Sidney L. Lee's paper on "Charlecote House," with its learned notes on Shakspeare and the Luelys, will commend itself to all. Mr. Raiton's pictures of the old place are very pretty.

AN exhibition of the skill of workmen in their own trades will be opened at the Crystal Palace on August 18. The competition will be among members of industrial co-operative societies throughout the kingdom. The council of the Society of Arts—who have promised to appoint the judges—will also award one of their bronze medals in eighteen of the principal classes.

THE following are the results of the voting for medals of honour at the Salon: In architecture, M. Deglane; in painting, M. Detaille—whose fine picture, "Le Rêve," has been bought by the state; in engraving, M. Hédouin, the veteran etcher.

M. OSCAR ROTY, the medallist, has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in succession to the late M. Bertinot.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. IRVING'S Lyceum season of 1888—which closed last Saturday—can be memorable only for Miss Ellen Terry's performance in "The Amber Heart," which was remarked upon in the ACADEMY, many weeks ago, as one of the most engaging and pathetic things done on the stage in our time. Of "Faust"—as Mr. Wills has turned it—critical London had certainly had quite enough before Mr. Irving's return from America; and the great actor's performance in "Robert Macaire," quite other than that which was given by Frederick Lemaître, has certainly added nothing to his reputation. We look forward now, and with considerable hopefulness, to next season. It will not begin until December, for Mr. Irving goes a long provincial tour during nearly the whole of the autumn, and Miss Ellen Terry takes a great rest, to which, as Mr. Irving said in his speech, her labours of the last few years eminently entitle her. But when the actor has finished his provincial work, and the actress her holiday, there is to come that revival of "Macbeth" which has so often been spoken of, and which we have more than once ventured to urge. It is now a dozen years since the piece was played at the Lyceum. Mr. Irving was not then fully accepted as a Shaksperian actor, and Miss Bateman was the Lady Macbeth.

On Monday Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt reappeared in London, bringing with her, as her *pièce de résistance*, "La Tosca," and, as a sufficiently substantial *entrée*, so to say, M. Dumas's "Francillon." "La Tosca"—considered as drama and not as performance—is a curious instance of M. Sardou's habit of compromise between art and somewhat vulgar popularity—between what it is best to do and what is surest to pay. The elements of tragedy are certainly in "La Tosca"; but it is wholly without restraint, and it is without any charm of beauty. Certain of its scenes are of a gross and undesirable realism, such as the actors have a struggle with to make them not agreeable, indeed—for they could not be that—but even endurable to people of taste. And we are not talking of the squeamish. The squeamish are no more people of real taste than the vulgar are; each is equally one-sided and ill-balanced. But the "Tosca" is not a pleasant play even for men and women who look at things broadly. It does give, however, beyond a doubt, a good opportunity enough for seeing more sides than one—though never quite the best side—of Sarah Bernhardt's art. The two middle acts afford the great actress her greatest opportunity. In the first and in the last she is disappointing. And admirable as is her command of passion, one of the most naturally delightful instruments with which she expresses it—we mean her "golden voice"—is no longer exactly what it was. A score of years of labour—journeys across several continents—artistic experiences on the whole somewhat exhausting—have deprived, at last, it seems, the exquisite voice of something of its quality. But that can have no effect whatever on the "drawing" powers of Mdme. Bernhardt as a star. To herself and to critical people who take note of her method, she remains a great artist. To the big public—which, in the days when she was, perhaps, most exquisite, did not know her at all—she has become the most successful show that traverses the land.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT IS A TRAGEDY?

Hamlet Court, Southend: July 7, 1888.

I think we are getting very "mixed" in our definitions when Mr. Hall Caine describes my play of "Partners," founded on Daudet's novel

of *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*, as a melodrama, and thereupon suggests that a melodrama should be so called because it does not end in the death of the leading character. The difference between tragedy and melodrama is in reality technical. The first is a form of art where the old unities of time and place are generally preserved, and where the action moves grandly and monotonously towards the final consummation, foreshadowed from the outset, of a sublime death; in which, moreover, all the interest is subordinated to the one central purpose, to the one solemn issue—generally spiritual and ennobling, and the very essence of which is moral or religious concentration. A melodrama, on the other hand, is a varied picture of life and incident, a *mélange*, a mingled web of thought, passion, and character, and may or may not end tragically—the point being that its style and treatment, not its catastrophe, differentiate it from tragedy. The great Sophoclean trilogy is tragedy pure and simple. Most of Shakspeare's serious plays—notably "Macbeth" and "Richard III."—are melodramas. Such masterpieces as "Hamlet" and "Lear" are of twofold character, extremely melodramatic in their style, highly tragical in a certain monotony of characterisation and moral suggestion. Of course, the more popular and etymologically correct definition of melodrama—i.e., drama accompanied with musical effects—will scarcely serve us here; but it is a good and right definition, if we insert the word "varied" before the adjective "musical," and imply that the drama itself is many-mooded.

I learned with deep regret that Mr. Hall Caine's fine play, quite tragical in its character, had been vulgarised and made absurd by a "happy ending." There is a superstition among managers that "happy endings" can reform a serious and monotonous theme, and render it pleasing to the vulgar; but the truth is, the public care little how a play ends, so long as it is not depressing, and deficient in relief, *throughout*. A very popular and not quite worthless play by the late Watts Phillips, "Lost in London," is a case in point. The piece is a melodrama, though the end is tragical in Mr. Caine's sense; but the action throughout is all alive with life and comedy—effective if very conventional, so that average spectators enjoy it, and do not by any means resent the heroine's pathetic death just before the fall of the curtain. I think Mr. Caine should have nailed his colours to the mast, standing or falling by the absolutely and inherently tragic nature of his theme. To change the dominant note at the last moment into a doubtfully lively one, was something like singing through all the magnificent verses of the "Old Hundredth," and then suddenly breaking into "Haste to the Wedding." Fortunately, this is an error which can be easily corrected, for the preservation of a piece which has justly received high encomium.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS, ETC.

MR. RALPH STUART gave a Chopin recital at the Prince's Hall last Saturday. It is a mistake to frame a programme wholly from one composer's works. A great player like Dr. Bülow could not, even with Beethoven, prevent his recitals from becoming somewhat wearisome. M. de Pachmann, a Chopin interpreter without an equal, once gave a Chopin concert; but he profited by experience, and never repeated the experiment. Mr. Ralph Stuart, however, is young, and may be forgiven. He has much to learn, and something to unlearn. His *technique* is excellent, he has a pleasing touch, and shows taste. He was unwise in attempting such pieces as the Allegro de Concert (Op. 46), and

the formidable octave Etude in B minor (Op. 25, No. 10), for they can only be effective in the hands of a pianist for whom mechanical difficulties have ceased to exist. He was heard to considerable advantage in some of the *Préludes*, the *Fantaisie Impromptu*, and the G minor Ballade. Mr. Stuart announced that the recital would consist of "works entirely by Chopin"; but the scales and *coda* in the D major Mazurka, the left-hand octaves in the E minor Valse, were certainly not Chopin's. The audience was very enthusiastic. If Mr. Stuart puts himself in good hands, he will become a first-rate pianist.

Herr Richter gave his ninth and last concert on Monday evening, and for the fourth time Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" was performed under his direction. A few weeks ago the Richter Choir did not particularly distinguish itself in Berlioz's "Faust," but the choral singing was better on Monday. The tenors and basses were, however, still weak. Of course, one cannot expect anything like perfection from an ordinary choir in such an impossible work. Beethoven was so occupied with the music, so bent on "detachment from the terrestrial world," that it probably never occurred to him that he was writing for human not heavenly beings. Instead of finding any fault with the performance, we ought rather to thank Herr Richter for attempting so difficult a work with the vocal means at his command. One must hear this Mass from time to time so as to keep in mind the fullness of Beethoven's genius, as manifested during the last years of his life. There may be dull moments in the Mass, there may be moments of effort, but there are pages which for strength and grandeur surpass all that he ever wrote. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Lena Little, Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel; and thoroughly well did they acquit themselves of their difficult task.

A performance of Nicolai's opera, based on Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," was given at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday afternoon by the pupils of the Royal College of Music. Nicolai, like Flotow, wrote several operas, but with one only did each achieve fame. Nicolai's opera, produced at Berlin forty years ago, is still popular in Germany. Sir John Falstaff and the buck-basket, fair mistress Anne, and the merry wives have no doubt much to do with the success of the piece; but the music itself is extremely clever, graceful, and pleasing. The composer always expresses himself with the greatest ease, and the orchestra follows pretty faithfully the action on the stage. It must, however, be confessed that, now and then Nicolai gets dangerously near to *opera-bouffe* style. The opera served admirably to show what the Royal College pupils could do in the way of acting and singing. Miss Annie Roberts was an excellent Mrs. Ford; her voice is clear, and shows the results of good training—a little harshness in the upper notes may have been the result of nervousness. Her acting was lively and amusing. Miss Maggie Davies as Anne Page deserves commendation; she was much applauded for her air in the third act. Miss Roberts was well supported by Miss E. Squire as Mrs. Page. Mr. W. C. Milward made a good Falstaff, and was not too much padded out; he sang well, especially in the earlier part of the opera. Mr. Price sang in an artistic manner, but his voice—perhaps the result of cold—seemed muffled. Mr. Fernor (Dr. Caius) and Mr. A. C. Peach (Slender) made much of their parts. Mr. Kilby (Fenton) was not always a tuneful lover. The chorus was good, and the piece was well mounted. There was a very pretty ballet given by the children of Mdme. Lanner's academy. The orchestra, under the careful direction of Prof. Stanford, consisted principally of students.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

No. 846, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. By T. Wemyss Reid. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

POLITICIANS who have known Forster for twenty years or more will find matter of new and particular interest in the first volume of his *Life*, which displays the roots of a remarkable character. Some public men appear specially fashioned and fitted for the hand of a biographer, and few, perhaps, have excelled Forster in this qualification. There was uncommon substance in his individuality and in his course. The Quaker childhood amid parents and persons all engaged with pious and public aims; the struggling youth and early manhood in the common and popular lines of commercial life; the unceasing effort towards self-improvement—material, moral, and political—and the ever-increasing justification of those high hopes which appeared in youth and lighted the labours of the manufacturer's career; the steady, onward movement to high place and power: all this is sure groundwork of a useful and interesting biography. The annals of such a life, particularly in its critical moments, have value for millions. There is about it nothing transcendental; much that is exemplary. Self-reliant to a degree rare even among Englishmen, Forster's nature, which was true and tender, appears to possess new claims to regard; because here we meet not only the sturdy statesman, but a simple and noble-hearted man loving and beloved, happy, generous, worthy in private as in public life, a dutiful son, a devoted husband, a father of the fatherless, an adversary who enjoyed the strife, of whom it was well to beware if he entered into quarrel, and one of whom it may be said that he bore the rewards and the sharp arrows of political fortune with freedom from the cant of pretended humility and with no hurtful imputation upon his courage and confidence.

Forster had, as Mr. Gladstone said, "a cool head and a warm heart." His biographer has added to Forster's fame by showing the heart to those who had better acquaintance with the head. Forster's character, like that of every remarkable man, is much more admirable in whole than in part. There is no more useful training than that of the Society of Friends, and none which instils into boyhood a more firm self-reliance. Forster appears never to have entered upon serious action without careful forethought, and when he had set out upon a course of action never to have doubted that it was right. He seems to have inherited a considerable gift of composition. He calls himself a bad letter writer and we may believe that in this he was sincere. But his letters are really

excellent, and there is quite as much force in his early as in his later style. Many of his letters are so charming in kindly affection and in playful humour that one is disarmed in dealing with the only apology Mr. Reid offers, which in that case is certainly ample, in regard to Forster's manners. "But, after all," says Mr. Reid, "these externals are merely external"; and we are asked to remember that "the somewhat rough and unvarnished exterior" was external to "one of the warmest hearts in the world and a nature as truly sensitive as it was loyal and pure." We are so disposed. Good manners flow from two sources—a nature really occupied with devotion to the wishes of others, or from one of sufficient training, not to say artifice, to lay aside pre-occupations and to assume sympathy with the mood of any chance passenger in society. Those who wish to reach the warm side of men such as Forster must accept them or be accepted by them. To such, Forster was grateful and kind; but for other conduct he was too intensely bent upon his own business and career. Manners are not merely external, nor is mere amiability the natural fruit of a character so strong and self-asserting as that of Forster.

The boy who noted in his diary in 1837 that at a city election

"when the crier demanded attention for the reading of the Act against bribery and corruption, he burst out laughing at the end, in which he was followed by the sheriff, candidates, and almost everybody else,"

was the man who carried the Ballot Act. The young man who, when John Dillon's father was in danger of arrest for sedition in Ireland, said: "Send him to me. He would be quite safe here. No one would suspect a Quaker," was the man who held the son in prison, and with him 850 fellow countrymen, when he was master of the liberty of Irishmen. The young woollen manufacturer who was filled with admiration for the work of Dr. Arnold was the statesman who passed the Education Act. These are the highest lights of his career, but the intermediate spaces contain much interest.

We have none of Forster's speeches at the age of thirty; but, judging from his letters, they must have been remarkable. Take, for example, his description at first sight of "Lord John":

"With his dwarf-like form and long, deep, remarkable head and icy cold expression, with every now and then a look of fire!"

Or this of Carlyle:

"What a fearful, fiend-like creature he would be in his dark moods, when the devil of dyspepsia is upon him without this merciful safety-valve of humour."

And of Mrs. Carlyle, that

"she was one of those few women to whom a man could talk all day or listen all day with equal pleasure."

At the Madeleine, in Paris, his young eye fell upon

"that pictorial lie of Napoleon kneeling before Christ, making the *amende honorable* to religion."

He liked those churches and their side chapels

"where people can and do commune with

themselves, Quaker fashion; making use of the saint, I suppose, as a species of peg whereon to hang their meditations."

These passages, taken almost at random, contain as sure evidence of literary power as the manner in which Forster took to his heart and home the orphan children of his brother-in-law does of the truth and tenderness of that warm side of his nature which seems to have shone with unvarying love upon those who were his own. For the rest, we shall be mainly concerned with Forster as a member of Parliament.

When he visited Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, that

"man of genius, worn to skin and bone, weighing about eighty pounds, with crutches, a pale, clear out face, with flashing eyes and pleasant expression"

defined a statesman to be "a man who thinks originally on politics"; and in the light of that definition, Forster's friends may well claim that he was every inch a statesman. He was an upright man, and, says his biographer, "It is needless to say that he was conscious of his own integrity." Many of his opponents would willingly, if that were needful, join Mr. Reid in defending his course upon the Education Bill, and would also admit that this consciousness, which he could not lay aside, formed part of their difficulty. Mr. Gladstone was apparently not less, but rather more, willing to make the concessions which so offended the Birmingham League. Forster's memorandum, which should have been given in full, might be his diploma work of statesmanship. It seems he was only secondarily responsible upon the point which attracted such extreme animosity. But in his own department, whether at the Privy Council or in Ireland, Forster never played second fiddle, nor sought to shield himself with the name of another. His foible may be seen in the letter of remonstrance of unimpeachable power and reasoning addressed to Mr. Bright, which drew the humble confession:—

"I think it likely that I gave less attention to the whole question than it deserved, but I was burdened with much work and much weakness."

There is possibly more of what Forster's brother-in-law would have termed "sweetness" in this mild reply; but we can rejoice in that diversity of men which gives us in one a great orator and made Forster's success as a law maker incomparably greater than that of Mr. Bright. Those who carefully compare Forster's memorandum with the Bill for which, after his wont, he accepted plenary and personal responsibility will see that within the limits of opportunity he was prepared to go as far as possible with the friends who so severely punished his opportunism.

Mr. Bright thought—and thinks—"the cumulative vote monstrous and intolerable." The political historian may perhaps consider that Forster might have been chosen leader of the Liberal party in 1875, had he been able to carry to victory the Radical views upon Education in 1870. But that was impossible. As it was, Mr. Bright exerted all his strength in favour of Lord Hartington; and this *Life* is incorrect if it leads to the view that Forster retired from a rivalry in which he had even a remote probability of success. Between Mr. Bright and Lord Hartington relations of

mutual admiration had long subsisted. We have heard the latter relate that many years ago he met Mr. Bright one evening at the King's Arms in Lancaster, and was then greatly encouraged, by a citation of the example of Lord Althorp, to persevere in a political career—an incident well remembered by both when, at the Reform Club, Mr. Bright urged upon the Liberal party the leadership of Lord Hartington. Forster was second, and most loyally he accepted that part.

His Liberalism will be found wanting by many of his old friends who study his reference to Disestablishment in addressing his constituents in 1878. Not Mr. Gladstone, in his callow days, pleaded more earnestly for unity of church and state. Forster ignores the question whether a state church is an undue preference for one of many forms of religion, and limits the question to whether "a state church is in itself an evil," and whether those "state servants whose business it is to care for the highest good of every man, woman, and child" in every parish should be dismissed? Surely it is quite possible to think no evil of the church, and to admire the lives and virtues of her clergy, and yet to feel dissatisfied that all the patronage and all the pre-eminence which the state can confer should, without regard to the diversity of the national conscience in matters of religion, be given to one church among so many.

But though Forster will be remembered for his Education Act, his connexion with Ireland is at present uppermost in the minds of his countrymen. On October 8, 1880, he suggested suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act to Mr. Gladstone, who, on the 9th, hoped for some more legitimate measure of coercion, to which Forster replied, on the 10th:

"This suspension is a most violent, I may almost say a brutal, remedy, and before trying it we must be sure it is the only remedy."

It was tried, and probably no one suffered more than Forster in that trial. The Land League, said Forster, "has stopped evictions," and subsequent legislation by Tories as well as Liberals admitted how hard and unjust were many of those evictions. We heard not long ago a gentleman, who had been for many years a branch manager of the National Bank in Ireland, say that no branch could be successfully established in any district which had been free from agrarian intimidation. By which he meant that, until the law adjusted rents, nothing but fear of "the wild justice of revenge" enabled tenants to make any saving whatever. Forster's Coercion Act was a lamentable and poisonous failure. His administration of it was remarkable as a display of courage, perseverance, and dogged resolution to do what he held to be his duty in the most humane and painstaking manner. But while he urged this baneful measure in the cabinet, all his influence was, at the same time, given to make the Land Act large and effective. Agrarian crime was rife in Ireland, but Forster had not the confidence which some appear to feel in a conviction of Mr. Parnell for complicity. He wrote to Mr. Gladstone:

"Parnell and Company have clever law-advisers of their own. It is not easy even to find technical proof of the connexion of any one of them with the Land League. The speeches are, in fact, almost the only evidence;

and these are framed as carefully to keep within the law as they are to tempt others to break it."

Forster got his Act, but crime was not subdued. Mr. Gladstone wrote wondering "the police did not catch the armed parties"; to which Forster replied: "All I can say is, I do my best to stimulate them." When Forster had left Ireland, and Sir William Harcourt was introducing other coercive legislation, he said:

"The administrative cause of failure was the deficient organisation of the Irish police. . . . An estimate of the value of the change may be formed when I remind the House that it had before been possible for gangs of fifteen or twenty men to go about armed to the teeth in the very presence of the police. That was why, up to April 1882, the repression of crime was not effectual."

Forster never leaned to Home Rule; but in a letter to Lord Ripon he gives

"the best, if not the sole, argument for Home Rule. Sensible, moderate Irishmen let things alone, and let them get from bad to worse, because they know that at a certain point we English must step in and prevent utter anarchy."

Forster proclaimed the Land League without the consent of his colleagues—a bold action, which, right or wrong, marks his courage and capacity. He complained that the Tory papers used Ireland only "as a weapon for party warfare." There can be no surprise that Mr. Gladstone deferred greatly to his judgment in Irish administration. His letters are so clear, so self-confident, the thing was so entirely in his hands; and when Mr. Gladstone assented, he gave such unstinting support that Forster

"got really to love and honour him. No one could have been more faithful, or considerate, or generous to a colleague than he has been to me."

But early in 1882 the prime minister formed a resolution and declared to Forster that "a renewal of so odious a power as that which we now hold is impossible." In those words there was the beginning of the end of Forster's rule in Ireland. He was right in thinking that a chief secretary who was not "tarred with the coercion brush" might do better. The prime minister recognised the failure of the suspension of Habeas Corpus, and welcomed Mr. Parnell's engagement offered through Mr. O'Shea from Kilmarnham. Mr. Gladstone went forward towards conciliation and Home Rule. To Forster he said, "followed or not followed I must go on, I have no choice." Forster rejoiced to leave Ireland, but he felt keenly the subsequent distrust of so many Liberals; and, being tempted of the Tories, he made that unfortunate reference to Mr. Gladstone as one who "can persuade himself of almost anything." It was because Mr. Gladstone's mastery of language is never employed in any offensive imputation that Lord Hartington was moved by this remark to attack Forster in language which he thought very unfair. It is not possible that from the time of his quitting Ireland the life of Forster in the House of Commons could have been completely happy. His personal authority was, perhaps, never so great, but there was much isolation. The last entry in his diary

is very significant. Watching in sickness the election of 1885, he notes:

"A question whether small majority will be for Liberals, or Tories and Parnellites together. I hope the last."

That is surely one of the saddest notes of a time of divided counsels among Liberals on account of Ireland. The end of Forster's life was troubled with the political dissension of the period. Had he survived, he would have been a tower of strength to the Unionist cause in the House of Commons, and the probable successor to any bequest of political leadership which Lord Hartington may have it in his power to make when he quits that assembly. In Parliament Forster was skilful, full of resources, and his speeches were always genuine contributions to debate.

Many a one who felt respect for the manliness, the dignity, the high integrity of Forster's character will obtain from these volumes a closer and a far more endearing appreciation. The public interest of Forster's travels is small, except in the United States, which were for him the home of pathetic recollections, and the battle-field of the great cause which engrossed his youthful energies. His own recollections of the States would have formed an interesting chapter of autobiography. We remember that the subject arose at his own table one evening, which happened to be the last time Dean Stanley dined out; and the dean, who had seen much of the world, agreed with Forster as to the peculiar interest of the States, and said that the most memorable and interesting day of his own life was that on which he met at Salem the descendants of the founders of the great American community. Mr. Cooper, whom Forster met in New York, said "his mother could remember a *cheval de frise* across New York to keep off the Indians." We have heard another American speak of a relative who could remember when Sunday traffic was restrained in Philadelphia by chains across the streets. It is interesting to note that, in conversation with Forster, General Grant "evidently thought it honest to say he had slaves when the war broke out."

Mr. Reid may be congratulated upon the manner in which his work has been performed. His arrangement of the matter is excellent and eminently business-like. He has obviously been closely—too carefully—restricted as regard to materials. Forster's correspondence was voluminous; and there must be many letters in existence such as would have added greatly to the interest of the work, which has evidently suffered from an extreme scrupulousity. But, as it stands, there is a monumental completeness in this life of Forster—the presentation of a character and the record of a career honourable and beneficent to his country and to mankind.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A Lost Epic, and other Poems. By William Canton. (Blackwood.)

MR. CANTON is evidently a man cunning in titles, for that which he has here chosen is full of most subtle appeal. To know that one epic has been spared is reassuring; for, notwithstanding the burning of certain ancient libraries, one has had a feeling that, from some cosmic twist malignant to man, epics

were fate-proof. Tragedies are bad enough, but truly the world is aweary of epics; and with good cause did the Autocrat's fellow-boarders slink off from the breakfast-table if they really thought that such prodigious birth lurked in his pocket. At the same time, though an epic *in esse* be so fearful a thing, we can imagine the tradition of one *in limbo* being invested with fascination—as the story of some lost continent might be. A fragment or two even might be bearable; and all this is quite the case with regard to that great scientific "Epic of the Pageants of the World"—that

"colossal poem, fraught
With all the joy and travail of mankind
Enriched with all the lore of all the years"—

of which Mr. Canton essays to tell. It was to have been written by a widowed recluse living in a remote sea-village with his little grandchild, with an introduction of which "rosy little slip of roguery" to a stranger enquiring of the dead poet the story opens. Years, however, went by in dreaming and planning, 'Years—and the man who had thought and wrought, too rapt

To note the years, forgot that he was old!
Small wonder! For his eye, grown keen to scan
The cosmic cycles from the nebular dawn,
Was dulled to human epochs, mortal dates.
Why, Rome was thatched and fenced but yesterday!

The Pyramids were reared—a year ago!
Nay, mark, those fiery-blossomed weeds have
flamed

Along the furrows of an Aryan plough;
These ripples wash the self-same water-line
As when the dwellers on the reed-roofed pines
Moulded clay crescents of the holy Moon!"

Of that great dream, therefore, only one small portion was ever accomplished, "The Song of Colour," in describing which Mr. Canton turns his scientific knowledge to poetical account:

"He began his strain

Far backward in the green Devonian Age,
When no bright blossom hung on any tree
Its crimson petals or its golden bell;
No single fruit gleamed ruddy in the sun,
But all the jungle-waste of primal growth,
Gigantic mareestalls, ferns, and ancient pines,
Rolled one susurrent sea of endless green;
And giant May-flies poised on gauzy wing
O'er tepid swamps, and antique grasshoppers
Chirruped the oldest music of the world.
Threading that green and gloomy forest floor,
He marked, as emerald age succeeded age,
The slowly kindling dawa of sylvan love;
The pines and cypresses sighed with tender need,
The grasses beckoned with their feathery plumes,
And whispered, 'Hasten, sweetest, or we die.'
And through the woods for centuries the wind
Drifted the amorous pollen, till the waste
Was checked by Colour, and th' instinctive tree
Hung out its lamps of blossom, wooed and won
The aid of myriad-murmuring insect swarms
In the vast stress and strain of leafy life;—
Hung out its glowing fruit, that beast and bird
Might guard its life, assist its kindly race
In conquest of the hungry continents."

A beautiful lyric—"O babe upon the bosom,
O blossom on the tree"—which follows as another specimen of the lost poem, tempts quotation; but space forbids, and already, I fear, I am giving disproportionate attention to Mr. Canton's scientific muse, though it seems hard to leave the fine series of four sonnets, entitled "The Latter Law," with but a mention. However, Mr. Canton is so exceptionally many-sided that an endeavour to fully illustrate his range would be hopeless; and I can but trust to indicate it by an example at, I suppose, the very opposite pole—that of a

simple lyrical ballad. I will therefore quote what to my mind is the finest thing in a volume full of fine things—"The Two Lives."

"Among the lonely hills they played;
No other bairns they ever knew;
A little lad, a little maid,
In sweet companionship they grew.

"They played among the ferns and rocks
A childish comedy of life—
Kept house and milked the crimson dooks
And called each other man and wife.

"They went to school; they used to go
With arms about each other laid;
Their flaxen heads, in rain or snow,
Were sheltered by a single plaid.

"And so—and so it came to pass
They loved each other ere they knew;
His heart was like a blade o' grass,
And hers was like its drop o' dew.

"The years went by; the changeful years
Brought larger life and toil for life;
They parted in the dusk with tears—
They called each other man and wife.

"They married—she another man,
And he in time another maid;
The story ends as it began;—
Among the lonely hills—they played!"

It seems to me that nowhere out of the great Scottish master himself are to be found two lines of imaginative appeal to the heart more deep and tender than the two I have ventured to italicise. Though there is nothing else quite so fine elsewhere in this book, there are many exquisite verses in a section, all too short, of "Wayside Vignettes," written in the same simple metre. How tender in "Twilight Memories," for instance, is the thought which once occurred to the poet as he caught sight of the figures of two lovers silhouetted on a high moorland against the evening sky:

"Cut clear against the amber glow,
They stood together hand in hand—
A man and woman—did they know
How near to heaven they seemed to stand!"

How blithe of note is "Parting"—

"Where'er you go on ground or grass,
May ne'er you lack a loving lass,
With tender lips and honest eyes,
To make you happy and keep you wise—
Where'er you go."

How delightful the fancy in "Fairy Heavens" of the forest pool, where

"Mirrored reeds must scarcely know
Whether up or down they grow."

One is glad to find another, somewhat longer, section of similar poems further on under the title of "Poems of Childhood"—

"The sun, the sea, the forest wild,
All nature loves a little child";

but beside these, there are many blank verse dramatic-narrative idylls in the volume, all more or less delightful, from the ambitious "Legend of the Ark," the grim ballad of "John Calvin's Dream," to the tenderly playful "The God and the Schoolboy."

And, again, there is such a fine poem of thought as "Comfort on Pelion," and a lovely idyll—"Pearls and Simples"—of an old pastoral philosopher spending his life for the most part in wanderings from this and that lone farmhouse among the hills. In another way this poem lives in the memory with "The Two Lives," full of bits of description such as this—

The little red-roofed town where he was born
Sits robin-like amid the trees and snow"—

and thoughts such as this—

"when he lies

Beneath a tree to sleep
He thinks how leaves and little cares can hide
God in His heaven and systems in their skies."

But I must delay no longer than to offer Mr. Canton most grateful thanks for his altogether happy and beautiful poems, and to hope that a cry for more will not go long unanswered. Poets who can look at life with such dauntless eyes, accept its "Latter Law," and yet be as happy as children, are surely rare; and Mr. Canton is one of these. His book is as sweet and sound as a russet apple.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

TWO VOLUMES OF THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

Cases in the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. Edited by S. B. Gardiner.

The Nicholas Papers. Edited by G. F. Warner.

THE Star Chamber cases printed in this volume extend from Easter term 1631 to Trinity term 1632; the High Commission reports begin in October 1631 and end in June 1632. The first set of cases will not be entirely new to students of the reign of Charles I., as a series of abbreviated reports of them is printed by Rushworth (part ii., Appendix, pp. 36-47). The nature of these cases, and the manner in which the court exercised its jurisdiction, decidedly justifies the favourable opinion of the Court of Star Chamber expressed by Sir James Stephen.

"The tyrannical proceedings for political offences, which ultimately caused the abolition of the court, ought not to make us forget the great services which it rendered not only to the cause of good order, but to the law of the country. . . . It not merely exercised a control over influential noblemen and gentlemen, which put a stop to much oppression and corrupt interference with the course of justice, but supplied some of the defects of a system which practically left unpunished forgery, perjury, attempts and conspiracies to commit crimes, and many forms of fraud and force" (*History of the Criminal Law*, i. 176).

In the present volume we see the Star Chamber protecting the lead-miners of Derbyshire from the oppressions of the "Barre-master," and condemning alike the gentlemen who plotted to defame the Lord Deputy of Ireland and the mobs of peasants who concerted to destroy Vermuyden's drainage works. Among the thirty cases recorded are six of riot, five of forgery, and about as many of perjury. The court also superintended the observation of the laws relating to trade, and sentenced seven Norfolk farmers to fines and the pillory for forestalling and enhancing the price of corn. Other persons were punished for illegally coining farthing tokens, and a number of hat-band makers were sentenced to fines for selling bands of copper and base metal as gold and silver. Four cases of libel came before the court, one of which supplies a curious account of the genesis of an anti-Puritan ballad. Benjamin Martin and his man circulated a ballad against two Puritans, an abstract of which is given on p. 149. It was composed in an ale-house, set to the tune of "The Watch Currants and Tom of Bedlam," and copies were given away for a quart of wine or a pot of beer. Chief

Justice Richardson denounced it as a libel against such as went to church carefully to hear prayer and to hear sermons. Laud, for once in agreement with Richardson, characterised it as an attack on religion, and pressed for the imposition of the severest fines suggested.

The High Commission cases illustrate every branch of the jurisdiction of that court. Sir James Stephen sums up its functions under three heads—the punishment of clerical improprieties, the punishment of lay immorality, and the enforcement of ecclesiastical conformity upon all persons, whether lay or clerical. Many of the cases here reported belong to the first division. One offending husband is obliged to grant his wife a separate maintenance; another compelled to enter into a bond for better behaviour. One clergyman is deprived for simony, another for a list of offences which begins with drunkenness and ends with magic, and several for immorality. There are several cases of brawling in church caused by disputes about pews, and Laud is led thereby to express an opinion against the practice of appropriating seats at all (p. 244). Examples of the exercise of the court's powers against Nonconformists are numerous. Between twenty and thirty persons, a third of whom are women, are arrested for taking part in conventicles, and usually imprisoned for refusing to take the oath offered them. One party were seized in a wood near Newington, another at the house of a brewer's clerk in the precinct of Blackfriars. Abbot's speech at their trial shows him as determined to suppress schismatics as Laud himself (p. 310). The trials of John Vicars, a Puritan minister of Stamford, and Richard Lane, a tailor, for erroneous opinions, are also of interest in connexion with this subject.

In both divisions of the volume materials for the biographer and for the historian of society abound. There are several speeches by Laud, and one by Strafford; and the opinions expressed by the members of the two courts in giving their judgments throw much light on their personal views. Two of Clarendon's villains, Viscount Savile and Sir Richard Greenville, appear in these reports, the one for assault, the other for ill-usage of his wife. The story of the marriage of Jane Cockyn and the history of the extortions of James Casen, the fraudulent attorney, are curious illustrations of life in the seventeenth century (pp. 75, 117). The Court of High Commission seems to have exercised a jurisdiction over the dress of the clergy as well as their morals. More than one clergyman is reproved by Laud for the size of his ruffles or the length of his hair. For instance, in a suit concerning tithes, a minister was reprehended for coming into court with his great ruff, band strings, and cloak lined with velvet. Laud said—"This is a great sin, and will bring down the judgment of God upon the land if it be not mended speedily. Minister's cloaks are lined with velvet or plush, that they may be taken for noblemen's secretaries, or else for merchants' factors of the best sort" (p. 302). The censorship of the press exercised by the High Commission furnishes several interesting notices. Chief of these is the sentence on the printers of the "Wicked Bible," from which it appears that

their misdemeanours by no means ended with the omission of the "not" in the Seventh Commandment (pp. 296, 304). Another printer was fined for printing a ballad

"wherein all the histories of the Bible were scurrilously abused. Some of it was read, viz., that Jacob came to heaven gate and Adam kept the doore. Thou art a sinner, Adam said, but thou (saith Jacob) wast the causer of our woe, whereat he runs away for woe" (p. 314).

The trial of Whitaker for printing scandal about Queen Elizabeth supplies an interesting notice of the growth of the Essex legend (p. 321).

The second volume issued by the Camden Society for 1886-7 is an instalment of the correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, admirably edited by Mr. G. F. Warner. The letters contained in this portion extend from 1641 to the end of 1652, but from 1642 to 1647 they are few and unimportant. The first part of them consists principally of the letters of Sir H. Vane to Sir E. Nicholas during the king's visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1641. Of the miscellaneous papers which follow, the most valuable is the king's instruction to Sir Edward Herbert for the accusation of the five members, which shows that the addition of Lord Kimbolton to the list of persons to be impeached was entirely an afterthought (p. 62). This paper has been made use of by Dr. Gardiner in his account of the impeachment (*History of England*, x. 130); but Mr. Warner, in his note, suggests that Kimbolton's inclusion was due to the king himself, and not, as is generally supposed, to Lord Digby. The last two hundred pages consist entirely of papers written during the four years following the king's death, and form an indispensable supplement to the letters relating to the same years in the Clarendon State Papers and Carte's "Original Letters." They give a lively account of the factions and intrigues which distracted the court of the young king, the struggle between the Queen's party and the old councillors of her husband, between Hyde, Nicholas and the staunch adherents of the Church, and the freethinking politicians who urged the king to comply with the demands of Catholics or Presbyterians indifferently in order to regain his crown. Like Hyde, Nicholas held that the only hope of the king's affairs lay in a careful reconstruction of the council (pp. 289, 305).

A paper which deserves special attention is Hyde's "Advices to be Considered upon all Occasions of Treaties and Overtures," drawn up by Hyde a few days before his departure for Spain in September 1649. He recommended an agreement with the Levellers rather than the Presbyterians:

"The Levellers," he wrote, "strike at the root and foundation of the past and present miseries, the dissolution of the present government and pretended Parliament, whereas the Presbyterians only aim at the removal of the present governors and to revive the same house of peers and commons by virtue of the perpetual bill."

They are "greater enemies to arbitrary government, and consequently will by degrees be reduced to a greater reverence for the law"; they are "not so full of animosity and uncharitableness to the king's party as the Presbyterians," and "have more power and interest in the army." Hyde thought that

the king might secure their aid by an Act of Indemnity and by a promise to consent to laws for the ease of tender consciences, for the reform of the law, and for the relief of the poor (pp. 138, 147).

The Nicholas papers contain mention of Davenant, Denham, Cowley, and Robert Mead, the dramatist. We learn from them that the banishment of Hobbes from the court of Charles II. was due to Wat. Montagu and the Catholics, not to the Anglican clergy; and that Sir John Berkeley's relation of his negotiations with the army leaders, though not published till 1699, was handed round in MS. as early as 1651 (pp. 285, 293). For the biographer of the statesmen of the period there is much information. There is a brief life of himself by Nicholas, and a series of letters by Sir George Radcliffe, which complete the collection published by Whitaker in his *Life of Radcliffe*. The lives of Sir William Coventry and Sir John Berkeley in the *Dictionary of National Biography* might advantageously be supplemented by the aid of the notices given here. There is also a good deal of intelligence respecting the plots of the English royalists in 1650-51, especially concerning the origin of what was known as "the Western Association." The sufferings of the royalists at home and in exile are frequently illustrated. The father of Sir E. Nicholas writes in 1644 that his house has been three times plundered in one week. His sister-in-law, the wife of the Dean of Bristol, was reduced to sending her maid to the market to sell rosemary and bays in order to buy bread. "I am a sad man to understand that your Honour is reduced to want," writes Endymion Porter to Nicholas in January 1647; "but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity that were it not for an Irish barber that was once my servant, I might have starved for want of bread" (pp. 63, 65, 70). After the battle of Worcester even men as true to the king's cause as Hopton and Radcliffe thought of compounding and trying to save a remnant of their estates by submission to the government of the Commonwealth. Mr. Warner prints a fine letter from Ormonde to Nicholas on this subject (p. 276). In conclusion, two interesting papers deserve special notice—one, an account by Lord Hatton of the riots at Paris which began the Fronde; the second, an account of the reception of Lord Colepeper as ambassador at Moscow (pp. 99, 182).

C. H. FIRTH.

The Russian Peasantry. By Stepniak. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

THE series of books on Russia of which Stepniak is the author represents a very important branch of the work of Nihilism. They may be regarded as a new departure in that work, and as such to mark a new epoch in revolutionary propaganda. Revolutions, we are taught, are made by public opinion; and, in cases where native public opinion cannot be appealed to, owing to press laws, it seems but natural to endeavour to enlist public opinion abroad, a reflection of which is bound, sooner or later, to reach the country in which it is intended to make the revolution. The process is a laborious one; but the fact that the task is being

undertaken argues something for our modern civilisation, and for the progress of that internationalism of which so many have dreamed, and in which so few believe.

If *Russia under the Tsars* showed the English public what measure of punishment was meted out in Russia to those who ventured to think for themselves in political matters, the *Russian Storm-Cloud* warned us against the foreign policy of the Tzar, and showed us how a system of government, based on the suppression of intellectual activity at home, must necessarily lead to wars abroad. The logical conclusion is that such a government is impossible, and cannot long continue. But, lest Russophiles should urge that internal oppression and foreign conquests need not necessarily ruin a country, the present work has been produced as a final argument in proof of the rottenness of the autocratic system. How can a government endure which necessitates the continuous starvation of the people? What can be said of a country in which the peasantry are, in the midst of plenty, actually dying for want of food because the government consumes their earnings in taxes and permits them to fall a prey to the extortioner and money-lender? The only possible reply is to confute the statements made in this book. That, however, will be found rather difficult. Facts are unfortunately in favour of Stepniak. Russian agriculture is declining, and Russian manufactures are not appreciably improving; while Russia still remains an agricultural country. The population numbers about one hundred millions, of whom it is not too much to say that nearly nine-tenths are agricultural labourers or peasants. These people have to pay all the taxes, for Russia is the paradise of the middle-classes, of whom there are very few. Everything is done to make the paths of the capitalist smooth and easy. He is allowed to do as he pleases. He can get special legislation for his own benefit. Any enterprise he chooses to embark in becomes at once fostered by the state. Railways that he builds have a minimum dividend guaranteed them, any dividend in excess of that minimum goes into his pocket, and any deficiency in that dividend being made good by the state, or, in other words, by the peasant, who has to pay the piper in all cases. This is doubly hard, as the railways in the first place were built with a view to taking from the peasant as quickly and at as low a price as possible the very corn with which he pays his taxes.

The picture Stepniak draws of peasant life is vivid and dramatic. He shows us how the original intention had been to make the village commune proprietors of the soil, and how the land has gradually fallen into the hands of unscrupulous money-lenders, some of them recruited from the ranks of the peasants themselves. It is an interesting study, and instructive withal. We see how in a comparatively primitive state of society capital can be accumulated and social inequalities may arise. The rapacity and astuteness of the money-lender leads him on to fortune literally over the starved bodies of his fellow villagers. The bureaucratic system is also clearly exhibited in full operation in the villages. We are shown the officious police poking their noses into everything, and not letting their

right hand know what their left hand pockets. Officials try to introduce sanitary laws among these ignorant peasants, who prefer to sleep in the company of their pigs to being left to shiver in wholesome solitude and cold. The police sometimes insist, of a sudden, on having the village streets cleaned, and nearly drive the peasant to distraction by taking him away from his fields just at the time when his labour is most needed. The village priest is also introduced to us in his habit as he lives, and we very much fear that he will not be found an edifying spectacle. It is amusing to read of his haggling over the fees he is to get for conducting a baptismal or a funeral service; but the feelings of the peasant who has to bargain with him, probably over the corpse of his father or mother, wife or child, must be anything but jovial. Yet the peasant is religious, or, rather, he is very superstitious and very charitable.

There is one trait in his character on which Stepniak has refrained from touching, and perhaps it is ungenerous for an Englishman to insist on it too much—that is, the peasant's love of his *vodka*. *Vodka* means literally "dear little water"; and a little of it has indeed a surprising effect on him. When the Russian peasant starts drinking, he does it thoroughly, and continues until money and his credit are alike gone. He will drink for a week at a stretch; but he is not a bad fellow in his cups, and generally goes to sleep when he has had too much. When he is in this condition, he is said to be in heaven; and some of the peasantry have a superstition that in the future state they will be perpetually drunk. Drink is indeed the curse of the country; but it is the only amusement the peasant has, and his only means of forgetting the terrible realities of tax-gatherers, floggings, and the general discomfort with which he is surrounded.

Great as the destitution of the peasant is, mercilessly as he has been exploited, Stepniak makes no wild charges. He is temperate and fair in his language; nor can we help agreeing with him in his conclusions. He has made great progress since he commenced writing in English; his last book is very readable, and abounds in graphic illustrations, amusing sketches, and anecdotes. For the student of Russia the book is invaluable. It contains more information, and gives us a better insight into the economic and domestic conditions of life among the peasants and in Russia generally, than any other book we know.

E. A. BRATLEY HODGETTS.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.

Transactions of the First International Shorthand Congress, held in London from September 26 to October 10, 1887. (Pitman.)

The Bibliography of Shorthand. By John Westby-Gibson, LL.D. (Pitman.)

Ancient and Mediæval Shorthand. From Dr. J. W. Zeibig's "*Geschichte der Geschwindschreibkunst*." By N. P. Heffley. (Brooklyn, N.Y.)

A Chapter in the Early History of Phonography. By Thomas Allen Reed. With a Preface by Isaac Pitman. (Pitman.)

A Manual of Phonography. By Isaac Pitman. 570th Thousand. New Edition. (Pitman.)

Exact Phonography: a System with Connectible Stroke Vowel Signs. By George R. Bishop. (New York: The Author, at the New York Stock Exchange.)

THERE is an increasing interest in shorthand, and in shorthand literature. As stenography becomes more important as a factor in the complicated civilisation of to-day there is a corresponding curiosity as to its past history. Shorthand has added greatly to the power of work of the business men who are wise enough to use it. In the legal and other professions it is as important as in commerce; and if it has not yet had any great direct influence upon literature it has metamorphosed journalism, and, through the newspapers, has profoundly influenced politics and public life. The books in the list at the head of this notice show the varied aspects in which shorthand may be considered.

The International Shorthand Congress held last year was an interesting gathering; and, if it did not realise all the hopes of its sanguine promoters, it has, at all events, added a notable volume of five hundred pages to the literature of shorthand. The papers read at the congress range from physiology to bibliography. Indeed, one of the best is that by Dr. Gowers on the "*Physiology of Shorthand Writing*." There is an ample collection of information as to stenography in foreign countries. There are interminable discussions of first principles, and equally interminable discussions as to how they should be applied. Phonography and phonetics came in for a due share of honour. Mr. Isaac Pitman was naturally the central figure, and those who know the unaffected modesty of his character will be glad to see the warmth of the appreciation with which he was received. The importance of the congress is fittingly represented by this handsome volume, which must have a place in every stenographic library.

Dr. Westby-Gibson's *Bibliography* is an excellent piece of solid and substantial work. His aim has been to cover the English (including, of course, America and the Colonies) literature, while a less complete treatment is allowed to suffice for classical and foreign stenography. Some few errata and omissions we have noted. Thus the passage in Aulus Gellius referred to at p. 71 has really no bearing upon stenography. Dr. Crompton's little treatise on shorthand in medical case-noting—the second work printed in phonotype—is omitted. But imperfections are so few, and the excellences so many, that it seems almost ungracious to hint at their existence. Dr. Westby-Gibson is industrious and accurate, and has an unrivalled familiarity with shorthand literature old and new.

Dr. Zeibig's *Geschichte der Geschwindschreibkunst* is the most extensive and the most satisfactory attempt to deal with the history of stenography in a scientific spirit. Mr. Heffley has given a careful translation of the important sections dealing with classical and mediæval tachygraphy. There are some oddities of spelling in it, but these do not impair the value of the text. It is by no means certain that the last word has yet been

spoken on the archaeology of stenography, and more material will yet be made available. Thus, when Dr. Zeibig wrote he had not examined the ancient tachygraphical MSS. in the British Museum.

If at one end we have the Tironian notes, at the other there is phonography, which has now celebrated its jubilee, and with phonotypy has a literature unequalled by any rival stenography for extent and richness. The new edition of the manual has been thoroughly revised, and Mr. Pitman has had the benefit of suggestions from a thousand expert writers of the system. If there is wisdom in multitude of counsellors, the jubilee edition of phonography ought to be an unrivalled success. Mr. Thomas Allen Reed writes pleasantly of the early history of phonography; and his narrative shows that it secured enthusiastic advocates among its earliest disciples, who preached with apostolic fervour that there is only one shorthand—phonography—and Isaac Pitman is its prophet. In later years there have arisen those who thought they could improve upon its methods; and, in the absence of a copyright law, some modifications not approved by the inventor have been brought about in the United States. This does not apply to Mr. G. R. Bishop's *Exact Phonography*, which is a thoughtful and laudable attempt to obviate a disadvantage common to all mathematical shorthands, and from which Pitman's phonography is not exempt—the disadvantage arising from the circumstance that the vowels do not form an integral portion of the outline of a word, but are added afterwards. This is perhaps not a serious practical difficulty, as in some quick writing the vowels are often omitted either altogether or very nearly; but there can be no doubt that it would be more truly scientific to have each sound recorded, and that in the order in which it occurs. This is what Mr. Bishop has tried to do by the use of consonantal characters, to which a vowel indicator is prefixed. The system strikes us as too cumbersome and uncertain; but it would be well to have the system tried, for in stenography, perhaps, more than in any other art, *experientia docet*.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

NEW NOVELS.

With the Immortals. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Elect Lady. By George Macdonald. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

John Ward, Preacher. By Margaret Deland. (Longmans.)

The Child of Stafferton. By W. J. Knox Little. (Chapman & Hall.)

Ninette: an Idyll of Provence. By the Author of "Vera." (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Hen. Mrs. Forester. By the Author of "Molly Bawn." In 2 vols. (White.)

Out of Work. By John Law. (Sonnen-schein.)

Helen the Novelist. By J. W. Sherer. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

"MRS. CRAWFORD" (as we observe that reviewers continue to call him with a touch-

ing persistency, though any educated person might know "Marion" as an American surname) has shown a certain strong inclination towards supernatural or extra-natural subjects ever since the days of *Mr. Isaacs*; but he has never been quite so ambitious as in *With the Immortals*. A rich Englishman, who leads about a sister, a wife, and a mother-in-law with the odd name of Lady Brenda (intended by Mr. Crawford, perhaps with a humorous reminiscence of the Marion puzzle, not as a Christian name, but as a title), has settled himself in a palace of delight at Sorrento; and, being a scientific person, he proceeds to play games in terrestrial magnetism on the great scale, which first nearly blow up him and his *smals* of ladies, and then have the more pleasing, but by no means explained or explicable, result of materialising the spirits of Caesar, Heine, Dr. Johnson, Francis I., Bayard, Chopin, and Lionardo, who happen to be fooling around the Isles of the Sirens. After many conversations with all or sundry of these persons—if persons they may be called—the *scènes*, or series of *scènes*, ends with a further materialisation of the Sirens themselves, which is effected with some verse and much prose poetry. If there has been an air of not taking Mr. Crawford seriously in this short abstract we apologise for that air, and withdraw it. But certainly his attempt is what parodists of one of his characters would or might term a "temerarious periclitation." A friend of ours says that the best of many justifications which he knows for the general ascription of literary primacy to Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare is that these three only have made ghosts and dead men talk worthily; and we cannot exactly say that Mr. Crawford has here put in a claim to be ranked with them in this respect. The conception of the book, however, is of a kind always pleasing to the human mind, and the conversations of the distinguished company (which truth compels us to say are not very exciting) are set in such a pretty frame of description as sometimes to draw iron smiles round the critic's mouth. But Mr. Crawford is hard on the Sirens. Who shall say that it was not better to be caressed and drowned (or, according to some, eaten) by them than to go on beating the same gray sea with the same eternal oars? And he should not spell "Gwendolen" "Gwendoline," which spoils a very pretty name.

"As perfect a Pharisee as ever darkened the earth of God" is, if we mistake not, a phrase of Charles Kingsley's, and (here we certainly do not mistake) a good one. It is always well exemplified to our minds by Dr. George Macdonald's pious, undogmatic, peasant heroes, who show with a fulness of conviction otherwise unexampled that the very worst qualities of orthodoxy can be produced without orthodoxy having anything to do with the matter. Andrew Ingram, the peasant hero of *The Elect Lady*, is, we think, the farthest and completest excursion of the author, and a very detestable person he is. But, the "elect lady" (if she be she, and not a kind of pious female "idiot," as her future husband Andrew very justly calls her, yclept "Dawtie" for love, but not for euphony) is good. Alexa Fordyce is daughter of a miser laird, beloved, or at least courted, by a snob, and left to wear the

willow by Andrew, at whose head she has obligingly flung herself. As for the meditations, parabases, and so forth, with which Dr. Macdonald has made out his book, they are as usual, only rather more so. After saying this, it will be perhaps superfluous to add that nobody who has been previously annoyed by one of the very cleverest and—with hardly an exception, or one exception only—the most perverse of living novelists, should take up this book. Those who can almost or quite forgive Dr. Macdonald's mannerisms and affectations and sermonisings for the sake of his talents (and we are of them) may read *The Elect Lady* quite safely, for they are certain to be amused where they are not pleased, and pleased where they are not amused.

Miss Margaret Deland has chosen for her book (which, by the way, would have been much better had it been half the length) the tolerably familiar subject of a division caused between two persons who love each other by difference of religious belief. A grudging critic might question the use of this motive on two grounds: first, that the more religion is kept out of novels the better for both; and, secondly, that the situation falls perilously near, if not quite into, that well-known category of dull hopelessness which is beyond the reach of art. We are not, however, disposed to go as far as this, and we think the thing may be treated; but, if so, it must be treated otherwise than Miss Deland has treated it. She has described the half, or more than half, insane Calvinism of John Ward well enough; but, in order to secure the reader's sympathy, if that reader be critical, there was necessary on the other side either a faith as fervent as the poor creature's own, and more rational, or else a complete indifference to religion. But Helen Ward has neither. "The form of belief" she thinks "is of little consequence." Then, why not take her husband's? She has an exquisite reason. "She would not sign a creed to-day that she had written herself, because one lives progressively in religion as in everything else." For this kind of feminine prig one can have no sympathy, or at least we can have none. The minor characters are not unamusingly drawn, though they overweight the story; and Dr. Howe, the latitudinarian rector, is good in his way.

The Child of Stafferton, though probably not written with that intent, is a kind of apology to those who saw in *The Broken Vow* rather too close a following of Mr. Short-house; for, though, in a way, a continuation, it is an entirely different kind of story. The unwearied caviller will, of course, declare that, if there is less mysticism, there is more controversy than he likes. It must be admitted that the great Canterbury v. Rome question comes in not a little. There is, however, a very fair allowance of ordinary novel interest, in conducting which Canon Knox Little shows, for an amateur, a fair proficiency. He has, we think, invented a new and much better gesture than the time-honoured clenching your hands till the nails go into the flesh, which is obtrusive, and leaves awkwardly visible results. You put the heel of your right boot on your left toe and "hurt yourself into steadiness of nerve." That is

good, and we note it for use. It is not so good that he should say "the Roman Church possesses some of the best and some of the worst preachers in the world." It is not alone among churches in that respect.

A whole school of Provençal fictions has been growing up of late in France, producing some of not the worst recent work of French novelists. But the author of *Vera* does not appear to have drawn on anything but her own experience in *Ninette*; and she has produced a graceful enough sketch, in the English taste, but with quite correct and genuine local colour. Besides the "idyllic" part, there is a really capital study of something far removed from the general acceptance of idylls—the study of the character of Pierre Sube, usurer, active politician, enemy of clericalism, and example generally of those forms of demagoguery on a small scale which have for so many years cankered the life of France to such an extent that some not very pessimist lookers-on doubt whether the evil is remediable. The moral, however, is not unduly poked out through the story, though it is clear enough.

It is not very often that we take two novels together and review them by comparison and contrast; but the temptation to do this in the case of the *Hon. Mrs. Verker* and *Out of Work* is irresistible. The two authors, indeed, are not on a level, for the author of *Molly Bawn* is a very old hand at novels and not seldom a very skilful and amusing one, while Mr. Law, if not an absolute novice (for there is an "author of" on his title-page), is certainly not an old hand. Also the books are very different in subject, as their titles are almost sufficient to tell; but they are both, in curiously different matter, treated in the most different ways, examples of that deadly convention which is fatal to art. The ill-treated wife in the highest or reasonably high circles, on the one hand, and the proletarian, who is the excuse for Mr. Law's talk about "the people" being "tired of being hungry," and Prince Bismarck's declarations (Mr. Law should quote exact words) about men having "a right to demand" work, and his bottled-Dickens description of a suicide, and so forth on the other, have both the same drawback—that they are not real, that they are copied back from fancy sketches of life, not studied from life direct. Nevertheless, there is some truth in *Out of Work* and some fun in *The Hon. Mrs. Verker*, and so the philosopher does not grumble more than he need over either.

"Bottles and cigar-cases are bad implements of culture even for an amiable or easy disposition." Thus says Helen the novelist; and her proposition, as Mr. Carlyle once observed of the propositions of another novelist, we content ourselves with modestly but firmly denying. Nor would this be the only proposition of *Helen the Novelist* which would meet with a similar fate at our hands. Another, made not by the heroine but by the author, is that Shepherd's Bush can be represented in the French tongue by "Les Buissons à Pasteur." Otherwise Mr. Sherer has written a book which has some liveliness and is readable enough.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME FOREIGN BOOKS.

Les Voyages de Balthazar de Monconys: Documents pour l'Histoire de la Science, avec une Introduction par M. Charles Henry. (Paris: A. Hermann.) We heartily welcome a reprint of the scientific portions of the travels of Monconys, edited by M. Henry. Monconys visited Spain in 1628, Portugal, Provence, and Italy in 1645-6, Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople in 1647-8, and England, Holland, Germany, and Italy in 1663-4. On these expeditions he made the acquaintance of the leading men of science of his day, and he tells us not a few curious and valuable facts as to their collections and experiments. The first edition of the *Travels* was published in 3 vols. quarto at Lyons, 1665-6; a second edition also in 3 vols. quarto at Paris in 1677; a third in 6 vols. duodecimo at Paris in 1695, and a German translation at Leipzig two years later. Since the latter date we believe there has been no further publication till the present. The first Paris edition of the *Travels* seems to have escaped M. Henry's notice. Strange that so characteristic a Frenchman as Monconys, who directed "toutes ses pensées à la belle Physique et aux Mathématiques," should have found no place in M. Marie's *Histoire des Sciences mathématiques et physiques*! It is, indeed, for the history of science that Monconys is peculiarly instructive. He knew Gassendi, Pascal, Petit, and Roberval. He had talked with Torricelli, Viviani, Oldenburg, Boyle, and Wren. He was present at early meetings of the Royal Society, and at the *assemblées savantes* of M. de Montmor, whence sprung the Académie des Sciences. He tells us of hygrometers, thermometers, microscopes, and Prince Rupert's drops, of the progress of Galilei's teaching; but at the same time, in all seriousness, he describes his interview with Magdelaine de La Palud, a lady of property, who at one time had been possessed by no less than 6780 devils, owing to the magic of a certain priest Gaufridy, who had given her the devils in an *agnus*, when, at the age of six and a half years, she had gone to him for confession. Indeed, all forms of witchcraft and the cognate arts of alchemy and card-playing had a strong attraction for Monconys, as for all the scientists of the day; and it is the very fact that these *Travels* turn from a consideration of Galilei's *Dialogi* to narrate a card trick, or to interview a demoniac, that renders them so valuable a characteristic of an age of transition. It is with a feeling of intense joy in human progress that we witness in a diary like the present the old heavy clouds of superstition clearing away, and the moral horizon clearing at the same time as the intellectual; the ideas of Galilei and the philosophy of Averroes replacing a theological cosmogony and theological morality.

"Il me dit son opinion du * qu'il croyait vne estoille fixe, la necessité de toutes choses, la nullité du mal, la participation de l'ame universelle, la conservation de toutes choses."

Not the least interesting part of the volume is the visit to England in 1663. Here Monconys interviews Hobbes,

"fameux par la Philosophie qu'il a fait imprimer et par quantité d'autres livres. . . . Il me dit l'averion que tous les gens d'Eglise tant Catholiques que Protestans auient pour lay, à cause de son livre de *Civitas*."

Hobbes gave Monconys a theory of Prince Rupert's drops, which, however, Monconys did not consider satisfactory. Then we have an account of a meeting of the "Académie de Gressin," which meets "tous les mercredis pour faire vne infinité d'expériences." We extract the following few lines:

"Le President, qui est tousiours vne personne de condition, est assis contre vne grande table quarrée, et le secretaire à vn autre costé. Tous les

Academistes sont sur les bancs qu'il y a autour de la sale. Le President estoit Milord Brunker, et le Secretaire, M. Oldembourg. Le President a vn petit maillet de bois à la main, dont il frappe sur la table, pour faire taire ceux qui veulent parler, lorsqu'un autre parle; ainsi il n'y a ny confusion ny orlerie."

The subjects discussed were a curious mixture of fact and fancy, but both are alike of historical value: for example, that venomous snakes will not live in Ireland; that insects are not generated by corruption, but are brought by the air to decaying matter; that it is better to carry the eggs of certain fish, than the fish themselves, in order to stock water where they are not, &c. On another evening it is the royal patent constituting the Royal Society which is the subject of consideration. But the sidelights thrown on English life of the time are not confined to the Royal Society meetings. We hear of Mrs. Cromwell's medicine chest, which had no less than eighty drawers, and we long to know what influence it had on the domestic happiness of the great Protector; we have visits to Stratford-le-bow and to "le petit Ohelée" to see Boyle, to Christ Church, Oxford, with an account of the dons, and a sermon at St. Mary's, together with sovereign remedies of English doctors for epilepsy and calculus. To the original we must, however, refer the curious reader, who cannot fail to be interested in the writer's two months' visit to England in May and June, 1663. The travels to the Netherlands, Germany, and Italy, are scarcely so entertaining as that to England, but they will nevertheless repay perusal. There is an interview with Otoh (*sic*, elsewhere Hoto!) Gerike, and a description of his apparatus for demonstrating the pressure of the atmosphere; while among other things to be looked up, there is a reference to an Adam and Eve in wood by Albrecht Dürer, which in those days was at Munich. Has this disappeared or only been re-christened?

"Two SMALL DANTE STUDIES" is the title of an article by Franz Delitzsch in the *Zeitschrift für kirchliche Wissenschaft* for 1888. Heft 1. Twice in his life the veteran Hebraist was drawn into minute researches connected with Dante, and he here lays before us his results. The same unwearied industry which we find in all Delitzsch's work (*e.g.*, not long ago in his *Fortgesetzte Studien* on the Biblical text of the Complutensian Polyglot) is conspicuous in this volunteer work in a partly new field. Thus, to understand an obscure sonnet ascribed (but with a protest from Paur, Carducci, and Scheffer-Boichorst) to Gino di Pistoia, Delitzsch sought the co-operation of four Dante students, and adds that he has since 1873 amassed much that bears on the interpretation of this little-known sonnet, which is as follows:

Messer Boson, lo vostro Manello
Seguitando l'error de la sua legge
Passato è nell' inferno, e prova quello
Martir ch'è dato a chi non si corregge.

Non è con tutta la comune gregge,
Ma con Dante si stà sotto 'l cappello,
Del qual, come nel suo libro si legge,
Vide coperto Alessi Internello.

Tra lor non è solasso, ma corrucio,
Del qual fu fireno Alessi come un orso
E raggia là dove vide Castrucio.

E Dante dice: quel da tiro morso
Ci mostrò Manello 'n breve sonucio
De l'uom ch'inesta 'l pensio nel torso.

For Delitzsch's interpretation we must refer to his article, remarking that incidentally the veteran Hebraist throws a bright light on the Hebrew, or corruptions of Hebrew, words and phrases in the *Divina Commedia*, which he traces to Dante's well-ascertained intercourse with the Jew Manocello (Immanuel ben Salomo Romi). To those Italians who regard their

Dante as a second Bible we commend Delitzsch's explanation of the famous greyhound in the first canto of the *Inferno*.

The versatility of the same eminent scholar is illustrated by his last publication, *Iris—Farbenstudien und Blumenstücke*. (Leipzig: Dörffling & Franke.) Those who can appreciate the union of severe scholarly accuracy and poetic sensibility will give a welcome to this little collection of popular lectures and essays on subjects more or less directly connected with colour and with flowers. The style may be often that of "Plauderei"; and the abundance of literary and historical illustration may be sometimes in excess of what the occasion required. The ideas, too, may often appear to practical men somewhat remote from real life, and to justify the charge long since brought against the author of a "high-flown sentimentality." But for all that the book is a thoroughly sincere expression of character, and it is well that some great scholars should present this intermixture of masculine and feminine elements. There is much pleasure and profit to be got from the book if read in the right mood. Two of the essays—"The Bible and Wine," and "The Relation of Dancing and Pentateuch Criticism"—have already appeared in an English dress. We allow ourselves one question to the author—Was Veile Oberländer in Kompert's novel really the "grandmother" of Dorothea's "master"?

Lettere inedite di Antonio Canova al Cardinale Ercole Consalvi. Pubblicata da Alessandro Ferrajoli. The Marchese Alessandro Ferrajoli has published lately, but only for private circulation, some unedited letters written by Canova to Cardinal Consalvi in 1815, when he was in Paris as the representative of the papal government, for the recovery of the statues, pictures, and MSS. which the French had carried away from Rome. These letters contain many curious particulars regarding that event, which is otherwise well known. While they bear witness to the anxious zeal and energy which the great artist exhibited in recovering for his country her artistic and literary treasures, they also give honourable testimony of the large share which England had in the transaction. "Perhaps more than from any other quarter," writes Canova in his first letter from Paris, "we must hope in the favour of the English, who generously, and without any self-interest, defend the rights of the arts and of Rome." Later facts showed that Canova had guessed aright in this matter, from the first moment of his arrival in Paris.

Theodor Althaus. Ein Lebensbild. Von Friedrich Althaus. (Bonn: Emil Strauss.) In this work a noble monument is raised, by a brother, to one of the men who in 1848-49 took part in the great popular struggles for German freedom and union. Theodor Althaus, who died in 1852 at the early age of thirty, was by nature highly gifted—a scholar, politician, and public writer, of profound philosophical culture and considerable poetical talent. The penalty of his patriotic views he also paid by imprisonment. Though not one of the leaders, we see him, in this interesting record, in connexion with many prominent men. As an historical contribution to the knowledge of a time of storm and stress, in which lofty aspirations were pursued with deepest passion, and during which countless martyrs suffered and bled, the work is of undoubted value.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, keeper of the MSS., has been appointed to the principal librarianship of the British Museum, vacant by

the resignation of Mr. E. A. Bond. It is understood that the second name submitted to the Queen by the principal trustees was that of Mr. Sidney Colvin, keeper of the print room. The present assistant-keeper of the MSS. is Mr. E. J. L. Scott.

THE members of the Incorporated Society of Authors will dine together on Wednesday next, July 25, at the Criterion Restaurant, at 7.30 p.m. Prof. James Bryce will be in the chair.

THE Loan Museum in the Twickenham Town Hall organised by the Pope Commemoration Committee offers every prospect of success. Many books, autographs, portraits, and pictures are now coming in. The catalogue will be compiled by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. J. Elliot Hodgkin, and Mr. R. F. Sketchley. Mr. H. M. Cundall has undertaken the general arrangement of the objects. The honorary secretary of the committee is Mr. H. R. Tedder, librarian of the Athenaeum Club.

AMONG the promotions and nominations in the Legion of Honour, on the occasion of the national fête on July 14, are the following: commander, M. Alexandre Dumas; officer, M. Sully-Prudhomme; chevaliers, M. Emile Zola and M. Louis Leger. It is noteworthy, as compared with an English "birthday gazette," that the name of no general, admiral, or civil servant appears on the list. All are connected with literature, art, science, education, or travel.

UNDER the title, *Leaves from an Egyptian Note-Book*, Canon Isaac Taylor is reprinting, with additions, his letters from Egypt which originally appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*. The book is mainly a record of conversations with Mohammedans on politics, morals, and religion. The publishers are Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

MR. J. R. LOWELL's new volume of *Political Essays* will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan next week.

THE next volume in the "Badminton Library," to be published in the autumn, will be *Driving*, written in the main by the editor of the series, the Duke of Beaufort, the president of both the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Clubs. There will also be contributions by Lord Algernon St. Maur, Mr. A. E. T. Watson (the assistant editor of the series), Colonel H. S. Bailey, Major Dixon, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Arthur Somerset, Sir Christopher Teesdale, and Lady Georgiana Curzon. The illustrations will be from drawings by Mr. J. Sturges and Mr. G. D. Giles, and from instantaneous photographs.

MR. JAMES SHARMAN is engaged on a book entitled *Mary Queen of Scots' Library*. It will give a list, with bibliographical notes, of the books which the queen possessed and studied constantly. An introduction on the preservation of the list and its interest for bibliographers and historians will precede the catalogue. The work will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE fourth volume of the new edition of Mr. Browning's poems, to be published at the end of this month, will contain "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" "Colombe's Birthday," and "Men and Women."

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce as in preparation a *School History of English Literature*, written by Mr. E. MacWilliam, inspector to the London School Board. It will be in four parts, published separately: (1) From the earliest times to the age of Chaucer; (2) from the revival of learning to the revolution; (3) the eighteenth century; (4) the nineteenth century.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNIGER will issue next week a romance of the Stock Exchange, entitled *A Shadowy Partner*; or, the Devil among the Stockbrokers, by A. Barczinsky.

THE third number of Mr. W. Andrews's *Modern North Country Poets*, to be published on July 27, will include biographical notices of Mr. Samuel Waddington, and Mr. James Ashcroft Noble.

DURING next week, from Monday to Thursday, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a collection of books and MSS. brought together from different libraries, which offers many allurements to the bibliophile. Scattered through the catalogue there may be found, on the one hand, antique rarities—such as a very fine vellum copy of the Nuremberg Chronicle, Wynkyn de Worde's *Chronycle of Englonde* (of which only four other copies are said to be known), the Great or Cromwell's Bible, several editions of both the Bishops' and the Breeches Bible, the *Elzevir De Imitatione*, and a Sternhold and Hopkins in a needlework binding embroidered by the sisters of Little Gidding; and, on the other hand, books of the present century which are scarcely less sought after—Shelley's *Laon and Cythna* and Keats's *Endymion*, a Tennyson of 1833, besides the suppressed edition of 1862, the forged letters of Shelley with essay by Browning, Swinburne's *Theophile Gautier* and his still rarer *Sienna*. It is also instructive to learn that some of our youngest writers (who shall remain nameless here) are now being collected in first editions, "uncut" or bound in morocco. Who of us may not discover that he has been entertaining an angel unawares?

THE new catalogue of Gray's Inn Library, just privately printed by the benchers, is worthy of the reputation of its compiler, Mr. W. R. Douthwaite, the librarian.

THE latest additions to Messrs. Macmillan's series of two shilling novels are three by Mr. Henry James—*Roderick Hudson*, and two collections of tales that take their titles from *The Madonna of the Future* and *Daisy Miller*. Of these we observe that the last is the most popular, having passed through five editions since its first appearance in 1879.

IN consequence of a law passed at the last session of the Sobranje appropriating 60,000 francs for literary and scientific works, the Bulgarian government has drawn up regulations for the study of literature and history. It is proposed to give a reward to all persons who bring to light ancient MSS. or literary documents of value, as well as those who send copies of popular songs, proverbs, riddles, &c., hitherto unpublished, or descriptions of usages and customs. These will be published in a collection edited by the minister of public instruction. Assistance will also be granted to the publication of literary and scientific works in Bulgarian, and of works written in foreign languages if intimately relating to the history and literature of the country. Another regulation provides that all antique objects discovered in Bulgaria belong to the state. It is forbidden to make excavations and searches for antiquities without official permission, on pain of confiscation of all objects found. There is the same penalty for attempting to export antiquities without permission. If, however, antiquities are discovered accidentally, or after due permission obtained, their value is estimated; one-third is given to the finder, and one-third to the owner of the land on which they are found.

Correction.—In the Hon. Roden Noel's article on *Victor Hugo* in the last number of the ACADEMY, p. 17, col. 2, line 44, for "play" read "playwrights"; and p. 18, col. 1, line 20, for "was gone" read "had died."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. GLADSTONE'S famous article, "Colonel Ingersoll on Christianity," which first appeared in the *North American Review*, will be republished, by the writer's permission, in the August number of the *Congregational Review*.

THE August number of the *Antiquary* will open with an article by Mr. George H. Powell, entitled "A Priest-Poet of the Fourteenth Century," in which he gives an account of Juan Ruiz, "the first Spanish Poet," with some specimens and translations. The Rev. Dr. Henry Hayman will follow with a paper on "Some Points of Roman Archaeology," in which he discusses the question of the true site of the temple of Venus and Roma, examining the conclusions of the late Mr. Parker. The history of the Isle of Wight will be treated by Miss Linda Gardiner in the same number; and the papers of Mr. J. Theodore Bent on "Dallam's Mission," and of the Rev. J. H. Thomas on the "Parish Registers of the Uxbridge Deanery" will be concluded.

THE *Century* for August will include "Lincoln Cathedral," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell; "My Meeting with the Political Exiles," by Mr. George Kennan; "The Trappists of Kentucky," by Mr. James Lane Allen; "Sideral Astronomy, Old and New," by Mr. E. S. Holden.

THE August number of *Time* will contain "Emigration," by Walter Boldero Paton; "The Art of Travel," by Viscount Lymington; "Methody Jim": a Poem, by Blanche Mary Channing, together with articles on "The Ethical Movement in America," "Penny Dreadfuls," and a story by W. B. Churchward, author of "My Consulate in Samoa."

St. *Nicholas* for August will contain "The Story of the Sea-Serpent," by Mr. E. J. Stevenson; "Children and Authors," by Mr. W. H. Rideing; "A Roman Man-o'-War's Man, A.D. 121," by Mr. E. Brooks; and "The Bell Buoy's Story," by Mr. L. G. Morse.

"LEAVES from a Chief Constable's Note-Book" is the title of a series of true stories written by Mr. William Henderson, Chief Constable of Edinburgh, about to be commenced in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. The first story will appear on July 25, under the title of "How I tracked the Silk Stealers."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. F. Y. EDGEWORTH has been appointed professor of political economy at King's College, London, not in the room of the late Leone Levi, but as the successor of Jones and Senior in a chair which has been vacant since their time.

MR. R. A. M. STEVENSON has been elected to the Roscoe professorship of University College, Liverpool, vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. M. Conway.

DR. G. VIGFUSSEN has started on a visit to the Orkney Islands, with the object of making some researches into the history of the Old Norse settlements which may be traced there.

THE *Inquirer* for July 14 prints, as a supplement, a revised report of the debate at the annual meeting of the trustees of Manchester Jew College, when it was resolved, by a majority of 42 to 36, to transfer the college from London to Oxford, despite the opposition of Dr. James Martineau. Manchester New College was founded at Manchester in 1786, moved to York in 1803, back to Manchester in 1840, and finally to London in 1863. Its fundamental principle is that of "freely imparting theological knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular theological

doctrines." Most of its subscribers are connected with Unitarian or Free Christian Churches. Dr. James Drummond is the principal; and the professors are J. Estlin Carpenter and C. Barnes Upton.

FROM the same source we learn that Dr. Vance Smith has resigned the principalship of the Carmarthen College, which he has held for twelve years; and that he is succeeded by Mr. Walter J. Evans—the first layman who has been placed at the head of such a college—in Wales at least. The Carmarthen College, formerly known as the Presbyterian Academy, South Wales, is under the management of the Presbyterian Board, who also administer the Dr. Williams trust. It was originally founded in 1662, by the Rev. Samuel Jones, on being deprived of his living by the Act of Uniformity. Like Manchester New College, it gives instruction in theology without imposing any kind of doctrinal test.

THE third number in the series of monographs on "Political Economy and Public Law," edited by Prof. E. J. James, and published by the University of Pennsylvania, will treat of ground rents in Philadelphia—that device by which the acquisition of real estate has been made so easy to people of moderate means that Philadelphia has become known as the "City of Homes," having more separate dwelling houses in proportion to its population than any other great city of the world.

TRANSLATIONS.

(From the French of Nicolas Martin.)*

I. AN EPITAPH.

A poet simply, and unknown;
Yet if, among my humble make,
There be one verse, one line alone
E'er said by lips for Love's sweet sake,
Under the green sod where I repose
Perfumes will come to me from the rose.

II. A LOVE SONG.

How fares the humble weary flower, say you,
Without the dew?
The horizon far, or the sea-waves dun,
Without the sun?
Or the gloomy night and its cloudy bars,
Without the stars?
Or the nightingale—poet, whose sweet notes ring—
Without the Spring?
Or the soul that yields 'neath suffering laid,
Without Hope's aid?
Or my dreams by night, and my songs by day,
Without Love's sway?

III. MAY.

Who knocks at my window, and calls me at day-break?
Oh! The clear golden ray that shines straight on my pane!
Nor am I mistaken: for there, it knocks again.
Can you guess who thus knocks? 'Tis the swallow's small beak.
If I opened my casement, my room it might seek!
Yet, lest I should fright it, I'll draw close the curtain.
But what this sweet odour refreshing my brain?
'Tis the perfume exhaled from that rose frail and weak.
I hold my breath and wait: yet vainly do I stay.
What palace, sweet bird, equals this bright sun to thee?
My door opens: "Dearest and best-loved of thy kind,
Three messengers of love have heralded thy way,
Have sung low and softly of thy coming unto me—
The sun and the swallow and the balm-burdened wind."

T. K. DEALY.

* For appreciative accounts of this now rarely read, though remarkable poet, see *Les Poètes Français*, by Crépet, vol. iv., p. 509; also, *Histoire de la Litt. Fr.*, by Godefroy, vol. x., p. 456.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for July contains an article on the idea of priesthood (from the point of view of a Presbyterian Churchman), by Prof. Milligan; notes on the Greek of the Acts of the Apostles, by Mr. Rendall; a continuation of M. Godet's papers on St. Paul's (thirteen) epistles, of which a general review is here taken. St. Paul is presented to us as prophet, dialectician, pastor, apostle, with a due sense of his authority, consummate teacher, farseeing organiser, tender-hearted, and brotherly friend. The four groups of epistles answer to the successive requirements of the Apostolic Church. Prof. Sayce discourses in his usual bright style of the white race of Ancient Palestine. "If there is still a white race in Palestine," he says, "it is because there was a white race there before the days of the Exodus. The united testimony of the Old Testament and the Egyptian monuments shows that this race was known by the name of Amorite." We doubt if there are many cromlechs in Western Palestine, and many of the critical suggestions seem very fanciful. Still, even if the evidence be slighter than is represented, the hypothesis remains a plausible one. Archdeacon Farrar defends his view of the relation between 2 Peter and Josephus against some sharp criticisms by Dr. Salmon. Prof. W. H. Bennett gives an eloquent and thoughtful popular essay on ancient and modern prophets.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for July contains a review of Bishop Temple's Bampton Lectures and Drummond's *Natural Law* from the point of view of advanced theism, by Slotemaker, and a highly appreciative notice of *Old Latin Biblical Texts*, No. 2 (by Wordsworth, Sanday, and White), by Van Manen; also articles on the conception of duty and the consciousness of God, and recent works on Ignatian criticism, by Hugenholtz and Van Loon respectively. Chavannes criticises the *Life of Coquerel* by Stroehlin as an insufficiently digested mass of biographic material.

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF GEORGIA.

I HAVE thought that some readers of the ACADEMY might take an interest in the present state of the language and literature of Georgia, about which but little is known in this country. In fact, with the exception of the Rev. S. O. Malan, who has translated some works on the Georgian Church, no Englishman till the present writer has busied himself with it.

The position of Georgian among the families of languages has not been definitely fixed. We see that it is agglutinative and has as its congeners the Mingrelian, Suanian, and Laxian languages or dialects. The two last are probably dialects; Mingrelian, although its roots are identical with Georgian, diverges considerably. As Mingrelian has no written literature, materials for the study of it were not forthcoming, except in the case of those who visited the country, till the *Mingrelian Studies* of Prof. Tagarelli, published in Russian in 1880, containing folk-tales collected among them, with philological notes. Perhaps a good generic name for these languages would be the "Iberian" family. In its structure, Georgian greatly resembles Basque, especially in the formation of the verb, which incorporates pronominal prefixes and suffixes; but their vocabularies have nothing in common. According to tables, published in the valuable work of R. Von Erckert—a German officer lately in the Russian service (*Der Kaukasus und seine Völker*, Leipzig, 1887)—the number of people speaking these "Iberian" dialects is 1,100,000. To the work here cited is added an excellent ethnological map.

The Georgian or Karthweli language—to employ the name by which the natives style themselves—is the only one of the family which can boast a literature; but this, covering as it does a period of a thousand years, is both ancient and extensive. Its headquarters are to be found in the delightful city of Tiflis, situated in the midst of the most striking scenery of the Caucasus. The MSS. begin with early versions of portions of the Scriptures—for example, the Book of Psalms—in the eighth century; and there is a complete translation of the Bible of the tenth century, which is preserved in the "Iberian" monastery on Mount Athos. The ecclesiastical literature is very rich, and will be found enumerated in the work of Prof. Tsagarelli, of St. Petersburg, *An Account of the Monuments of Georgian Literature* (in Russian), of which the first part only has appeared.

Among the secular works of special interest I may cite the romantic poem, "The Man in the Panther's Skin" (*Vepkhistqaosani*), composed by Shota Rostaveli, who lived in the twelfth century, in the days of Queen Tamara, at which time the power of Georgia was at its height. Of this production a handsome edition has appeared this year at Tiflis, with many illustrations. A translation is promised by Herr Leist, a German residing in that city, and already favourably known by his translations of some modern Georgian lyrical poets (*Georgische Dichter*, Leipzig, 1887). Besides the work of Rostaveli, so interesting as an early monument of the language, there is the Rostomiani, a translation of part of the Shah-Naméh, and a version of the Anwar-i-Suhaili, partly made by Sulikhan Orbeliani and partly by King Vakhtang VI. Of this last book an edition appeared at Tiflis in 1886. Sulikhan Orbeliani also wrote a book of stories, very popular among the Georgians, entitled "The Wisdom of Fiction" (*Sibrdane-Siterula*), of which a Russian translation has appeared by Prof. Tsagarelli. He was also the author of the first Georgian dictionary, entitled "The Garland of Words" (*Sikvrisi Kona*), which was published at Tiflis in 1884. It was used by Chubinov in the compilation of his Georgian-Russian Dictionary. Besides these there is the prose romance *Vieramiani*, of the twelfth century, by Sargis Tsogvel. The productions of the Georgian poets show oriental, especially Persian, influences.

In the year 1879 was founded at Tiflis a "Society for the Spread of Education among the Georgians in their own Language." During my recent stay in that city I was allowed to examine the library belonging to it, which consists of many valuable MSS. besides printed works. The press, however, was only introduced among the Karthweli at the beginning of last century. The nineteenth has seen a revival of Georgian literature, owing, in a great measure, to the tranquillity which the country has enjoyed. It is now free from the terrors of an invasion by its Musulman neighbours, from which it so often suffered in old days—one of the worst being that in which it was devastated by the Persians at the close of the last century. The condition of the Lazis under Turkish rule was deplorable, and through persecution many embraced the faith of Islam. Some interesting details of them will be found in the *Archæological Tour in Guria and Adchara*, by Demetrius Bakradze (in Russian).

Among modern poets may be mentioned Gregory Orbeliani; Alexander Tchavtchavadze, whose eldest daughter married the Russian dramatist, Griboiedov, and after a long widowhood sleeps by his side in the mountain church of St. David at Tiflis; Nicholas Baratashvili, who died in 1846 at the early age of thirty, leaving a volume of fine lyrics, some of which have been very happily rendered by Herr Leist

and Prince Ilya Tchavtchavadze—a man of rare accomplishments, renowned as a lyrical poet, and now the most prominent literary man at Tiflis. He is proprietor of the daily journal, half political, half literary, *Iveria*. At his hospitable house I was able to make the acquaintance of some of the most interesting men of that city. Other writers of eminence are Akaki Tzereteli, Vakhtang Orbeliani, and Raphael and George Eristavi.

All philological students must hope that the Georgians will continue printing their curious literature still remaining in MS. The late Father Josseliani made a good beginning, having published a few of their early poems and religious works. Since his time others have appeared, as I have shown, especially the early grammar of the Catholikos Anthony, and other productions.

Georgian literature would certainly have attracted more attention in the West had not the best works written upon it been in Russian, which is to so many a sealed language, with the exception of the grammar of Brosset (in French, Paris 1837), which first opened the way to scholars. Before his time there were only a few isolated works of the most meagre description. The slender vocabulary of Kilaproth has been shown by Prof. Tsagarelli to teem with errors. Since the death of Brosset two or three years ago the pious care of his son has published a *catalogue raisonné* of the works written by his father on Georgia, which fills a thick volume. The country also owes a great deal to another Frenchman, Berger, whose bust may be seen in the gardens of the splendid museum at Tiflis, so rich in collections interesting to the ethnologist and antiquary.

Georgian philology is now well sustained in the labours of Prof. Tsagarelli of St. Petersburg. I have already mentioned some of his works, to which I have been much indebted. The continuation of his learned history of Georgian literature must be eagerly looked for, and we are thankful to him for occasional contributions to the *Transactions of the Russian Archæological Society* (Eastern Section).

W. R. MORFILL.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ADAM, Mdme. Juliette. *Un rêve sur le divin*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 5 fr.
AMAT, Ch. Le M'as et les M'abites. Paris: Chalmel. 7 fr.
CATALOGUE général des Manuscrits des Bibliothèques publiques de France. Départements: T. IX. Paris: Plon. 12 fr.
OZENOV, Raoul de. *Le peintre-graveur Adrien van der Kabel (1681-1706)*. Paris: Rapilly. 6 fr.
CLARETIE, Jules. *Bouddha*. Paris: Conquet. 15 fr.
DUBOUEY. *Le Mont Saint-Michel à l'eau forte*. Paris: Plon. 25 fr.
DUBUT, G. *Victoire d'Am*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
FRANÇOIS, K. H. *Halb-Asien*. 5. u. 6. Bd. Aus der grossen Ebene. Stuttgart: Bonz. 10 M.
MELON, P. *L'Allemagne chez elle et au dehors*. Paris: Plon. 8 fr. 60 c.
PAULSEN, Ph. Harar. *Forschungsreise nach den Somali- u. Galla-Ländern Ost-Afrika*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.
PÉREZ, B. *L'Art et la Poésie chez l'enfant*. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
WILHELM, K. Richard Brinsley Sheridan als Lustspiel-dichter. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GAFFAREL, P. *Les découvertes françaises du 14^e au 16^e siècle: Côtes de Guinée, du Brésil et de l'Amérique du Nord*. Paris: Chalmel. 2 fr. 50 c.
GÜDEMANN, M. *Geschichte d. Erziehungswesens u. der Kultur der abendländischen Juden*. 8. Bd. Wien: Holder. 7 M. 20 Pf.
HERRMANN, A. Maria Theresa als Gesetzgeberin. Wien: Holder. 2 M. 80 Pf.
LEFÈVRE-PORTALLIS, G. *Correspondance de Odet de Selve, ambassadeur de France en Angleterre (1546-1549)*. Paris: Alcan. 15 fr.
MICHAUD, E. *La politique de compromis avec Rome en 1669. Le pape Alexandre VIII. et le duc de Guines*. Bern: Schmid. 2 M.
SCHMIDT, L. *Älteste Geschichte der Wandalen*. Leipzig: Fock. 30 Pf.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Oxford: July 6, 1888.

I have been out of England, or should have sooner asked you to allow me to make some remarks upon a letter which appeared in the ACADEMY for June 2 upon the origin of the University of Oxford. Your correspondent, Mr. Hastings Rashdall, is well known to be one of the few scholars who have made a special study of university antiquities; but I venture to think that on this occasion he has given somewhat hasty expression to views which he will see reason considerably to modify.

His letter is a claim to have solved "one of the most obscure problems of academical history," by tracing the origin of the University of Oxford to a migration of scholars from Paris in the year 1167. His argument may be summarised as follows:

(I.) He starts with a series of assumptions, to the effect that the schools of Oxford must have been due to a movement *ab extra*; that they were at first mainly schools of arts; and that, if so, the movement must have come from Paris.

(II.) He then proceeds to adduce what he describes as "actual historical evidence of a migration from Paris of this kind," which, however, turns out to consist merely in statements that certain foreign scholars (of whose nationality or subsequent fortunes nothing is known) were expelled by the French government in 1167; and that, about 1169, Henry II. prohibited clerks and monks from crossing the Channel without leave, ordering also clerks drawing revenues from England to return home.

(III.) Lastly, he clears the ground for the reception of his theory by rejecting the evidence of any teaching having taken place at Oxford prior to 1167, which could have developed into the full-fledged university which admittedly existed there in 1187, when Giraldus Cambrensis read his *Topography of Ireland* before the doctors and scholars of the various faculties. The evidence which has to be displaced is that relating to: (1) Robert Pullein's lectures on theology in 1133, (2) the law lectures of Vacarius in 1149.

Mr. Rashdall evidently feels much difficulty in disposing of the case of Pullein, and accordingly admits it to be "quite possible that Pullus did teach for a short time at Oxford," though he unkindly adds that we have no evidence that anyone attended his lectures. His attack upon Vacarius is much more spirited; and on this point only I shall ask your permission to examine, in some detail, the extraordinary discrepancy between the *dicta* of our authorities and the gloss put upon those *dicta* by Mr. Rashdall.

Our knowledge of Vacarius is derived mainly from three writers of fair repute for ability and accuracy, all of whom were contemporary with him, and two of whom were especially well placed for being acquainted with his doings. These are John of Salisbury (ob. 1180), of the household of Archbishops Theobald and Becket; Robert de Monte (ob. 1186), abbot of Mont St. Michel; and Gervase (1141-1210?), monk of Canterbury. Their statements are to the following effect:

That the Roman law was imported into Britain by the household of Archbishop Theobald.—(Jo. Salisbury.)

That the Roman law and lawyers, of whom magister Vacarius was the first, were imported into England in consequence of the lawsuits and appeals arising out of the rivalry between Archbishop Theobald and Henry, Bishop of Winchester (1143-1146).—(Gervase.)

That Vacarius, a Lombard jurist, taught Roman law in England, from the year 1149, to multitudes of rich and poor; and compiled, for the benefit of the latter, a summary of law, sufficient for solving all the questions usually raised in academical disputations.

(Rob. de Monte.)

That this teaching of Vacarius took place at Oxford.—(Gervase.)

That it was suspended, apparently for a short time only, by order of King Stephen.

(Jo. Salisbury, cf. R. Bacon.)

The texts which I profess to paraphrase are the following:

"[After mentioning other impieties] alios vidi qui libros legis deputant igni, nec scindere verentur si in manus eorum iura pervenirent aut canones. Tempore Regis Stephani a regno fuisse sunt leges Romanas, quas in Britanniam domus venerabilis patris Theobaldi, Britanniarum primatis, audiverat. Ne quis anim libros retineret edicto regio prohibitum est, et Vacario nostro indictum silentium; sed Deo faciente eo magis virtus legis invaluit quo eam amplius nitentibus impietates infirmare."

Jo. Sarisburiensis, *Polyhistoria*, viii. c. 22 (ed. Giles, vol. iv., p. 357).

"Magister Vacarius, gente Longobardus, vir honestus et jurisperitus, cum leges Romanas anno ab incarnatione Domini 1149 in Anglia discipulis doceret, et multi tam divites quam pauperes ad eum causas diacerendi confugerent, suggestione pauperum de codice et digesto excerptos novem libros composuit, qui sufficiunt ad omnes legum lites quas in scholis frequentari solent decidendas, si quis eos perfecte noverit."

Rob. de Monte, *Chronica* (Migne, clx. 486) (repeated in the *Chronica Normannica*, ed. Duchesne, 1619, p. 977).

* This work exists in several MSS., and fully answers to the description of it given by R. de Monte.

"[After mentioning the contest between Archbishop Theobald and Henry of Winchester, continues:] Hinc discordias graves, lites et appellationes antea inauditas. Tunc leges et causidici in Angliam primo vocati sunt, quorum primus erat Magister Vacarius. Hic in Oxonfordia legem docuit."

Gervase Cantuariensis, *Actus Pontificum Cantuar.* (ed. Stubbs, ii., p. 384).

I will now ask your readers to compare with these extracts the statements made as to their effect by Mr. Rashdall, viz.:

(1) That the assertion that Vacarius taught at Oxford is "demonstrably an error of Gervase." Not "demonstratum," I should say, but rather "quod erat demonstrandum"; although opposed, in the interests of their respective theories, by Messrs. Schaarschmidt and Rashdall.

(2) That Gervase is "not one of the most accurate of chroniclers." For a testimony to his merits see Bishop Stubbs's Introduction to his works. His somewhat vague references to the doings of Gratian at Rome need not shake our confidence in his statement that the teaching of Vacarius, instead of taking place at the monastery in which Gervase passed his life in picking up news, took place at Oxford.

(3) That Joan of Salisbury "expressly states that Vacarius taught in Archbishop Theobald's household." That he "distinctly implies that the teaching went on (no change of place being alluded to)," &c.; that "this is the obvious meaning of the words." John of Salisbury neither states nor implies anything of the kind, nor is the meaning of his words that which is placed upon them. No one of our authorities says that the teaching of Vacarius took place in the household of the archbishop.

I have so much respect for the learning and judgment of Mr. Rashdall as confidently to expect him some day to rehabilitate Pullein and Vacarius as teachers of the University of Oxford in its rudimentary period. I cannot help also thinking that he will reduce to its due significance his interesting discovery of a possible movement of scholars from Paris to Oxford in 1167.

T. E. HOLLAND.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: July 17, 1888.

There exists thirteen MSS. of the *Hibernensis*, all of them written on the continent, ranging in date from the eighth to the eleventh century. No. 2, Codex Cameracensis, which appears to be the oldest, was written by an Irishman, under the direction of Albericus, Bishop of Cambrai and Arras, 763-90. This is the earliest date which has been ascertained with certainty.

A later MS. (No. 3) contains a very corrupt Latin entry by a Breton scribe, which is read and printed differently by Wasserschleben (p. xxxi.) and Bradshaw (p. lxxii.). In it Mr. Bradshaw thought that he detected the name of the compiler, Cumineanus, whom he identified with Cuminius of Penitential fame—a person whose date is uncertain, and whom Wasserschleben (*Bussordnungen der abendländischen Kirche*, p. 64) and Haddan and Stubbs (*Councils*, vol. i., p. xii.) have proposed to identify with a bishop at Bobbio so named A.D. 711-44. By another brilliant guess, in the last ACADEMY, Dr. Whitley Stokes now proposes to identify him with Cu-chuimne, "the wise" or "the select scribe," who died in 747. Evidence is thus in favour of the eighth century, and most probably of the first half of the eighth century, as the date of the compilation of the *Hibernensis*.

But is it fair to deduce inferences as to St. Patrick's teaching from documents of the ninth, or even of the eighth, century, a period which Wasserschleben describes as "eine Zeit

in welchem die irische Kirche nach laugem Streben sich an Rom angeschlossen hatte" (p. xiii.), and rightly so? The Celtic Church in these islands was agitated during the seventh and eighth centuries by controversies about the acceptance of Roman authority as to the form of the tonsure, and other matters. The dates at which the Roman party prevailed in different places are known, ending, so far as Ireland is concerned, with the submission of the Northern parts in 692, and so far as Scotland is concerned with the final submission of the monastery of Iona in 772 (*Lit. and Rit. of Celtic Church*, pp. 4, 5, 6, 9). Is it possible that the controversy could have raged so long, at all events in Ireland, or in a monastery of Irish origin, if these canons of St. Patrick settling the question had then been known and accepted as his?

St. Patrick lived, according to the most probable chronology, from 373-463, in his own writings leaving to us many details as to his life and actions, and being absolutely silent as to either Roman mission or jurisdiction. It is morally impossible that he can be the author of canons ordering appeals to Rome (Lib. xx., c. 5), and excommunicating clergy who are not tonsured "Romano more" (Lib. lii., c. 7). The latter canon is inconsistent with another eighth-century document, "the Catalogus Sanctorum Hiberniae," which asserts that the Irish clergy in St. Patrick's time "unam tonsuram ab aure usque ad aurem sufferebant" (Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, vol. ii., pt. ii., p. 292).

The *Hibernensis* betrays its untrustworthiness as to its assertions of authorship, as well as a Roman bias, by incorporating extracts from Greek, African, and even early Irish conciliar decrees under such misleading titles as "Synodus Romana," or "Romani dicunt," or "Regula canonica dicit Romana," &c. Instances have been collected by Wasserschleben (p. xix.), and therefore need not be set forth at length here.

There is an almost irresistible impression forced upon one's mind that some at least of the decrees fathered upon St. Patrick in the "*Hibernensis*" and the "*Liber Anguli*," bear the same relation to that saint which the letters and decrees assigned to early popes in the *False Decretals*, compiled 829-45, bear to those popes under whose names they are there put forward.

F. E. WARREN.

Blackrock, Ireland: July 16, 1888.

The point which Mr. Warren has raised concerning Dr. Whitley Stokes's edition of St. Patrick's writings is an important one.

I am bold to say there is not the slightest evidence for the first two centuries of its existence that the Celtic Church recognised either the jurisdiction or mission of Rome. Dr. W. Stokes depends on a forged canon, which possibly may be as early as A.D. 700, as evidence for the opinions of St. Patrick on this point. Surely no one would accept a canon of the convocation of Canterbury, A.D. 1888 (even if genuine), as evidence of the opinions held by Archbishop Ussher, who died 250 years ago. But we have undoubted evidence of the opinion held by the Early Celtic Church on this point. Columba (born in 521) did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of Rome. His order opposed and rejected it. St. Columbanus, his contemporary, rejected it. These names are sufficient evidence for the sixth century, and are much nearer St. Patrick's age than A.D. 700. In the seventh century the British bishops rejected it, and that from the very beginning of Augustine's mission; so did the celebrated St. Fintan, of Taghamon, in a conference with the papal envoy, Laetan, of Old Leighlin, upon the Easter controversy, held during the first-half of the

seventh century. Fintan's opponents expressly pleaded papal letters and example without moving him in the slightest. Surely, if we have thus a series of authentic repudiations of papal jurisdiction by the Celtic Church, extending from A.D. 540 to 700, we possess in them much better evidence of St. Patrick's views than can possibly be afforded by an admitted forgery of the year 700 or later. If St. Patrick acknowledged Roman jurisdiction, where did the Celtic Church get its independent notions?

GEORGE T. STOKES.

"ADVENTURES AND EXPLORATIONS IN NEW GUINEA."

Royal Geographical Society's Rooms: July 10, 1888.

I trust you will allow me a few lines of comment on Prof. A. H. Keane's review of *Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea*, by Captain Strachan, in the ACADEMY of July 7. For all explorers, and for every addition to the common store of knowledge they bring back I have the most warm-hearted respect; but I think it unfair to those who have tried to earn that name creditably by honest work and conduct to find such a book as the above reviewed without a single word of animadversion on some of the extraordinary statements in it.

Mr. Strachan not only ignores all the work of those who have preceded him in these regions, but he tacitly accepts the credit of their explorations. Dr. Macfarlane ascended the Baxter—or Mia Kasa—river, perhaps further than Mr. Strachan, as long as thirteen years ago. Mr. Strachan tells us little beyond what that missionary did; and his additions are mostly guesses, whose likelihood or otherwise he affords us no data to test. The separation from the mainland of what appears on the map as Berau Island, is also admittedly an hypothesis only; but we have a right to expect some valid reasons for his belief, when we remember, what Mr. Strachan totally ignores, that Dr. A. B. Meyer in 1873 crossed from sea to sea over a mountain 1200 feet high, in the place where the new strait is supposed to exist, without encountering it, or having its existence suggested to him by the configuration of the country. There are other equally imaginative beliefs in the volume; but even were they well-founded, Strachan's relations with the natives—adventures he no doubt calls them—as related by himself, deserve the hightest condemnation. He poses throughout the book as a supporter and backer of the missionaries—who I am sure desire no support, as they require none, from such an advocate—and a denouncer of the importers of such contraband articles as spirits, opium, and powder among the natives. Yet unblushingly he proclaims his own lawlessness in these things. He distributed to the natives gin and ammunition, knowing that they were prohibited with all the stringency possible, and in violation of the agreement signed by him before he could obtain a permit to sail in the protectorate waters, and for conformity to which the authorities had more or less to trust his word of "honour." It will be fortunate if some of those who follow in this trader's tracks fall not victims to the "twenty-eight pound bag of No. 4 shot, half-a-dozen half-pound flasks of gunpowder, and a box of caps," which in the Papuan Gulf region he laid out in his cabin, so as "to keep within the strict letter of the law," not only for the purpose of their taking the ammunition they desired, but in order that they might steal it. Such conduct would be enough to cause all travellers who respect themselves to protest against the admission—such as a serious review in the ACADEMY above the distinguished signature of Prof. Keane seems to give—of Mr. Strachan to their number, did the book not

record besides flagrant injustices against the natives among whom he carried his equally lawless crew.

There are savage deeds done in New Guinea as in other uncivilised lands between tribe and tribe, which their white rulers are powerless to prevent, however anxious to do so. But surely he who, of set purpose disregarding the law for his own advantage, places the weapons of war in their hands, to be used perhaps against his own countrymen, is not the man we care to listen to condemning the government and its officers for not effectually restricting their importation; or posing as the unbiassed exponent of the benevolent, just, and everywhere honoured labours of the London Missionary Society, while his are the very actions they would most loudly condemn.

HENRY O. FORBES.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

London: July 16, 1888.

In his interesting review of the work of Mr. Marzials, the Hon. Roden Noel says:

"His [Victor Hugo's] conversion to very radical views seems to have been effected by the shameful extinction of Roman liberty under the triumvirate on the part of the French Republic."

This is an error. The ex-peer of France still sided, in 1849, with the Conservative or reactionary party. When Ledru-Rollin made a noble effort to assist the Roman Republic, Hugo actually voted in favour of the proclamation of a state of siege at Paris, as a member of the Parliamentary Committee which proposed that measure to the legislative assembly.

It was only towards the end of 1850 that the great poet began to change sides, until at last he became one of the firmest supporters of democracy. Yet the part he had played in 1849 was never forgiven him by Ledru-Rollin. "Le proscrit ne peut pas voir le proscripteur!" was the proudly irreconcilable answer of the latter, when Victor Hugo, coming to London, was willing to make the first step towards a reconciliation.

I state these facts—which I gave in *Fraser's Magazine* of May, 1874—not in any ungenerous spirit, but simply for the sake of historical truth. I remember them well enough, having myself—though holding a diplomatic position in Paris on the part of a then existing German democratic government—been imprisoned under that state of siege for months, and then banished from France "for ever." The answer of Ledru-Rollin always seemed to me one to be deplored, the union of all republican forces, whether of old standing or of recent conversion, being the first requisite for the revival of freedom. At the death of Victor Hugo I heartily joined in the demonstration made in his honour by a deputation from this country. Historical facts, however, must not be ignored, lest misleading myths should grow up, as they so easily do when the truth of events is once obscured.

KARL BLIND.

TWO GLOSSES IN DR. SWEET'S "OLDEST ENGLISH TEXTS."

Haarlem, Holland: July 14, 1888.

With reference to Prof. Zupitza's strictures (ACADEMY, July 7, p. 11) on the unnecessary alterations of the Latin text in a couple of glosses, I beg leave to say one word.

Clearly, the only exception Prof. Zupitza takes to the English of Corpus No. 1080, as it stands (O.E.T., p. 69), is that it is simply *orcas* in the singular, and not *orcasce*, like its lemma, in the plural number.

But it cannot be laid down as an absolute rule that glosses always correspond exactly

with the lemmata. We do find—e.g., preterites glossed by present tenses; and if we come to think of the nature of glosses, we may a priori expect plural forms glossed by crude forms—to borrow a term which is not usual in Teutonic philology. The only thing to wonder at is that it does not occur oftener, and that in the great majority of cases we find a more or less perfect agreement between lemma and gloss.

I may instance, from a hitherto unpublished part of MS. Tib. A. 3, a couple of cases in point. Fo. 143b we find *more* glossed by *beaw*; fo. 144a *ipso* explained by *himself*, of which the former is certainly more decisive than the latter. In the same way I would explain *orcas* as a crude form of the word, the only object of the glossator being to facilitate the use of whatever text our lemma may have belonged to.

As regards the note to Corpus No. 1454, after remarking that No. 680 (line 3 of the second paragraph) is a misprint for 698, that *pyrs* in the last line is in the same plight—it ought to be *pyrs*—I venture to give Corpus 1457: "*orcus*: *ŷyrs*, *heldiobul*," as a fit analogue.

H. LOGEMAN.

[In justice to Prof. Zupitza, it should be stated that his letter was printed hurriedly, without his having had the opportunity of correcting a proof.—ED. ACADEMY].

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 23, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," XII. by Prof. W. R. McNab.
SATURDAY, July 28, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

Origine et Philosophie du Langage. By P. Regnaud. (Paris: Fischbacher.)

Psychologische Studien zur Sprachgeschichte. By Karl Bruchmann. (Leipzig: Friedrich.)

Précis de Grammaire comparée du Grec et du Latin. By V. Henry. (Paris: Hachette.)

THESE three works illustrate three different tendencies in the study of the science of language and comparative philology at the present day, and prove that the interest in linguistic research is as active as ever in France and Germany. Prof. Regnaud's work returns once more to those primary problems of linguistic science, which it has of late been the fashion to regard either as insoluble or as belonging to the science of anthropology rather than of philology. The author is, in the first instance, a Sanskritist, and it is, therefore, perhaps natural that his point of view is that of ten years ago. His theory of roots is the one which has descended to us from the Hindu grammarians; and he still believes in the primitive character of the Sanskrit *ā* and the variability of phonetic laws. Even the sonant nasals and liquids, which the younger school of comparative philology is accustomed to consider one of the most solidly established facts of the science, are looked upon by him with suspicion, while he misapprehends and accordingly rejects the doctrine which makes the sentence the unit and starting-point of speech. But his book is clearly written and interesting, and his criticism of the theories of others is frequently just and always instructive. What he has to say on the origin of the suffixes is excellent, and may be recom-

tended to the attention of the "neo-grammarians." For my own part, I do not see what reply can be made to his arguments against the "agglutinative theory" of Bopp.

Quite a different book is Dr. Bruchmann's *Psychological Studies*. It breaks ground in a new direction, and awakens questions of the most profound interest. Unlike most German works of the kind, it is written with French lucidity, and the wealth of illustrations it contains gives it an unusual charm. Dr. Bruchmann seeks to recover the history of the "spiritual efforts" of man—of those ideas, beliefs, and customs which have built up the fabric of the past and present civilisations of the world. In his quest he falls back, like others before him, upon the record such ideas and beliefs have left in language. But instead of examining the mere words of language, of tracing the history of the past by the help of etymology, he has recourse to the literature of individual nations and the fully-expressed thoughts which it enshrines. In fact, he has applied and developed on a large scale the method of which Dr. Abel has been the leading exponent. If we would know what our forefathers have thought and imagined, if we would learn how the spiritual and intellectual possessions of one generation were augmented by the next, we must question the literature they have bequeathed to us. For the student of language on its psychological side, as well as for the student of language on its more material side, the starting-point of our researches must be the sentence, the fully-expressed idea. Only thus can we hope to interpret truly the records that have descended to us. It will be seen that Dr. Bruchmann's book does not appeal to the philologist or to the psychologist only, but to the student of humanity in all its many phases. It is suggestive and stimulating, leading us along a novel path, and from time to time presenting us with novel conclusions.

In Prof. Henry's *Précis* we have a much-needed work. The revolution undergone by comparative philology during the last ten years has made the old manuals obsolete, more especially those in which it was called upon to explain the sounds and grammatical forms of Greek and Latin. The explanations still taught in English schools and universities, and the hypotheses which have been borrowed without criticism or alteration from Schleicher and Curtius, have for the most part been superseded in the progressive march of science. Not a book existed in which the comparative grammar of the two classical languages was treated from the present point of view of science; for Greek, indeed, we had Gustav Meyer's *Griechische Grammatik*, but only for Greek.

Prof. Henry, therefore, has supplied an increasingly felt want. The work could not have been undertaken by better hands. The author has himself borne a prominent part in the researches and discoveries of the last few years, and his wide knowledge and sound judgment make his criticism of the theories of others exceptionally valuable. Being himself in the forefront of linguistic progress, he speaks with an authority which no second-hand acquaintance with comparative philology can bestow. He is not the mere mouthpiece

of others, and his work consequently possesses a completeness and mastery of the subject which it is vain to expect in the most conscientious compilations. For those who would know what comparative philology has to tell us to-day in regard to the origin or development of the forms or phonology of Greek and Latin his book of 349 clearly printed pages is simply invaluable. Its usefulness is enhanced by excellent indices.

Classical scholars, whose ideas of scientific philology are still bounded by the horizon of Curtius, will be doubtless astonished at a good deal that meets them in it. The recognition of the large part played by analogy in the creation of grammar, the doctrine of the inviolability of phonetic laws, the acceptance of the fact that we cannot explain where our materials fail us, the discovery of the sonant nasals and liquids and the short vowels of the Indo-European parent-speech, have shown that the views current a few years ago in regard to the comparative grammar of the Aryan languages were either inadequate or false. It is true that they were so relatively to the advanced knowledge of to-day, just as the knowledge of to-day will be found inadequate or false by a future generation of students; but it is only the knowledge of to-day of which science can take account.

It goes without saying that among the innumerable facts and theories gathered together in Prof. Henry's volume, there are some which will be controverted by other scholars. Thus, for myself, I should question the equivalence of the Latin *-ti* and the Greek *-θα* in the second person singular of the perfect. In fact, my own conjectural explanation of the origin of the Latin perfect would differ a good deal from that proposed by Prof. Henry. Fick has long ago pointed out that the forms *dedi* and *dedere* are old infinitival datives; and I believe that these were foisted into the conjugation of the reduplicated present, which ran: *dedo, dedis, dedit, dedimus, deditis, dedunt*. Of these forms, *dedit* and *dedimus* alone survived, the second person plural being "contaminated" by the second person singular, and so producing the form *dedis-tis*, while the analogy of *estis, sunt* gave rise to *ded-istis, ded-i-sunt*. Whether or not *dedisti* is due to a differentiation which originated in a dual form similar to that of *amaris, amare*, I cannot venture to say; but it is clear that between it and *dedisti* there is an intimate connexion of some kind.

It is possible that future research may hereafter throw light on this and such like questions, and discover materials for answering them which are at present unknown to us. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with theories which seem to us most in accordance with all the known facts, remembering that they are but theories, which a single new discovery may overthrow at any time.

A. H. SATCE.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Astronomy for Amateurs. A Practical Manual of Telescopic Research in all Latitudes, adapted to the Powers of Moderate Instruments. Edited by John A. Westwood Oliver, with the assistance of T. W. Backhouse, S. W. Burnham, J. Rand Capron, W. P. Denning, T. G. Elger, W. S. Franks, J. E. Gore, Sir Howard Grubb,

E. W. Maunder, and others. (Longmans.) It may be well to say that the "amateurs" for whom this volume is designed are not the people who busy themselves with telescopic observations merely for their own amusement or instruction, but those who propose to themselves to undertake some definite line of research for the advancement of the science. The study is now so much subdivided that a satisfactory practical handbook could only be written by the collaboration of a large number of specialists. The volume before us contains thirteen chapters: the first being a general introduction by the editor; the second, by Sir H. Grubb, treating of the telescope; while each of the remaining eleven is devoted to some special department of astronomical research, and is written either by, or from materials supplied by, an authority of acknowledged eminence in that department. Mr. Maunder, for instance, writes on the Sun, Mr. Denning on the Planets, and Mr. Rand Capron on the Aurora Borealis. The information given is of a thoroughly practical kind, and is, on the whole, lucidly conveyed, though one or two of the writers are rather markedly deficient in literary skill.

A Course of Elementary Instruction in Practical Biology. By T. H. Huxley, assisted by H. N. Martin. Revised edition, extended and edited by G. B. Howes and D. H. Scott. (Macmillan.) The new edition of this standard handbook to the biological laboratory may almost be regarded as a new work. Comparing it with the first edition (1875), there is quite twice as much matter in it. Three fresh "types" have been introduced in this edition: in zoology the earth-worm and the snail, and in botany *Spirogyra*; and the order of treatment has been reversed, commencing with the higher instead of the lower forms. With the wisdom of this latter alteration we entirely agree: "from the known to the unknown" is always a sound maxim for the teacher. There is much to be said both for and against the plan of teaching by "types," now so generally practised by biological teachers. It is recognised as the correct mode by "South Kensington," and by the University of London, and has therefore been made almost obligatory on all teachers of biology. With this new edition, Huxley and Martin's *Course of Elementary Instruction* must continue to hold the field against all rivals, as the best text-book of the "type" system for both teachers and students.

Studies in Life and Sense. By Andrew Wilson. (Chatto & Windus.) This is a collection of popular essays that have appeared in various periodicals. Most of the articles deal with various aspects of the doctrine of evolution. Dr. Andrew Wilson is one of our best writers of popular science. If he is not nearly so brilliant as Mr. Grant Allen, he is, at all events, more cautious in his speculations, and his style is clear and not unpleasing.

Other Suns than Ours. A Series of Essays on Suns—Old, Young, and Dead—with other Science Gleanings. By B. A. Proctor. (W. H. Allen.) Mr. Proctor has published so many volumes of reprinted magazine articles that he seems to have exhausted all the possible titles for such collections. The present volume contains, besides the astronomical articles referred to in the first part of the title, two learned papers on Whist, and an ignorant and conceited one on the misuse of the letter H. The purely scientific articles are more or less interesting; but there is little in them which the author has not said over and over again in his earlier books. The correspondence between Sir J. Herschel and Mr. Proctor, printed as an appendix, is by far the most important part of the book.

The Shell-collector's Handbook for the Field. By J. W. Williams. (Roper & Drowley.) This

excellent little book consists of descriptions of the species and varieties of British land and fresh-water shells, preceded by four introductory chapters, entitled "The Anatomy of a Snail," "The Anatomy of a Fresh-water Mussel," "On Collecting and Preserving Land and Fresh-water Shells," and "Conspectus of the Classes, Orders, Families, and Genera of British Land and Fresh-water Shells." The descriptive part of the book is interleaved for notes, and there are several fairly good woodcuts. Each of the first two chapters contains a bibliography of English and foreign works relating to its subject. There is also a glossary of conchological terms, and an alphabetical index of genera, the name of each genus being followed by a list of the species and varieties which it includes. The volume is just of the right size for the pocket, and altogether may be recommended as a thoroughly practical guide on a collecting excursion. We observe, however, a considerable number of misprints.

My Telescope, and some Objects which it shows me: A Simple Introduction to the Glories of the Heavens. By a Quekett Club-Man. (Roper & Drowley.) This is a nice-looking little volume; but it contains no more letter-press than an ordinary magazine article, and the information which it gives, though correct, is rather commonplace. The list of the northern constellations on p. 70 has three misprints in the names. The illustrations are tolerable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JAHAVAH" OR "JAHVAH," NOT "JAHVEH."
London: July 18, 1888.

It has been objected to the ordinary spelling of the Tetragrammaton that "Jehovah" has a feminine termination. In the face of such parallels as Jehudah, Jaalah, Imlah, Imrah, Ishpah, Ishvah—all masculine personal names—this is hardly a strong objection. With the exception of the first, all these names are vocalised like Ishar, Ischak (Isaac); and they suggest [that the true pointing of the Divine Name, allowance being made for the guttural first radical, is *Jahvāh* (like Jaalah, yahalom). The title *Jahvāh Sabaoth* interposes no obstacle, the relation of the terms in that expression being a relation of apposition, as in the case of Elohim Sabaoth (Ps. lxxiv. 9).

Now, that this was actually the pronunciation of the name as early as the sixth century B.C. appears from the evidence of two Babylonian contract tablets in the British Museum, to which my attention was called by Mr. Pinches a few days ago, and of which he has kindly allowed me to make the present use.

In one of these documents, numbered 82-7-14, 550, the name na-ta-nu-ya-a-wa, that is, Nethanyahu or Nethaniah, occurs among the signatures; in the other, which is numbered 82-9-18, 4215, is found ga-mar-ya-a-wa, that is, the equally familiar Gemaryahu, Gemariah. This tablet is dated in the tenth year of Darius. The analogy of forms like *ya-a-ti*, *ydti*, might suggest the pronunciation Natan-yāwa, Gamaryāwa. But Natan-ya'āwa is also possible; for the breaking between two vowels is sometimes written, sometimes omitted, in the Assyrian transcription of the same proper name (Ba'li = Baal, *Assurb.* ii. 49; Aduni-ba'al, *ib.* ii. 52; Aduni-beal, *ib.* ii. 90). In any case the half-vowel would have but a very slight sound. It is remarkable that these Babylonian transcriptions of Hebrew names present, not the short forms Jah, Jahu, but the full form Jahavah, which, as part of a compound personal name, is unexampled in the Old Testament. Has the hand of the Scribes been busy here also in the work of making all things uniform?

I doubt an original connexion between the Hebrew Jahvāh and the Canaanite Yahu, Yah.

The common view is that Yahu, Yah, Yeho-, Yo- are abbreviated from Yahveh. But the -u of Yahu may be merely the nominative ending, and Yah is then the later uninflected form. Yeho- is simply a form assumed by Yahu, according to the modern rules of Hebrew phoneticism, a dislocation and modification of vowels following upon the forward movement of the accent. That "Yeho-" is not an ancient development from "Yehav=Yahv," appears from the contemporary Assyrian transcription of Yehoahaz by Ya-u-ha-zi, which preserves the original Yahu- (*cf.* Jehu=Assyr. Ya-u-a, *i.e.*, Ya-hu'a, "Yah is He"). Possibly Yahu was normally contracted into Yō-, by elision of the aspirate; and then Yō- became Yehō- by false analogy from forms like Yehodeh.

I say nothing now about the etymology of these names. That is a question of purely philological interest; a question as distinct from that of their theological import in the religion of the prophets as the etymology of the term "God" is distinct from its connotation in English Christianity.

C. J. BAILL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

IT is proposed to issue, under authority from the Government of India, a series of volumes to be entitled the "The Fauna of British India," containing descriptions, with illustrations, of the animals found in British India and its dependencies, including Ceylon and Burma. The editorship has been entrusted to Mr. W. T. Blanford, formerly of the Geological Survey of India, and the printing and publication to Messrs. Taylor & Francis. The descriptions of vertebrates will occupy seven volumes, of which one will be devoted to mammals, three to birds, one to reptiles and batrachians, and two to fishes. The mammals will be described by Mr. Blanford, the reptiles and batrachians by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, of the British Museum; and the fishes by Mr. F. Day, deputy surgeon-general. It is expected that one or two volumes will be issued each year. A half-volume of mammals is now in the press, and will appear in about a fortnight.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a *Handbook of Cryptogamic Botany*, compiled by Mr. A. W. Bennett, lecturer on botany at St. Thomas's Hospital, and Mr. George Murray, of the Natural History Department, South Kensington. No general work on the subject has appeared in English since Berkeley's, published in 1857. The forthcoming volume will give descriptions, with abundant illustrations, of all the classes and more important orders of cryptogams, and will include the most recent discoveries and observations.

THE same publishers announce, as nearly ready, a *Text-Book of Elementary Biology*, by Mr. R. J. Harvey Gibson, lecturer in botany at University College, Liverpool.

SIR WILLIAM STOKES, professor of surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, has issued as a pamphlet (J. & A. Churchill) the lecture which he recently delivered at the West London Hospital on "The Altered Relations of Surgery to Medicine."

THE second and concluding part of Prof. Martin's *Geologische Studien über Niederländisch West-Indien* has recently been published (Leliden: E. J. Brill). This part is devoted to a sketch of the geology of Dutch Guyana, the result of observations during a journey up the River Surinam. The oldest rocks exposed in the bed of the river are certain crystalline schists and gneiss, referred to the Huronian, or uppermost group of the Archaean series. Above these come granites and great cupped masses of diabase. The only other rocks of

importance are the laterites, red earth, and other decomposition products of comparatively recent origin. The chief mineral of economic value is gold, which until lately has been obtained exclusively from alluvial workings. Prof. Martin believes that the original repositories of the precious metal are to be found in the Huronian rocks; and he has, in fact, obtained free gold from a quartz-vein in micaceous, near Brokopondo.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE July number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) opens with three elaborate reviews of books. Prof. W. M. Ramsay criticises Mr. Roberts's *Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*, with special reference to his treatment of the half-Hellenic alphabets, complaining that Mr. Roberts has too closely followed Kirchhoff and Bergk—we notice an inconsistency between the text and the table (p. 195) as to the character which Bergk interprets as Psi; Prof. G. C. Warr goes a long way towards adopting Fick's views about the original dialect of Hesiod and the Homeric hymns, in continuation of two previous papers on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and Mr. W. W. Fowler notices the last volume of Iwan Müller's "Handbook of Classical Antiquity," dealing with the legal system of Rome. Apart from many short notes, the only original contribution is a further instalment of Mr. W. M. Lindsay's elaborate attempt to reconstruct the early Italian declension. We note that the next number of this review will not be published till September.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(*Special General Meeting, Wednesday, July 4*)

FREDERICK ROGERS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: president, Mr. Henry D. Leigh; vice-president, Mr. Frederick Rogers; hon. vice-presidents, Rev. S. A. Barnett, Rev. W. Bartlett, Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. J. Churton Collins, Prof. Dowden, Rev. Thory G. Gardiner, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. Bolton King, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Sidney L. Lee, and Mr. W. Michael Rossetti; hon. treasurer, Mr. Cowham; hon. secretary, Mr. James E. Baker.—A discussion followed on the plays of Thomas Middleton.

LIVERPOOL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—(*Annual Meeting, Monday, July 9*.)

J. E. GORE, Esq., in the chair. The annual report and balance-sheet were read, and proved the society to be in a prosperous condition. The following officers and council were elected for the ensuing session:—president, T. G. Elger; vice-presidents, W. F. Denning, James Gill, J. Hartnup, Herbert Sadler; editor and librarian, J. H. Isaacs; secretary, W. F. Rowlands; treasurer, W. H. Davies; council, Miss E. Brown, T. W. Backhouse, T. W. Clarke, J. L. Coxon, W. H. Davies, jun., J. E. Gore, George Higge, Major E. E. Markwick, W. H. S. Monk, Walter Sang, K. J. Tarrant and Major H. Watson. A special vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Mr. W. H. Davies, the retiring secretary, for his valuable services to the society since its foundation.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Callista's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage"—(National Gallery)—also Mr. KEELEY HALSWELL'S "October Woodlands"—(Grosvenor Gallery). Important exhibitions of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, Messrs. DOWDRAVELL, 160, New Bond-street.

ART BOOKS.

Die altchristliche Fresko- und Mosaik-Malerei. Otto Pohl. (Leipzig: Hinrichs.) The chief value of this little work lies in chapter II., "Die Monumente der altchristlichen Malerei,"

which contains a list of subjects of the early frescoes and mosaics arranged in chronological order. Footnotes refer to the corresponding plates in De Rossi, Garrucci, Ciampini, &c., where the subjects will be found figured. For reference and guide-book purposes, when the larger works are not accessible, this chapter will be of considerable service. It is preceded by a chapter on the relation of the early Christians to the art of the heathen world, which contains nothing of importance. Chapter iii. deals with "Die Dokumente." There was little to cite afresh after the labours of Bingham; and, notwithstanding our author's attempt to ridicule the old belief that there was a "Kunststass" among the early Christians, we have still an uncomfortable feeling—based however on no direct evidence—that Paul would have had greater sympathy with the spirit of Tertullian than with that of Paulinus of Nola. Chapter iv. deals with the interpretation of the early Christian works of art. Herr Pohl endeavours to steer a mid-course between the Catholic standpoint, which finds everywhere illustrations of Catholic dogma, and that of the sceptical Hasenklever, who finds only ornament, not symbols nor dogma, in "this spiritless copy of the antique." As with all writers who content themselves by weighing the views of opposite parties, there is a tendency to dullness; and we eventually get tired of the author careful balancing himself on the top of the fence, and wish he would fall over one side or the other. The remarks on page 172 as to the want of definite type in the earliest representations of Christ are undoubtedly true, and negative the ever-recurring aspirations for a "genuine likeness of our Lord." The paradoxical statement on the same page—that literature mirrors tradition, and tradition arises from some work of art—seems to suggest that the St. Sebastian legend arose from some artist having for an unknown reason painted a target in the shape of a man. These remarks, however, have little importance for Herr Pohl, since on page 174 he accepts the possibility of a traditional type of Christ-face having survived almost from Christ's own time, and finds this view confirmed in the fact (?) that a common type of Christ-face has passed right down from early Christian art to the art of to-day. On the contrary, it seems to us that there never was a more interesting chapter in evolution than that of the gradual and yet quite definite change in the artistic conception of Christ during the middle ages. The final chapter of the work is entitled "Der Verlauf der altchristlichen Malerei." It may be read, like the rest of the work, as an interesting essay. This is indeed the character of the whole book. Chapters i., iii.-v., would have formed fair magazine articles; but we expect more in a book with such a title as the present. We should be glad to know that neither author nor publisher have had anything to do with the remarkable "puff" on the back of the cover. Perhaps it is only the contribution of an over-friendly printer or setter-up.

Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft. XI. Band. 3. Heft. A second part of Max Lehrs's important researches into Early German and Netherlandish engraving opens this number. It is followed by an article, with two illustrations, on the earliest Renaissance buildings erected in Germany. English readers may be glad to have their attention directed to the first of a pair of articles upon English art by Dr. W. von Seidlitz, written with special reference to the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. The author's attitude towards his subject is friendly and appreciative; but what would Mr. Holman Hunt say to the description of his scene as "sinking into the melting ice of the North Pole"?

COTMAN'S DRAWINGS AT NORWICH.

THE place of Cotman's birth has paid him a tribute which it is quite time should shortly be forthcoming also from some public or semi-public body in London, in sight of a wider world of connoisseurs—it has organised an exhibition of those drawings on which the fame of this very interesting and poetic artist must chiefly rest. The fact that by far the greater portion of the good work of Cotman is in the medium of water-colour may always tell to some extent against the fulness of his acceptance by an inartistic public. An artist cannot be very important—they may say—who has done so little which you can frame heavily in gold and put upon your dining-room wall; who has done nothing whatever that can be of sensational interest in a national museum. But, after all, Cotman suffers in this respect along with Girtin and Cozens and Dewint—almost along with David Cox. And his water-colour painting, for independence and mastery, for artistic sense, and for poetic sentiment, deserves to be ranked with that of the great men who have just been named. I ventured to say that eleven years ago—between the covers of a book—in an estimate formed upon the not very broad basis of the knowledge of such works of Cotman as were then accessible; and I am glad to be able to repeat it to-day, when fortunately fresh from the inspection of nearly 200 drawings, in which are displayed the depth and the variety, and the shortcomings also, of Cotman's art.

The Norwich Art Circle shows this loan collection in three rooms of modest proportions. The middle room is devoted to the painter's drawings in black and white, nearly all of which are very characteristic and poetic, and one of which—Mr. James Reeve's "The Wold Afloat"—some of us may remember as having figured at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1877-78. It is in black chalk; very slight, but very significant; done, like the later work of David Cox, in a method most decisive and summary. That and several others of the best of the black and white drawings belong to the very last period of Cotman's art. He came down from London to Norwich during the last year of his life—spent the latter part of one autumn there; and that autumn was an autumn of wind and of great rain storms. There was flood in the lowlands. And Cotman sketched with power and sympathy the desolation of the scene. But I anticipate. We must go back to the water-colours.

The water-colour drawings are contained in the first and third rooms. Though it has not been possible—or, at all events, has not been attempted—to make the system of arrangement strictly chronological, a rough division in the work has been effected: the labours of the earlier years—from 1805, say, to 1825—finding themselves together in the first room, and those of the later years, from 1825 or 1830, onwards, to 1842, when Cotman died, finding themselves in the third room. The earlier drawings are the rarer. They are in many respects the most faultless, but at the same time they are the least ambitious. In those years, Cotman's art—though never slavishly realistic—was based, more than it afterwards came to be based, on local fact. Sincere interest in the scene to be conveyed restrained or set a measure on his imagination's flight. The sense of composition—acquired partly by a thoroughly sympathetic study of his predecessors' art—was always with him; but while in the later years it caused him to be occupied in chief with the question of lovely or strange arrangement, in the earlier it was limited to enabling him to secure balance and style in the representation of what in nature may only be a fragment, after all, and to imparting, by the skill of his treatment,

dignity to the commonplace. Again, the schemes of colour, and the success in dealing with them, are apt to be very different in the two halves—so to put it—of Cotman's career. Tone and harmony, rather than brilliance and splendour of hue, were clearly what Cotman aimed at in the earlier years. Allowing for the fact that the earlier drawings have toned a little by the mere passage of time—by the passage, be it remembered, of something like three generations—this may still be said. And tone and harmony, and breadth besides, Cotman, following here in the wake of Girtin, invariably secured. He secured them just as much in Mr. Holmes's drawing of a lake in Perthshire (No. 7)—just as much in Mr. James Reeve's noble "Monsehold Heath" (No. 18), with its sturdy and always artistic realism—just as much perhaps in my own solitary possession, my ewe-lamb, "Bishopgate Bridge" (No. 6), as in that drawing of "Durham" (No. 13), which not only represents a favourite subject of Girtin's, but is founded far more obviously than these others (too obviously, I shall even dare to say) upon Girtin's practice. Among the other drawings of this earlier or middle time, which the student will do well to notice carefully, are Mr. Hensel's "Mount St. Michael" (No. 5)—compare it with the even finer "Mount St. Michael" of Mr. Waite (No. 193)—Mr. Colman's "St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich Cathedral" (No. 43); Mr. Reeve's "Greta" (No. 51)—like a Girtin of the nobler sort, precise and orderly, yet always picturesque—and the same collector's "Twickenham" (No. 58), a drawing of the year 1808, showing conclusively at how early a period of his career Cotman was occupied with the problems of composition and perceived the charm of elegance. Of all the excellent illustrations which give interest to an unusually comely, not to say luxurious catalogue, none is better than Mr. C. J. Watson's drawing after this charming little "Twickenham." And the illustrations, I may say here, are all of them lithographs, which (thanks very much to the skill and sympathy of the members of the Norwich Art Circle) are able to suggest, generally, the characteristics of Cotman's work very correctly. But—with this word of tribute to the catalogue, and to the authoritative memoir, with no criticism at all, by Mr. James Reeve, which it contains—we must pass to the later work.

Long before some of the finest of this later work was executed, Cotman had been subject to a nervous depression which passed at times beyond the bounds which, under one circumstance or another, the artistic soul is bound somehow to reach. The depression—the depth of it, indeed—alarmed his friends very much. Cotman's most kindly patron and constant friend, Mr. Dawson Turner, the antiquary, was much occupied with it, on Cotman's behalf; but it is doubtful whether it had any further result than that of giving what one may almost call a morbid inequality to his later work. Some of his moods, how radiant! Some of his ambitions, how ill-advised! And the evidence of triumph and of failure is given very clearly in the volume of his later work. Mr. Colman's "Abbatial House" (No. 164)—a very elaborate architectural subject—does not, quite strictly speaking, belong to the later time. It was executed in 1825, it seems—seventeen years before the artist's death—and was based upon a sketch taken in France some eight years before that. And a faultless sanity, a certain calm reserve—to which it would be impossible for all work of the later time to pretend—are certainly patent in Mr. J. L. Roget's "Framlingham Castle" (No. 166). This is a small finished drawing of the year 1828—the architectural draughtsmanship learned as Cotman's was wont to be, and the colour a favourite scheme of Cotman's, red and gold and blue, yet

sufficiently sober. A touch, a handling, more decisive, and thus even more characteristic, I discern in Mr. Pyke Thompson's "Blue Afternoon" (No. 171)—gorgeous, startling, and abrupt almost, at first; yet restful when one comes to know it. This work, in method so swift and firm, dates from 1831. Let us see it alongside of what is practically the same composition—the sweet and delicate "Chateau, Normandy" (No. 160), and let us remember that a few years afterwards, when he was publishing his soft ground etchings—his *Liber Studiorum*—the composition was again repeated in a print which it pleased the artist to describe under the title of "Near Whitby." It was only the Whitby of his dreams, however. Some mill near Whitby became exalted into a likeness with this "Chateau, Normandy"—became endowed, like this "Blue Afternoon," with the colours of romance.

Before I make an end, space must be found for mention of just three other drawings: one of them, Mr. Holmes's "Yarmouth Beach" (No. 167), a work very summary in method, and conceived in the sentiment of many a wild coast drawing of David Cox's—a cloud breaking over head; some charm of sunlight and of chasing shadow: a group of wind-blown fishermen struggling ungainly on the shore. The second is Mr. Bulwer's very magnificent possession, "Blasting St. Vincent's Rocks, Clifton" (No. 168)—a thing quite splendid in line, in atmosphere, in colour. Some day a Cotman like this—and how few there must be of them!—should represent the master in the national collection. For once a command of the qualities which conduce to even a wide popularity becomes evident in Cotman's work. "Charles the First, Charing Cross" (No. 180), is the last of the drawings which it is essential to name. It has the usual merit of a treatment of architecture at once learned and free. It has atmosphere—the atmosphere of the town. And it frankly recognises, in its background of hackney coach and passers-by, the conditions under which London has to be painted, and the possibility of painting it. For the drawing of the statue and its base is not by any means the whole interest of the picture. Looking at it, one wishes, perhaps, that Cotman, during those eight years in which he lived in London in his maturity—he had lived there, likewise, for several years in his youth—had addressed himself somewhat oftener to the picturesque record of London buildings, London vistas, London monuments. With that I must close—that, and a final recommendation. Unless indeed the better part of this instructive collection can be brought to us in town, presently, the real student of that English art of ours which it most behoves us to study should journey to Norwich one day during the next month or so.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VANNIO MONUMENTS.

Queen's College, Oxford: July 16, 1888.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare has just sent me some information about the monuments of the ancient kings of Van which is so interesting that I trust he will pardon me if I make it known. He says:

"I found at Edschmiadyin seven or eight cuneiform blocks. I also went to Armavir, the old Armenian citadel whence they came. It is an interesting place, excavation of which would, I believe, bring many more such blocks to light. Lately the peasants there have dug out a Cyclopean wall composed of huge blocks, neatly cut and laid together without cement. It encompassed the top of the hill on which the citadel was built, and I saw about 100 yards of it uncovered. In one

place the mouth of a passage or gallery running into the hill has been brought to light. Such a gallery must lead to chambers cut in the heart of the hill. It is made of very neat masonry. As it was filled with soil to within 18 inches of the roof I could not enter it.

"The peasants have excavated the wall to depths varying from 6 to 12 feet, intending to roll the stones down the hill-side for their own uses. They have deported a number of blocks about one metre in size each to the neighbouring village. Luckily the police have put a stop to this vandalism. I saw one block only *in situ* which appeared to have had cuneiform writing upon it, but the characters were utterly effaced.

"At Ani I also saw Cyclopean remains in the shape of huge dolmens of unwrought stone. I counted fifteen of them. In three cases there are two side by side, proving that they were not domestic hearths. In all the accounts I have read of Ani I find no notice or explanation of these remains."

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. F. LLEWELLYN GRIFFITH, of Queen's College, Oxford, well known to the readers of the ACADEMY for his work as student of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has been appointed to a post in the British Museum, in the department of British and Mediaeval Antiquities, presided over by Mr. A. W. Franks.

WE welcome the *Scottish Art Review*, "a monthly journal of the fine arts, music, and literature," published by Messrs. Kerr & Richardson, of Glasgow. The two numbers that have already appeared include papers on "The Gospel of Art," by the editor; "Progressiveness in Art," by Principal Caird; and a series on "Art in the Glasgow International Exhibition," by various writers. With the August number the magazine will be enlarged and will also be illustrated; and the price is to be raised from sixpence to one shilling.

Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., of Oxford Street, have issued an interesting catalogue of photographs in connexion with the celebration of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The photographs, which are mostly taken from prints, &c., in the British Museum, are permanently printed in carbon. They include portraits of persons, English and foreign, who took part in the great sea-fight, or in the political actions preceding it; maps, charts, views of the various operations, pictures of the ships, harbours, and beacons; medals struck to commemorate the victory; also facsimiles of copies of the *English Mercurius* for July 23, July 26, and November 24, 1588, "published by authority for the prevention of false reports."

THE French minister of fine art has been authorised to decline, on behalf of the state, the bequest to the Louvre of Clésinger's statue of "Lucrece," made by the late Emile de Girardin—"ce qui s'explique surabondamment par l'état déplorable de la succession du publiciste."

THE German expedition which has been excavating this spring on the site of the Hittite palace at Sinjirli, in Northern Syria, has discovered among the Hittite sculptures a long and well-preserved cuneiform inscription.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Athens, dated July 17, a bas-relief was discovered that day on the Acropolis, in excellent preservation, representing Athene with her helmet on and leaning on her spear. The peculiarity reported is that the goddess bears an unmistakable expression of sadness, which is said to be hitherto unknown.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS gave "Aida" last Saturday for the first and only time this season. Mme. Nordica, in the title-role, did herself full justice. Her Aida is as good as her Marguerite in "Faust," and that is saying a great deal. There was, perhaps, a little stiffness in her acting in the earlier parts of the opera; but in the third and fourth acts she threw herself thoroughly into her part. The splendid singing and acting of M. J. de Reske as Radames no doubt helped to bring about this happy result. Mme. Scalchi, as usual, was most effective as Amneris. Signori D'Andrade, Navarrini, Miranda, and Rinaldini, added to the general success. The chorus was out of tune at first, but soon improved. Signor Mancinelli conducted well, though at times he is a little too energetic.

On Tuesday evening Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele" was performed. It is now twenty years since this opera was produced at La Scala, Milan, but it still continues to excite interest. In "Aida" we see the genius of Verdi at its ripest, while in "Mefistofele" the genius of Boito is immature, but genius at any stage is welcome. The constant infraction of time-honoured rules in the work of the younger master betokens zeal rather than discretion. It is the waywardness of inexperienced youth rather than the boldness of wise manhood. Whether from a dramatic point of view Signor Boito's libretto is altogether to be commended is doubtful; but, at any rate, he has given us more of the spirit of Goethe's poem than any other librettist. It was somewhat daring to present on the stage the Job-Goethe "Prologue in Heaven"; but the idea is a good one. The "Prologue" music is curious, notably the *scherzo* movement; but, to use a convenient French expression, it is *trop cherchée*. The "Kermesse" scene is full of life and ingenuity. But, by the way, the dance chorus reminds us of a song in Berlioz's "Faust"; and Gounod and Meyerbeer are to be found in little corners. This is, of course, the natural beginning for a young composer. The "Garden" scene is happily conceived and happily carried out: the music is delightfully fresh and unlaboured. The "Broken" scene is decidedly original, and, as mounted at Covent Garden, most exciting. The "Ronde Infernale" is worthy of Berlioz. The "Prison" scene shows much character, feeling, and dramatic power. The tuneful duet, "Canta la Serenata" alone would ensure the success of the "Classical Sabbath." The opera concludes well with the "Death of Faust," amid the alleluias of the angels. The performance was in many respects excellent. Mme. Macintyre as Margherita gave a very pathetic rendering of the death scene, and was twice called before the curtain at its close. She was not so satisfactory in the "Kermesse" scene. Her fresh, sympathetic voice is not yet sufficiently developed: her middle notes in soft passages in concerted pieces are scarcely to be heard. Nevertheless, the Quartet was a great success. Mme. Scalchi made a good Marta. Mme. Ella Russell was the Elena, and Mme. Scalchi the Pantomime, in the Greek scene. The "Canta" duet demands a quieter rendering than was given to it by these two ladies. Signor Ravelli (Faust) sang and acted with his usual energy. M. E. de Reske sang the part of Mefistofele admirably, but his acting in one or two places was somewhat lacking in dignity. The chorus acquitted itself well of its extremely difficult task. The piece was admirably put on the stage. Although only given for one night, Mr. Harris spared no pains or expense to present everything in the most effective manner possible.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888.

No. 847, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

MR. DOUGHTY'S TRAVELS IN ARABIA.

Travels in Arabia Deserta. By Charles M. Doughty. [Cambridge: At the University Press.*

MÉGA VIVLION MÉGA KAKÓN will, I fear, be the verdict of the general reader and the public, after trial of these two bulky volumes, to which, however, the geographer, the epigraphist, and the student of Arabic will attach the highest importance, admiring the while at the author's worldly unwisdom. Mr. Doughty began his adventurous and perilous exploration on November 13, 1876 (the only date, by-the-bye, in his text), and left Arabia in the autumn of 1878; and his journey was of the old heroic type recalling to mind the solid age of Seetzen and Burckhardt and "Travels" in folio. But he has spent ten long years—a decade in these days being equivalent to a generation—in systematically frittering away the interest of his subject; and at last, after printing-delays innumerable, he comes before the world with these two large volumes. Part of their matter was published in the *Journal R. G. S.* (Bombay Branch) of 1878; and this was followed in the *Globus* (1880, p. 201) by a notice from the pen of our mutual friend, the venerable Prof. Aloys Sprenger. The epigraphs were first dispatched (1876) to the late lamented Prof. Hochstetter, of Vienna (*Mittheilungen*, pp. 268-272), and afterwards to M. Ernest Renan, who deciphered them and edited them (*Acad. des Inscriptions*,

1884). In July, 1884, the R. G. S. of London printed (*Proceedings*, pp. 382-399) Mr. Doughty's "Travels in North-Western Arabia," &c., a mere abstract instead of a detailed geographical and topographical description as it should have been; full of misprints and mistakes, with a perverted sketch-map of which the traveller complained loudly and publicly. The explorer's inexplicable delay also allowed others in the meanwhile to visit the lines he had opened and to devalue him before the reading world. M. Charles Huber, a Frenchman from Strasburg, sent out by the Académie in 1879-80, covered nearly the same ground (*Bull. Soc. Géog.*, 1884), and returned to Arabia in 1884 with the eminent epigraphist Dr. Julius Euting (the ACADEMY, December 26, 1885), who, with the assistance of Profs. Nöldeke and D. H. Müller, brought out his *Nabatäische Inschriften* in 1885.

We have, therefore, to deal with a twice-told tale writ large, and which, despite its affectations and eccentricities, its prejudices and misjudgments, is right well told. The characters stand out in high relief—e.g., the hot-hearted ruffians of the Kal'ah (fort-tower of) Madáin Sálíh, not to mention a host of others. The contradictory nature of the half-feminine Badawi—with his frantic loves and hates, his cowardice and his reckless courage, his gripping greed and his lavish generosity and hospitality; his courtesy and churlishness, his nobility and vileness, his mild charity and his furious vindictiveness—is almost a puzzle to the European mind, but we all can vouch for its truth. The adventures are tedious because mostly unnecessary; but the scenery is sketched with a broad touch and a firm hand; and scattered about the two volumes are wise "dictes," fresh views appreciative of trite subjects, and many scraps of information, such as the northern limits of the rainy monsoon (ii., 389, &c.), which are novel as they are valuable. Whether Mr. Doughty is justified in adopting, for a prosaic *recit de voyage*, a style so archaic, so involved, and at times so enigmatical, however fitted it may be for works of fiction, and however pleasant for the reminiscences of days when English was not vulgarised and Americanised, the reader must judge for himself. I will quote only two specimens:

"We set but a name upon the ship, [N.B., punctuation runs daft] that our hands have built (with incessant labour) in a decennium, in what day she is launched forth to the great waters; and few words are needful in this place. The book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia smelling of *Sámn* [N.B., read Samn] and camels" (Pref. i., v.).

And here is the opening of Chap. i.:

"A new voice hailed me of an old friend, when, first returned from the Peninsula [N.B., what Peninsula?], I paced again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight [N.B., inevitably suggesting Mark Twain]; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand 'Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah [N.B., read Allah], and whilst we walk, as in former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?'"

It were vain to attempt, within the bounds of an article, even a superficial review of the whole work with its varied and capricious contents. All I can do is to touch upon what mainly interests me—the discovery of Madáin Sálíh and the Arabism of the glossary. Khalíl Efendí *seu* Naerání sets out from Damascus after a parting fling at the consul of whom he had vainly sought efficient aid, countenance, and recommendation; utterly ignoring the traditions of "the Office" which, honourably distinguished from all others, would be shocked and scandalised at the idea of an English official befriending an Englishman. In chaps. ii. and iii. he mingles the Hajj-march with a trip to Peraea and Sinai in early 1875, and confuses matters not a little without informing readers that the topography of this expedition had appeared in the *Globus* (xxxix. 8). But in chap. iii. the novelties begin. After a month's marching, and covering some 500 miles, the explorer is fortunate enough to reach the plain of Madáin Sálíh, which Burckhardt was too sick to study, and which Baron von Kremer, and I, and a host of others failed to attain.

The traveller must often have the hap, in unvisited countries, to note what there is not, as well as to see what there is. The "Cities of Sálíh" so famous in classical days, the *Eypa* of Ptolemy, the *Hejra* of Pliny, and the modern Al-Hijr, is nothing but an old station on the great highway of gold and frankincense between Southern Arabia, Egypt, and Phoenicia. As elsewhere upon the Hajj-road—which follows, and must follow, the ancient line—Himyarite forgathered with Nabathæan (i.e., true Arabian) in this now desolate Wady, 2900 feet high; and the result was, as at Palmyra, a blend of Asiatic and Nilotic civilisation, afterwards modified by barbarised Grecian manners and arts.

Mr. Doughty informed me that he has not read what I have written upon Arabia; and this I regret more for his sake than for my own. My "Pilgrimage" would have saved him many an inaccuracy, such as confounding the "Little Hajj" with the Ziyarat (visitation) of Al-Madinah (ii. 645). My three volumes on Midian-land, which he calls Maddián or Middián, and describes as "a ruined village in the Telama (Tahámah) in the latitude of el-Hejr" (i. 409), would have supplied a standard of comparison other than Petra. He would have found there the same traces of clay-built cities, the same temple-tombs and mummy-caves hewn in the sandstone rock and provided with quasi-classical façades of stepped pinnacles, cornices, and pilasters—hence called Bibán, or doors—and the same Nabathæan inscriptions, with the superadded interest of old mining-settlements where the apparatus for ore-working was on the largest scale.

Khalíl Naerání's time at the Madáin was all his own; and he was able, without over-risk, to make copies and squeezes of more than half the inscriptions at Al-Hijr and "El-Ally" (Al-'Ulá). I need say nothing of their value historical, linguistic, and epigraphical. Suffice it to remark that about eighty years ago the illustrious De Sacy proved in a learned memoir the non-existence of letters in Arabia before the days of Mohammed. And the rule of old Arabian epigraphy, the

* Vols. II., large 8vo. Vol. I., pp. xx Preface and Contents: text pp. 623, including an intercalated Appendix (pp. 180-189), with notes by M. Renan on the Epigraphs; by M. Philippe-Berger (see the ACADEMY, August 15, 1885, and December 26, 1885, noting his wild and untenable theory) on Madáin Sálíh; on embalmers' drugs, by Prof. G. D. Living; on shroud-clouds, by Prof. O. Macalister; on Thamúd, by Sir H. Rawlinson; and on Ancient Arabian Coinage, by Mr. Barclay V. Head. The terminal Appendix, vol. I., is a desultory treatise on Nabathæan tomb-architecture, by M. de Vogüé. Vol. II. has list of Contents pp. v-xiv and text p. 542, including a geological Appendix (pp. 540-43), and followed by pp. 148 of Index and Glossary; total pp. 705, and grand total of two vols. pp. 1328. The green-cloth covers bear in gold a sketch of the Kasr al-Bint or Maiden's Mansion, described in vol. I., chap. iv.; and vol. II. a horn of the white-skinned Bakar al-Wahsh (wild cattle) alias Wazihah, a cow-like antelope, the *betrix*. The ground-plans and illustrations (some signed P. Sellier) are the work of Mr. Doughty, and the simple scenery is sufficiently well sketched. The map, for which the author has received, in tardy recognition (1888), the Gill premium of the R. G. S., is based upon Dr. Klepper's; the details are filled in with only watch, compass, and aneroid, and the Harrahs or plutonic patches are so darkly coloured that the average eye can hardly read the small print with which some are crowded. Moreover, the spelling of text and map often materially differ.

raising or embossing of the characters in relieve or cameo, like the Hittite stones from Hamah, shows a remarkable development of the industry.

After escaping the return Hajj-caravan, Khalil Nasrání marched from Al-Hijr to Tayma—the biblical Tema—still a market village on the western frontier of Al-Najd. He had been preceded in 1845 by Hají Walí (Dr. Georg Wallin), a learned Swede who died all too early at Helsingfors where he had become Arabic professor. By the usual straggling marches to and fro, up and down, he rode back to Al-Hijr and Al-'Ulá, explored the Harrah of the Mowáhib, and returned to Tayma; thence he proceeded to Al-Háil, also known to Wallin, and after a month's halt at this mean little capital of Mohammed Ibn Rashid in the winter of 1877, he made the world-famed Khaybar one of his main objectives. He found here only a pauper and pestilential village with unimportant ruins, and tenanted by vicious "niggers" subject to the Pashalik of Al-Madinah. After the usual persecutions, wholly brought on by the traveller's imprudence and perverseness, he returned to Al-Háil in the spring of 1878, and presently reached by a roundabout way Al-Buraydah (the "little coolth"), capital of the province Al-Kasim in the Western Najd. He then removed some eleven miles to the sister settlement Anazah, also built upon the great eastern line of watershed, Wady al-Rummah (of "rotten rope"). Expelled for Christian predilections and brought back by the Emil Zámil governing independently, he was eventually despatched by his friends with a butter-caravan marching on Meccah, the whole of this section being new (and uninteresting) desert ground. Abandoned by his companions in the Wady Fátimah, and subject to insults and outrages which occupy twelve mortal pages (ii. 486-98), he was carried prisoner to Táif, which he writes Tayif, ignoring the word's legendary significance. Here he was hospitably entertained by the estimable Grand Sharif Huseyn, foully murdered at Jeddah in March 1880, and he was allowed to sketch (ii. 515-16) the three Menhirs or Bethel-stones, probably serving, after the economical usage of Egypt, as altars of sacrifice. They bear the historic names (we are not told by what authority) of Al-Lát, Al-Uzza, and Hobal. Lastly, the worn and weary Nasrání was forwarded to Jeddah, and he ends his travel-tale without a date, but with "On the morrow I was called to the open hospitality of the British Consulate." Caveant consules!

Mr. Doughty has rendered good service by his study of the double watershed in Central Arabia. He lays, however, superior stress upon his exploration of the plutonic "Harrahs," which, he says, "with the rest of the vulcanic [?] train described in this work, before my voyage [?] in Arabia were not heard of in Europe" (ii. 351). The lava patches about the Hauran of Damascus were carefully described by the learned Wetzstein, who also collected much hearsay information concerning the outbreaks lying further south from an Anazah tribesman of Al-Russ. Bauermann noticed them about the so-called Sinai; Canon Tristram in Moab, and the Palestine Exploration Fund discovered them by the dozen in the

limestones of the Holy Land. They were discussed by the late Charles Beke, by the Rev. G. P. Badger, and by myself at various times, especially after visiting Al-Madinah, where the historian Al-Samhúdí records an eruption in A.D. 1256. In fact, they extend in one long broken line from Northern Palestine to Aden, and they are enormously developed in Abyssinia on the other side of that vast crevasse of plutonic depression, the Red Sea.

The glossary, wrought into shape as it is by Prof. M. J. de Goeje, appears to me of unusual value. We have absolutely no knowledge of the Najdi dialect, and the *Mekkanische Sprichwörter* of Dr. O. Snouck Hurgronje (Hague: Nijhoff, 1886) necessarily does not aid us—the Holy City speaks a mixed and barbarous jargon. Khalil Nasrání was not over well equipped for his task: he informs me that he had never cultivated (Arabic) book-reading, but had learned the vernacular by hard practice. He evidently lacks the fine ear which enabled Burckhardt to transliterate, almost without a fault, the difficult and easily confused sounds of the Sád and Zád and Zá, while his directions for their articulation are only misleading (ii. 643, 674). But these very defaults and defects give unexpected weight to his observations. He hears a peculiarity of sound like "Ullah" for "Allah," "Rubb" for "Rabb" (the Lord), in the thickened pronunciation of the Badawi; and he writes it accordingly. A weariness to the flesh of the general will be such sentences as: "Our hunters brought in a porcupine, *nis*" (i. 132); and, "If this (word) were *K(Gh)orh*, they would pronounce *Gorh*, or else *Jorh*, that which they say is plainly *Korh*" (i. 162). Also, the many singularities must be received with abundant caution. No Arab ever yet said "Haj" (for Hajj), "Tóma" (for Tam'a), "Jubál" (for Juhál), "Kella" (for Kal'ah), "Thelúl" (for dalúl = a dromedary), "Ullah Akbar" (for Allahu Akbar), or "La ilah," &c. (for lá iláha). The "Ghr" most imperfectly represents the Ghayn—would the author transliterate Maghrabi by Maghrrabi? Yet we are grateful for such peculiarities as the paragoric *n* as "Rummen" for Rummah, for corruptions like "Umjemmim" (= mukímín, sojourners), and for the prevalence of the "Imálah" (Al-mé for Al-má = water), which approaches the speech of the North Africans. I may remark, *en passant*, that Sir Amin is a mere mistake for Surrah-Amin, lit. the purse-confidant (1, 5, &c.); and I have sought in vain for the Badawi conversion of Káf into Tá, e.g., "Mushrit" for Mushrik—one who gives partners to Allah.

To conclude, Mr. Doughty's work suggests two lessons. The first is not to travel in a semi-barbarous land unless the people be sympathetic to the traveller; and the second is the need of a certain pliancy in opinions, religious and political. Had the author refused all fellowship with Al-Islam for the sake of conscience, that "geographical and chronological accident," we should have understood and appreciated his attitude; but what says he of himself (i. 212)?

"It had cost me little or naught to confess Konfuchó or Socrates [!] to be apostles of Ullah; but I could not find it in my life to confess the barbaric prophet of Mecca and enter

under the yoke into their solemn fool-paradise."

He even affects ignorance of all superstitious matters, and does not know that "Eth-thabíá" ('Id al-Zuhá) is the great pilgrimage festival (i. 136); also, he blunders pitifully about the divination-form Darb al-Mandal described by Lane and a host of others. Consequently, Khalil Nasrání, although travelling as a Daulání (government *protégé*), a vaccinator and a mediciner, is bullied, threatened, and reviled; he is stoned by the children and pushed about and hustled by the very slaves; his beard is plucked, he is pommelled with fist and stick, his life is everywhere in danger, he must go armed, not with the manly sword and dagger, but with a pen-knife and a secret revolver; and the recital of his indignities at length palls upon the mental palate. Mr. Doughty assures us that his truth and honesty were universally acknowledged by his wild hosts; yet I cannot, for the life of me, see how the honoured name of England can gain aught by the travel of an Englishman who at all times and in all places is compelled to stand the buffet from knaves that smell of sweat.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Oliver Cromwell. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)

THE editor of the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" is to be congratulated on having secured Mr. Harrison's services. There is still room for minute investigation into the details of Cromwell's life, which may modify our opinion of the morality of certain portions of his career, and may be not without influence upon our judgment of it as a whole. Mr. Harrison has nothing of this kind to give us. What he brings to his study of facts already ascertained is a fresh and vigorous mind, illuminated by a wide knowledge of political and social life. He neither falls into the mistake of judging Cromwell by the test of any special religious creed, nor does he imagine, as so many have imagined, that the existing British constitution has attained to absolute perfection.

To judge such a man as Cromwell, it is not sufficient to accumulate evidence on the facts of his life. Much of the evidence which exists is contradictory—much more of it is deeply tinged by the prejudices of those from whom it proceeds. What we want is to arrive at the unconscious evidence of words spoken or written without a purpose, of the tendency of a succession of undisputed facts, and of the opinion of friends as well as of enemies. It is satisfactory to find that, so far as Mr. Harrison has evidence of this kind before him, he comes to conclusions which may be described as those of Carlyle, modified by the absence of that hero-worship which was Carlyle's stumbling-block in pursuit of historical truth. It is well that those who think that it is sufficient to dive into an investigation of details in order to prove Cromwell a scoundrel should be reminded by writers like Mr. Harrison that in cases of doubtful evidence the general conception of the character of the actor which we derive from his spoken or written words must never be left out of account.

Mr. Harrison describes Cromwell as a great opportunist, and in this he is undoubtedly right. Yet even Mr. Harrison does not know how little there was of settled purpose in Cromwell, how incapable he was of forming any long-prepared plots and schemes which in ancient and modern days have been attributed to him. Take, for instance, Cromwell's suggestion of the Self-denying Ordinance. Mr. Harrison, like everyone else, considers that such a Tate, who proposed it, was acting "in violent concert with Cromwell." It may have been so, but at all events Tate was the most unlikely man in the world to be in Cromwell's secrets. He was a Presbyterian of the narrowest type; and, indeed, his was one of the two names on the atrocious bill for the suppression of blasphemy and heresy which marks the high tide of Presbyterian intolerance. Furthermore, Mr. Harrison is inaccurate in speaking of Cromwell as breaking the ice when "the House was in committee to consider the sad state of the kingdom." As a matter of fact, Zouch Tate began it. He reported from the committee charged with the investigation into the accusations against Manchester "that the chief causes of our division are pride and obstinacy." Tate, in short, re-echoed the popular feeling of the time that things went wrong because the commanders quarrelled and stuffed their own pockets. Cromwell at once dashed in, and turned the popular feeling into a better channel. Absolute proof there is, of course, none; but the impression left by a full statement of the facts is that there was no collusion at all, just as a full statement of facts relating to the Ordinance itself, which are somewhat confused in Mr. Harrison's narrative, leaves the impression that Cromwell had no intention, at first at least, of exempting himself from the operation of the Ordinance.

Absence of premeditation, in fact, is the note of Cromwell's character which forces itself upon every collector of fresh evidence on his life. At Naseby, for instance, Cromwell, though Fairfax would willingly have taken his advice, left to Skippon the drawing up of the troops. Neither there, nor anywhere else in Cromwell's battles, is there a trace of that originality of conception which marks every combat of Montrose. What Cromwell has to give is the promptness with which each opportunity is seized as it arises. Some instances of this Mr. Harrison recognises:

"The preliminary manoeuvres of the Parliament's army," he writes, "were those of scientific war; the rally of the centre and the skilful co-operation of right wing with centre had displayed the discipline and mobility of an organised army. And the rapidity and steadiness with which the second order of battle was improvised bears the infallible stamp of the genius of Cromwell in the field—passionate energy in act, with imperturbable self-command, wariness, and presence of mind."

Of the preliminary manoeuvres, the one which has called forth most admiration is the drawing up of the parliamentary army just in the rear of the brow of a hill, so that while its commander left to the enemy the disadvantage of charging up the slope, their own order was concealed from his view. It looks almost like a preconceived plan. In fact, it was nothing of the sort.

"I must never forget," wrote one who was present, in a passage which has escaped the notice of historians, "the behaviour of the Lord Lieutenant-General Cromwell, who, as though he had received direction from God himself where to pitch the battle, did advise that the battalion might stand upon such a ground, though it was begun to be drawn up upon another place, saying, 'Let us, I beseech you, draw back to yonder hill, which will encourage the enemy to charge us, which they cannot do in that place without their absolute ruin.'"

The other place was the bottom of the valley, as we know from Sprigge and Slingsby. Here, then, we have Cromwell in action what he was in debate, prompt to seize opportunities as they arose, not prepared to bend events beforehand to his will. He corrected Fairfax's blunder in the field as he had corrected Tate's blunder in the House.

Other lights which Mr. Harrison attempts to throw on Cromwell's character are less satisfactory. He follows the prevailing fashion of the day in depreciating the Irish policy, and in praising the domestic policy, of the English general. The faults of Cromwell's conduct in Ireland are easy to hit, while it is far less easy than Mr. Harrison supposes to suggest an alternative which would, as matters stood in the seventeenth century, have prevented Ireland from being made use of as a mere battering ram against England. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that Mr. Harrison overestimates Cromwell's chance of success in England, simply because he ignores the immense unpopularity of a government resting on the army, more especially as the army was the visible cause of the large increase of taxation. Mr. Harrison, like all other writers, thinks that Cromwell promoted and used the organisation of the agitators, in 1647, in the controversy between the army and the Houses. Lilburne, who must have known the facts of the case, accuses Cromwell of dissuading the agitators from engaging in a hopeless task. What evidence exists, and there is much evidence not yet made public, confirms this view of Cromwell's proceedings. The Presbyterians were far stronger through the support of public opinion than Mr. Harrison supposes. There is good reason to believe that Cromwell was, during the months of April and May, 1627, trying simply to get fair terms for the army in matter of pay and indemnity, without thinking of using it as a political instrument. It is known that in March he had so far given up the game as to offer to leave England, and to take service in Germany under the Elector Palatine. It was not till he discovered that the Presbyterians were plotting to remove the king to Scotland, and to bring him in again at the head of a Scottish army, that he dispatched Joyce to Holmby House, and struck hard, as his manner was, on the impulse of the moment.

Such comments on Mr. Harrison's view of Cromwell's character might be indefinitely multiplied. There is much to be illustrated, and something to be amended, in his conception of that character, and his view of the chances of Cromwell's permanently establishing the Protectorate if he had lived longer is no more than an empty dream. But it is not likely that any investigation will do much to

change the general line which he has firmly and skilfully drawn.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Studies New and Old. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall.)

ONE only of the eleven "studies" which compose Mr. Courtney's volume is new, namely, that on Descartes and the Princess Elizabeth. The other ten are old—that is to say, they have been printed before in the *Fortnightly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Times*. No reasonable objection can be raised against an author because he gathers together his contributions to periodical literature, provided always that such contributions are worthy of reproduction. In these days the magazines and reviews secure a large quantity of literary matter far too valuable to be finally entombed in their half-yearly volumes, and quite good enough to be re-issued in book form; much of it, indeed, is written for books, and appears in the periodicals only casually, so to speak. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Herbert Spencer, among others, have not been ashamed to allow some of their best works to make their first appearance in this way. It is, however, easy to carry the fashion for collecting essays too far. Books, improperly so-called, are produced which are only magazines in a new shape—magazines written by one instead of by several persons, and dated with the year only, and not with the month. In a book there should be organic unity—part connected with part by links of argument or by relation to a common subject. A miscellany in a cloth case is not different in kind from that miscellany in paper covers commonly called a monthly magazine or review. Two classes of persons only are, as a rule, justified in producing it—the young writer who is not yet bold enough to venture on a real book and has good business reasons for showing samples of his literary wares; and the honoured veteran in literature who is entitled to assume that the reading public desire to possess his detached and occasional papers.

Mr. Courtney's present work is of the miscellaneous character just described; for, beyond the author's name, the essays possess no connecting link one with another. All, it is true, are properly classed as "studies"; but this is a title so delightfully inclusive that one wonders what it could not be made to cover. When we look closer, we find that some of the studies are of persons, others of writings; some are critical, some descriptive, some philosophical. I do not presume to question for a moment Mr. Courtney's right to present to the world a miscellany of his own; and I bear willing testimony to the fact that the miscellany he has presented is instructive, entertaining, and sometimes inspiring. Yet one protest I must make. It is surely due that he, or any other author, however great, should, before reproducing his articles, put himself to the trouble of revising them in order to remove the local and temporary touches which belong exclusively to the circumstances of their first appearance. A passage such as the following on p. 46 should not appear. After giving a list of Carlyle's "dislikes" Mr. Courtney adds: "We have left ourselves but little space to refer to all these." Such a remark may

serve well enough as an excuse or an explanation where editorial limitations as to space are strict, as in magazines they often are; but it is impertinent in a work where the author is his own editor. If Mr. Courtney really had anything more to say on the subject of Carlyle's dialikes assuredly the opportunity for saying it was at hand, and he need not have left his "study" incomplete. Even supposing there was a good reason why he should limit his book to 254 pages, ten complete studies would have been better than eleven that were incomplete. This could have been managed, without diminishing the value of the book, by the omission of the essay in which Mr. Courtney discusses "The Service of Man and the Service of Christ" with special reference to Cotter Morison's last work. So long as Mr. Courtney maintains the even temper of the critic he leaves little to be desired; but in the character of an advocate, defending Christianity against Mr. Morison's indictment, he is not edifying. Of his method of advocacy it must be said, as he himself says of Swinburne's critical instinct, that "it is too petulant." As to the article itself, it must, in justice, be noted that, however easily it might be spared from the present collection, it was well suited for its original purpose—to grace the pages of the *Edinburgh*.

Happily, most of Mr. Courtney's subjects are better chosen. His discourse, when it is dispassionate, is acceptable. He is good at exposition, admirable at analysis, and he revels in metaphysics. He is at his best, and is an excellent critic, when his sympathy with his subject is entire. Sympathy is, as he says, "a precious quality for the critic, and the faculty for praise sometimes argues a richly endowed nature" (p. 146). With Emerson, and even with Carlyle, Mr. Courtney's sympathy is not entire; and the consequence is that his two "Studies in the Prophetic Nature" as he calls them, though interesting and suggestive, are not altogether satisfactory. He upholds in them the character of critic; but it is the critic of the wet-blanket order, the critic who is afraid of praising too highly, and, therefore, supplements every expression of approval with a qualifying "but"—who, in short, conceals his "richly endowed nature" by not exercising his "faculty for praise." In the essay on Emerson Mr. Courtney also displays a lack of self-confidence quite remarkable in him, for, as a rule, he is unhesitating, and even assertive and dogmatic, in pronouncing judgment. He disposes of John Stuart Mill and Walter Bagehot in a single sentence: diminutive personages of practice and experience. But he deals with Emerson as if conscious that he had not fully grasped his subject. "Perhaps," "possibly," "probably," qualify his statements. Emerson is "a possibly second-rate prophet, with regard to whom there is some doubt whether he succeeded in catching the prophetic mantle as it fell" (p. 55). On the very next page we read that "perhaps we are too near Emerson; perhaps the difficulty of estimation is the most decisive proof of his greatness." A little later the scornful mood returns:

"That Emerson was the sanest of the Transcendentalist faction who wrote in *The Dial* and complained of being misunderstood only proves how deficient in self-control the Transcendentalists must have been."

Once more the balance oscillates to the side of approval:

"Emerson's fame will probably be independent of any single contribution to the world's literature, for his merit does not appear to consist either in his rhetoric or his philosophy or his poetry, but rather in the genial spirit of the man, and in the generous and wholesome influence which he diffuses around him, like some bracing and exhilarating atmosphere. In a different sense from that of the sermon or the ethical homily, it 'does one good' to read him; for he braces the sinews and sets the blood coursing more freely through the veins. In this respect he stands at the opposite pole to Carlyle, who supplies the malodorous and distasteful medicine, while Emerson gives the tonic of blithe air and happy sunshine" (p. 75). Then comes the final "but":

"But that he was not new, but derivative, let his spiritual exemplars testify, who were Plato and Coleridge, Swedenborg and Wordsworth" (p. 76).

This, surely, is a singular conclusion to reach about a man so exceptionally self-centred as Emerson, and indicates, I think, that Mr. Courtney has entirely missed the key-note of his character and career. Emerson's doctrines were not new—whose are?—but they were original in him, and would have been announced if he had never heard of Plato, Coleridge, Swedenborg, and Wordsworth. He was no disciple of these teachers, but towards them, as towards all else, a critic always; and he belonged to them and they to him by spiritual kinship.

Mr. Courtney's sympathy (which by no means signifies agreement) is entire when he discusses Hawthorne and Mr. Browning, and the consequence is he has produced two excellent essays in criticism. In the former the description of the residents at Brook Farm is not, indeed, a happy one: "Sentimental young ladies, heavy-footed disciples of socialism, staid devotees of the rights of equal division of property, and calm philosophic thinkers." Mr. Courtney has evidently had the Blithedale of Hawthorne in his mind, and not the real Brook Farm of George Ripley and his co-workers. Nor is the term "bloodless"—repeated again and again—a good one with reference to the personages of Hawthorne's romances, though truly it is better than "anaemic," which appears on p. 89. "Shadowy" or "ghostly," which other critics have applied, is more descriptive; for, as Mr. Courtney himself remarks:

"In whatever time, place, or circumstance his tales are perused, instantly there rises the suggestion of a chilly and spectral air, the air of some gleaming moonlight, when all the shadows seem to have gathered an added intensity, when ordinary flesh and blood has lost colour, and to both eye and ear are borne ever and anon the visions of flying wraiths and the echoes of a supernatural melody" (p. 85).

Of Mr. Browning Mr. Courtney says:

"That Browning should have essayed two transcripts from Euripides is a fact not without significance for the critic, for he has thereby opened to us the secrets of his own dramatic aptitudes. For with him, as with Euripides, the humanity he paints is not the dignified, selfish man of Tennyson or Sophocles, with views on 'the decorous' or 'the befitting,' and a conventional regard for respectable deportment, whether towards himself or to his gods; but the wilder, less commonplace, more

developed human being, who hates with a will, and loves with a will, regardless of consequence, who cannot deceive himself as to his own motives, and despises external morality—a humanity which dares and sins and suffers, and makes a mock, if need be, of gods and heaven" (p. 102).

"In a play of Browning the hero, naturally enough, talks like Browning; but so, too, does the heroine, so does the villain, so do the populace. Contrast there certainly is; but not contrast in the ordinary sense. There is none of that impersonal touch which we have in Shakspeare, and which makes one know Shakspeare's characters, while what Shakspeare's own character may be remains a mystery. Browning is too personal, too 'subjective,' too instinct with himself; he cannot project himself outward, so to speak, in his creations; he cannot forget himself by means of a wide human sympathy" (p. 106).

This is good criticism, and the tone of the essay is equally good throughout.

As good, or nearly as good, though different, is the essay on Mr. Swinburne, in which Mr. Courtney admits the good points in the poet's work, but finds much to censure. Especially does he condemn the failure of Swinburne to fulfil the promise that he seemed to give when first he came before the world:

"If we ask what new ideas the years which bring the philosophic mind have contributed, what thoughts of clearer or deeper insight have enriched our common heritage; the answer reveals the infertility of the soil from which we expect a second harvest. Two subjects inspire all the later work of Mr. Swinburne—the sea and babies. The worship of the baby as practised by its latest devotee is not, perhaps, an inspiring spectacle. But the praise of the sea is even more significant, for it is nothing if not sensuous. . . . When a strong man, like Byron or Shakspeare, praises the sea, he describes it as its master. The poems of Mr. Swinburne on the same subject reveal the attitude of the slave, or rather the passionate, submissive joys of some creature of a tyrant's whim" (p. 145).

Of the remaining essays little need be said. That on Hobbes is solid and philosophical; the others, in a lighter vein, are all pleasant and instructive. Mr. Courtney is the possessor of a fine literary style, and he is more than ordinarily good in this particular in the papers on "Charles Reade's Novels" and "A Royal Blue-Stocking." Taken as a whole, the book, whatever be its minor faults, is without doubt an acceptable addition to our literature.

WALTER LEWIN.

The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming.
By R. E. Prothero. (Longmans.)

THIS is one of the most sensible contributions which have been made to the literature of farming in these days of doubt and depression. Speculations innumerable have been broached upon the future of farmers; endless nostrums, from jam to tobacco, prescribed for their troubles; but Mr. Prothero stands soberly in the gap, and points to the lessons of history. There farmers will find the wisest teacher, will learn not to be downcast at the present position of agriculture as if it were unexampled in the past, and may with some show of reason dimly forecast the future. His book is naturally divided into two parts—the history of farming in England, the deductions it warrants us in drawing for our guidance in

the present distress. The caution of the writer, his strong desire not to be prejudiced, his care to fortify all his positions by figures and facts, are very striking. Whatever he discusses is thoroughly examined by the aid of experience; and its modifications in the past, owing to peace or war, prosperity or scarceness, preponderance of population in the country or the towns, and the like, are carefully taken into account. This eminently judicial tone of the book is highly reassuring to the student of political economy after the floods of thinly-veiled Socialism which have recently deluged the land. Modern problems are courageously faced; the fallacies of peasant proprietorship exposed; the need of equalised railway rates, relief in local taxation, and cheap and ready modes of land transfer insisted upon; while the prudent farmer is bidden to rely exclusively upon none or all of these remedies. Success, after all, depends upon himself. Grass and dairy farming, reduction of labour by his own activity, a habit of mind which, without rashly divorcing itself from old views, will yet adapt itself gradually to the changed conditions of modern agriculture—these are strongly urged upon him as the best means of meeting the inevitable alterations in his lot induced by the energy of the New World. Even a conscientious and minute keeping of accounts is not beneath Mr. Prothero's recommendations. Industry, carefulness, progress—these, in short, are the watchwords of modern agriculture. There must be no more haphazard customary farming, no more unquestioning acceptance of the ways of our fathers, no expectation that the profits of farming will, for the present, at all events, enable the tenant to emulate the social habits of his landlord. "The old order changeth" in farming as in everything else.

These remarks will show that Mr. Prothero's book is one to be read and pondered by all who commerce with the land. Country gentlemen, tenants, parsons, will find in it much of extreme interest. Better still, they will see the hollowness of all empirical reasonings on the agricultural and fiscal questions of the day. They will be encouraged to approach these subjects with wider research and comparison, with a wise deference to the teachings of history, with readiness to accept new lights from every department of human learning. And even then, in some cases, they will perhaps not be disinclined to lay their hands on their mouths with the patriarch of old, rather than eagerly parade their infallibilities with the rest of the glib prophets of the day. If justice is blindfolded, wisdom is not ashamed in some respects to confess herself purblind.

Mr. Prothero's review of English agriculture is very instructive. From the "self-sufficing farming" of the Middle Ages after the Wars of the Roses sprang the first agricultural revolution. Sheep-farming became profitable, and the furrows were abandoned to grass. Common gave way to individual ownership. Enclosure proceeded apace. The relations of landlord and tenant superseded those between the lord of the manor and village communities. As the precious metals fell in value legislation interfered with the adjusting power of wages. In spite of the check given to progress by the Civil Wars in the seventeenth

century more attention began to be paid to agriculture. Garden produce was carefully grown, and new vegetables imported from Flanders. Above all, the cultivation of turnips and clover, which opened a new era for farming, was introduced by Sir R. Weston. Drainage of the fens was commenced with the happiest results. The changes induced by the comparative quiescence of English life in the last century, with continuously prosperous harvests, and no superabundance in the labour market, were enormous. All classes improved in social habits. "In 1760," says Mr. Prothero, "wheat was the bread-stuff of five-eighths of the population. The period was tasteless, coarse, and apathetic; but it was the golden age of the English peasant."

A reaction set in with the French Revolution, and, owing to bounties being offered for the export of corn men were now attracted from pasture to tillage. The four-course system of husbandry under Lord Townshend's auspices made its way through the land; Bakewell devoted himself to improving the breed of sheep and cattle; Arthur Young's writings advanced agriculture in a marked degree. Coke, of Holkham, advocated large farms and the employment of capital; and, curiously, the march of events, war prices, and the corn laws, were already, as a logical conclusion, evicting the yeoman. The great increase of population was of itself a strong incentive to corn growing and the formation of large farms. From 1812 to 1845 was a period of much distress to the labourers of the soil. Scientific agriculture meanwhile, thanks to the discoveries of Liebig, Sprengel, Lawes, and others, was making vast strides onwards. At length protection was abolished and free trade compelled farmers to adopt a mixed husbandry of corn and cattle, and from 1845 to 1873 dawned a time of much agricultural prosperity. Tenant right was claimed as a necessity. Statistical returns and the scientific investigation of manures, crops, &c., were diligently studied. Then the dark cloud grew apace. From 1873 to the present day fourteen years of almost unexampled depression have befallen the country.

Mr. Prothero examines with philosophical acumen the causes of this national misfortune. Currency questions, over-production, large commercial failures, foreign competition, above all, perhaps, inclement seasons, are the chief of these.

"No general cure," he adds, "for distress exists, except favourable seasons, increased supplies of money, whether metallic or paper, revival of trade, curtailments of production by the shifting of capital, diminution of foreign competition, adjustment of standards of living to decreased incomes, restored courage, and the adaptation of farming practices to new requirements."

Above all, as in every other difficulty, self-help will carry farmers even through the present crisis.

Want of space forbids our following Mr. Prothero through several other deeply interesting economical questions; but his chapter on peasant proprietorship is well worth pondering at present before country gentlemen throw in their lot with those political quacks who regard the sub-division of the land between numberless little

freeholders as the nostrum to heal all the ills of the country. It is well that the condition of the French peasant-farmer should be known to English labourers who are ambitious of becoming small landed proprietors. At present it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the position of the English farm-labourer was never more comfortable than it is, and that he, of all who are directly interested in the land, has suffered least from agricultural depression. Whether the horizon before him looks equally clear is another matter; but he need not in any case envy the untiring toil, the squalor of domestic life, the entire ignorance of all save crops and *sous* which weighs down the mind of the French peasant. Land distribution and local taxation are fairly treated in other chapters. Redemption of tithe rent-charge is shown to be the true cure for the pressure of this burden on land. Triennial calculation of tithe is essentially unfair to the clergy; redemption is the only expedient suited to the highest interests of the nation.

The painstaking character of this book is not more remarkable than its equitable spirit. If it teaches farmers and landlords alike that no sudden remedy, which must necessarily be a partial one, can be applied to the agricultural crisis at present with any reasonable hope of success, it will have done good. Restoration of confidence in farming matters is a work of time, the product of many factors. It is superfluous to commend *The Pioneers of English Farming* to thoughtful readers. We must find a line, however, in which to thank Mr. Prothero for the useful tables and figures which he has brought together in the appendices. From a literary point of view, the bibliography of agriculture might with advantage be enlarged in another edition. It would add a fresh charm to a book already well worth attention.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

Diana Barrington. By Mrs. John Croker. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Fraternity. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Pillar House. By Florence Severne. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Who is Vera? By A. E. Schlötel. In 3 vols. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

It is Written. By Ada Fielder-King. In 3 vols. (Remington.)

Jack Urquhart's Daughter. By Minnie Young. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Last Mackenzie of Redcastle. By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle. (James Weir.)

David Poindexter's Disappearance. By Julian Hawthorne. (Chatto & Windus.)

Diana Barrington is a very good example of the now well-known style of Mrs. Croker. If not quite so lively as *Pretty Miss Neville*, it stands higher as a work of art. The humour which relieves its miseries and enlivens its flirtations is still Irish, but it is not Irish *en deshabille*. Occasionally Peggy Magee, the servant (or rather the mistress) of the heroine, who supplies the most of this humour, becomes somewhat uproarious; but she is never vulgar. The story of *Diana*,

which Mrs. Croker styles "a romance of Central India," has all the appearance of reality. We have had in recent fiction too many Anglo-Indian *militaires*, and too many intriguing, mischievous, shallow-hearted grass widows; and even Mrs. Croker cannot alter for the better the character of the society she knows so thoroughly. Her Raitts and Fitzroys and "Peters" are, however, better and better-bred company than one usually gets in an Indian station. Mrs. Croker might have spared us some of the incorrigible Peter's verses, which are bad enough for the dormitory of a public school. Then Mrs. Little and Mrs. Lawless (surely, by the way, Mrs. Lawless's nickname of "Unlimited Loe" is unnecessarily offensive), although disagreeable and selfish, do not appear to be caricatures. Above all, Mrs. Croker's plot has every appearance of originality. Diana Barrington has been brought up carefully in seclusion by her father, whose life has been robbed of happiness by the elopement of his frivolous wife. She has her difficulties, therefore, when she is launched on the sea, or rather the lake, of Anglo-Indian society. But these she surmounts, and she is married to Hugh Fitzroy, a young unconventional soldier, of good instincts and high character. It is after her marriage and the death of her father that Diana's more serious troubles come upon her. She falls in with her mother, now Mrs. Vavasour, but quite as gay, self-regarding, and in need of money as when she was Mrs. Barrington. Diana's efforts to help her mother, with the aid of a splendid and mysterious Indian necklace, get her into difficulties with her husband, and bring her into contact with the single thoroughly unpleasant male character in the story. Her rescue from misunderstandings and other difficulties is accomplished after a rather commonplace fashion. But the interest of the story never flags, and there is not a dull passage in it. When Mrs. Croker has eliminated from her style a slight tendency towards farcicality, which is still observable in it, one aspect of military life will be as absolutely hers as another is the exclusive property of the author of *Boatie's Baby*.

There is a great deal of moral earnestness, and a vast deal of Wales, in *Fraternity*. But in spite of this, even to some extent on account of this, it is a rather tiresome book to read, and a very puzzling book to review. If only one could have had the romance without the preaching and the lecturing, or the preaching and lecturing without the romance! There is no doubt as to the excellence of the intentions of the anonymous author of *Fraternity*. It is to demonstrate that without love or fraternity, equality, if at all attainable, is dangerous. The bringing together of Edmund and Harold, the two advocates of fraternity, and who, without being aware of the fact, are brothers, is a pretty idea prettily carried out. Nor is there any question as to the genuineness of the Welsh element in the story—the Welsh scenery, the Welsh character, probably even the Welsh politics. Perhaps, too, after *Robert Elsmere* one must put up with confessions of moral and religious struggles in novels. But the ethical, social, and political discourses which the author delivers in *propria persona*, by the mouth of her—at all events probably her—chief

character, Edmund Haig or Price, interfere sadly with the love-making. Blodwen and Alice would have made more than passable heroines if their lovers had not been so given to preaching at and through them. What must poor Blodwen have had to endure after marriage, when in the ecstasy of her engagement she is treated to this sort of thing:

"At present there is an inequality of soul and mind and moral beauty which is far more sad than any superficial inequality of houses and raiment. And we who are the elder children, so to speak, of the human family—we who are educated and are sensitive to the bad habits and disagreeable customs of the ignorant younger children—we must instruct, and cheer, and refine them till inequality is conquered through fraternity and for fraternity."

Yet, in spite of eloquence like this, in spite even of digressions like—

"Exult not, modern Radicals, ardent Welsh patriots, that the Church must fall as a withered flower, an empty nest, a decayed tree. Think you that those chapels which make hideous every town and village in our fair land shall last as long as three hundred years?"

—there are some fascinating passages in *Fraternity*, and it has an air of moral distinction which makes it vastly superior to the ordinary run of novels with a purpose.

The Pillar House is a tragedy simple enough in conception, yet remarkable in execution. Poor unfortunate, silly Milly Fanshawe, while walking in her sleep, kills her husband's employer and tyrant. A second attack of somnambulism reveals to her husband the mystery of that murder, of which he is accused because it has brought what to him is wealth. A third ends in her violent death. This is the whole story, but the development of it is managed with great skill. There are few characters in *The Pillar House*. In addition to Frank Fanshawe, his wife Milly, and Ralston, the financial gambler, who employs him as secretary, there are only the doctor and the parson of the country town in which the tragedy of *The Pillar House* is enacted. But not one of these portraits is suggestive of carelessness or want of finish. There is, indeed, nothing in this story, which it ought to be said is written with extreme care, that jars upon one, except the improbability of such a man as Ralston leaving £10,000 and his house to such a man as Fanshawe.

The author of *Who is Vera?* has failed to attain success through seeking to realise his (more probably her) own ambition of producing a novel "wherein English and Russian lives are interwoven." The plotting and the counter-plotting, the abrupt shifting of the scenery, the mystery which surrounds the history and even the identity of almost every person in the story, become all so tiresome that at the end of the third volume one is too fatigued to take any interest in the solution of the problem on which the whole book turns, although this is ultimately very nearly as serious as the one which for a time vexed the soul of Tom Jones. If Mr. (or Miss) Schlötel had kept one's attention interested in the fate of any three of her characters, say for choice the actress Vera Verge (or Ossinman), Athelstane Morgane (or Caston), her husband, and Lady Clara Percival, the siren-demon, instead of dissipating it over

about a score, and, besides, offering every tenth page or so such a puzzle as "Madame Verge Ossinman—my clue that led me here; and in spite of Ossinman becoming Astroff, I found my Paul through it," she (or he) might have produced a tolerably readable novel. As it stands, *Who is Vera?* is a melancholy instance of wasted ingenuity.

There is far too much that is unpleasant, if not positively unwholesome, in *It is Written*. Mrs. Gerald Anstruther and her lover before and after marriage, Alphonse Auterlitz, are as vile as they can be; while even the good characters are so embarrassed with husbands or wives whom they have no affection for, that it is with difficulty they "keep straight." Vega Montague "darlings" very freely a man who is believed by some folk to have contracted a Scotch marriage with somebody else; and when Mrs. Delaval says, "Oh! Gerald, I could not live without you," it is hardly necessary to say that it is not her husband she refers to. This is all a matter of "kismet," to be sure; but one breathes freely about the end of *It is Written* when death, divorce, and other events allow the various passionate pairs of lovers to come together in the conventional fashion. The plot of this story is very inartistic; and many of the incidents, particularly the Scotch marriage, are farcical in the extreme. Mrs. (or Miss) Fielder-King's English, which, by the way, is too highly seasoned with French, is rather peculiar. Lady Montague is "a harmonious woman"; and Mrs. Trevor, from the fact of her being a bishop's wife, has "ecclesiastical ears." It may seem surprising that at a dinner Colonel Anstruther should have been "toll'd off to Mrs. Marston"; but it is positively alarming to hear that on the same occasion Mrs. Marston "kicked him (Guy L'Estrange) into silence."

The seamy side of a life of adventure in "society" is seen almost at its worst in poor Cosy Urquhart's tragedy of poverty, mis-spelling, misplaced love, and early death. Jack Urquhart, her father, is about as bad as a man can be who lives by his wits and his luck at cards. Selfish and sottish, he neglects his wife; he allows his daughter to grow up uneducated and undisciplined; he regards her as a decoy-duck for the victims of his dubious skill; he subjects her to influences which, though they do not destroy the essential goodness of her nature, unquestionably rob it of a little of its delicacy; ultimately, from being a gambler, he becomes a forger. The man who most devotedly loves this blackleg's daughter has no right to do so; the man whom she loves takes only a friendly interest in her; the man who marries her is a little of a snob, and a great deal of a fool; the people among whom she passes her days, both in France and in England, either lead shady lives themselves, or believe that their neighbours all lead such lives. Altogether, *Jack Urquhart's Daughter* is an exceedingly unpleasant story; but it is told with unquestionable power, and reveals on the part of its author no little skill in portraiture. It is to be hoped, for the sake of human nature, that in one scene of a trying character for the luckless Cosy she goes too far. It is possible, perhaps, for a young English peer to tell a girl whom he meets at a public ball that her

father "is a blackguard," and to suggest that she should go off with him in his yacht. But is it credible that he should make it clear to her that he wished her company as mistress, not as wife, "very loudly, and in a tone of studied insolence that was not lost upon the company, who were now beginning to pour out of the room at the conclusion of the dance"?

Though new to me, *The Last Mackenzie of Redcastle* is marked "Author's Edition," and may possibly not now be published for the first time. It is a simple, pleasant, healthy, essentially Highland story, of the kind Miss Kettle delights to tell. The hero, compelled by the moral weakness of his father and the tyranny of his stepmother to leave Scotland for military service in America, finds a wife in a Portuguese family there, and finally settles in Portugal. There is nothing exceptional in the incidents that intervene between George Mackenzie's exile from the land of his birth and his establishment in the land of his adoption. But the two or three by no means complicated love-affairs to which Miss Kettle treats her readers have the warm glow of eighteenth-century romance. The Chevalier Lucena, who is the guardian and uncle of the girl that George Mackenzie marries, is an excellent example of the refined and chivalrous Portuguese gentleman.

The collection of stories which have all previously appeared in magazines no doubt, and which Mr. Julian Hawthorne now republishes, will neither add to his reputation as a stylist, nor detract from his reputation as a skilful, though not always patient, worker in the field of moral weirdness. "David Poindexter's Disappearance," which gives the collection its title, is also the best. The mystery of the story is admirably sustained; and the transforming effect of the sudden accession of wealth upon the hero's character is very cleverly realised. The next best story of the series is the last, "A Strange Friend." In it an out-of-the-way district of New England is skilfully reproduced alike in its physical characteristics and in the peculiarities of its inhabitants. Then the contagious power of goodness is well personified by the philanthropist of the story, who recalls Jean Valjean, and, still more, Jean Valjean's master. Some of the other contents of this volume have the look of padding. "When Half-Gods go, the Gods arrive," suggests the idea of Mr. Hawthorne trying to imitate Mr. Howells. He is quite himself, however, in the fantastic humour and the well-preserved secret of "My Friend Paton."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Old German Puppet Play of Dr. Faust. Turned into English, with Introduction and Notes, by T. C. H. Hedderwick. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Among the redeeming compensations which the Lyceum travesty of Goethe's masterpiece has brought in its train is to be reckoned a perceptible access of popular curiosity in regard to the less notable literary variations of the Faust legend. Among these, the Puppet-show, which in Germany holds with some security the second place, has now been edited and translated practically for the first time. Naturally the first question to be

decided was which among the various versions of the play, the conflicting claims of which are very far from being settled, should be chosen for translation. Mr. Hedderwick has elected to render a version which, in spite of its attractions, is certainly not free from suspicion—that of Dr. Hamm. The sensational story of the process of its acquisition as told by its editor may or may not be true. The version itself, in spite of a few scattered traces of an early state, abounds with palpable modern touches, some of which are, in fact, pointed out by Mr. Hedderwick himself, and with the evidences of a practised literary pen. It has claims, in fact, rather to literary excellence than to be a faithful representation of the Puppet-play in its oldest attainable form. We do not advance this exactly as a criticism of Mr. Hedderwick's course; but we think he has hardly put the reader in full possession of the facts. For the rest the translation appears to be unexceptionable, and the introduction and notes scholarly. In the note on p. 181 the "men who attempted to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle in the reign of one of the early kings of Scotland," doubtless refers to Damian, Abbot of Tongland, the enemy of Dunbar.

Histoire de la Légende de Faust. Par Ernest Faligan. (Hachette.) This portly volume of nearly 500 closely printed pages is the first of a series of studies contemplated by the author upon the whole cycle of legends which relate the history of men who have bartered their souls to the devil. Laborious, minute, conscientious, based upon ample reading, and devoid, even to dullness, of literary grace and charm, it well represents the tendencies of the younger generation of French scholars. The enormous literature of the subject, much of it buried in periodicals, has been fairly mastered by Dr. Faligan, though here and there, especially among recent books, omissions are easy to signalise. The first part contains an elaborate attempt to reconstruct the life of the historical Faust—an attempt which appears to err only in a too ready acceptance of dubious material, such as the anecdotes which the *Faustbuch* has in common with the undated Erfurt chronicle, and the *soi-disant* reports of Luther's table-talk about Faust given at the end of the century by his devoted but uncritical adherent Widman. The argument for the identification of Faust and George Sabellicus would also have been improved by acquaintance with the cogent discussion of the subject by Prof. Erich Schmidt in the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, vol. ii. This is followed by a complete translation and discussion of the Faust-book itself, and of its immediate derivative, Marlowe's tragedy. The translation of the former appears, so far as we have compared it, to have coped very successfully with the idiomatic difficulties of sixteenth-century German prose. Marlowe's still more exacting English is rendered with rather less uniform accuracy. We may note on p. 263 the curious and quite exceptional misunderstanding by which the Good Angel's warning, "Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin," is rendered "*Repens-toi, et jamais ils ne pourront arracher un poil de ta barbe.*" The latter part of the volume is occupied with the famous Puppet-play. Faligan dissents from the prevalent view, powerfully urged by Creizenach, that Marlowe's tragedy is the source of all the German puppet-plays on the story of Faust. Yet in view of its manifest influence upon those that remain, and of the complete absence of any trace of different descent, the burden of proof must be held to rest with those who assert the opposite. No doubt in the process of turning the piece into German the *Volksbuch* would be resorted to for phraseology; but Marlowe's tragedy must still have been the source of the dramatic vitality of the play

which was the immediate stimulus of Goethe's drama.

John Heywood als Dramatiker. Ein Beitrag zur Entwicklungsgeschichte des englischen Dramas. Von Wilhelm Swoboda. (Wien: Braumüller.) This is the third of the promising series of "Wiener Beiträge" devoted to German and English philology. The first part contains a critical life of Heywood, in which an attempt is made, we think, successfully to fix approximately the year of his birth, by the help of his Oxford residence and of his acquaintance with More, at 1494-6. The remainder contains a careful review of his dramatic career, which contains some interesting remarks, such as the suggestion of "Höfische Dorfpoesie" as a description of the genre represented by this rough and popular yet courtly humourist.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Prof. Edward Dowden is preparing for the press a cheap edition of his *Life of Shelley*, in a single volume.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN will shortly publish a new poem, in rhymed verse, of a partly humorous character, founded on a well-known legend. It will be issued in the first place with illustrations. The second edition of the *City of Dream* is already almost exhausted—a result due in no little measure to Mr. Lecky's panegyric at the Royal Academy banquet.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD's latest story of bloodshed in South Africa, *Maiwa's Revenge*, will be published by Messrs. Longmans next week in a single volume.

PROF. W. MINTO's historical novel, "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet," which has been running for some time past in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, will be published in three volumes by Messrs. Macmillan in the course of August.

THE next volume in the series of "Historic Towns" will be *The Cinque Ports*, written by Prof. Montagu Burrows.

Through the Shadows; a novel, incidentally dealing with some difficulties of religious faith, by Newen F. Hall, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD's novel, *Sylvia Arden*, will shortly be issued in a third and cheaper edition.

A NEW edition of *Walks in the Ardennes*, by Mr. Percy Lindley, describing tours little known to English travellers in the Luxemburg and Belgian Ardennes, is in preparation. It will be illustrated by Mr. J. F. Weedon.

YET another magazine is announced by Mr. David Nutt—the *New Jewish Quarterly*, edited by Mr. I. Abrahams and Mr. O. G. Montefiore. It will be devoted mainly to discussions of interesting questions of Jewish history, philosophy, and religion. Articles on Biblical subjects will occupy a prominent place. Its pages will be open to writers of all schools of thought, though naturally Jewish contributions will predominate. Among those who have already promised their support are—Prof. Graetz, Dr. A. Neubauer, Dr. M. Friedlaender, the Rev. A. Loewy, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, Mr. S. Alexander, and Canon Oheyn. The first number will be published on October 1.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON announce the publication, in December next, of the *Educational Annual*, a handy reference volume of about 200 crown octavo pages. It is proposed to review: (1) Elementary education in a popular form, and to furnish statistical information from parliamentary and other public records—the code, containing the con-

ditions under which grants of public money are made to voluntary and board schools, the method of inspection, and other details, will be noticed; (2) technical education; (3) agricultural education; (4) industrial, reformatory, truant, and ragged schools; (5) secondary education, including a list of schools and colleges, and the universities; (6) generally, the purpose and work of the Education department, the Science and Art department, the training of teachers, and the teachers' organisations.

WE are asked to state that the subscription list for Mr. Loftie's *Kensington: Picturesque and Historical*, to be published by Messrs. Field & Tuer, will close on September 29, after which date the price will be raised.

THE Cobden Club has given instructions to circulate among its members three thousand copies of the pamphlet on education just published by Mr. J. R. Endean, entitled "The Public Education of Austria: Primary, Secondary, Technical, Commercial."

THE following seems to be the order in popularity of the series of books of adventure published by Messrs. Cassell: *King Solomon's Mines*, 63,000; *Treasure Island*, 24,000; *Kidnapped*, 21,000; *Dead Man's Rock*, 7,000.

DURING next week, from Tuesday to Friday, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a miscellaneous collection of books and MSS. from several libraries. Among them are a curious assortment of chap-books and popular illustrated works of the beginning of the century, brought together by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Nelligan, of Cork; and the philological library of the late Derwent Coleridge. We notice also a presentation copy, with autograph, of the two volumes of the first edition of *Essays of Elia*; and several copies of Leigh Hunt, in their original bindings, which are described as being "as fresh as when issued."

THE new number of the *Torch*, the Colonial Book Circular, edited by Mr. Edward A. Petherick, is associated with the name of Matthew Arnold by having a motto from his writings prefixed to each section, and also by a reproduction of Mr. F. Sandys's portrait (engraved by Mr. Lacour), which appeared some two years ago in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. We have reason to know that Matthew Arnold himself preferred this portrait to any other. Mr. Petherick continues his bibliography of Australasia, dealing with New South Wales from 1801 to 1835. He gives a facsimile of the title-page of the first issue of the Sydney press—"General Standing Orders issued by Governors" (1802)—from the unique specimen in the British Museum; and he also prints, from the copy in his own possession, some of Coleridge's marginalia on E. G. Wakefield's first draft of his well-known scheme of regulated colonisation (1829).

THE latest addition to the cheap series of "Bohn's Select Library," now being issued by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, is *Waterloo Days: the Narrative of an Englishwoman resident at Brussels in 1815*. The writer was Miss Charlotte Waldie (afterwards Mrs. Eaton), perhaps better known for her *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* (1820), which, like the present little book, was originally published anonymously. It is well worth reading, not so much as a contribution to history as for its psychological interest. Mr. Edward Bell has added a preface and notes to this re-issue. We notice that the next volume in this series will be Rann Kennedy's famous translation of the *De Corona*—perhaps the only "crib" which has itself become a classic.

WE would commend to collectors of Chattertoniana a little pamphlet recently published by Messrs. William George's Sons, of Bristol. It

is entitled "Thomas Chatterton and the Vicar of Temple Church, Bristol"; and it describes the relations of Chatterton with the vicar of that time, one Alexander Catcott, a person of some literary reputation. A facsimile is given of Chatterton's own transcription of one of the Rowley MSS., which is entitled "Knights Templaries Chyrche," together with three other illustrations. The materials were supplied by the present vicar; but the greater part of the comments are due to that indefatigable local antiquary, Mr. William George.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

GRIEF.

THERE is a common form of misery
That tears away all cloaking and disguise—
That thrusts its weakness in its neighbour's eyes,
And says to all men "Look, and pity me!"
There is a grief whose forceful agony
Will not be hid, though hard the spirit tries—
A grief whose wretchedness to heaven cries
In street and market-place, where all may see.
Ah, these are bitter! But we never hear
The hopeless misery that withers some—
The inward desolation black and sore,
That longs for rest—where rest may never come!
The blasting woe that cannot force a tear—
The heart that slowly breaks, and yet is dumb.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most attractive thing to us in the July *Livre* is a notice, not long but thorough and enthusiastic, of *Toute la Lyre*, by M. Jean Richepin. At the time when it is a "trick as common as it is silly, with Frenchmen to affect to scoff at their greatest poet of the century," it is pleasant to find a writer like M. Richepin, who certainly cannot be accused of want of "modernity," taking a different tone. This article, however, is only in the second part. The places of greater dignity are occupied by a long article on "Les Bourbons Bibliophiles" (which displays the well-known knowledge and skill of M. Eugène Asse, and has a handsome illustration of grouped vignettéd portraits), and a catalogue of the La Roche-Lacarelle sale. Let us add a brief expression of satisfaction at seeing in a short note, editorially signed "O. U.," a well-deserved rebuff for one of those (usually Belgian) publications which, under the name of "Bibliophily," offer nothing but dirty dulness. M. Uzanne is pretty well known as no prude, neither do we plead guilty to prudery; but there is a good deal too much of this sort of thing going about nowadays.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* for June Pedro Morales has a scientific study on the *Regium Exequatur*. Its origin he finds in the duties of kings as protectors of the Church. While censuring the doctrines of the Regalistas of the last century, he accepts the present condition as a tolerable *modus vivendi*. Lorenzo d'Ayot commences a florid lecture on Aristocracy and Progress in the Middle Ages. The best part is his insistence on the legislation of Justinian as a chief factor of mediæval history. In the continuation of Ginéz Pérez de Hita, Señor Aceroy Abad concludes his bibliography, and prints the first chapters after the text of the edition of Zaragoza, 1595. The provisions of the Fuero of Brihuega give an insight into the society of the time. Parents could not give more to one child than to another without consent of the others; the children of clergy might inherit; the children of female Moorish slaves belonged to their owner; the regulations for labour were minute, both for master and man; compurgation was still in force, &c.

Fernandez Merino's critical observations on the etymologies of the Dictionary of the Academy are, this time, a disquisition on Goths and Teutons. Besides other continuations, there is a favourable notice of the *Médulla Histórica* of Padre M. Antonino, which was refused license by the ecclesiastical censor "for being written with tendencies to liberalism, or at least for employing a liberal phraseology." It is now printed, after various corrections.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

GÉRARD, *Lettres adressées au Baron François par les artistes et les personnages célèbres de son temps*. Paris: Quantin. 80 fr.
LAVISSE, E. *Trois Empereurs d'Allemagne*. Paris: Colin. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

CARRÉ, G. *L'Enseignement secondaire à Troyes du Moyen Age à la Révolution*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
CORNELIUS, O. A. *Die Rückkehr Calvin's nach Genf*. I. Die Guillelmina. München: Franz. 1 M. 80 Pf.
LIARD, L. *L'Enseignement supérieur en France, 1789-1839: Les Universités en 1789; la Révolution*. Paris: Colin. 7 fr. 50 c.
MICHAEL, W. *Die Formen d. unmittelbaren Verkehrs zwischen den deutschen Kaisern u. souveränen Fürsten vornehmlich im X., XI. u. XII. Jahrh.* Hamburg: Voss. 4 M.
MÜLLER, K. E. H. *Das Magnum Chronicon Belgium u. die in demselben enthaltenen Quellen*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
SCHLITZER, E. *Kaiser Franz I. u. die Napoleoniden vom Sturze Napoleons bis zu dessen Tode*. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M.
SCHNEIDER, A. *Der Zürcher Canonikus u. Cantor Magister Felix Hammerli an der Universität Bologna 1408-1413 u. 1429-1434*. Zürich: Schultheiss. 4 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ETTINGSHAUSEN, O. *Führ. v. Die fossile Flora v. Leoben in Steiermark*. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 80 Pf.
GRAEFFE, E. *Uebersicht der Seethierfauna d. Goltes v. Triest*. IV. Fische. Wien: Hölder. 3 M. 60 Pf.
GROEBEN, O. *Die Pericardialröhre der Lamellibranchiaten*. Wien: Holder. 13 M. 40 Pf.
JORDAN, P. *Die Entwicklung der vorderen Extremität der anuren Batrachier*. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M. 50 Pf.
LINDEMANN, F. *Ueber Molekularphysik*. Königsberg-L. Pr.: Koch. 1 M. 80 Pf.
WINDELBAND, W. *Geschichte der alten Philosophie*. Nördlingen: Beck. 4 M.
WINKLER, W. *Anatomie der Gammatiden*. Wien: Hölder. 10 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BRANDENBURGER, J. *De Antiphontis Rhamnusii tetralogia*. Leipzig: Fock. 75 Pf.
BRICKMANN, B. *De Antiphontis oratione de choreuta*. Jena: Pohle. 3 M.
HALFMANN, H. *Beiträge zur Syntax der hebräischen Sprache*. 1. Stück. Wittenberg: Wunschmann. 3 M.
HOFFMANN, O. *De mixtis graecae linguae dialectis*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.
HORSCHLIMANN, W. *E. griechisches Lehrbuch der Metrik*. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 3 M.
JACOBSON, M. *De fabulis d. Iphigeniam pertinentibus*. Königsberg: Koch. 1 M.
LATMANN, H. *De coincidentia apud Oloerensem vi aque usul*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
LUBKEBURG, A. *De Ovidio sui imitatore*. Jena: Pohle. 3 M.
PSEUDO-CRATORIS excerpta rhetorica edita a G. Stude-mund. Breslau: Koebner. 75 Pf.
RUPPERSBERG, A. *Ueb. die Eirene d. Aristophanes*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
SCHAUENBURG, A. *De comparationibus Aristophanes*. Caput I. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
SCHUCHARDT, H. *Kretolische Studien*. VII. u. VIII. Leipzig: Freytag. 90 Pf.
WULFING, E. *Darstellung der Syntax in König Alfred's Uebersetzung v. Gregor's d. Grossen Gese. Pastorals*. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

London: July 21, 1888.

I am glad that Mr. Warren now admits that he was wrong in assigning the Hibernensis to the ninth century, and I feel sure that on reflection he will see that my emendation of the entry in codex No. 3 is not a "brilliant guess," as he courteously calls it, but an obvious and certain correction. The discovery that one of the compilers of the Hibernensis was Cú chuimne—perhaps the most learned

Irish ecclesiastic living at the end of the seventh century—is strongly in favour of the authenticity of the canons which it attributes to Patrick; and in the case of the canon directing difficult questions to be referred to Rome—the only place in Western Christendom, except Tours and Toledo, where there was (*temp. Patricii*) a body of learned churchmen—I am unable to see that this attribution is impossible, “morally,” immorally, or otherwise.

Mr. Warren says that Patrick's writings are “absolutely silent as to either Roman mission or jurisdiction.” This is quite true as to the supposed Roman mission of Patrick; but, as to Roman “jurisdiction”—using the word for the temporary and occasional authority possessed by an arbitrator to whom two or more disputants voluntarily submit their controversy—I think Mr. Warren must have overlooked the Dicta Patricii preserved in the Book of Armagh, to which I referred in my last letter. Of these dicta, the general authenticity of which is admitted by the recent Protestant writers, Friedrich Loofs* and Benjamin Robert,† one runs thus:

“*Aecclesia Scottorum, Immo Romanorum, ut Christiani ita ut [leg. et] Romani sitis, ut [leg. et] decantetur [ut] oportet omni hora orationis uox illa laudabilis Curie lesson, Christie lesson.*”

It is not easy to interpret Patrick's rustic Latin and barbarous Greek, especially when it has been altered by a stupid ninth-century scribe, but the following seems to be the meaning:

“The Church of the Irish, nay of the Romans, as ye are Christians so also be Romans; and let that praiseworthy sentence be chanted by you at every (canonical) hour, as it ought to be: *Κύριε ἐλέησον, Χριστέ ἐλέησον.*”

This certainly seems to show that Patrick recognised, not what is now called papal supremacy, but the desirability of conforming, so far as was possible in a barbarous country, to the practice of the Roman Church. A missionary holding such views would be likely (or, at all events, not unlikely) to direct his converts to refer to the arbitration of the learned ecclesiastics of Rome the difficult questions which always arise when new territory is annexed to the Kingdom of Christ. This is all that the canon in question purports to do. Absolute supremacy, such as is now claimed by Rome, it does not recognise, and I never said or supposed that it did.

The letter of Prof. George T. Stokes, of Dublin, illustrates the psychological law that the mention of “Rome” affects a certain class of Irish clergymen much as the proverbial rag affects an English bull. He begins by asserting that there is “not the slightest evidence for the first two centuries of its existence that the Celtic church reorganised either the jurisdiction or mission of Rome.” What he means by the “mission of Rome” is doubtful; perhaps only the alleged mission of Patrick from Pope Celestine. And which of the Celtic churches does he mean by the “Celtic church”—the British, the Irish, the Armorican, not to speak of the see of Breton in Galicia? Probably he means only the Irish church; and yet further on he talks of “British bishops.” He speaks of the “first two centuries” of the existence of the “Celtic” church; but he does not say, and indeed no one

can say, when this “existence” commenced. It seems to me that Prof. Stokes fails in the first duty of a controversialist—to state his propositions clearly and precisely.

Then, the question being whether a certain canon is genuine or not, he says that “Dr. W. Stokes depends on a forged canon,” and he afterwards calls it “an admitted forgery.” If my critic were not a learned professor I should say that he was guilty of something like a *petitio principii*, and decline to argue with such an opponent.

Then he asserts that Columba “did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of Rome.” Who ever said that he did? But where in Columba's writings, or in Adamnan's biography of him, is there any evidence on the point, one way or another? Then Prof. Stokes appeals to Columbanus. *Caesarem appellasti? Ad Caesarem ibi.* A professor of ecclesiastical history surely knows that Columbanus wrote to Gregory the Great asking him to decide questions as to the celebration of Easter and the desirability of holding communion with simoniacal clergy. If, again, the professor will look at Columbanus's letter to Pope Boniface IV., about the Three Chapters, he will find it addressed “*Pulcherrimo omnium totius Europae ecclesiarum capiti, Papae praedulci, etc.*”; and, in the body of the letter: “*Nos enim, ut ante dixi, devincti sumus cathedrae S. Petri; licet enim Roma magna est et vulgata, per istam cathedram tantum apud nos est magna et clara. . . . Propter Christi geminos apostolos vos prope caelestes estis, et Roma orbis terrarum caput et ecclesiarum.*” Either Prof. Stokes knew of these letters (which are printed in Fleming's *Collectanea Sacra*, Lovanii, 1667) or he did not. If he did, why has he ignored them? If he did not, how can he write magisterially on the subject? I need hardly say that the “jurisdiction” ascribed by Columbanus to Rome was not the permanent supremacy which she claimed, but the temporary and occasional authority above mentioned.

Probably Prof. Stokes (*more Parnellico*) will call these letters of Columbanus “forged documents.” It is a short and easy method of dealing with disagreeable evidence. But he will find on examination that the genuineness of the former letter has been doubted by no one, and that the authenticity of the latter has not been questioned even by Clinton, *F. R. ii.*, App. 485, although a writer in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (*s.v.* Bonifacius IV.) refers to him as doing so.

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE “HERETIC” CAIUS AND THE APOCALYPSE.

Trinity College, Dublin: July 21, 1888.

In the inedited “Short Commentary” on the Apocalypse, Acts, and Epistles of Dionysius Barsalibi, I have recently lighted on some passages which purport to state objections raised by Caius (who is described as “the heretic”) against the authenticity of the Apocalypse, together with the replies of Hippolytus to his arguments. These passages are no doubt derived from the lost “Heads against Caius” of Hippolytus, which is known to have been in the hands of Syrian divines so late as the fourteenth century. This fresh evidence is conclusive as to the fact that Caius rejected the Apocalypse; but it does not confirm the supposition that it was the book which he ascribed to Cerinthus, or that he rejected the Fourth Gospel.

I am printing these passages (in Syriac, with an English version) in full, as part of an article which will appear in a few days in the forthcoming number of *Hermathena*.

JOHN GWYNN.

A GOTHIC LOAN-WORD IN RUSSIAN.

Oxford: July 17, 1888.

How easily loan-words, in their transition from one language to another, during remote ages, can change their meaning, and sometimes become applied to an entirely different object, may be illustrated by a Gothic loan-word in Russian—viz., the common Russian and Old-Slavonic name for a camel, “Verblyud” or “Velblyud.” As Prof. Miklosich, in his standard Etymological Dictionary of the Slavonic languages (Vienna, 1886), clearly points out, this name in its older form, “Velblyud,” was originally borrowed from the Gothic “Ulbandus,” which again is derived from the Greek *ἐλεφας*, *ἐλέφαντος* (*cf.* Weigand's *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, sub “Kameel,” where the Old-High-German and Old-English corresponding derivatives from *ἐλεφας*, viz., “Olpeuta” or “Olbenda” and “Olfend,” both denoting a camel, are explained). Now it is noteworthy that the later Russian form “Verblyud” reappears likewise in Lithuanian as “Werbliūdas,” meaning a camel (see Kersch's *Lithauisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch*, Halle, 1883, and also Leo's *Angelsächsisches Glossar*, sub “Olfend,” p. 481, whose fanciful explanation of the Lithuanian “Werbliūdas” as derived from Slavonic *vj-lū* = great, and *blud*, *bludbestia*, hence any “big animal,” must be rejected as unfounded). On the other hand, the earlier Russian “Velblyud” = Old or Church-Slavonic “Velblud, Velblad, Velibad,” entered the Old-Prussian as “Weloblundis,” which name, however, denoted neither a camel nor an elephant, but a mule (*v.* Nesselmann, *ein Deutsch-Preussisches Vocabularium*, Königsberg, 1868, p. 49).

H. KREBS.

P.S.—After having written the above note, I succeeded in tracing the source whence Leo's explanation of Old-Slavonic “Velibad” as the “big animal” is derived. It refers to a brief article which appeared in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. iv., pp. 207-210. Its author, B. Jürg (writing from Cracow) tries to show that it is not the Gothic name “Ulbandus,” which was borrowed from the Slavonic languages; but, on the contrary, that the Old-Slavonic word for the camel “Velibad” (or, as he transcribes it, Welboud = Polish *wielblad*) had entered the Gothic as a loan-word, and that its original meaning was that of a large domestic animal. But the arguments he advances in support of his view are not conclusive, and Prof. Miklosich's explanation (which had been previously suggested by Jacob Grimm in his *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, i. 42) seems to me preferable.

H. K.

THE WHITE RACE OF ANCIENT PALESTINE.

Oxford: July 22, 1888.

As a student of language, my curiosity has been aroused by a notice in the ACADEMY of a recent article of mine on this subject. The reviewer remarks that “many of the critical suggestions seem very fanciful.” If by “critical” he means “philological,” there are just two in the article, one of which is to be found in modern Hebrew lexicons. If he means “exegetical,” there are three, one of which again is not new. What new sense, then, is to be attached to the word “many”? The reviewer further says: “The hypothesis remains a plausible one.” It is not a hypothesis, however, but a fact. The Egyptian monuments inform us that the Amorites of Palestine were white-skinned, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and dolicho-cephalic, and that the race was still predominant in Judah in the age of Shishak, while traces of it are still to be met with in Palestine.

A. H. SAYCE

* Loofs' words (p. 50) are: “*Summa igitur est, quod Patricium unquam in Italia fuisse et aliquam cam Romanis consuetudinem habuisse mihi persuasi, ideoque censui iure attribui Patricio quae in libro Ardmachano extant Dicta Patricii, licet concedam me nescire, an nonnulla in his a posterioribus adjecta sint*” (*Antiquae Britonum Scottorumque Ecclesiae quales fuerunt mores, etc.*, Lipsiae, 1882).

† *Etude Critique*, pp. 74, 96.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

London: July 28, 1888.

No one is entitled to speak with more authority on this question than Dr. Karl Blind, who corrects in the *ACADEMY* of July 21 an opinion I hazarded as to the principal cause of the change in Victor Hugo's political convictions. My chief authority, however, is good—that of the poet himself, as quoted by Mr. Marzials (p. 138-9), for I have not the original at hand. In one of his later prefaces, Hugo says:

"After June 1849, the lightning flash that leaps out of events entered into the author's mind . . . A flash of lightning that remains permanent—such is the light of truth in the human conscience. In 1849 that light shone definitely for him; when he saw Rome trodden down in the name of France, when he saw the majority, hypocritical so far, suddenly throw away the mask behind which it had on May 4, 1848, cried seventeen times 'Long live the Republic'; when he saw, after June 13, the triumph of all the conditions hostile to progress; he understood; and at the moment when the hands of the conquerors were held out to draw him into their ranks, he felt in the bottom of his soul that he too was one of the conquered."

Such a momentous change of opinion (*pace* the "lightning flash"!) is usually gradual, not sudden. And this event in its full later developments may, after all, have worked gradually in him as a liberalising leaven, though it did not issue in overt act until afterwards. I submit this as a conceivable mode of reconciling Dr. Karl Blind's statement with the poet's own. Early in the year he might be unwilling to help the Roman Republic, and yet he might subsequently disapprove of active assistance given under Oudinot to the temporal power.

RODEN NOEL.

"EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA."

University College: July 23, 1888.

Mr. Henry O. Forbes complains that my recent review of this book has not "a single word of animadversion on some of the extraordinary statements in it." But this statement itself is quite as extraordinary as any of those he rightly objects to in the work in question. He points out that Dr. Macfarlane anticipated Captain Strachan's discovery of the Baxter River. Well, I called attention to the same fact, remarking that the "Prince Leopold," as Captain Strachan renames it, "appears to be identical with the 'Baxter' which was already discovered by Dr. Macfarlane." I add in reference to this and other cases in which Captain Strachan ignores the work of his predecessors:

"It is to be regretted that before undertaking its survey Captain Strachan did not ascertain what had already been accomplished in this region. His new nomenclature, such as 'Strachan' for Urama, 'Prince Leopold' for Baxter, and so on, has introduced an element of confusion into the map of New Guinea which threatens long to remain a source of trouble to our cartographers."

How, in the face of this sweeping charge, Mr. Forbes could assert that I had not "a single word of animadversion," &c., passes comprehension.

A. H. KEANE.

TWO GLOSSES IN DR. SWEET'S "OLDEST ENGLISH TEXTS."

Lea Down, North Devon: July 26, 1888.

Mr. Logeman has already pointed out two microscopic blunders in Prof. Zupitza's microscopic contribution to the criticism of my *Oldest English Texts*. My own object in writing now is to point out that the professor's expression "superfluous alteration" is doubly misleading. There are no alterations whatever in my book—only suggestions added in

parentheses, solely for the convenience of the reader. Even if we agree to call my modest suggestions "alterations," I cannot understand how any "alteration" of a corrupt glossary can be called "superfluous." It may be wildly improbable or wholly wrong, but it is not superfluous.

HENRY SWEET.

SCIENCE:

VOLAPÜK AND ITS RIVALS.

Handbook of Volapük. By Charles E. Sprague. (Trübner.)

Complete Course of Volapük. With Grammar and Exercises, and a Vocabulary of 2500 Words. Adapted from the French of Prof. Aug. Kerckhoff. By I. Henry Harrison. (Hachette.)

Volapük or Universal Language: a Short Grammatical Course. By Alfred Kirchhoff. Authorised Translation. (Sonnenschein.)

Volapük: an Easy Method of acquiring the Universal Language constructed by Johann Martin Schleyer. By Klas August Linderfell. (Milwaukee: Caspar.)

Spelin. Eine Allsprache auf Allgemeinen Grundlagen der Sprachwissenschaftlichen Kombinatorik; aufgebaut von Prof. Bauer Georg. (Brussels: Marquardt; Agram: Suppan.)

Lingua: an International Language for Purposes of Commerce and Science. By George J. Henderson. (Trübner.)

World-English: the Universal Language. By A. Melville Bell. (Trübner.)

THE attempts to construct an artificial language have been many; but "Volapük," invented about ten years ago by J. M. Schleyer, of Constance, is the first that has achieved anything like a practical success. The object at which Herr Schleyer has aimed is essentially different from that of his seventeenth-century predecessors, Dalgarno and Wilkins. The design of those ingenious inventors was to produce a language that should be perfect as an instrument for the expression of thought, and which should be framed throughout on absolutely rational principles. The ideal of a "philosophical language" was that it should contain nothing arbitrary except its few initial conventions. Every letter of the alphabet was to have its distinct symbolic function, and the meaning of every word was to be deducible from the meanings of its individual letters. The ambiguities inherent in ordinary languages were to be abolished, as every word was to have its precise definition, and to be used only in its proper sense. Probably even Bishop Wilkins was aware that this ideal could not be perfectly realised; at all events, his own attempt fell far short of the mark. But he certainly regarded it as a standard to which it would be profitable even to approximate. The truth is, however, that the notion of a perfect language is an absurdity, because what from one point of view are the defects of a language are often from another point of view its advantages. A language in which every word was susceptible of precise and exhaustive definition, and in which no word could be employed except in its original sense, would be an incomparably bad language. That it would be unsuited for

the expression of emotion, that it would exclude everything like humour or play of fancy, is obvious enough. But even for the purposes of a nation of passionless logicians, such a language would be almost as inefficient as the jargon of the rudest savages. It is true that the elasticity of meaning possessed by words does give rise to many misunderstandings and to much bad reasoning; but if this elasticity did not exist, no reasoning, except on matters of mathematical science, would be capable of verbal statement at all. So far as the object aimed at by the seventeenth-century language-makers is rational, it can only be attained by the improvement of the technical vocabularies of particular sciences.

The inventor of Volapük cannot be said to be entirely free from the fallacy of Dalgarno and Wilkins; but in the main his endeavours have been directed not to the illusory object of framing a perfect language, but to the practical object of providing an easily learned medium of intercourse between persons of different nations. The question is often asked, why an artificial language should be needed for this purpose. Why, it is said, should not everyone learn English, or French, instead of learning an artificial language which has no intrinsic interest? The objection is plausible; but there are many persons who are unable to find time to master a foreign language, and many who, from want of natural ability for the study of language, spend years in the attempt without attaining any tolerable degree of success. If it be true, as is asserted, that a month's study will enable any educated person to become so far familiar with Volapük as to read and write it with a fair degree of fluency, it is obvious that Herr Schleyer's invention supplies a real want. From my own examination of the system, I have no hesitation in believing that this claim is justified; indeed, it would be quite possible after a few hours' study of the grammar to begin putting the language to practical use—of course with frequent references to the dictionary. The accidence and word-formation are so extremely simple and symmetrical that the strain on the learner's memory is reduced to a minimum; and no idioms are admitted except such as either rest on obvious logical grounds or are common to all the modern European languages. That Volapük will find any acceptance beyond the limits of Western civilisation is not very likely. A Chinaman, for instance, would find it much harder to learn than "pigeon English"; and though the regularity of its grammar would make it easier than genuine English, the difference in difficulty would be too slight to outweigh the advantages which a real language possesses over an invented one.

The number of "Volapükists" in Europe and America is variously estimated, but the average of the statements seems to be about a quarter of a million. Considering the number of grammars of the language that have been published in various countries (many of them having run through several editions), this figure really does not appear incredibly high; but even if it be reduced by one-half, the result is still astonishing, when it is remembered that Schleyer's first publication was issued so lately as 1879. It may fairly be said to have been demonstrated.

that the adoption of a common European language for commercial purposes is a practical possibility.

Of the Volapük manuals mentioned at the head of this article, the best appears decidedly to be that of Mr. Sprague. Mr. Harrison's book is fuller, and is well arranged; but, being a translation, it is not so well adapted as Mr. Sprague's work to the needs of English students. In his preface Mr. Harrison very sensibly protests against the extravagant views which have been expressed by Schleyer and some of his followers with regard to the future applications of the new language, and insists that its real value is that of a convenient medium for commercial correspondence. The "authorised translation" of Kirchhoff is not very satisfactory, the translator being apparently not quite master of the language himself. Both this work and that of Mr. Harrison have the disadvantage of containing no English-Volapük vocabulary. Mr. Sprague contrives to include both English-Volapük and Volapük-English in one alphabet, by the ingenious expedient of using special type for Volapük. Mr. Linderfelt, who dates from Milwaukee, seems imperfectly acquainted with English, and some of his "exercises" are more than Ollendorffian in their oddity—e.g., "My aunt has three small male dogs and one female; two of these dogs she wants to give to our hunter."

The popularity of Volapük has naturally called into existence a number of rival systems; but the only one, so far as I know, which is to be compared with it in intrinsic merit is the *Spelin* (spe "all," lin "language") invented by Prof. Bauer, of Agram. Prof. Bauer was himself a teacher of Volapük for three years, and his artificial language has been formed as the result of a thorough knowledge of the merits and defects of its predecessor. If the two systems stood on an equal footing I should decidedly consider "Spelin" preferable to "Volapük." A feature that deserves special commendation is the relief given to the learner's memory by the adoption of alphabetical order for sets of words which form a recognised sequence. Thus the pronouns *I, thou, he, she, it*, are rendered by the five principal vowels, in their natural phonetic order—*i, e, a, o, u*. So also the numerals up to 9 are expressed by *ik, ek, ak, in, en, an, ip, ap*. It is somewhat curious that Prof. Bauer has followed Schleyer in forming the "tense" after the irrational Semitic fashion, by adding the plural suffix to the corresponding "units." There is no doubt that "Volapük" has many faults (especially from the phonetic point of view), most of which Prof. Bauer has managed to avoid. It is to be regretted that "Spelin" was not published first; but it is now too late for it to have any chance of success. The fact that Volapük is in possession, and already counts its adherents by the hundred thousand, is an advantage sufficient to outweigh a multitude of defects. If there were any serious probability of a "universal language" being adopted for purposes of general literature, it would be worth while to consider carefully the claims of rival systems. But for a commercial "lingue franca," which is all that is really needed, Volapük seems to be good enough.

Mr. Henderson's pamphlet contains some interesting and sagacious remarks, but his scheme for a "universal language" is decidedly *farouche*. His proposal is that the vocabulary shall consist mainly of Latin stems or "crude forms," supplemented where necessary by adoptions from modern languages; the grammar, of course, is to be simplified. As a large number of people in England and America know some Latin, though not enough to make practical use of it, and as derivatives from that language enter largely into the literary vocabularies of modern European tongues, he considers that a language formed on his plan would be much easier to learn than Volapük. This sounds plausible; but the question arises, how shall the senses of the Latin words be defined? Mr. Henderson says that the words are to be taken with their ancient meanings, neither more nor less; but he has certainly not considered what this proposal involves. The main difficulty of writing correct Latin does not lie in the grammar, but in the choice of the right words. Anyone who knew Latin enough to write Mr. Henderson's "Lingua" correctly (according to this definition of its principle) would be just as well able to write Latin prose. If, on the other hand, Mr. Henderson's scheme be so far modified that arbitrary definitions are to be given to the Latin words, then the learner's previous knowledge of Latin, instead of being helpful, will be a continual source of error.

Mr. Melville Bell's *World-English* is not (as would naturally be inferred from the preliminary notices in the press) a simplification of the English language adapting it to international purposes, but simply a new system of phonetic spelling. Mr. Bell thinks that the only obstacle to the use of English as a "universal language" is its perplexing orthography. Indeed, he appears to maintain that, apart from this difficulty, English would be easier to learn than even Volapük itself. If the distinguished inventor of "Visible Speech" were as well skilled in the science of language as in phonetics, he would scarcely have propounded such an opinion. Mr. Bell's authority in his own department is entitled to profound deference, but I must reluctantly say that I cannot see the superiority of his new phonetic alphabet to other similar schemes. It involves several new letters, and makes use also of diacritics; and, while it differs widely from the ordinary orthography, it does not even aim at any close approximation to phonetic precision. The outline of the system contained in this pamphlet seems to have been rather hurriedly prepared, as there is no mention of the circumflexed *ô* and *â*, which in the specimens are used for the "a" in *all* and *March*. In his "prologue," Mr. Bell oddly says:

"Conductors of the press have the power of greatly facilitating the object of this work by making it known, or of retarding it by simply ignoring the effort. Opposition is not to be looked for from any quarter."

I should fear that a good deal of opposition may be expected from the supporters of the many rival schemes, not to mention those persons to whom the idea of phonetic spelling is altogether distasteful.

HENRY BRADLEY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish on October 1 "The History and Description of the Eruption of Krakatoa in the Bay of Sunda," compiled by a committee of the Royal Society, and edited by Mr. G. J. Symons. The work will consist of one volume quarto, of five hundred pages, with six chromo-lithographs of the remarkable sunsets of 1883, and forty maps and diagrams.

In the August number of *Life-Lore* will appear an article on "The Recent Great Immigration of Pallas's Sandgrouse," by Mr. J. E. Harting.

THE last part of the *Mineralogical Magazine*, though highly technical, is exceptionally rich in papers of scientific interest. Prof. Judd brings forward instances of a lamellar structure having been developed in quartz by mechanical means, thus showing that in quartz, as in feldspar and calcite, the lamellation, or so-called twinning, may be a structure of secondary origin. Mr. A. Dick, after a laborious examination of the mineral kaolinite, refers it to the monoclinic system, while previous observers had regarded it as either orthorhombic or triclinic.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vols. lvi, part 2, No. 4, and vol. lvii, part 2, No. 1. These parts of the Asiatic Society's *Journal* contain a description of a new species of the genus *Lyreidus* from the depths of the Andaman Sea, by Mr. J. Wood-Mason; and the continuation of Mr. Atkinson's notes on Indian Rhynchota (Hemiptera, Linn.), containing careful descriptions of eighty-seven species of Pentatomidae. In botany, Profs. Pedler and Warden contribute a memoir on the toxic principle of the Aroideae, and Mr. Barclay a descriptive list of the Uredineae occurring in the neighbourhood of Simla (Western Himalaya), with two elaborate coloured plates. Two mathematical papers, by Asutosh Mukhopadhyay, complete the parts.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, June 26.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Arthur S. Burr exhibited a collection of pottery and other objects from recent excavations in New Mexico.—Mr. H. O. Forbes exhibited a series of photographs taken by him in New Guinea.—A paper on the Nicobar Islanders, by Mr. E. H. Man, was read. Mr. Man has been resident in the Nicobars for periods amounting in all to about seventeen years, viz, 1871-88; during that time he has prepared a vocabulary containing 6000-7000 words, and he has thus been in a position readily to make inquiries from the natives on the various points of ethnological interest connected with their constitution and their culture, and to substantiate from a variety of independent sources all the information he obtained. After giving a description of the islands and sketch of their history, Mr. Man proceeded, working on the lines laid down in the "Anthropological Notes and Queries," to a careful consideration of the constitution of the Nicobarese, which he prefaced with an outline of certain facts and ethnic characteristics in support of the racial affinities of the Nicobarese with the Indo-Chinese races. From measurements taken of 150-200 individuals in the different islands, Mr. Man gave the average height of the Nicobarese men as five and three-quarters, and of the women as five feet—a result which disproves the statements of earlier writers regarding the disproportion which exists between the sexes in respect of size. The coloration of the skin pigment of the face, chest, back, arms, and thighs is found to differ in a more or less marked degree in each individual; the two former are usually of a distinctly lighter shade than the last three. Another error needing correction

the assertion that these people can carry without any trouble 300 coco nuts, or five cwts.; whereas it appears that, in spite of their undoubtedly fine physical development, the maximum load which a Nicobarese can carry may be reckoned as from 160 to 180 lbs. In the absence of statistics it is difficult to speak with certainty; but from personal observations extending over seventeen years it would seem that the average length of life among these islanders is higher, rather than lower, than it is among the natives of the adjacent continents. The extreme limit of life actually noted is a little over seventy, and eighty may be regarded as the maximum ever attained. With reference to the numerical strength of the aboriginal population, a census taken by Mr. Man a year or two ago proves that nearly half the population of the group is contained in Car Nicobar, where a decided increase is taking place, as is also the case in Chowra Teresa and Bompoka. In the central and southern portions of the archipelago the small ratio of the juvenile element points, however, to a diminution in those islands of the number of inhabitants. It is satisfactory to learn that, though not entirely exempt from the evils which seem inseparably connected with advance in civilisation, it does not appear that the Nicobarese have suffered either physically or morally from their contact with Europeans during the past nineteen years.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—(General Meeting, Monday, July 16.)

PROF. H. SIDGWICK, president, in the chair.—The president delivered an address, in which the six years' work of the society was surveyed. He urged the need of combined and sustained effort to obtain full and complete contemporaneous records of fresh cases of telepathy.—Mr. F. W. H. Myers read a paper on "Strata of Personality," taking as his text the hypnotic experiments of Prof. Pierre Janet, of Havre, with Mme. B.—a subject who has formed the subject of repeated discussion in the Société de Psychologie Physique of Paris. The speaker described the co-existence in this subject of three superjacent personalities, each with a different chain of memories, one personality being the normal one, and the two others corresponding to different hypnotic states. He argued that these experiments supported two theses to which he had previously invited attention: viz., (1) that it is in differences of memory that the truest distinction between different stages of hypnotism is to be found; (2) that both hallucinations and automatic actions may often be regarded as messages from a lower stratum of the personality finding their way into the superficial stratum by sensory or motor channels.

ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, July 18.)

FREDERICK ROGERS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—A paper, entitled "Some Criticisms on Elizabethan Versifiers of the Psalms," was read by Mr. James E. Baker.—The discussion was opened by the chairman, and continued by Principal Edwards, Mr. W. H. Cowhard, Mr. Payne, and other members of the society.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Charles Harold's Pigeon-pigeon" (National Gallery)—also Mr. KEELEY HALSWELL'S "October Woodlands" (Grosvenor Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, MESSRS. DOWDESWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

EXHIBITION OF GREEK CERAMIC ART.

It is often said of private collectors that they are more than generous in lending their treasures for public inspection. The present is an instance where this is true in quite a novel direction; the pictures, drawings, and porcelain of former years having given place to a collection of ancient Greek vases and terracottas. It is an experiment which, from want of material, will not bear much repetition just

yet. But it will have proved a most useful experiment if the effect is to cast over a wider circle a fascination which, till now, has drawn but comparatively few to the study of Greek vase-painting. In any case, those who already share the delights of that study cannot have too often an opportunity of seeing things which, so long as they are in private hands, may at any time cease to be accessible. In the present exhibition the principal owners are the Marquis of Northampton and Mr. Van Branteghem.

In the foremost rank among the vases of Mr. Van Branteghem is (No. 8) a fine specimen of that often eccentric, but always powerful, spirit, Euphronios. It is the work of a not unusual mood with him: Bacchanalian in subject, conceived with a genial fancy, and executed under every restraint that a keen eye could impose. Altogether it is the vase of the collection which shows best the state of this art in the first half of the fifth century B.C. But it has a dangerous rival in No. 51—a lekythos from Sicily, with two female figures on a white ground. The one plays eagerly on the flutes, the other turns her head to listen, deserting her lyre for the moment. Black is used in the draperies; but for the flesh the painter has found a tone of whitish enamel which stands out clearly against the white ground of the vase. The drawing is very delicate, and the forms are conceived in a large, ideal manner; though, as frequently happens in vases of this class and date, there is an obvious want of power to perceive the true proportions of the human figure—or, rather let us say, there is an impulse towards largeness of manner which has carried the painter past the point where he ought to have stopped to consider whether his proportions were right or not. But this vase, very beautiful in itself, has this accidental value, that it gives us an idea of what the great frescoes were like which Polygnotos and his contemporaries were then busily executing on public buildings. That was the time when the signed vases, in which the exhibition is peculiarly rich, were produced. The signed vases, however, of Mr. van Branteghem's collection are not limited to that period. Of an older date is No. 1, a quaint little cup by Oikophelos, who takes a pride in announcing that he was a potter as well as a painter of vases. But, for all his pride, he was not remarkably skilful. His style is not very different from that of Nikosthenes, as seen in Nos. 92-93 (Stewart Hodgson). At the other extreme in point of date is the vase No. 11, signed by Xenotimos, a painter hitherto unknown. It is unusual to see vases of so comparatively late a period with the signature of an artist. Nor is the workmanship of an exceptional kind in this instance. The subject, however, is unusually interesting, being an illustration of a particular legend which said that Nemesis was the actual mother of Helena, and that Leda, her reputed mother, had only hatched the egg which Nemesis produced and which we see on the vase. Among the unsigned vases, none surpass in attractiveness No. 59 (Van Branteghem), a lekythos from Tarentum with a figure of Eros painted in the manner of a Pompeian fresco on the black glaze of the vase. Of its kind, and that is rare, it is, as the catalogue says, "certainly the finest known." It is charming both in conception and execution. Similarly, the two vases from Apollonia (Nos. 18-19, Van Branteghem) are excellent specimens of the class, so also are No. 125 (Dr. Hermann Weber), and not a few others.

As regards the catalogue of the vases, it is unnecessary to say more than that it is just what would be expected from so accomplished a scholar as M. Froehner, from whose work learning and intuition are seldom, if ever, wanting.

I should differ from Mr. Froehner with reluctance on most questions of archæology. It happens, however, that among the terra-cottas which form a large section of this exhibition there are a few which I cannot agree with him about. I will take as an example No. 214, ("Dionysos and the Bull"), which he describes as "grand in style and of the highest merit as to artistic execution." He must forgive me; for I think this group repulsive in style and quite feeble in execution—so much so that I cannot conceive an ancient Greek capable of such work. The question of authenticity which has been raised as to this and some other groups of figures of a kindred style appeals to me in this fashion. So far as artistic conception is concerned I would reject them unhesitatingly as foreign in spirit to all that is known of ancient Greek art. On the other hand, so far as concerns the material aspect of these figures, the state of the surface, and such like details which have to be taken into account before a final judgment can be given as to authenticity, I have, at present, been unable to convince myself adversely. We must wait.

These remarks apply to a small number of the terra-cottas. Among the rest will be found some excellent examples of the Tanagra figures, with others no less interesting from other localities of Greece. But as regards No. 249 (Drury Fortnum), the "head of a young man" resting on his left hand, the suggestion may be offered that it has possibly been broken off from a statue of Alexander the Great, who appears to have affected an attitude like this which concealed the twist in his neck. The type of face is not unlike the idealised Alexander familiar in ancient art.

In this necessarily brief notice much has been passed over which it would have been pleasant to notice in detail, in justice to the merits of the objects, and in justice to the liberality of the owners in lending them for exhibition. A. S. MURRAY.

MR. FRANK SHORT'S ETCHINGS.

MR. DUNTHORNE, who—though he has managed to sell large editions of some of the etchings he has published—very rarely condescends to issue merely popular work, is just preparing what can only be a very small edition of a little set of etchings by Mr. Frank Short. True lovers of the art ought to see these things. They are slight in visible labour—not in thought. They are powerful. They are significant. Mr. Frank Short is better known even to the artistic public as a mezzotint engraver than as an etcher—as a very skilled copyist rather than as an originator. A wonderful bit of mezzotint after a most poetic landscape of Mr. Alfred East's—and Mr. Alfred East is unquestionably the coming man in landscape—has lately shown Mr. Short's dexterity in pure scraping; but it is probable that his extraordinary reproductions of the mixed etching and mezzotint of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* have been more widely diffused. They are, in their own way, quite amazing things. But now Mr. Short proves to us his capacity to take high rank as an original artist. Making no concession whatever for the sake of mere popularity—"finishing" nothing painfully, in order that it may be understood by stupid people—he makes ready to issue (or rather, Mr. Dunthorne has made ready for him) six plates which record the interesting dreariness, the suggestive barrenness of Bosham—the eastern counties coasting village where Mr. Short spent his last year's holiday. The photographer could make nothing of Bosham. The devotee of the pretty could make nothing of Bosham. But Bosham has become absolutely fascinating through Mr. Short's art. Well

equipped must Mr. Short have been when he went down to enjoy or to study it. He was able to see the place with his own eyes; his impressions are perfectly personal; and, as regards his method in etching, no one deceased or contemporary master holds dominion over him. But he has studied most of the great men very closely, it would appear. It would surprise me much to find him unfamiliar with Rembrandt and Meryon, Whistler and Haden. In other words, he has not neglected his education. His six etchings are very unequal in interest and somewhat unequal in merit. Strong as his outline drawing always is, the transitions from light to shade in his "Fisherman's Castle" are two abrupt to be altogether pleasant. Again, "Nutbourne Mill" and "Washing Day" are not the most favourable instances of his art. But having mentioned these as not quite excellent, I have cleared the way for almost unqualified praise. "The Patience"—a heavy boat, stranded at low tide—is, at the very least, a masterly fragment. "Sleeping till the Flood"—with its foreground of dreary shore, its middle distance of shallow water, its background of massed houses—is a skilled and engaging summary of facts which Mr. Short observed with great keenness. "Evening, Bosham," is just as fine. It is pure shorthand—a deliverance decisive and delicate, for the connoisseur and the artist alone. Almost wilful will it seem to some in its complete avoidance of the generally acceptable. Practically it is a picture of two mud banks, divided by a curving or sharply turned channel, now all but empty. Behind these are certain wooden erections to resist the encroachment of the sea or the displacement of the mud. That is about all. Thus the whole scene—while obviously without the faintest approach to romantic association—has hardly a fine line. In Mr. Short's art it becomes fascinating. The etching is admirable in light and shade, and is of the most refined draughtsmanship. I praise these little prints not only because they are sincerely artistic and precious in themselves, but because they should be an earnest of a remarkable future.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS AND THE CYPRUS EXPLORATION FUND.

A COMBINED meeting of the friends of the British School at Athens and the Cyprus Exploration Fund was held on Wednesday afternoon, July 18, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Lord Herschell in the chair.

Mr. George Macmillan, the secretary, read the report of the British School at Athens.

"Mr. Penrose returned to Athens at the beginning of October, 1887, to complete his term of office, and during his residence delivered two lectures on the architecture of the Propylææ, the general question of its approaches, and the original defences of the citadel. Mr. Ernest Gardner, the new director, arrived in Athens towards the end of the month and assumed office on November 1. In the early autumn a short statement of the objects of the school, with information as to the conditions of membership, and the facilities offered for the boarding and lodging of students in the school building, was widely circulated at the universities and elsewhere. For a time no students presented themselves; but in October there came an opening for action on the part of the school, of which the committee promptly took advantage. A special fund was instituted, under the auspices of the Hellenic Society, for the purpose of conducting excavations in the island of Cyprus. Feeling that the co-operation of the school in such an undertaking would be of use both to itself and to the scheme, the committee decided to offer to the fund from the income of

the year a contribution of £150, with the stipulation that the excavations should be carried out by the students of the school, under the superintendence of the director. The offer was accepted, and the following gentlemen, who volunteered to take part in the work, were duly enrolled as students of the school—viz. Mr. D. G. Hogarth, a student of last session; Mr. M. R. James, fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard. At the same time the committee offered to the council of the Royal Institute of British Architects the sum of £50 towards the expenses of any competent architect whom they might select to work in the school at Athens, and to take part in excavations if required. The offer was accepted; the president of the institute (the late Mr. Edward L'Anson) added another £50; and the studentship was thrown open to competition. The choice of the council fell upon Mr. R. Elsey Smith, who proceeded to Athens in January, and joined Mr. Gardner in Cyprus towards the end of February. Mr. Gardner and Dr. Guillemard went to Cyprus at the end of November to make a preliminary examination of sites, and were joined by Messrs. Hogarth and James in the course of December. In February, after due consent had been obtained from the High Commissioner of Cyprus, work was begun upon the site of the temple of Aphrodite at Paphos, and carried on until by the end of April the site had been entirely cleared. A full account of the excavations, with plans made by Mr. Elsey Smith, will probably be published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. Minor excavations were conducted at Leondari by Mr. James, and at Amargeth by Mr. Hogarth. Of these also Mr. Gardner gives an account. Of the general results of the work in Cyprus it is enough to say that, if not quite as brilliant as might have been hoped for, they have amply justified the undertaking. That it has been a gain to the school to be associated with such an enterprise cannot be doubted, while its assistance was, in fact, essential to the success of the scheme, as providing the services of such efficient explorers as Messrs. Gardner and Hogarth and of a thoroughly trained architect in Mr. Elsey Smith. Besides the students engaged in Cyprus, two others, both architects—Mr. R. W. Schultz and Mr. Sidney Barnaley—have been enrolled during the past session and have done good work in Athens. Mr. Schultz is the present holder of the travelling studentship of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Barnaley had also been working in the Royal Academy schools. That the school should thus come into direct relations with the Royal Academy realises a hope that has been entertained from the outset, and affords some grounds for expecting other students of various branches of art to present themselves from the same quarter. It may be hoped also that the connexion opened between the school and the Institute of Architects may similarly bear fruit in the future. Messrs. Schultz and Barnaley have during their stay in Athens specially devoted themselves to the study of Byzantine architecture. The committee have to regret the loss of Mr. Charles Waring, a liberal benefactor to the school and one of the trustees. The supply of funds still falls lamentably short of the requirements of the case. After the coming year the grants of £100 made respectively for three years by the Hellenic Society and by the University of Oxford come to an end; and though there is a fair prospect of their renewal, it cannot safely be regarded as certain. As Mr. Gardner, the director of the school, is also the holder of the Craven studentship, the university of Cambridge has virtually contributed £300 towards the director's salary for two years; but it is evident that this cannot be depended upon as a permanent arrangement. Of the balance of available income, consisting of annual subscriptions from individuals, and amounting to rather more than £250, £100 at any rate, the gift of a single donor, was only guaranteed for three years. The new donations that have come in during the past year amount only to £110, the new subscriptions to £10. It is clear that, under these circumstances, the financial position of the society is extremely precarious, and every effort must be made by all who are interested in the undertaking to prevent its premature collapse from the want of adequate funds to carry it on. Such a collapse would be hardly creditable, in view

of the remarkable success which has attended similar undertakings on the part of other countries; and the committee cannot bring themselves to believe that Englishmen, when they realise the situation, will fail to meet the demand that is made upon them for the maintenance of the school."

The chairman said that, in discharging the duty of moving the adoption of the report, he desired to say that, although he acceded to the request to preside at the meeting, he could not but feel himself out of place. The chair at such a meeting ought rather to have been occupied by a distinguished classical scholar. He was obliged to admit that the occupations of a busy life had not left him much time to make himself familiar with Greek archaeology. But he had been led to take an interest in this school, not only by the recollections of early reading, but also that two years ago he had made a somewhat protracted visit to Athens. On that visit he felt some shame that this country, which had taken so active a part in the revival of the modern kingdom of Greece, should show itself inferior to other countries in the great work of classical research. Good work had, however, been since done; but better work ought to be done; and from the work of the school at Athens, combined with that of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, splendid results illustrative of ancient life and thought might reasonably be expected. He begged to move the adoption of the report.—Lord Lingen, in seconding the motion, said that he belonged to a type of scholarship in which books formed the sole subject of study. The kingdom of Italy had recently shown the admirable results which local study and research might be expected to produce in vivifying our conceptions of the life of antiquity. The area of antiquity was comparatively limited, and thoroughly to explore that area and to bring to light its buried treasures was a truly imperial work worthy of this country. For many reasons no substantial help could be expected from the Exchequer, and the only way of maintaining the work steadily was by a large addition to the list of annual subscriptions.

Sir G. Bowen, in moving a resolution appointing or re-electing as trustees, managers, and auditors, Prof. Jebb, the Greek Minister, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. H. F. Pelham, Mr. E. M. Thompson, Mr. W. Leaf, and Mr. G. A. Macmillan, said that he had had a long official connexion with Greece, as he began his career in the Ionian Islands, and for many years was in the habit of taking long tours in every part of Greece.—Prof. Rogers Smith seconded the resolution, and speaking as an architect, dwelt on the special interest to his own profession which attached to archaeological researches in Greece and the Mediterranean.—Mr. Ernest Gardner, in making a statement of his work in Athens prior to his visit to Cyprus, expressed gratitude for the kindness he received from the Greek Government and from the German and American schools at Athens.

Mr. Sidney Colvin then read the report of the Cyprus Exploration Fund: "In view of the feeling expressed in many quarters, the council of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies held a special meeting in October, 1887, to consider the best means of carrying out the desired exploration. In the end it was decided to institute a Cyprus Exploration Fund, with a committee empowered to raise subscriptions and to take the necessary action. On the committee then formed the British Museum, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and many of the leading archaeological societies were represented. The High Commissioner of Cyprus, Sir Henry Bulwer, had expressed his readiness to give due facilities to any properly constituted body who were prepared to conduct excavations on a scientific basis. The Secretary of State for the Colonies also expressed himself favourably to the scheme, and a special resolution in support of it was passed by the trustees of the British Museum. Within a few weeks a grant to the fund of £150 was made by the council of the Hellenic Society, and the committee of the British School at Athens offered a like sum, together with the services of their director, Mr. Ernest Gardner, as superintendent of the excavations. This offer was accepted on the understanding that those who took part in the excavations should be enrolled students of the school. Mr. D. G. Hogarth, a former student of

the school and Craven fellow at Oxford, and Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard, the well-known traveller and zoologist, who had recently spent some months in Cyprus, joined the band of explorers; and Mr. M. R. James, fellow of King's College, and assistant director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, received a grant of £160 from the Worts' Travelling Bachelors' Fund for the same purpose. Finally, Mr. R. Elsey Smith, selected by the Royal Institute of British Architects, was sent out as architect to the expedition at the joint cost of the school at Athens and the president of the Institute of Architects. Shortly afterwards a grant of £150 was made to the fund by the university of Oxford. By private subscriptions the fund was raised to upwards of £1200. Mr. Gardner and his colleagues went to Cyprus in December; and, after a preliminary examination of sites, obtained permission to dig on a hill known as Leonfari Vouno, near Nicosia, and afterwards at the village of Kouklia, the site of the ancient Paphos. The first-named excavation, conducted by Mr. M. R. James, only occupied a fortnight, but led to the discovery of primitive walls and many objects belonging to an early period. At Kouklia, where Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. James, and, later, Mr. Elsey Smith, were working together, the famous temple of Aphrodite was completely cleared and the ground plan carefully made out; numerous inscriptions of considerable interest were discovered, and also a few fragments of good sculpture and a large number of miscellaneous objects in pottery, glass, &c. When work at Paphos was complete Mr. Gardner returned to Athens; and Mr. Hogarth, who had been in charge of the work at Paphos during a previous absence of the director, carried out a third excavation at Amargeth, which he succeeded in identifying as the site of an ancient village probably called Melantha, where Apollo was worshipped under the title Opaon. Mr. Hogarth is still in Cyprus, and proposes to spend this summer in travelling for the purpose of completing an archaeological survey of the island—a work very much needed. On the whole, the committee feel that they may congratulate the subscribers on a successful opening of the campaign in Cyprus. If they cannot boast of artistic spoils such as have rewarded the labours of the Germans at Olympia and at Pergamon, the thorough laying bare of so famous a centre of worship as the great temple of Aphrodite at Paphos is in itself a noteworthy achievement, and one, moreover, which so competent an authority as Dr. Dörpfeld, now director of the German Institute at Athens, had long regarded as of first-rate importance. The harvest of inscriptions will throw much light upon the history of Cyprus. At least one object of art—a beautiful head of Eros—will be a valuable acquisition to the treasures of Greek art in this country. It is proposed to carry on operations for a second season; and the committee have in view a site which has already yielded valuable specimens of Greek pottery, and, it is believed, will amply repay further excavation. And it is hoped that the government of Cyprus will, as in the case of the objects found this year, allow a fair proportion of what is discovered to be brought home for deposit in the various museums of the country. For this purpose, however, further funds will be necessary to supplement the £500 still remaining in hand. The committee venture to hope that liberal aid will be forthcoming to enable those engaged in the work to carry it to a successful conclusion."

Mr. Sidney Colvin then read a letter which he had received from the Governor of Cyprus, Sir H. Bulwer, expressing sympathy with the work of exploration and affording facilities for its continuance and the removal to this country of portable remains of antiquity.—Mr. Ernest Gardner gave an interesting description of his work in Cyprus, and the discoveries made by Mr. Elsey Smith and himself. They had discovered the great temple of Aphrodite at Paphos, but were entitled to no great credit on this account, as the description of the site given by Strabo was minute and accurate. As unquestionably the temple was of Phœnician origin, it was much more difficult of reconstruction than a Greek temple would have been. Valuable hints on political and social life were to be found in the inscriptions, coins, medals, and other remains,

with the names of various officials, civil and military. Some fragments of sculpture of the best period were also unearthed, and valuable Mycenaean vases disclosed characteristics of a much later period than was generally ascribed to these vases.

Mr. Elsey Smith gave a short account of his architectural researches, and, amid many interesting details, pointed to resemblances between the great temple at Paphos and the description of Solomon's Temple in the Book of Kings. It had about the same proportions as the Temple of Solomon, though it was somewhat smaller. The reader then gave an elaborate and technical account of the remains of the temple.

Prof. Jebb moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, who, he said, gave an admirable illustration of the truth, often observed, that the busiest men found time or made occasion for graceful acts of kindness to those engaged in pursuits external to their own. In a too little read work of the great poet whose recent loss we were still deploring, in *Translations of Homer*, it was said that the period when classical literature was most pursued by our rulers was identified with the period when English statesmanship was noblest in tone and highest in spirit. In Lord Herschell they had a fresh illustration that this noble characteristic was still maintained, and they all earnestly hoped that it would be always maintained.—Mr. Walter Leaf seconded the resolution, which was carried, and briefly acknowledged by the chairman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WAS THERE A BABYLONIAN GATE-GOD?

New York: May 31, 1888.

I fail to see with Dr. Neubauer (*ACADEMY*, May 19) how the fact that a town had the name of "Two Gates," or that a man had the name of "Gate of Jah," or even how the fact that there were gates of heaven, or that Babylon was called "the Gate of Ilu," proves at all that the gate itself became a deity. To my mind, the fact that the gate belonged to a deity would militate against its being itself a deity.

There is, however, mythological evidence that the neighbours of the Hittites deified the gate, which should be considered before Prof. Sayce's translation of the *Babla of Damascus* is dismissed. There are about a dozen cylinder seals, nearly all, if not all, of an archaic Babylonian period, on which one or two gates are depicted. All but three of these I have discussed at length in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, 1887, pp. 50-58. On these cylinders the sun-god Shamash, with or without wings, bearing a peculiar weapon, having passed through the eastern gate of heaven, guarded by its porter, either steps up the mountains of Ham, or resting his hands on two peaks lifts himself up between them. In two or three cases, what seems to be a very archaic form of the god's name AN UT (*ilu Shamash*) is written on the seal. That this is the correct interpretation of the design is abundantly proved by hymns to Shamash which describe him as coming out of the gates of the morning and rising above the mountains. This early form of the Shamash of Erech was conventionalised on the later seals in the form of a god bearing aloft a notched sword, and with one foot lifted on a stool, or even, in the later seals, on an animal.

But there remain four other cylinders bearing gates, of an entirely different character. These are figured in Lajard (*Oulte de Mithra* xlii. 13; liv. i.; xviii. 1 and 2). The last one is also in Cullimore's *Oriental Cylinders*, fig. 165. Of these four cylinders we may dismiss the first; because, though of great interest for the serpent god represented, the gate is being opened by a porter, and so is not itself represented as having any special divine character. In the other three cylinders the gate has distinct wings at the top, reminding one immediately

of the winged disk so frequently figured in the Assyrian (but not the early Babylonian) art. That these are real wings, Lajard (liv. i.) leaves in no possible doubt. The two cylinders (Lajard xviii. 1 and 2), are apparently of the same period and from the same atelier, and deserve study. Not having examined these cylinders I cannot speak too confidently of their antiquity; but their material (serpentine), and, in the case of one of them, the contraction of the gate in the middle, showing that the cylinder is concave longitudinally, agree, as do the design and the shape of the star and moon, with an early Chaldean period. In the two cylinders (Laj. xviii. 1 and 2), what would appear to be a stream, or cord, proceeds from immediately under the wing on each side of the gate. In both cases the gate rests upon a couchant bull; or, more likely (for the perspective does not help us), the bull lies down in front of the gate, facing the seated god, and with one foot lifted. This reminds one of another small class of archaic cylinders, in which, instead of a worshipper, a bull or lion stands before a seated god. On one side of the gate, in No. 1, is a seated, beardless figure, who holds the bull by the horn. One of the streams from the gate comes nearly horizontally to his arm. On the other side of the gate is a bearded, naked figure, on one knee, with the other foot on the back of the bull, and with his two hands grasping the stream, or cord, in the middle. In fig. 2 the design is the same, except that the seated figure does not hold the bull's horn, but holds in one hand the stream, and in the other a bowl. On the other side the personage is clothed and standing, and still grasps the stream in the middle with both hands. In No. 1 there is a star before the seated figure, and in No. 2 a crescent, and a tree behind her (or him), such as is found in the archaic cylinder with Shamash and the gates (Laj. xl. 8; Smith's *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 159). In the third cylinder, showing the winged gate (Laj. liv. 1), the upper register shows the wings carefully wrought out, and a seated figure each side of the gate. The condition of the cylinder, as figured, leaves it uncertain whether streams come from under the wings. A second gate, without wings, occupies the space between the backs of the two seated figures, and the lower register is filled with three couchant mountain goats.

With the exception of these three seals, the streams are represented as proceeding only, in Babylonian art, from the shoulders or navel of a god, in which case it is clearly water, as indicated by accompanying fishes. We may also mention the seal of Sargon I., on which a buffalo drinks from the two streams that spout from the upright vase held by Gidubab. In Assyrian art the streams are more like a cord and tassel, and fall down from under the wings of the winged disk Assur, to be grasped by the worshipper on each side of the sacred tree. Here the stream, or cord, seems to represent a divine influence, or grace, bestowed on the worshippers. Whether we compare these winged gates with the wings and streams of the early Babylonian, or of the later Assyrian, art, they seem clearly to indicate a divine character, as belonging to these gates. But I will not venture to conjecture what connexion there can be between these winged gates of Southern Chaldea and of a period perhaps 2000 B.C., and any supposed gate deity of the Hittites.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

P.S.—A spurious cylinder just received by me from Constantinople has on it another representation of the winged gate, with the bull below it. As I have traced other Constantinople forgeries to the seals after whose impression they are copied, I judge that a third seal with a winged gate has passed

through Constantinople within a comparatively short time.

[This letter was unfortunately delayed in delivery.—ED. ACADEMY.]

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR NOEL PATON is at present giving the finishing touches to an important religious subject which has occupied him for more than a year past. It is titled "Vade Satana!" and depicts the last moment of the Temptation, as recorded by St. Matthew, when Christ answers the crowning suggestion of the fiend—"All these things will I give thee, if thou fall down and worship me," with his final words—"Get thee hence Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God!" The divine figure is seen seated on a rocky mountain summit, surrounded by a barren wilderness of misty peaks, clad in the customary robes of red and blue, and repelling, with the action of His hands and the pure God-like scorn of His uplifted face, the Tempter, who hovers behind Him, shadowing the form of Christ with his dark expanded wings, pointing to his own breast, as to the object of worship, and to the pomp of a dim lurid city, which appears amid the distant mist-wreaths, as the reward of the acknowledgment of his mundane kingship. The picture is distinguished by the scholarly and accomplished draftsmanship, the extreme finish, and the high-pitched imaginative aim, which have always distinguished the religious subjects of this gifted and most conscientious painter.

THERE is now on view, at the South Kensington Museum, the annual exhibition of the works of students in Schools of Art submitted for national competition; and also a collection of sketches and drawings by Constable, which have been presented to the nation by Miss Isabel Constable, who recently gave to the National Gallery Constable's picture of the house in which he was born.

MR. FRANK HOLL's portrait of Lord Spencer, now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, is to be engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Gerald Robinson.

ON Monday next, July 30, Messrs. Sotherby will sell an exceptionally choice series of Mr. Whistler's etchings from two or three different collections, together with several examples of Messrs. Bracquemond, Seymour Haden, and Legros.

THE second exhibition of works by members of the Artists' Club was opened on Thursday, July 26, at Tal-y-bont, Conway, North Wales.

A MEETING of masters of Schools of Art was held on Wednesday and (by adjournment) on Thursday last in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum, to form an association representative of their interests and of the interests of art education. About sixty gentlemen attended from all parts of the kingdom, and a society was established to be called the Society of Art Masters. Mr. E. R. Taylor, of Birmingham, was appointed chairman for the ensuing year; Mr. Alex. Fisher, of Brighton, vice-chairman; and Mr. Francis Ford, secretary. Membership is limited to the holders of an Art Master's certificate (third grade) from the department of Science and Art.

BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD, who bought largely at the recent Salon, has presented several of his most valuable purchases to local museums—at Amiens, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sens, and Ham—subject only to the condition that the painters may exhibit their pictures at the Paris universal exhibition next year.

THE *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund for July (Bentley) contains a full account, with plans, of the recent discovery at Jerusalem, near St. Anne's Church, now occupied by Algerian monks, of two underground tanks, which there seems very strong reason to identify with the pool of Bethesda. In the same number Capt. O. R. Conder continues his discussion of the Hittite question, and also writes upon "Early Racial Types" in connexion with Mr. Petrie's Egyptian casts.

THE Clarendon Press have just issued a *Catalogue of the Mohammedan Coins in the Bodleian*, compiled by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. It forms a handsome quarto volume of seventy-two pages, with four plates. The collection consists of about 1000 pieces, of which the greater portion were derived from two munificent bequests: (1) by Mr. J. B. Elliott, of Patna, who also gave a large number of oriental MSS. and other antiquities in 1859; and (2) Sir Charles Warren, in 1875. A considerable number of Indian coins were also purchased from Lady Frere in 1872. From the first and last of these sources came nearly all the Mughal coins, which form the most valuable feature of the Bodleian collection. It is these, also, that Mr. Lane-Poole has described in most detail, for the corresponding series in the British Museum has not yet been catalogued. For the rest, he has been content to supply references to the British Museum Catalogues, most of which were also compiled by himself, so that the present work forms a sort of companion volume to them. The coins figured on the plates are likewise taken chiefly from the Mughal series. The method of reproduction adopted is the colotype process, which has been carried to a high state of perfection at the Clarendon Press, and which compares not unfavourably with the autotypes of the British Museum Catalogues.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT's marvellous performance in "La Tosca" is still the talk of the town. "La Tosca" is a piece by a person who might have been an artist in literature, but who has contented himself with the dexterous manufacture of somewhat audacious melodrama. Very little is to be said for it. Mme. Bernhardt probably thought she was herself saying a good deal for it when she compared it, in a sense, with Shakspeare, and remarked suggestively to an interviewer from the newspapers, "Votre Shakspeare est un peu fort." He is; but this obscure or immature dramatist, whose privilege it was to precede M. Sardou, preceded him, it must be remembered, by about three hundred years; and, when any of the plays in which he has shown himself "un peu fort" are produced on our stage of to-day, that which is really repulsive to modern taste is removed. So much remains that is not repulsive to modern taste. But Sardou's repulsiveness in "La Tosca" is of the essence of the business. The Lord Chamberlain's functionaries do not propose to cut it out. Little would be left of Scarpia—the intense and interesting villain of "La Tosca"—if the pen of the Lord Chamberlain's functionary—or Mr. Mayer's, say, in tender regard for the young person in the dress circle—began to run across the MS. The tremendous scene would be gone.

THE Gatti Brothers, at the Adelphi Theatre, continue their lessons in patriotism every night. Literature has come—as it should come—to the aid of the enlightened Jingo—of the person who has the good sense to believe in England; and to Tennyson's "Light Brigade" and "Ballad of the Fleet"—to Mr. Browning's

"Home Thoughts from the Sea"—there is added a shoal of successful Adelphi melodramas, in which the heroine is always either a lass that loves a sailor or a young woman who succumbs to the fascinations of a red jacket. We say nothing against it. It is probably very proper, and it is certain that it is eminently true. Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Sydney Grundy—a great constructor of dramas, a polished, clever, vigorous writer—have collaborated on this occasion, and for their "Union Jack" it is safe enough to predict a long run. Each act ends with a striking situation; and the interest is not only maintained, it is increased, to the end. A military exercise—bayonet drill, is it not?—which is gone through is a welcome novelty. The costumes are all that is required; the scenery works without a hitch; and the cast is really strong for the kind of thing that is done. Or, to pull ourselves up a little in this easy center of commendation, the cast, if it is not strong at all points, is at all points acceptable. Yes, that is the word for it. Miss Millward is acceptable—we have never, for our own parts, considered her strong. Mr. Terriss is acceptable—an Adelphi admirer does not demand that he shall be subtle, or very intricate, or very intellectual, but he is picturesque and forcible, manly and pleasant. He is Mr. Terriss indeed—the Mr. Terriss of the Adelphi playgoer's dream. Then there is more than one absolutely faultless villain. Is it easy to beat Mr. Beveridge? Then there is a comic man. You laugh the moment he shows himself. Then there is the comic lady—Miss Jacks. She is a personage of real value. She has spontaneity and a thorough knowledge of her business. And then, for second heroine—a young lady who shares with Miss Millward the romantic devotion of the earnest Adelphi playgoer—there is Miss Helen Forsyth, an actress of gifts, rightly "acceptable" indeed. The "Union Jack" has been produced with completeness.

THE Princess's Theatre is the second home of melodrama, and there—the "Ben-my-Chree" (which is melodrama and something better) having been withdrawn—there is a revival, for a few nights, of the "Shadows of a Great City." Two or three of the people who made the piece interesting last year are still in it: the very sympathetic Miss Cicely Richards, for instance—in whose presence it is always possible to take a somewhat cheerful view of life—and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Abingdon, too. Miss Grace Hawthorne, a discreet actress, who always knows her business—nay, who commands a measure of what is more than "business" art—acts the heroine for the present; but the bill is to be changed next week. Next week "The Still Alarm" is to be produced, the part of the heroine being played by Miss Mary Burke, one of the most sterling artists now on the boards.

ON Tuesday, July 17, being the forty-fourth anniversary of M. Got's first appearance at the Comédie française, he was presented with a medal, designed by M. Chaplain for the occasion.

WE are asked to state that the third annual issue of the *Playgoer's Pocket-Book* will be edited by Mr. Jack T. Grein, who will be glad to receive communications at his address, 202 Piccadilly, W.

MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Royal College of Music gave its last students' concert on Monday evening in the Alexandra House Hall. The overture to "Egmont," the introduction to the third act,

and the Dance of Apprentices from the "Meister-singer," and Schubert's great Symphony in C, were admirably performed under the direction of Dr. Stanford. The good technique, the balance of tone, and the intelligent reading shown, speak well both for teachers and taught. Mention may also be made of the intelligent performance of Schumann's Concertstück (Op. 92) by Miss May Osborn, and the good singing of "Nobil Signor" by Miss E. Himing.

THE students of the Royal Academy of Music also gave a concert at St. James's Hall on the following evening. Miss Dora Bright, one of Mr. Prout's pupils in composition, performed a Pianoforte Concerto of her own in A minor—a clever, concise, and pleasing work. Schumann is the ruling influence in the first movement, and Mendelssohn in the finale. Miss Bright has obtained a genuine success, which will, no doubt, prove an incentive to further efforts. Mr. Gerald Walenn, a youthful and talented pupil of Mr. Sainton, gave a performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and astonished his hearers by the fulness of his tone, the agility of his fingers, and the intelligence displayed in the reading. The tempo, however, was somewhat slow. Mr. Walenn promises to become a great artist. Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, the holder of the Maas scholarship, sang "Salve Dimora" in good style. He has a rich and sympathetic voice. The female choir sang with fair success a Motet of Mendelssohn's, but the last movement seemed to give some trouble to the sopranos. The whole of the programme was ably conducted by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. The orchestra was heard to advantage in a polka and furiant from a Suite by Dvorák.

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LITERATURE.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. Part IV. Section I. (BRA—BYZ.) Part IV. Section II. (C—CASS.) (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

We heartily congratulate Dr. Murray on the appearance of these new portions of the great dictionary. Steady and sure progress is being well maintained; and unremitting toil is now making a considerable advance through the great mass of material which has been accumulated during so many years, and which still receives considerable additions from many workers. Even the end of the work is coming within the scope of calculation, and we hope that many of us will live to see it.

The first volume is now completed; and a noble volume it is. Beginning with A, it goes on to the end of B, and occupies 1240 pages quarto, in treble columns; or 3720 columns in all. Owing to the numerous differences in the plan of the work from that of any other dictionary, only a rough comparison between it and others can be made. In Webster's Dictionary the letters A and B together occupy nearly an eighth part of the whole alphabet; and it would thus appear at first sight that the whole will be included in about eight volumes of the same size as the first. But it is certain that this estimate gives quite a false impression, and does not assign sufficient importance to the portion already completed. It so happens that the letters A and B contain numerous words which have required exceptional treatment, and are also exceptionally rich in obsolete and obsolescent words. In particular, the letter B abounds in radical monosyllabic words of primary importance, which in most dictionaries are treated with contemptuous inadequacy. It will be found that, in Strammann's Middle-English Dictionary, the letters A and B occupy much more than one-eighth, and, indeed, nearly one-sixth of the whole vocabulary. Subject to these considerations, the present first volume may more correctly be calculated as extending to at least a seventh of the whole, or even more; and we believe that, as a matter of fact, it is in contemplation to bring the whole dictionary into the compass of six volumes only, which may easily be done by a slight increase in the size of some of them. It may be remarked here that, in Littré's French Dictionary, the letters A and B occupy rather more than a sixth part of the alphabet; but the difference between the English and French languages is too great to admit of any safe mode of comparison.

Dr. Murray has, however, done more than complete his first volume. The part of the second volume already issued contains an instalment of 162 pages, and takes us just past the word "cassowary," which we are somewhat surprised to find was introduced into our language more than two and a half centuries ago. Already in 1611 Coryat's *Cruces* makes mention of the "cassawarway," respecting which a marginal note informs us that it is "an East Indian bird at St. James in the keeping of Mr. Walker"; and, in 1630, Taylor, the water-poet, managed to draw out the name yet a little longer, when he speaks of "the estrich or cassawaraway."

It is with much pleasure that we record the present excellent progress; for it seems to be the case, unfortunately, that the general public cares little about the quality of the work done, but chiefly regards the quantity that can be put out in the shortest possible time. This is pre-eminently an age which, above all things, clamours feverishly for "the shortest records," and regards as its greatest hero the man who can do as much in two minutes and a quarter as the best of his fellows can only do in two minutes and a half. Hence it is worth while to point out, even to the general public, that the rate at which the Dictionary can be issued is likely to be greatly increased in the future. For while Dr. Murray perseveres with the letters C and D, Mr. Bradley is already at work upon the letter E, which is being printed simultaneously; and there is now no reason why the rate of progress should not be, according to the latest calculation, such "as will ensure the production of one part a year," which is probably as much as the press can possibly perform. For it is to be borne in mind that the mere "composing" of the enormous mass of written material now continually supplied is no small matter; and the reader who will examine any page of the work at all carefully will surely admit that, merely as a specimen of printing, the result is extremely satisfactory, reflecting great credit upon the management of the Oxford Press. The frequent changes of type, and the free use of capitals and italic letters, contrast favourably with the uniform and less distinctive type employed in Littré's Dictionary, while at the same time it is possible to crowd just a little more into each column. The column in the English Dictionary is of precisely the same length as in the French Dictionary—viz., ten inches and a tenth; but the appearance to the eye of the English Dictionary is much more pleasing and distinct, while at the same time the paper is thicker and affords a clear white ground, and the margin is luxuriously ample.

At the end of the letter B we find the "Preface to Vol. I," which is of great interest. It cancels the preface which was issued with the first part of the letter A, though probably many will like to preserve both prefaces as historical records of the progress of the work. For the benefit of those who wish to do this, it may be remarked that the last ten pages in both prefaces are precisely alike, and need only be preserved as they stand in the later reprint. The difference is at the beginning, where the older preface of six pages has since been extended to sixteen pages, and is necessarily more

complete, partly owing to revision, and partly to much additional information.

The following passage is particularly noteworthy, as showing the indomitable energy of the editor. It is, indeed, quite a surprise to be reminded that there are many instances in which, owing to some special difficulty, it takes longer to write an article of only six lines than, in other cases, to write a whole column.

"The other direction in which much time has been consumed is the elucidation of the meaning of obscure terms, sometimes obsolete, sometimes current, belonging to matters of history, customs, fashions, trade, or manufactures. In many cases, the only thing known about these was contained in the quotations, often merely allusive, which had been collected by the diligence of our readers. They were to be found in no dictionary, or, if mentioned in some, were explained in a way which our quotations evidently showed to be erroneous. The difficulty of obtaining first-hand and authoritative information about these has often been immense, and sometimes insurmountable. Ten, twenty, or thirty letters [] have sometimes been written to persons who, it was thought, might possibly know, or succeed in finding out, something definite on the subject; and often weeks have passed, and 'copy' advanced into the state of 'proof,' 'proof' into 'revise,' and 'revise' even into 'final,' before any results could be obtained. It is incredible what labour has had to be expended sometimes to find out the facts for an article which occupies not more than five or six lines; or even to be able to write the words 'Derivation unknown' as the net outcome of hours of research, and of testing the statements put forth without hesitation in other works."

Of course the most heart-breaking part of the business is that the information may come just too late; or, what is still more galling, it may happen that, immediately on the publication of the work, some small critic who just "happens to know" some out-of-the-way term will raise a mighty peal of derision, and be inflated with no little self-glorification to find that he, at any rate, knows what is said to be "unknown." Of course the fault is really his own. He ought, at any rate, to know that the dictionary is in progress, and it is for him to contribute his mite in due time, or else to take shame to himself for having omitted to do so.

By way of example, we may mention the technical use of "butterfly." After much search as to what this could possibly mean, Dr. Murray has suggested, with a note of interrogation, that it possibly means "a set of catches which open out so as to prevent the falling of the cage" in coal-mining. The quotation given is from the *Western Morning News* of November 25, 1882:

"The ascending cage was hurled into the head-gear, smashing the *butterflies*, and breaking the engine-rope; and, had it not been for the remaining *butterflies*, the cage must have fallen to the bottom."

It has since been ascertained that the guessed meaning is right. The reference is to catches which spread out like the wings of a butterfly. When the cage is drawn up, they droop idly; but, if it be stopped, they fly out and check the downward motion, and thus prevent an accident. This seems simple enough, when once the idea is caught. But there is nothing in the quotation that especially suggests it; and it would have been obviously wrong to

have left out the mark of interrogation without learning more of the matter.

An excellent example is given of the unsettled nature of our ever-shifting modern English pronunciation. This may be briefly explained to foreigners by informing them that "English pronunciation has no definite laws, and you are expected to know them."

"The editor was once present at a meeting of a learned society, where, in the course of discussion, he heard the word 'gaseous' systematically pronounced in six different ways by six different physicists."

We are not told what the ways were; but it is easy to reckon up to six, and beyond it, if we remember that the *s* may have the sound of the *a* in "name," or the *e* in "cat," or the *a* in "grass," and that the *s* may be sounded either as in "sin" or in "praise," while some may, conceivably, sound the *ss* like the *ss* in "tension" or "decision."

The leading words of English origin in the former section of this fourth part are the radical verbs "braid," "break," "breed," "bring," "brook," "burn," "burst," "buy"; the substantives "bread," "breast," "breath," "bribe," "bridge," "brood," "brother," "brow," "bull," "burden"; the adjectives "bright," "broad," "brown," "busy"; and the important relational words "but" and "by." Not less important are many words of French origin, such as "brace," "brave," "bribe," "bruise," "brush," "butt," and "button." Owing to the great importance of these and other similar words, the letter B actually occupies more space than the letter A, whereas the reverse is the case in nearly all other dictionaries.

The most difficult words are easily found. They are commonly those of the fewest letters, such as "as," "at," "be," "but," and "by." In this section there are at least two words of quite exceptional difficulty—viz., "but" and "by." "But" occupies more than eight columns, and is distinguished so as to comprise twenty-seven different uses; after which come the compounds "but and," "but for," "but if," "but that," and "but what." This must have been a trying exercise in logic. But the difficulty of dealing with it is quite surpassed by the difficulty of describing the uses of "by." "By" occupies no less than twelve columns—i.e., it claims more than four pages. It is probably the most difficult word hitherto encountered, and bids fair to rival any other in the dictionary. However, the great and terrible verb to "do" has yet to be done. The orderly treatment of "by" is deserving of especial study. The chief divisions of it relate to (1) position in space; (2) motion; (3) time; (4) mental or ideal proximity; (5) means, instrumentality, agency; (6) circumstance, condition, manner, cause, or reason; (7) its use in phrases. And now the reader knows "how it is done."

The Dictionary abounds with words and phrases of great interest, but lack of time and space forbids us to deal with them. One example must suffice. The word "bug" was originally used in the sense of bugbear or hobgoblin, usually an imaginary, not a real, object of terror. Hence arose the remarkable phrase "to swear by no bugs," i.e., "to take a genuine oath, not a mere pretence of one";

or, in other words, to swear by real divinities. There is a capital example from Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579, p. 23: "Caligula . . . bid his horse to supper, and swore by no bugs, that hee would make him a Consul." (By the way, the page is 33 in Arber's reprint; but the reference is doubtless to the original edition.) This is probably one of the few words of genuine Celtic origin, as is carefully explained.

Among other curiosities we may note that there are no less than eight distinct substantives and three verbs that are all alike spelt "bunt." There are also twelve "buffs" (six substantives, five verbs, and an adjective) and six "buffers" (all substantives). Homonyms of this description cause much trouble, for they have a great tendency to mingle their senses and become confused.

In conclusion, we have only to urge upon all who are interested in this national work, or are capable of understanding its usefulness, that they should buy a copy of any part of it; and they will soon discover that it is worth their while to buy the rest. It is not only extremely useful, but extremely interesting. Many of the longer articles are quite readable; and the illustrative quotations, ranging in date from 1100 to the present date, represent every important author known to English literature during the last eight centuries.

WALTER W. SKRAT.

Life of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry VIII. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (Burns & Oates.)

THE reader will require no further intimation than the title-page of this work to be aware that it is written by a Roman Catholic priest on the occasion of the recent "Beatification" of Bishop Fisher by Leo XIII. Under these circumstances he may, perhaps, not look for a strictly judicial estimate of a character which, however noble and worthy of admiration in itself, is now, for the great majority of Christians, raised beyond the reach of criticism by a distinct act of authority. Rome has declared her judgment; and no fine discriminating touches, no delicate lights and shades, can be permitted to interfere with the uniform brightness of one of her saintly martyrs.

This, we suspect, is what an ordinary Protestant will think; and an ordinary Romanist will really think the same, with this difference merely, that the latter is submissive and humble before an authority that the former does not feel himself in any way bound to respect. The result is to be regretted, simply because it prevents the most delicate appreciation of a really exalted character. We lose sight of the man in the contemplation of the declared saint and martyr. Nor does it tend to make matters better when a biographical work is made the vehicle for a good deal of controversial theology. For, even though the life itself may be closely connected with questions of the kind, it does not follow that the biographer is bound to argue them anew. There is a time and place for everything, and controversy has a literature of its own. No one will complain of a biographer who frankly

tells you his principles; but, if he must also go forth like a knight errant, attacking giant heresies and slaying sophistries which stand in the way of his own religion, why, then, he may be doing excellent work, but it is not the work of a biographer.

Let me not be mistaken, however. Earnest conviction is a thing of which we have by no means a superabundance in this world; and, even if it should in one sense spoil a biography or a work of art, the loss is really a gain. Indeed, in treating of such a life as that of Bishop Fisher—we would call him Cardinal, but that he was hardly known as such while he lived in this world—earnest conviction is a far greater requisite than literary art or even clearness of insight. Such a life, written with coldness and without genuine sympathy, however great the learning and research of the writer, would be essentially untrue, simply because it did not reflect the most characteristic element in Bishop Fisher himself; and we greatly prefer that Father Bridgett should devote a few pages to grumbling over what he (of course) considers the misapplication of college endowments and their diversion from the uses intended by pious founders, rather than that he should not give us his whole mind on the subject while he is about it. At the same time, we may observe, for our own part, without arguing the question further, that while many things, good or bad (I myself would even say good and bad), got a severe shaking in the sixteenth century, the real point in every case is whether anything essential to Christianity was really given up in that community which still ventures to call itself the Church of England, and believes that it has inherited the true gifts of the Spirit along with the saints and martyrs of all ages, including Bishop Fisher.

But it will be said, if nothing essential was lost, did Bishop Fisher die for things superfluous to the Christian faith? By no means. He died no doubt, in one sense, for papal supremacy, at a time when papal supremacy might well have seemed to many the only guarantee for the cause of truth and righteousness; but he died essentially for the sake of conscience—that he himself might not be an abettor of the sins of Henry VIII., but a maintainer of the sanctity of marriage and the indissoluble character of the marriage tie. And if, in the days in which he lived, the cause of truth and conscience seemed to some inseparably bound up with the authority of the Roman pontiff, far be it from me to say that such men were wrong in supporting that authority, especially when they knew the vile motives which induced the king to set it at defiance. I care not how much it is confessed that tyranny and violence did the essential work of the Reformation. The fact remains that the work was done, and we must accept the consequences. Isolated from continental Christianity by the tyranny of her ruler and the indifference of foreign princes, the Church of England was left to solve her own problems by herself; and we can no more restore papal jurisdiction in England now than we can restore English jurisdiction in the United States.

Fisher's pure and beautiful life appears really to have been very uneventful until the

question of Henry VIII.'s divorce brought him prominently before the eyes of all men. From the earliest period in his episcopate he had a high reputation both for learning and sanctity. He was chosen by the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., as her confessor, and by the university of Cambridge as chancellor; and in the latter capacity he delivered at Cambridge, before Henry VII. and his mother, a Latin speech which I was so unfortunate as to attribute to a wrong author when I printed it in part many years ago. He was the Lady Margaret's chief adviser in the foundation of St. John's College, and her principal trustee under her will. He was the patron of Erasmus, who paid him at least one visit at Rochester, and stimulated him in the newly revived study of Greek. He was at one time appointed to go to Rome on embassy to a council—indeed, he says he was three times disappointed of that journey. Perhaps it would have done him little good if he had gone thither, especially if, besides witnessing how little sanctity there was in the atmosphere of the Vatican, he had been associated as ambassador with the English resident, Silvester de Giglis, the Italian Bishop of Worcester, and suspected poisoner of Cardinal Bainbridge. At all events he stayed at home; and in the quietude of his study was agitated, not by the sins of the imperial city, but by the heresies of Luther—heresies with which no Englishman had much sympathy in those days. And when the king published his book against those heresies, and was attacked by the German reformer with the contempt and virulence that might have been expected, Fisher stepped forward with a work of his own in defence of the royal performance.

But when the king, having done such inestimable service to religion, seemed to think that religion might stretch a point in favour of such a powerful and illustrious supporter as himself, he could no longer calculate on Fisher's aid. Nor did he; for all his efforts were bent to secure his silence and neutrality. Of all the bishops and divines in England Fisher, being the queen's confessor, was her natural protector; and the manner in which Wolsey contrived, on the first whisper of the divorce question, to prevent any conference about it between her and him is one of the most unpleasant stories in the cardinal's whole career. But at length Fisher spoke out, as in duty bound, in answer, too, to a direct challenge from the king, which his majesty never expected anyone to have the hardihood to take up. Henry had declared openly that he wished to have his scruples relieved. Fisher said no less openly that he was willing to relieve them, and stated several reasons, which, however, instead of pacifying the royal conscience, made the king intensely angry. It is to be feared that from that moment Fisher's fate was sealed; for Henry was one who could nurse displeasure for years and never forget by whom he had been thwarted. Attempts, too, were made upon the bishop's life, which must have been indirectly encouraged by the knowledge that he was out of favour; nor did Henry do much to show the uprightness of his own character by the hideous punishment dealt out to the wretch who poisoned the bishop's household. I forbear to speak of Fisher's martyrdom.

The main features of the story are well known; but there are many details on this and other parts of his life now first collected from various sources and weighed as regards their credibility. Father Bridgett's judgment on these subjects appears to me generally sound, and I gladly recommend the book to the consideration of all those who love to read the record of a pure and saintly life.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

English Composition and Rhetoric. Enlarged Edition. Part Second. Emotional Qualities of Style. By A. Bain, LL.D. (Longmans.)

THIS is nominally the second part of a new edition, but it is virtually a new work of most original design and elaborate execution. The scope of it is somewhat disguised by the old title *English Composition and Rhetoric*. The title used by Lord Kames in last century, *Elements of Criticism*, would, perhaps, better have indicated the nature of the work. It is, in effect, an attempt to lay a foundation for scientific criticism, by a classification of the artistic emotions and an analysis, so far as that is possible, of the conditions of their production by verbal art. This, broadly stated, is the purpose of the work, to disengage and set forth systematically the rudimentary principles of poetic effect. Of course, Dr. Bain shows himself aware of the difficulties of classification in such a field, and of the impossibility of carrying analysis beyond a certain point. He says in his preface:

"No one can be more conscious than I am of the limits to a scientific explanation of the emotional effect of any given composition. The merits are often so shadowy, so numerous and conflicting, that their minute analysis fails to give a result. The attempt to sum up the influence of a combination of words whose separate emotional meanings are vague and incalculable, must often be nugatory and devoid of all purpose. Yet . . . criticism has long attained the point where reasons can be given for a very wide range of literary effects. . . . That there will always be an inexplicable residuum of literary effects does not invalidate the worth of whatever amount of explanation is attained or attainable."

When a man of strictly scientific bent and analytic genius interferes with poetry, there is always a certain prejudice against him, and that not merely among those who wish to enjoy poetry without distraction and who resent any attempt to account for its effect on them. It was well, therefore, that Dr. Bain should put beyond doubt at starting the limits to his investigation. His method is clear and simple, though so scientifically cool and unimpassioned, and so opposed in this respect to ordinary literary criticism, that it is open to misunderstanding. His starting-point is not the work of art itself, but the effect, the impression, produced on the mind of the reader. How is this produced? All aesthetic criticism that hopes to arrive at a definite result must start from this point and ask this question. The scope of Dr. Bain's inquiry may best be indicated by contrast with the object of an aesthetic critic who is himself an artist. In the preface to his *Studies of the Renaissance*, Mr. Pater speaks of all works of art as powers or forces, producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar and

unique kind; and says that the function of the aesthetic critic is to distinguish, analyse, and separate from its adjuncts the virtue by which a work of art produces its special impression of beauty or pleasure, indicating what the source of the impression is and under what conditions it is experienced. But while Mr. Pater's endeavour is to disengage the special virtue of a work of art or a personality from the commoner elements with which it may be found in combination, it is precisely those commoner elements, found in all works of art producing a certain kind of effect, that Dr. Bain in this treatise has tried to analyse and expound in a system. The special analysis at which Mr. Pater aims is no part of Dr. Bain's object. He holds, as we have seen, that in the special case there must always be a residuum that defies analysis; at any rate, it is the common conditions of the distinguishable varieties of poetic effect that he here endeavours to arrive at. There are certain conditions common to all effects of literary art—harmony, ideality, originality, variety, representative force, richness of combination. In a given passage that elevates, or touches, or moves to laughter, have these conditions, one or all of them, been fulfilled or not? Such is the leading question in this treatise, pursued through a great variety of classified passages, chosen from a wide range of literature.

The value of such a work must obviously lie far more in the depth and suggestiveness of its analysis than in any infallibility of judgment on particular points. When it comes to be a question of any particular combination, whether it is harmonious, novel, vividly representative, or vague and fumbling, rich and impressive, or thin and poor, the personality of the reader comes in, and there must always be room for wide differences of opinion. Dr. Bain's treatise is intended for the literary student; and it is intended above everything to stimulate the student's own judgment, while directing attention to the general conditions of successful effect. In his preface he emphatically disclaims all pretensions to dogmatic finality in his critical decisions; and he intimates that, while he is aware of the impossibility of keeping personal bias out of such decisions, his endeavour has been to confine himself to judgments for which a reason could be found in general principles of human nature. He might, perhaps, have given still another caution against misunderstandings that might arise from his plan of treatment. It being part of that plan to take various kinds of effect and various conditions separately, each passage examined is considered mainly or solely as regards its adequacy to produce a specific effect or its fulfilment of a specific condition. Thus the judgment expressed in each case is not absolute, but relative. It is not suggested that a passage is absolutely defective, but only that it is at a disadvantage as regards the point under consideration. To have repeated this again and again would have been tiresome, and would greatly have increased the bulk of his closely packed treatise; still, it seems to us that Dr. Bain would have done well to direct attention more emphatically to this peculiarity in his treatment. For example, he remarks on Coleridge's poem, "Youth and Age," that "the happiness

of early years is idealised to excess, and the feeling of the piece is a mournful depressing melancholy." Many would exclaim against this judgment if it were meant to apply to the effect of the poem as a whole as it stands. But when we look to the connexion in which the remark is made, we see that it is not intended to apply to the poem as a whole, but only to one element in it—the extent to which the joys and the energy of youth are idealised—the moral for the student being that such extravagance of hyperbole would be a disadvantage if there were not other elements present to redeem it. "The genius of Coleridge converts into a triumph what might have been a ludicrous failure. His success is not due to the element particularised, but is won in spite of it. The business of the rhetorician is not to prescribe laws for genius, but to point out the path of safety to writers of ordinary resources, the path of "correctness"; and here idealisation is carried to an extreme that it would not be safe for any writer of feebleness to attempt. Another example of the result of Dr. Bain's confining himself to illustration of one point at a time is found at p. 52. Speaking there of "the subject" as being one element in the effect of a work of art, he remarks that "it happens with themes once attractive that their day of interest has passed"; and he instances the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*, saying that neither "now possesses the charm that they originally had." This is startling enough at first sight; but on looking more closely we see that the remark is confined solely to the subject or theme as a possibility for the modern artist; and elsewhere we find that Dr. Bain is orthodox enough about the Homeric poems, speaking of their characters as "pure ideals, so conceived and executed as to be a perennial charm."

The most disputable position in Dr. Bain's analysis is the prominence that he assigns, following his psychology as expounded in *The Emotions and the Will*, to the malignant element in the emotion of strength or power. Not by any means that he seeks to justify this element in art; on the contrary, it looks very much as if his personal repugnance to the sentiment, however disguised, even when the ostensible motive is righteous anger or retribution, gave him a certain bias towards exaggerating the extent of its presence, as affording him an excuse for condemning strongly what grates upon his sensibilities. He certainly does not justify the pleasure of malevolence; only he maintains that for the natural man it is a positive pleasure, and that the facts cannot be explained on the simple supposition of delight in the sense of power overbearing the compunctions of sympathy. The crowds that have gone within the last fortnight to see a great actress in "La Tosca" might be cited by him in support of his theory. They might plead that it was not the horrors of the spectacle that fascinated them, but the power of the actress; but how is the fact to be met that it is not in the most generally impressive parts of the play that M^{me}. Bernhardt's consummate art is seen at its best, being in them comparatively commonplace? The point is too subtle to be discussed at length here. We may pass from it with the remark that it is an advantage for a textbook to have knotty

points in it calculated to excite the argumentative powers of its students. This treatise of Dr. Bain's is not a textbook to be crammed. It affords matter for discussion in almost every page, and it can answer its purpose only if it is used in this spirit.

W. MITRO.

Palestine Illustrated. By Sir Richard Temple. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS book is a contribution of a very novel kind to the literature of Palestine travel. It may, indeed, surprise many who think that they know the scenes which it depicts; but, provided that their expectations are not unreasonably great, surprise will by degrees give place to the friendliest recognition. The book will, of course, not supersede those admirable books, *Picturesque Palestine* and *La Syrie d'aujourd'hui* (by Lortet); but it does what neither of those attempts—it helps us to imagine the colouring of some of the most interesting or beautiful of the Palestine landscapes. There is no denying Sir Richard Temple's courage and sincerity as an artist, nor, so far as this was possible with his limitations, his success; though I doubt whether Lord Lyndale would have ranked these illustrations (as this typical man of culture ranked those of Roberts—see *Alton Locke*) with Landseer, Turner, and the old masters. Why the author prefixed a characteristic piece of rhetoric from Bishop Horne, I do not see. It does not appear to me to set the tone for the book. It is not the new heavens and the new earth, but the old, that we desire to realise more fully through such a book as this. Happily, the climatic phenomena of Palestine cannot have much altered; and the wonderful sky-views which the author enjoyed are all the more interesting because they help us to appreciate the love of sky-scenery in the book of Job. Few travellers select February and the first half of March for their tour, and Sir Richard Temple gives a candid sketch of the drawbacks which the bold explorer must face at this early period: "He will have to endure some hardship; he will miss seeing many beauties that are seen by those who travel at more favourable times. But he will be rewarded by the sight of much grandeur that would not be visible under other circumstances."

Certainly, it is a genuine exploration of which we here receive the results; though, in order to enjoy them, we have to imagine first what the paintings from which these chromolithographs were taken present, and next what the artist saw and tried to express in oil-colours.

Turning to the chromolithographs, No. 1 (not counting the frontispiece) represents a scene which cannot help being among the best remembered; and which, for its promise of good things to come, is specially dear to the traveller. Who, indeed, can forget the picturesque appearance of Jaffa and its orange-groves, and the dreaded entrance through its threatening circle of rocks? Even a veteran like Tobler expresses enthusiasm on approaching this gate of the promised land for the fourth time. But how few will recognise their Jaffa in the view now offered them! Certainly Sir Richard

Temple has missed one of the loveliest of Palestine views, nor has he compensated us for it by the still lovelier view of Beirût. Andromeda would look in vain for her rock, and who would guess that this gray-green water was the blue Mediterranean? Ajalon by moonlight is a more suggestive picture, which well illustrates the passage: "And thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." One is glad to see both a sunrise and a sunset view of Jerusalem—both, I suppose, taken from the well-known Mediterranean hotel. In the one the dark cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the most prominent building; in the other the Dome of the Rock. In the one we have the Olivet range, without the Mount of Olives, in violet-grey; in the other that sacred mountain canopied with crimson clouds, and itself, as it were, blushing with sympathy. The second is undoubtedly a very striking view. The bare hills about Jerusalem require to be seen at sunset to be admired, and Jerusalem then becomes what this "city of the heart" deserves to be—a jewel set in a casket. And yet—may not some persons be misled by this feast of colour? Jerusalem is, as Sir Richard Temple remarks, a melancholy place—why disguise the fact by giving these exceptional views? Perhaps the answer is that such pictures are meant not for those who have never been to Palestine, but for those who have been there, but later in the year than our author. There is also something unusual to my own sight in the colour of the foliage of the olives of Gethsemane. I am, at least, thankful that this picture omits the Parisian parterres, which so greatly injure the effect of the trees. Among the five other views devoted to Jerusalem there are only two exceptional ones—Jerusalem from the side of Olivet, and Mount Zion from the south. The skies in both are somewhat stormy; but the colouring is just what one would expect, and the views of Jerusalem are most striking. The eastward view from Olivet, facing the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab, is not given here. Could the author have reproduced nature, with the delicate gradations of ethereal hues with which sunrise and, still more, sunset feast the spectator, he would indeed have been a benefactor! Such gradations of hues I do not find in the wonderful sunset view of the Dead Sea, taken from some height between Mar Saba and the lake. At the moment recorded in Sir R. Temple's illustration, the mountains of Moab were so suffused with light that all variations of light and shade were obscured. The colour of the lake given there is a singularly vivid green, which is ascribed to the yellow of the sky reflected on the bluish gray of the water. Evidently the appearance of the lake varies. To Robinson it wore a decidedly green aspect early in the afternoon; but he was looking down from a height, and says it did not appear so from the shore. To me the colour never seemed anything but a pale blue. Lortet, however, compares the blue to that of Lake Leman. This eminent scientific man accounts for the greenish hue sometimes visible by the saline particles suspended or dissolved in the water. Lovers of Palestine will certainly be grateful for this bright view of the Dead Sea. It was worth while to travel thus early to get it. A moonlight view of

En-gedi would, however, have made this part of the book doubly valuable.

It is remarkable how picturesque bare and desolate stretches of country become in these illustrations—see, for instance, the view of Hinnom, and the two views of the Jericho district. That “many of the Jewish prophets have dwelt” in the cave-cells of Mount Quarantana is more, perhaps, than any one knows; even the traditional belief that this mountain was the scene of the Temptation is admittedly most uncertain. And yet both as the background to the fascinating view of Jericho, and as connected with a mystic and ascetic movement which goes back to the time of Christ, this singular mass of reddish-brown rock will always attract the traveller. The next striking view is that of Mizpah (not Mispeh), or Neby Samwil, one of the most venerable spots in Palestine (Judg. xx. 1, 1 Sam. x. 17), which rightly draws forth the artist-author’s historic enthusiasm. The view from the summit is painted neither with brush nor with pen; but the view of Mizpah itself, with a neighbouring mountain tarn, full from the winter rains, is delightful. Not less acceptable is the view of Gerizim and Shechem—how much more it expresses than any engraving taken from a photograph! The position of Samaria, too, will be better appreciated through the illustration in this book, which is taken from the most picturesque side. The descending rain on Carmel is truthfully rendered in the next view, but one is thankful for the brighter aspect of this mountain ridge in subsequent views. The plain of Esdraelon, taken from the well-known lunching-place at Kabziye, is a bold but successful representation of an extensive and charming prospect. But I must hasten on to one of the most daring experiments in colour—the picture of “Safed, the City set on a Hill.” One of my own regrets constantly is not to have had a near view of Safed, not only from an interest in the Jews, but on account of its fine situation. M. R. M. de Vogüé seems to have been charmed by it, and Sir R. Temple gives an independent witness to its picturesqueness. After this should have come the view which forms the frontispiece—“Cana of Galilee.” Sir R. Temple seems to identify this Cana with Kefr Kenna; but neither his remarks nor Conder’s (*Primer of Bible Geography*, p. 150) are as clear and satisfactory as Robinson’s. This illustration might well have been exchanged for a third view of the Sea of Galilee—an average sunset view for instance, or a distant early view of it from the hills. It is easy to underrate the beauties of the lake, which require to be looked for and to be judged by a reasonable standard. The help of the colourist would have been most acceptable. No one ought to leave the lake with an impression of its sadness, natural as this impression is on first seeing its deserted shores.

Two uncoloured lithographs are added—the valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mar Saba ravine; the latter, I am sure, the author does not regard as more than an attempt. Four useful sketch-maps are also inserted. The letterpress is not always very critical and, indeed, sometimes very old fashioned. Descriptive passages are, however, interspersed, which supplement the views in the happiest manner.

T. K. CHEYNE.

NEW NOVELS.

£100,000 *versus* Ghosts. By Mrs Robert Jocelyn. In 2 vols. (White.)

Antoinette. By M. P. Blyth. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

A Modern Delilah. By Vere Clavering. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Dearly Bought. By G. Fitzroy Cole. In 3 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Signor I. From the Italian of S. Farina. By the Baroness Langenau. (Alexander Gardner.)

Uncle’s Dream and the Permanent Husband. By F. Dostoieffsky. (Vizetelly.)

The Case of Doctor Plamen. By René de Pont-Jest. (Spencer Blackett.)

No doubt the researches of the Psychical Society have been a godsend to many a purveyor of the gruesome. One has but to look into those methodically arranged records to find something to suit every taste, from the frightsome bogey which loves to paralyse the nursery-maid to the mysterious presence which so often gives exceptionally spiritual natures a cold shiver in draughty rooms. It is true that one is apt to rise from a ghostly debauch with a palled appetite; and there are even hardened individuals who, having been tempted and fallen into excess in the consumption of “psychical” literature, have resolved to look to their window-sashes and their “internal economy,” and to forswear for evermore the deadly boredom even of mystic presences. The individual, however, who desisteth not to flee temptation, and like a certain celebrated obesity, to have his or her flesh made to creep, will do wisely to avoid the fatal cumulative effect of the Psychical Society’s records and trust to the more amply garnished narratives of writers who have skilfully selected the society’s tit-bits, or who, it may be, have evolved wonders equally entertaining. It is quite likely, of course, that Mrs. Jocelyn has never read the records to which reference has been made, although in her story the present writer seemed to recognise more than one old friend. But it really does not matter whether she has or not, for stories of this kind, real or imaginary, have so much in common that a new supernatural sensation is now of rarer occurrence than apparitions of the sea-serpent, which our untoward summer has evidently disheartened. In Mrs. Jocelyn’s story there is a Blue Lady (whom the heroine once felt as well as saw—fount her softish), who, as Lady Geraldine, had been murdered and immured in a wall by her impatient husband. The evil spirit is known as “the Glen Farlock Ghost.” It has a horrid stare, and plagiarises Napoleon’s well-known folded-arms attitude. It is lugubrious, unpleasant, and ill-mannered. In the end the brave “kitten” (“the kitten” is Mr. Robert Cart’s name for his wife, the heroine to whom the conditional legacy of £100,000 was bequeathed) vanquishes the “awful presence” (the G. F. G.), and once again servants consent to remain at Glen Farlock, and the world moves on as of yore. In point of style the reviewer is bound to state that Mrs. Jocelyn does not reach the unornate but dignified level of the Psychical Society’s

records. Her young people are very uninteresting, and the “kitten” is a sprightly but ill-bred damsel who indulges in the expletive “how beastly!” on very slight provocation. There are many mansions in the reading world, however, and no doubt £100,000 *versus* Ghosts will have a sufficient welcome to satisfy those most concerned.

Antoinette is an historical novel, inspired by the interest that still attaches to the story of the French Revolution. Although the unfortunate Queen of France is introduced, the title relates to a young girl of the “House of Boisfontaine.” Antoinette Boisfontaine spends her early years with her English relatives at Leigh Court, but very soon the scene changes to France. The contrasts between aristocratic life in the two countries are effectively suggested, and the author would seem to write from an experience not wholly second-hand. The narrative is one of unflinching interest from first to last; and, though it is weighted with “facts” and handicapped with marginal and appended notes, it rather gains than loses thereby. *Antoinette*, in fact, is one of those historical romances which, while nominally fictitious, are really essentially true. One has thus in their perusal a double interest—the author’s narrative and the brilliant background of reality. Some of the appended notes are well worth attention, particularly those made from a curious collection of newspaper cuttings in the possession of a friend of the author, some of which date so far back as 1764. There is one of exceptional interest, which records a remarkable prophecy uttered in 1701 in a religious discourse by a clergyman named Fleming, wherein the preacher fixes upon 1794 as the probably outbreak of revolution, “when the French monarchy will itself consume in its own flame.” *Antoinette* would seem to be the author’s first attempt in fiction. If he or she can give us such another romance the indebtedness of readers of good literature will be increased.

The main fault of *A Modern Delilah* is its inordinate length. Over a thousand printed pages is all very well from Count Tolstoi, or even from one or two lesser lights; but, unless quantity is in itself a marketable commodity, it is difficult to understand who would voluntarily read such a mass of average three-volume fiction. The yachting and globe-trotting episodes are the freshest portions of Vere Clavering’s novel; and, though one cannot keep up a strongly sustained interest in Reginald Trevor and his sweetheart Violet, the character of Clytie Lester, the “modern Delilah,” affords the author more scope for striking effects. If it were exactly one-third of its present length, the story would be readable enough.

Mr. or Miss Cole might have wrought a fascinating romance out of the materials wherefrom *Dearly Bought* has been very badly spun. There are few more picturesque episodes in modern history than the Russo-Circassian war, which collapsed with the capture of the famous Schamyl, “Prophet of the Caucasus.” *Dearly Bought* is a medley of London life and Circassian adventures; but, notwithstanding the unintentional amusement derivable from the former and the circum-

stantial narration of the latter, the tale is excessively tedious. The author not only confuses without mercy the unfortunate reader, but has a robust faith in his or her ignorance. I had fancied that in 1837 telegraphs and steam-yachts were not in common usage, that Schubert's music had not yet become familiar at drawing-room parties, and even that lawn-tennis had not then become the resource of youth; but perhaps I was wrong. The chief personage in the story is the Princess Marie of Abkhazia—a picturesque heroine much more deserving of the title of Delilah than the wayward Clytie of Mr. Clavering's tale. That she was indeed no common woman may be gathered from the circumstance that, though she was in the prime of loveliness in her thirtieth year (1837), yet at the downfall of Schamyl (1859) she was still "in the full flush of her glorious beauty" on the occasion of her death from a Russian bullet. How the *grandes dames* of Paris and London must envy Circassian ladies who can be in their prime at thirty, and yet be in the full flush of their glorious beauty at fifty-two! There are other absurdities to which allusion need not be made, for their discovery will afford the keenest enjoyment likely to be derived from the very complicated pages of *Dearly Bought*.

Signor Salvatore Farina has a very considerable reputation in Italy, as may be inferred from the circumstance that he has frequently been styled the Italian George Meredith. As to the justness of this designation I can say little; for I am unfamiliar with any book by Signor Farina with the exception of the short study in fiction which the Baroness Langenau has so ably translated. To judge from *Signor J*, however, I should say that if its author be related to any northern writer at all it is Oliver Wendell Holmes, although his satire is more subtle and his humanity less conspicuously tender than we are accustomed to from the genial "Autocrat." The story is a careful and highly finished study of egotism; and, though there are no incidents to speak of and no plot worth the name, the humour, the delicacy, the pathos, and the sympathetic insight are so excellent that the book deserves the welcome it will undoubtedly receive. Of necessity it must be of somewhat limited appeal; but in saying this the reviewer utters what will attract the only readers whom Signor Farina would probably care to have. The curious elderly egotist, Professor Marco Antonio Abate, the "Signor I" of the story, is practically a new figure in contemporary literature, though his prototype is to be found in Balzac, George Meredith, and elsewhere. It is very rarely foreign authors are so fortunate in their English translators as is Signor Farina in the Baroness Langenau.

In Mr. Frederick Whishaw's and other admirable English and French translations I had read, as I thought, all the tales of that sombre Russian romancist, Fedor Dostoevsky. I had come not only to expect no vestige of humour, but to be convinced that the author of *Crime and Punishment* was incapable thereof. Yet, in "Uncle's Dream," there is not only humour, but comedy of a very original and effective kind. Prince K— would be a striking figure in the presentation

of a skilful actor like Coquelin; and the whole account of the wretched old prince's half-real, half-imaginary amour with the daughter of Afanassy Matveyevitch and his vulgar, scheming wife, Maria Alexandrovna, belongs to a high order of comedy. "The Permanent Husband" is a more exciting but not more entertaining tale. The two together make up a volume which anyone may read without a prolonged fit of "the blues"—a rare event with this author. Mr. Whishaw's English version is, as usual, so good that I can well believe what I have heard as to Dostoevsky's novels being more literary in English than in Russian.

There are two impossible American girls in Ren  de Pont-Jest's new romance, whose adventures in their French homes are none the less most exciting. It is not only when he is in America that the author is somewhat astray. I fancy that the following item will be novel to Londoners: "Biblical maxims, the monotonous repetition of which made him compare the lanky clergyman to one of the sandwich men who go about London with their boards exhorting sinners to repentance"! Adultery, manslaughter, suicide, and infidelity are of course introduced. While the story is really one of considerable interest and is entirely free from padding, it was hardly, I should think, worthy of importation; unless, as there is some reason to believe, it was written as much for Anglo-American readers as for Parisians.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME GERMAN BOOKS ON PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Die Lehre der zwölf Apostel in ihrem Verh ltniss zum neutestamentlichen Schrifttum. Eine Untersuchung von G. Wohlenberg. (Erlangen: Deichert. London: Nutt.) The relationship which the *Teaching of the Apostles* bears to other books of Christian antiquity—to the Epistle of Barnabas, the Ecclesiastical Canons, and the Apostolical Constitutions—as well as to the Sibylline books, the Midrash and Talmud, has, as the author states, been fully investigated. And he has set himself the task of inquiring with equal care into the connexion which exists between the *Teaching* and the canonical books of the New Testament. Wohlenberg agrees with the opinion which has been accepted by the leading German scholars, that the author of the *Teaching* was acquainted with St. Matthew and St. Luke (p. 45, sq.), and that his synopsis of the two Gospels bear a striking resemblance to Tatian's Diatessaron. The tables which he furnishes (pp. 23, 26, 35), containing on one hand the text of the *Teaching*, on the other the Gospels and Tatian, render a comparison of the various books easy. The author does not approve of Dr. C. Taylor's theory, according to which the first six chapters of the *Teaching* formed originally a Jewish manual for the instruction of proselytes. But the view which he himself proposes is not likely to meet with acceptance among scholars. Wohlenberg believes that these chapters formed a Christian manual for the use of catechumens, from which, however, the words of Christ enjoining love towards enemies, &c., had been struck out as being too difficult for neophytes. Thus the absence of these words in the Epistle of Barnabas and the Ecclesiastical Canons would be accounted for. But this would imply that the early Church instructed her baptismal candidates from a book in which all that she had

in common with the Jews of the Diaspora was carefully written down, and all that she had distinctively of her own was carefully omitted! The eucharistic prayers (chap. ix., x.) the author maintains to be, like the Lord's prayer (viii.), far older than the book in which they appear. The peculiar colouring of their diction, as well as the use of Aramaic words, point to their origin in the Church of Antioch if not in Jerusalem (p. 84). These prayers were not eucharistic in the strict sense of the word; but they were, most likely, offered up at the close of the Agape. In their wording they show an unmistakable likeness to the Gospel and first Epistle of St. John. This likeness does not, however, as the author says (p. 85), amount to a conclusive proof of the historical character of the fourth Gospel. Altogether, this monograph is valuable, not so much for any new information which it affords us, as for the systematic manner in which it has gathered the many allusions to books of the New Testament which lie scattered throughout the *Teaching of the Apostles*.

Der Ursprung und die Bedeutung des Apostolates in der christlichen Kirche der ersten zwei Jahrhunderte. Von Wilhelm Seuffert. (Leiden: Brill; London: Tr bner.) This book does not quite accomplish what it promises on its title-page. It does not narrate the history of the apostolate during the first two centuries of the Church. It stops short at the time of Justin Martyr. But this period, ending about A.D. 150, is treated exhaustively; and all the passages found in the New Testament, as well as in the writings of the early fathers, bearing on the office and ministry of the apostles are carefully collected. The author makes Bishop Lightfoot's well-known dissertation in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians the starting-point of his inquiry; and he maintains that the term "apostle" was originally used only in a wide sense, and not confined to twelve men. (Cf. 1 Cor. xv. 6, 7: "Christ appeared to the twelve, then . . . to above five hundred brethren at once, then . . . to all the apostles.") The apostles, in this passage, form evidently a wider circle even than the five hundred.) In course of time, however, the Judaistic party, in its profound enmity to Paul, endeavoured to restrict the name "apostle" to certain men who represented the twelve tribes of Israel, and who had been the personal companions of Jesus. By this means "the apostle to the Gentiles" was himself to be deprived of his office; and also, in the tradition supposed to be handed down to the twelve, a vantage-ground gained from which his theology could be safely attacked. The greater the results of Paul's work among the Gentiles, the more the Christians in Jerusalem emphasised the peculiar dignity which their apostles possessed through their personal communion with the Lord. And by a strange irony of fate, Paul helped to establish the authority of the men with whose party he had, all during his lifetime, waged so bitter a war. To a later age the twelve disciples and companions of Jesus seemed surrounded with a halo, and raised to such a height that, in comparison, their natural successors, the second generation of apostles, as we find them, for instance, in the *Didache*, sank into insignificance, and eventually yielded their office to the rising order of bishops. Such are the main outlines of the theory which Pfarrer Seuffert proposes. The theory itself we cannot attempt to discuss, nor can we enter into the vexed question of "the antagonism of Jew and Gentile" within the early Church. The author belongs to the school of theology which sees in that antagonism the key to a right understanding of the apostolical age. He is under the influence of Hausrath, Holsten, and Volkmar. He tries to prove not only that the term "apostle" was

used in the wider sense, but that a fixed and limited number of disciples never existed. The whole narrative, he maintains, of the election, the calling, the sending forth of the twelve during the lifetime of Jesus is an invention of the Judaistic party. Thus the synoptic Gospels show an evident desire to introduce the election of the twelve at as early a stage as possible in the life of Jesus (p. 70-74); and the fourth Gospel, though strongly opposed to this tendency, mentions them as early as the sixth chapter (p. 108). We cannot prove that the simple narrative of the synoptists does not conceal some crafty design. But we may well argue with Weiss that Paul contended for his position as an apostle on an equality with those who had seen Jesus (1 Cor. ix. 1), and that he first of all mentions the twelve (1 Cor. xv. 5). The author would have us believe that this passage is an ancient "gloss"; but he does not seem to perceive how strong the evidence is—resting on the four-fold independent testimony of the synoptists, John, 1 Cor., and Revelation—to the fact that Jesus sent forth twelve disciples whom he had chosen during his lifetime.

Die Abfassungszeit der Synoptischen Evangelien. Ein Nachweis aus Justinus Martyr. Von Ludwig Paul. (Leipzig: Grunow; London: Trübner.) The author has set himself in this book the task of inquiring whether the writings of Justin Martyr show any acquaintance with the synoptic Gospels of the New Testament. And he comes to the conclusion that no such acquaintance can be traced; and that the allusions to, and quotations from, "the memoirs of the apostles," which we find scattered throughout the two Apologies and the Dialogue with Trypho, do not refer to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, but to some earlier source, on which they were as dependent as Justin. Prof. Paul accepts fully Baur's opinion, that our Gospels were written in the order—Matthew, Luke, Mark (John)—between 130 and 150 A.D. (pp. 49, 50), about the same time that Justin was composing his first Apology. We cannot say that the learned author has made good his contention; for the arguments, which he draws from a comparison of the Gospel texts found in Justin, tell in the main against, not for, his view. Justin was not bound, as the author seems to think (p. 22), to follow the order in which the words of Christ appeared in the source which he had at his disposal. The Christian philosopher wished to lay before the Roman emperor a complete system of Christian ethics; and he collected, wherever he found them in the Gospels, the injunctions of Jesus with regard, for instance, to chastity and self-continent, to patience and long suffering, to the giving of alms, the tendering of oaths, and the worshipping of God (Apol. i. 15, 16). Justin quotes these texts with a freedom which was common among all Christian writers before A.D. 150 (Comp. Harnack, *Dogmengeschichte*, vol. i., p. 274). Sometimes he deliberately changes the wording of the original in order to adapt it to his readers. Prof. Paul admits himself (p. 10) that these alterations are "most felicitous." The words of Jesus, while losing something of the peculiar colour of their diction, become in the setting of Justin more intelligible to his readers than they would have been as recorded by Matthew or Luke. But this only proves that the Gospels have the earlier, Justin the later version. For instance, (Apol. i. 15)—"Whoever looks on a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery in his heart"—Justin quotes from Matthew v. 28, omitting the words "with her," and adding "before God." Again, in quoting from Matthew v. 29—"And if thy right eye causes thee to stumble, cut it out"—he adds from Mark ix. 47: "For it is profitable for thee

to enter into the kingdom of heaven one eyed, than with both [changing, however, ἡ δὲ ἀφθαλμία ἐξορτά into μετὰ τῶν δύο], to be cast into everlasting fire." There follows the passage, taken partly from Luke xvi. 18: "And whoso marries a woman that is put away from another man, committeth adultery"; and then comes a free rendering of Matthew xix. 11, 12. It is not difficult to see why the apologist should, in a book intended to reach the eye of Antoninus Pius and of the Senate, have added in one clause the words, "before God" (as different from "before the law"), in another clause altered "gehenna of fire" into "everlasting fire," and in a third entirely omitted the grounds on which a Christian man could divorce his wife. It is possible that the text of the Gospels received a final revision before they were collected into a canon about A.D. 160. It is possible that Justin had a synopsis before him similar to that used in the Apostles' Teaching, or to Tatian's Diatessaron; but that he was acquainted with Gospels substantially and materially identical with those which have come down to us is a fact on which learned opinion seems to be agreed. Nor are any arguments which Prof. Paul has adduced likely to shake that opinion.

Hermas Pastor. Græce integrum ambitu primum edidit Adolfus Hilgenfeld. (Leipzig: Weigel; London: Trübner.) Prof. Hilgenfeld here reopens a long-forgotten controversy. It is now more than thirty years since Constantine Simonides surprised the learned world with the MS. leaves which he had brought from the library of a monastery on Mount Athos, containing a considerable portion hitherto unknown of the Greek text of the "Shepherd of Hermas." This discovery enabled R. Anger and G. Dindorf to publish for the first time in 1856 the whole text (as far as Sim. ix. 30, 3) of this, one of the most instructive books of the early Christian Church in Rome, dating, as it seems, from an age which followed immediately that of the apostles. The various editions which succeeded that of Anger and Dindorf stopped short at Sim. ix. 30, 3; and the last half of the ninth, as well as the tenth Likeness, were added in the old Latin translations which still exist. Simonides produced in 1859 an apograph of this last portion of the "Shepherd"; but this copy was generally suspected to be a forgery written, not on Mount Athos, but—with the aid of the university library—at Leipzig. Convicted of various other frauds, the ingenious Greek was regarded by the learned men in Germany with well-founded distrust. "Timendus est igitur hic Danaus et dona ferens," remarks Prof. Hilgenfeld pertinently; but he adds "sed etiam dona tulit non respiciens," and he argues that the man to whom we owe so large a portion of the Greek text should, at least for the sake of equity, be allowed a hearing when he offers to supply the last remaining chapter. The present edition accordingly is based on MSS. hitherto known, as well as on Simonides' apographs. For the last part, (Sim. ix. 30, 3, x., 4, 5), we have the versions of the Vulgate, the Palatine, and the Ethiopic Codices. Even if the Greek text of this part should be a forgery, the Latin translations give us an accurate idea of the closing scenes of the "Shepherd." And there can be no doubt as to the completeness with which the learned author has collected all the materials available for his edition.

Das Symbol des Fisches und die Fischdenkmäler der römischen Katakomben. Von Hans Achelis. (Marburg: Elwert; London: Trübner.) Among the symbols which appear, either graven in stone or painted in fresco, on the early Christian tombs of the Roman catacombs the one occurring most frequently is that of

the fish. No less than seventy times do we find this symbol, either alone or joined to other emblematical figures, carved on tombstones. This fact has long ago moved the curiosity of archaeologists, and has given rise to numerous treatises. In vol. iii. of his *Spicilegium Solesmense* (1855) Cardinal J. B. Pitra quoted in full all the passages from the Fathers bearing on that subject, and he embodied in his book a treatise by Battista de Rossi, *De Christianis Monumentis IXETN exhibentibus*. Of these materials Dr. Achelis has availed himself for his inquiry; and he discusses first the quotations from the early Fathers, and then the incised emblems and pictures found in the catacombs. He subjects the views hitherto entertained by Catholic archaeologists on every point to a searching criticism. "Since Bostio and Aringhi," he says, "it has become almost a dogma of Catholic interpreters that every figure in the catacombs is a holy symbol—the exponent of some Christian idea" (p. 64). But the conclusion at which he arrives is that these pictures have no more than "a simple historical or ornamental value" (p. 110). We are unable to accept his criticism in all instances. It is quite true that Clemens Alexandrinus (*Paed.* iii. 11) speaks of the designs which may be lawfully borne by Christians on their seal-rings; but three of the five which he mentions appear on the tombstones of the catacombs, and the two remaining, the ship and the lyre, became in later times emblems of Christian hope and faith. We do not think that this coincidence is merely accidental, as the author maintains (p. 13). We agree with the earlier archaeologists that Clemens refers to symbols generally known to believers. Nor can we see why emblems like those of the fish and the dove, which we find on at least sixteen monuments, should be devoid of meaning because they are surrounded by other devices, or separated from each other by monograms (p. 67). Such arguments do not, we think, tell against the position taken up by De Rossi. The exceptions, however, we have taken to Dr. Achelis's work are few; and, on the whole, his book appears a valuable elucidation of the hieroglyphs of the catacombs.

Die Nerontische Christenverfolgung. Eine kritische Untersuchung zur Geschichte der ältesten Kirche. Von C. Franklin Arnold. (Leipzig: Richter; London: Trübner.) The passage in which Tacitus describes the great fire in Rome during the reign of Nero and the subsequent persecution of the Christians, to whom the guilt of the conflagration was imputed, has been variously commented upon by modern historians. Thus, Gaston Boissier thought that the famous chapter (*Annals* xv. 44), and the fictitious correspondence of Paul and Seneca could be traced to one and the same source. Joel, on the other hand, suspected Christians to have, not added, but taken away such portions of the text as seemed to cast a slur on the origin of their religion. Gibbon already, while accepting the genuineness of the passage, doubted the accuracy of its statement; while H. Schiller, under that strange fascination which Nero appears to exercise on some of his historians, proceeded to refute one by one the charges brought against him by Tacitus. The fire, which on July 18, 64, destroyed the old city of Rome, Schiller maintains, arose in the booths of the Orientals, which surrounded the Circus Maximus. Some of the Jews and Orientals were seized on the charge of incendiarism. No suspicion rested on the emperor. The Christians, moreover, had not yet, at that time, received their distinctive name. And a Christian persecution A.D. 64 would be an anachronism. In the present work, Dr. Arnold has endeavoured to show, by a careful analysis, that the chapter in question is truly Tacitean as regards style, diction, and

logical disposition (p. 11-30), and that its contents are borne out by all the evidence collected from profane and ecclesiastical writers of the second century (p. 34-75). The Christians, he shows, were persecuted not on religious grounds, but for the reasons assigned by Tacitus. The persecution, however, did not extend beyond the city, nor was the number of its victims an "ingens multitudo." The lurid glare which the burning city shed over the sufferings of the Christians, the weird and fantastic forms in which the punishments were inflicted, as well as the fact that now, for the first time, the young religion had come into collision with the state-power, made a deep and lasting impression on later generations. But ecclesiastical tradition purposely attributed to the emperor motives which he never entertained, and apologists like Tertullian maintained that "the unjust and impious" Nero must have been on principle an enemy of the revealed religion (p. 87, *sq.*). Again, the Christians are nowhere, by Tacitus or Suetonius, confused with the Jews, nor their dwelling-places confounded with Oriental booths, for the Hellenic element prevailed in the Church of Rome. With these results, which the author sums up at the end of his able, learned, and interesting work, we cordially agree. We take exception, however, to the statement (p. 114) that the charges brought against the Christians were partly due to Jewish influences at Nero's court. For, as Dr. Arnold himself admits (p. 58, *sq.*), there is no direct evidence that Poppaea, the wife, and Aliturus, the favourite, of Nero, both of Jewish descent, used their power in the manner indicated. Again, we do not see that the passage in Clement's first Epistle—the sixth chapter—has any bearing on the events of July, 64 (p. 37, *sq.*). For Clement speaks of martyred women, who were tied to the horns of a wild bull, like Dirce as represented in the Farnesian statue, and he refers to Circensian games; while Tacitus describes "the live torches" in Nero's garden. Tortures inflicted in cruel imitation of art were not invented by Nero, nor were they confined to his time.

NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. EWALD FLÜGEL is in England to finish his edition of Sir Philip Sidney's works, now in the press, and to copy Sir Sidney's letters at Hatfield (by Lord Salisbury's leave), &c., to complete his edition of them. Dr. E. Flügel is also printing his volume of Selections from English writers of Henry VIII.'s time, to serve as the text-book for his lectures on Tudor literature at Leipzig, next session. Next year he will continue these Selections through the times of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The drama will have a separate volume to itself.

THE Early English Text Society is now again level with its work. Having completed its issue for 1887 in both series, it has sent out one text in its original series for 1888. Part I. of the unique early treatise on Vices and Virtues, from a Stowe MS., edited by Dr. F. Holthausen. Next week it will issue its first two texts for its extra series for this year: (1) Wm. Bullein's "Dialogue on the Fever Pestilence," 1564, from the edition of 1578, edited by Messrs. Mark and A. H. Bullen, part i.; (2) the first English "Anatomie of the Body of Man," 1548 (from the unique copy of the second edition of 1577), by Thomas Vicary, the first resident surgical governor of Bartholomew's Hospital, and Sergeant of the Surgeons, and Chief Surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary and King Philip, and Queen Elizabeth. This has been edited, with a full appendix of documents, extracts from records, by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and his son, Mr. Percy

Furnivall, of Bartholomew's. The society has over a dozen books in the press, and three of these will be sent out before Christmas to complete the issue of this year.

DR. AXEL ERDMANN has undertaken to edit, for the Chaucer Society, Lydgate's *Siege of Thebes* from its best MSS.; and for the Early English Text Society, Lydgate's *Life of St. Edmund*.

THE next volume of the Hakluyt Society's series will contain a description of the two famous old globes in the library of the Middle Temple. These globes, one terrestrial, the other celestial, were the first ever made in England. The maker was E. Molyneux, and the date is 1593, although the geography on the terrestrial globe was subsequently brought down to 1603. A handbook or description of both was written in Latin in 1593 by Robert Hughes, a mathematician and friend of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1823 a translation of this work was made by Chilmead, of Oxford; and this, which has been prepared for publication by Mr. Coote, of the map department of the British Museum, forms the substance of the forthcoming volume. Mr. Clements R. Markham will prepare an introduction and annotations. In connexion with these globes Mr. Coote has made a curious discovery. In the third Act of "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of the characters the words, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." "Twelfth Night" was played in the Middle Temple Hall in 1601-2; and, according to Mr. Coote's investigations, "the new map" here referred to is one bound up with the first edition of Hakluyt's voyages, now in the British Museum.

THE English Dialect Society's publications for 1888 will be sent out to its members next week. They consist of a Berkshire Glossary, by Major B. Lowley; a Sheffield Glossary, by Mr. Sidney O. Addy; and Part II. of the Catalogue of the English Dialect Library (deposited for general public reference in the Central Free Library at Manchester), containing the additions made to the collection since the first catalogue was compiled in 1880. The number of works now in the library is 820. The Sheffield Glossary contains a selection of local names, a few specimens of dialect poetry and literature, and notices of the folklore, games, and customs of the district.

MR. J. BASS MULLINGER has undertaken to write on *The University of Cambridge* in the "Epochs of Church History," forming a companion volume to Mr. G. C. Brodriek's *Oxford* in the same series.

WE understand that the first edition of Mr. Stevenson's new book, *The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses*, has been more than subscribed for by the trade before publication. A second edition is now in active preparation, and will be ready in a few days.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will shortly publish the following novels: *The Mortal Coil*, by Mr. Grant Allen, which has been running in *Chambers's Journal*; *The Blackhall Ghosts*, by Sarah Tytler; *Agatha Page*, by Isaac Henderson; and *A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*, a "story of adventure," which has been attracting a good deal of attention in the United States.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" will be *Bunyan*, by Precentor Venables.

A VOLUME, entitled *Some Aspects of Humanity*, by E. Hughes, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON announce a second edition of Mr. Frederick Webb's *New Reciter, Reader, and Orator*; and a volume of ballads

for recitation, entitled *Sylvia's Ride for Life*, by the same author.

THE same publishers are about to issue an illustrated work on *Macaws, Cockatoos, Parakeets, and Parrots*; and a new edition of *Corner's History of Ireland*, continued to the present time.

THE Elizabethan Literary Society propose the erection of a memorial in St. Nicholas Church, Deptford, to Christopher Marlowe, who was buried in an unmarked grave in the churchyard. A committee is being formed to carry out the scheme. Communications should be sent to Mr. Frederick Rogers, vice-president of the society, 62, Nicholas Street, E.; or to Mr. J. E. Baker, the secretary, 165, Asylum Road, Hatcham, S.E. Mr. Sidney Lee, the hon. vice-president, has consented to act as treasurer.

DURING the four last days of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell the very large collection of autographs and historical documents formed by the late Arthur Preston, of Norwich. Most of them are accompanied with portraits. The series of bishops and judges is particularly full.

THE results of the university of St. Andrews' L.L.A. (women's) examination for the present year have just been issued. Out of 553 candidates who entered for examination at twenty-four different centres, 126 passed in the full number of subjects required for the L.L.A. diploma. Taking a joint view of all the subjects in which candidates entered, passes were obtained in 642 instances and honours in 156. From the commencement of the scheme in 1877, 1674 candidates in all have been entered for this examination, and 693 have obtained the title of L.L.A.

M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE, the veteran interpreter of Aristotle, in a detailed review of the "Sacred Books of the East," which appears in the June number of the *Journal des Savants*, warmly acknowledges the obligations due from all scholars to Prof. Max Müller and his fellow-labourers, as well as to the delegates of the Clarendon Press for their support of this *magnum opus*. Without being biased by any dogmatic prejudice, he frankly puts forward the suggestion that a critical English translation both of the Bible and the Talmud should be incorporated, at the end, to render the series of the "Sacred Books of the East" really complete, and thus crown the whole grand edifice.

TRANSLATION.

A PROVENÇAL FOLK SONG.

"Moun' as passa ta Matinade,
Mourbiu
Mariem.

O WHERE have you spent your morning, tell,
Yes you, Marian?
Why, drawing water down at the well,
'Tis true, good man.
Who met you and whispered in your ear,
Yes you, Marian?
'Twas one of the village girls, oh dear,
'Tis true, good man.
Aint a girl in breeches a novel sight,
Say you, Marian?
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,
'Tis true, good man.
A girl with a sword! I've ne'er seen one,
Have you, Marian?
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,
'Tis true, good man.
Has a girl a moustache? Come, that's a good joke,
For you, Marian!
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,
'Tis true, good man.

I never knew mulberries ripen in May,
Did you, Marian?
A bunch might be left from last year, I dare say,
'Tis true, good man.
Go gather a basketful then for me,
Yes you, Marian.
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,
'Tis true, good man.
Come say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,
Yes you, Marian.
But what will you do with the body when dead,
Tell true, good man?
Oh out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,
Yes you, Marian.
That the cats and the dogs may all come to the feast,
Tell true, good man?
I'll do for you this time, though for it I swing,
Yes you, Marian.
But a rope round one's neck is an unpleasant thing,
'Tis true, good man.
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,
Yes you, Marian.
'Twas my cousin the conceit who bade me good-bye,
'Tis true, good man.
What, Jean? Then why couldn't you say so at once,
Yes you, Marian?
'Cause I like to tease you a bit, you old dunce,
'Tis true, good man.
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,
Yes you, Marian.
Well, just keep your temper another time.
I'm true, good man.

M. R. WELD.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. HARRY QUILTER'S new magazine already has a rival, the *Revue Universelle Illustrée*, published by the Librairie de l'Art. So far as we know, it is a novelty in French periodicals, for it openly professes to imitate the popular magazines of England and America, in giving abundance of sound literature, together with artistic illustrations, at a low price. As a matter of fact, the cost is only one franc for a number containing 128 pages quarto. For the quality, it is enough to mention two articles—one by M. Eugène Müntz, on "Leonardo da Vinci"; the other by M. Paul Leroi on "Edouard Detaille"—both of which are accompanied with numerous facsimiles of original sketches.

THE August number of the *Archaeological Review* opens with an article by Mr. G. L. Gomme, entitled "Exogamy and Polyandry," in which he attempts to connect the old Scotch custom of "hand-fasting" with the promiscuity attributed by Latin writers to the ancient British and Irish. Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie contributes a popular exhortation to archaeological exploration in Egypt; and Dr. E. J. Miles writes, also in a popular way, about Avenicum. The most valuable paper in the number is Mr. F. Haverfield's "Index Notes" to Roman remains in Sussex; he is particularly sceptical as to most of the so-called Roman roads. Prof. Kovalevsky's "Villanage in England during the First Half of the Seventh Century" seems to us to be misconceived. Taking for his text a statement that "in the Tudor times serfdom may be said to have expired," he quotes to refute it two petitions addressed to Cromwell, when Lord Protector. But these petitions have no reference to the status of villanage, but merely prove that the levying of heriots and other incidents of manorial or customary tenure in the northern counties were tyrannically enforced by the landlords. The essence of the tenants' complaint is, not that the old customs should be abolished, but that the old customs are broken.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

IN the form of a parliamentary paper, a return has been made to the Houses of Parliament giving a list of all pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1888, and charged upon the Civil List. A certain number of them, it will be observed, have no relation to literature, science, or art; and it may be as well to add that the statute under which they are granted does not specify any such condition.

The total amount of pensions is £1,200, divided in the following manner: to Mrs. Mary L. Neild, in consideration of the death of her husband, Major Neild, R.M., from the effects of a wound received while on duty at Charles-town, £100; to Miss Frances, Miss Blanche, and Miss Amy Tulloch, in consideration of the distinguished services of their late father, the Very Reverend Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrew's, in connection with theology, philosophy, and literature, each £25; to Mrs. Jessie Jefferies, in consideration of the literary attainments of her late husband, Mr. Richard Jefferies, £100; to Sir John Steel, in consideration of his merits as a sculptor, £100; to Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Thomas J. Hutchinson, M.D., of Her Majesty's consular service, £20; to Miss Mary, Miss Rose Jane, and Miss Adeline Amy Leech, in consideration of the eminence of their brother, the late Mr. John Leech, as an artist, each £10; to Mrs. Kate Pinkett, in recognition of the services of her late husband as crown solicitor, chief justice, and acting governor of Sierra Leone, £50; to Mrs. Isabella Sarah M'Clatchie, in consideration of the long and valuable services of her late brother, Sir Henry Parkes, £75; to the Rev. F. O. Morris, in recognition of his merits as a naturalist and of his inadequate means of support, £100; to Miss Constance Frederica Gordon-Cumming, in consideration of her merits as an author, £50; to Mrs. Eugenia Movia, in recognition of the eminence of her late husband as a miniature painter, £25; to Mrs. Oeirog Hughes, in recognition of the merits of her late husband, Mr. J. C. Hughes, as a Welsh poet, £50; to Miss Laura Leslie Barnes, in consideration of the merits of her late father, the Rev. W. Barnes, as an author and linguist, £50; to Mrs. Spencer Baynes, in consideration of the eminence of her late husband, Prof. T. S. Baynes, as an author and scholar, £75; to Mr. William Kitchen Parker, F.R.S., in recognition of his services to science as an investigator, of his old age, and of his inadequate means of support, £100; to Mrs. Barbara Seldon, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. Samuel Seldon, principal of the statistical department of Her Majesty's customs, £100; to Mrs. Balfour Stewart, in recognition of the services rendered to science by her late husband, Prof. Balfour Stewart, £50; and to Mr. John Bell, in recognition of his merits as a sculptor, £50.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUCHOT, H. Cent modèles inédits de l'orfèvrerie française des XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles. Paris: Rouveyre. 80 fr.
BRET, A. Les trois tombeaux de Géricault 1887-1894. Paris: Didier. 5 fr.
FINCH, O. Sammlungen. 12 M. Ethnologischer Atlas. 16 M. Leipzig: Hirn.
GRIFFY, Jules. Discours politiques et judiciaires, rapports et messages de, p.p. L. Delabrousse. Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.
MAUPESSANT, Guy de. Sur l'eau. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.
MOTHEZ, S. Les théories du vers héroïque anglais et ses relations avec la versification française. Paris: Floard. 4 fr. 50 c.
QUEN est l'auteur du livre du roy Modus et de la royne Racio? NI Henri sire de Fère, ni Henri de Ferrières. Paris: Bouton. 10 fr.
REMAN, E. Dramas philosophiques. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

- RIEMENSCHNEIDER, T. 1400-1511. Leben u. Kunstwerke fränkischer Bildschnitzers. Quellensitzung zusammengefasst u. erläutert v. C. Streib. Berlin Wasmuth. 100 M.
SCHMID, G. Goethe u. Uwarow u. ihr Briefwechsel. St. Petersburg: Schmidt. 2 M.
ZARNOKE, F. Kurzer Katalog des Verzeichnisses der Originalaufnahmen v. Goethe's Bildnissen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 7 M.

THEOLOGY.

- BRUGSCH, H. Religion u. Mythologie der alten Aegypter. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 10 M.
TEXTE U. UNTERSUCHUNGEN zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur. 4. Bd. 1. Hft. u. 5. Bd. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 8 M. 10 Pf.
VATKE'S, W. Religionsphilosophie od. allgemeine philosophische Theologie. Nach Vorlesgn. hrsg. v. H. G. S. Preiss Bonn: Strauss. 6 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ACPA historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. 9. Pars 2. Cardinalis Hosii epistolarum tom. 1. 1551-1558. Pars 2. Editionem curavit F. Hip. et V. Zdzewski. Krakau: Friedlein. 30 M.
FORNARI, T. Delle teorie economiche nelle province Napolitane dal 1783 al 1890. Milan: Hoepli. 10 M.
LEFRANC, A. La Jeunesse de Calvin. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
LODS, Armand. Bernard de Saintes et la réunion de la principauté de Montbéliard à la France. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.
MONUMENTA mediæ aevi historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. 11. Krakau: Friedlein. 14 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CALAND, W. Üp. Totenverehrung bei einigen der indo-germanischen Völker. Amsterdam: Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.
CORDEMOY, J. de. Travaux maritimes et construction des ports. Paris: Bernard. 50 fr.
ENCKE, J. F. Gesammelte mathematische u. astronomische Abhandlungen. 2. B1. Berlin: Dümmler. 8 M.
HANDMAW, R. Die Neogenablagerungen d. Österreichisch-ungarischen Tertiär-Beckens. Münster: Aschendo ff. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HOPF, L. Thierorakel u. Orakelhiere in alter u. neuer Zeit. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 4 M.
KÜHN, H. Praktische Anleitung zum mikroskopischen Nachweis der Batterien im tierischen Gewebe. Leipzig: Günther. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ROHNA, A. Chimie appliquée à l'agriculture: travaux et expériences du Dr. A. Voelcker. Paris: Berger Levrault. 15 fr.
SEMPER, O. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Teil. 2. Bd. 16. Hft. 1. Hälfte. Nudbrachsch vom Meere der Insel Mauritius. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 21 M.
VERDOVAKY, F. Entwicklungsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen. 1. Hft. Reifung, Befruchtung u. die ersten Färbungsvorgänge d. Rhynchelmis-Eies. Prag: Otto. 24 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BARTHOLOMAE, Ch. Beiträge zur Flexionslehre der indogermanischen Sprachen, insbesondere der arischen Dialekte. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. 5 M.
DAMOCRATIS, poetæ medicæ fragmenta selecta, edente G. Studemund. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M.
MIL, F. Quaestiones agnosticae imprimis ad Olympias pertinentes. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
MITTHEILUNGEN aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erbsenop Rainer. 4. Bd. Wien: Hof- u. Staatsdruckerei. 10 M.
SCHRIFTEN zur germanischen Philologie. Hrsg. v. M. Roediger. 1. Hft. Berlin: Weidmann. 5 M.
VÖCKELSTEDT, E. Geschichte der griechischen Farbenlehre. Das Farbenunterscheidungsvermögen. Die Farbenbeziehungen der griech. Epiker von Homer bis Quintus Smyrnaeus. Paderborn: Schöningh. 3 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CHAUCER CONCORDANCE.

64 Mount Pleasant Road, Southampton :
Aug. 1, 1888.

In the year 1872 the Chaucer Society proposed the compilation of a Glossarial Concordance and Rhyme Index to Chaucer's works, each word to be written out with "a quotation of a line in poetry and an equivalent in prose." Rules were issued, the work of writing out the elipses was undertaken by several ladies and gentlemen, and by the end of 1876 the Prologue and eleven Tales had been completed by various hands. Since then, unfortunately, no further progress has been made.

The Chaucer Society has printed parallel texts of six different MSS. of the *Canterbury Tales*, and parallel texts of all but two of Chaucer's other works (in some instances giving fifteen different MSS.). Upon this scholarly edition the Concordance will be based; and if it is carried out as thoroughly as it was planned,

it must of necessity be invaluable to all students of philology and Middle-English literature.

At the request of Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the slips already written have been entrusted to my care; and I now earnestly invite the co-operation of all who are interested in the works of our first great poet, or the study of comparative philology. As there are still a large number of slips to be written out before the final work can be commenced, I hope all who can render assistance will kindly communicate with me at the address given above.

WILSON GRAHAM.

THE SUPPLEMENTAL "NIGHTS."

London: July 28, 1888.

In the *Glasgow Evening Times* (June 9) a writer, whose hand meseems I recognise, charges me with "not using my subscribers well." I had agreed to complete my present work in five supplemental volumes, when a sixth was found necessary to contain a last instalment, "The New Arabian Nights," and to include the various indexes to the entire supplement.

It hardly needs my saying that those who decline taking vol. vi. shall not lose the papers which complete the work as promised in the prospectus. The lists shall be bound up with No. v., and thus my subscribers will not be "likened" (in the courteous phrase of the *Glasgow critic*) "to a good milch cow."

R. F. BURTON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

London: July 28, 1888.

Prof. Holland begins his very courteous, but, I think, not very fair, criticism of my views on the origin of the university by saying that I start "with a series of assumptions to the effect that the schools of Oxford must have been due to a movement *ab extra*," &c. My argument was an argument from analogy. I might even call it an induction. This being the nature of the argument, it is exceedingly difficult to state it in a condensed form. I trust the reader of Prof. Holland's letter who has not read mine will not accept his statement of my case as a fair one without turning back to the *ACADEMY* of June 2.

In so far as it is possible to repeat the argument in a sentence or two, it stands thus. We find that as a matter of fact the schools of the twelfth century throughout Northern Europe were invariably connected in the closest possible way with cathedral or collegiate churches, or with monasteries. The universities invariably sprang up in connexion with the cathedral schools. At Oxford* we find a university which, from the earliest moment at which its constitution becomes known to us, has no such connexion. At Oxford we find no cathedral, and no trace of any organic connexion between the university schools and any monastery. How are we to account for the existence of such schools? There is only one cause known to historical investigation—only one *vera causa*, if I may be allowed to put the matter logically—which can account for the phenomenon, i.e. migration. If a great school of arts and theology can be proved to have arisen at Oxford by migration in the twelfth century, even Prof. Holland will hardly dispute that the immigrants must have come from Paris, then the only important school of the kind in Europe. The inference is one of the same kind as the argument by which a palaeontologist infers the structure and life-history of an extinct animal from the discovery of a single bone. The phenomena with which

we have to deal are less rigidly uniform than those with which the palaeontologist is concerned, though infinitely more uniform than can readily be appreciated by those who have not studied them; and the argument is, therefore, weaker in degree. But still it is an argument. I submit that it is not fair of Prof. Holland to call it a "series of assumptions."

I now proceed to notice his remarks upon my attempted disproof of the alleged teaching of Vacarius at Oxford. It should be clearly understood—though Prof. Holland himself does not make the point as plain as could be wished—that his contention is not merely that Vacarius taught at Oxford, but that he did not teach at Canterbury. Now, if the words "*leges Romanæ quas in Britanniam domus venerabilis patris Theobaldi Britanniarum primatis asciverat*," do not mean that the Roman law was first taught in England by some member of the household of Archbishop Theobald, what do they mean? And if Vacarius was not a member of that household, why is he called "noster" by the archbishop's chaplain, John of Salisbury? If it be contended that Vacarius taught both at Canterbury, as stated by John of Salisbury, and at Oxford, as stated by Gervase, the theory is no doubt more plausible. But I contend that when John of Salisbury mentions the introduction of the Roman law by the household of Theobald, and then immediately goes on to narrate its suppression by King Stephen, and the imposition of silence upon "our Vacarius," the natural inference is that John of Salisbury means that this teaching in the archbishop's household went on till the suppression. If that be so, the statements of John of Salisbury and Gervase are inconsistent. And, if so, there can be no doubt which writer is entitled to credence. John of Salisbury was a member of the archbishop's household at the time. Gervase wrote in the thirteenth century at a time when the schools of the archbishop's household had disappeared and Oxford was a flourishing university. The question is, which is most probable—that Gervase mistakenly assumed that if Vacarius taught in England, he must have taught at Oxford; or that John of Salisbury should mention the fact of Vacarius teaching in the privacy of the archbishop's household, and say nothing about what must (had they ever been given) have been the far more important university lectures at Oxford? It must be remembered too that if Vacarius lectured both at Canterbury and at Oxford, the two series of lectures have to be got into the short period—apparently not more than a year or two—between the introduction of these legal studies and their suppression by Stephen. Prof. Holland will hardly contend that Vacarius, like some of his successors, held two professorships at the same time, and lectured at two distant places on different days of the same week.

I may perhaps strengthen my case by remarking that in innumerable cases the assumption that a certain person taught at Oxford or Paris, because he is known to have taught in England or in France respectively, has been made by writers of what ought to have been a more critical age than that of Gervase (see Balesius, Bale, Pits, Wood, &c., *passim*). My scepticism about such statements is not an *a priori* scepticism, but is begotten of experience. I may also remind the reader that the existence of schools and a body of learned men—in fact, of something like a university—in the archbishop's household is independently ascertained. For further information about them I may again refer to Bishop Stubbs's *Lectures*.

But the fact is that Prof. Holland hardly appreciates the real *nodus* of the problem with which we have to deal. Let it be admitted *argumenti causa* (and only *argumenti causa*) that

Vacarius did teach at Oxford. The admission would in no way explain the origin of the university or of the schools out of which it arose. It is admitted that these law lectures of Vacarius ceased in consequence of Stephen's edict. When the schools of Oxford again dawn upon our view, they are schools of "diverse faculties" (so says Geraldus Cambrensis), while among those faculties arts and theology are clearly the most prominent. Where did these schools come from? They are not accounted for by the law-lectures of Vacarius. The original problem—the existence of a numerous body of masters and scholars in no constitutional relation to an Oxford church—returns in all its force. If my critic should think it worth while to pen a rejoinder, will he tell us how he accounts for the facts of the case? In his whole treatment of the subject, if I may say so with all respect, Prof. Holland seems to me somewhat to ignore the difference between the conditions of legal and those of historical evidence. He writes as if I were trying to convict Vacarius or Gervase, or some other twelfth-century writer, of some kind of imposture. I quite admit that if I were to attempt to support a claim, in the court over which Prof. Holland presides with so much dignity, upon the evidence by which I have attempted to strike Vacarius out of the list of Oxford professors, it would be his duty to dismiss my case with costs; unless, indeed, I were allowed to subject Gervase of Canterbury to five minutes' cross-examination as to the sources of his information, in which case I should be quite content to leave my case in Prof. Holland's hands. But it will be generally admitted that the historian may be morally certain of many things which he cannot prove by legal evidence. The exact degree of adhesion which the principles of historical evidence warrant me in claiming for my theory can hardly be a matter for argument. I submit that it is, at all events, deserving of the consideration which is due to a hypothesis which completely accounts for all the facts (including the fact of Gervase having made a mistake), and which is the only hypothesis yet propounded which is in that position. I may even claim for it something of the respect due to a hypothesis which enables predictions to be made which are subsequently verified. Some time ago I declared on the evidence of the analogies of university constitutional history that Oxford must have arisen by migration from Paris. I have since discovered that a migration of scholars from Paris into England did take place at about the time postulated by my theory. I have no actual evidence that the immigrants went to Oxford; but no one acquainted with the habits of mediæval clerks will suppose that if a large body of them were compelled to leave Paris for England, they would fail to set up schools of the same type somewhere in England. As a matter of fact, there is no trace of such schools anywhere but at Oxford. My argument is a very simple application of the method of exclusions. Such is my "series of assumptions."

If Prof. Holland has any theory of his own which accounts for all the facts, and which does not involve a series of assumptions larger, more arbitrary, and more improbable than mine, will he enlighten us? The fact is the history of the past cannot be reproduced without "assumptions." The evolutionary hypothesis involves a series of assumptions quite as extensive as mine, which do not, however, prevent the scientific man from accepting it as practically certain, at least within certain limits. All that can be demanded of "assumptions" of this kind is that they shall be in accordance with the analogies established by actual historical evidence. I believe that my assumptions satisfy these conditions, and that no others will do so.

* Cambridge I believe to have originated in a similar way by migration from Oxford.

In conclusion, I should like to add that I claim no originality for my scepticism as to Vacarius. The case against him was long ago stated, quite independently of any such theories as are here propounded, by Schaarschmidt. For introducing me to his work on John of Salisbury, I should like to acknowledge my obligations to my friend, Dr. Reginald Lane-Poole, whose ample stores of mediæval learning are always most generously placed at the disposal of his friends.

H. RASHDALL.

"IL VECCHIO ALARDO" IN THE "INFERNO."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: July 17, 1888.

The following brief account of "Il Vecchio Alardo" (*Inf.* xxviii. 18), of whom somewhat scanty notices are given by the Dante commentators, may be of interest to students of the *Divina Commedia*.

Alardo di Valleri, or, to give him his French name and style, Erard, "seigneur de Valéry, de Saint-Valérian, et de Marolles, connétable de Champagne," was born towards the end of the twelfth century. The year of his birth is uncertain, but it can hardly have been later than 1200. Together with his brother, Jean de Valéry, "mes sires Jehans de Waleri li preudom," as we know from Joinville, he accompanied St. Louis on his first expedition to the East in 1248. Previous to this date little or nothing is known of his doings. Joinville makes frequent mention of Jean, but only once refers to Erard (*lix.* 295), when he records the fact that he rescued his brother from the hands of the Turks, who had made him prisoner in a skirmish.

M. Achille Jubinal has shown (in his edition of *Rustebeuf*, vol. iii., p. 41) that he was in France in 1255, and that in the same year he was a prisoner in Holland, whence he was ransomed by Charles of Anjou, after a captivity of a few months only. In 1265 he went a second time to the East, according to the continuators of Guillaume de Tyr ("A.M. CCLXV. vindrent en Acreli cuens de Nevers, et Erart de Valérie, et Erart de Nantuel, et bien L chevaliers").

In 1268, finding himself, on account of his advancing years, unequal to the fatigues and hardships of Oriental warfare, he set out from Palestine to return to France. On his way he went into Italy, where his opportune arrival was hailed with delight by Charles of Anjou, who was on the eve of a battle with the young Conradin. The two armies met at Tagliacozzo, and Charles, though inferior in numbers, was enabled by the superior skill of Erard to utterly crush his foe and take him prisoner. Dante says of Erard, "senr' arme vinse," in allusion to his having won the battle, not by sheer force of arms, but by his skilful manipulation of Charles's forces, and by a stratagem through which he lured the troops of Conradin to destruction. (Accounts of the battle of Tagliacozzo are given in Villani, vii. 26; Sismondi, ii. 6; *Grandes Chroniques de France*, ed. P. Paris, vol. iv., "La Vie Monseigneur Saint Loys," ch. xviii.; as well as in the *Comentum* of Benvenuto da Imola.)

In the next year, 1269 (his brother having apparently died meanwhile), Erard once more assumed the cross, and accompanied St. Louis on his second voyage to the East. In 1271, after the return of this expedition, in which St. Louis had met his death, Erard was again in France, where he appears to have remained, in a position of high importance, until his death. This took place, as M. Jubinal has proved by references to documents, in the year 1277.

Erard is spoken of with high praise by Rustebeuf (in "La Complainte au Roi de

Navarre," vv. 125-130), as well as by Guiart, who describes him as

"Un haut baron cortois et sage,
Et plain de si grand vasselage,
Que son cors et ses fais loient
Tuit cil qui parler en oient."

(*Branche aus royaus lignaiges*—quoted by M. Jubinal).

M. Paulin Paris, in a note to a poem by Charles of Anjou, gives in French an amusing extract from the *Libro di novelle et di bel parlar gentile* (Nov. v., ed. Biagi), relating to a deception practised by Erard upon St. Louis at the instance of Charles, whereby he obtained permission to hold a tourney, which had previously been forbidden by the king (*Le Romanero François*, p. 120).

PAGET TOYNBEE.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: July 30, 1888.

The "Dicta Patricii," to which Mr. Whitley Stokes refers so pointedly in his last letter to the ACADEMY, and which on p. cxxix. of his recent work he assigns to the fifth century, are part of some miscellaneous matter about St. Patrick written on foll. 8b and 9a of the Book of Armagh, between the end of the notes or memoir of Muirhu Maccumachtheni and the commencement of Tirechan's Collections. Both the latter documents bear internal evidence of having been compiled in the seventh century; and their claim to this date is undisputed, although as to subject-matter they are fabulous to a very great degree. Muirhu's memoir does not mention Rome or the Bishop of Rome in connexion with St. Patrick; but Tirechan not only states that St. Patrick travelled all over Italy (p. 302), but also that he was sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine (p. 332).

Among the entries which separate these two Lives of St. Patrick in the Book of Armagh, in the paragraph immediately preceding the "Dicta Patricii," we are told that St. Patrick having baptized an Irish youth, Feradach, took him to Rome "et ordinavit illum in urbe Roma, et dedit illi nomen Sachallum," &c. (p. 301). Does Mr. Whitley Stokes accept this as historical? It is on the same page as the "Dicta Patricii." One statement on this page is as likely (or unlikely) to be true as another.

I would assign the "Dicta Patricii," and the other matter on the same page (fol. 9a), not, with Mr. Whitley Stokes, to the fifth century, but either along with the "Liber Anguali" and Jerdomnach's additions to the Collections of Tirechan, to the ninth century, or at the earliest, along with Muirhu's notes and Tirechan's Collections, to the seventh century. In either case they rank with what Mr. Whitley Stokes himself has aptly called "the series of religious romances called the Lives of St. Patrick, of which the earliest was written nearly two centuries after the saint's death" (p. cxxxvi.).

It is frequently a matter of extreme delicacy and difficulty to disentangle what is historical from what is unhistorical, in this early hagiological literature; but documents and facts are now laid fully and fairly before the reading public, and they must judge whether there is ground for differing on the point in question from so eminent an authority as Mr. Whitley Stokes. Before judging they will do well to refer to some weighty words of Dr. Skene in his work on *Celtic Scotland* (vol. ii., pp. 425-33), and especially to his estimate of the historical value of the Life of St. Patrick contained in the Annotations or Collections of Tirechan. In Dr. Skene's opinion the mission from Pope Celestine, and the thirty years' study in Gaul and Italy, both asserted by Tirechan, are entirely inconsistent with St. Patrick's account

of himself, and are probably due to a confusion of Patricius with Palladius "qui," says Tirechan, "Patricius alio nomine appellabatur" (p. 332). Without including either of these assertions among the historical facts of St. Patrick's life, Mr. Whitley Stokes now holds, on the strength of the "Dicta Patricii," that "he travelled through the Gauls and Italy, and spent some time in the islands in the Tyrrhene sea" (pp. cxxxiv. 301).

One good result will, at all events, follow from this correspondence in the ACADEMY, if, thereby, public attention is further called to the most valuable contribution made in recent times to early Irish ecclesiastical history and philology. It is impossible to exaggerate the debt which all who care for either of these subjects are under to Mr. Whitley Stokes for his two volumes on the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick.

F. E. WARREN.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

Youghal: July 30, 1888.

Mr. Stokes strives to cover his retreat with the plea that I am a boy in matters Celtic, because, in quoting a word from his own book (p. 90), I did not add the Old-Irish form. Those who have watched the discussion can appraise the ruse.

Allowance, however, has to be made for Mr. Stokes in the matter of *atoibad* (p. 90). Up to "about three years ago" (dating from September 1887) he was in the dark thereon. Since then information has been coming in piecemeal; the items he has not adjusted yet. When translating the page in question, he did not know the meaning of the word. It dawned upon him early in the compilation of the index. One of the corrections, accordingly, is: "P. 91, l. 15, for . . . read *abutumt*." That the vocable is to be classed with *atoibud* he has now learned from me. In due time he will be as angry with anybody who shall rashly recall that I taught him the paradigm and supplemented his examples from the source whence he drew. Nom. and accus. *atoibad* (-ud), gen. *atoibthe*, dat. *atoibud*: ML. 63 b, *coattoibthe* (gl. ut inherescent).

The "satisfactory explanation" which *Cethecho*, *Sachall*, and *Feidhlimid*, are capable of will doubtless appear on the "third Calend," the new red-letter day which this chronologer has intercalated (p. 559). It would be rash to predict that they will not be of a piece with his unique solution of *peccad* for *pecho* (p. lxi.).

Rawlinson, B. 512, it is something to have established, will thus no longer be called in to decide declensional forms of the seventh and eighth centuries. But, pleads Mr. Stokes, loth to abandon his "careful and learned" scribe, *Lebar na hUidre* is similarly corrupt. Quite so. It joins the ragged regiment of the Four Masters, Book of Hymns, Annals of Ulster, and Bodleian Tripartite.

With respect to my Latin emendations, it were ungenerous to slay the slain. But when *docum* *uis* *episcoporum* is set down as corrupt Latin, one is forced to remark that the original is *cum septem episcopis*. This, Mr. Stokes will pardon us, is pure Latinity. The scribe, in his ignorance, joined on *cum* to the native *do*, but copied *epis* (i.e., *episcopis*) correctly. Then comes the editor, and, having made *docum* an Irish (!) word, misreads the abbreviation to supply an impossible case for an imaginary preposition.

B. MACQUARTHY.

"THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF GEORGIA."

Sare, par St. Jean de Luz: July 25, 1888.

Pamphlets published in Spain are so little known out of the peninsula that it may interest some readers of Mr. Morfill's valuable com-

munication (ACADEMY, July 21) on the language and literature of Georgia to be reminded that the resemblances between the Georgian and the Basque have been pointed out by Padre F. Fita y Colomé in the "Discursos leídos ante la real Academia de la Historia," July 2, 1879 (second edition, Maroto e hijos, Madrid, 1879). Padre Fita had only the materials of Hervas, Klaproth, and Brosset for Georgian; but his knowledge of Basque is probably superior to that of any writer who has compared the tongues of Eastern and Western Iberia.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

"EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN NEW GUINEA."

Royal Geographical Society's Rooms: July 30, 18 8.

The "extraordinary statements" which, when writing my former letter (ACADEMY, July 21) I had chiefly in my mind, and which on reading this volume cannot but rouse the reader's indignation, were only in a subordinate degree the author's absurd geographical guesses, whose true value may safely be left to the result of future exploration, and on some of which (also referred to by me) Prof. Keane has strongly and justly animadverted.

I meant to refer primarily to Mr. Strachan's much graver account of his relations with the natives in the Papuan Gulf, in Maduer inlet, and at the Ke Islands, of which Prof. Keane took no notice in his review. If the effects of exploration so conducted were realised in England in all their disastrous issues, as they are by those who have visited the coasts of New Guinea, Prof. Keane would not have neglected to point the finger of reprobation at such a record as this, which, as I have protested, ought to debar its author from being reckoned among those who, under an honourable title, have sought—the object of all exploration—to advance and not to retard the progress of civilisation and science.

HENRY O. FORBES.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

London: July 31, 1888.

From the statement of Victor Hugo, as quoted by Mr. Marzials, the Hon. Roden Noel was certainly entitled to draw the conclusion he did. At the same time there can, unfortunately, be no doubt that the great Frenchman did sometimes, in allegations concerning himself, allow fancy to outrun fact. I respect Mr. Noel's generous desire to make Victor Hugo's words tally with the events of 1849; but the parliamentary record is there, and it speaks with too clear a voice.

KARL BLIND.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

FRIDAY, Aug. 10, 1 p.m. Botanic: Anniversary Meeting.

SCIENCE.

A LATIN POEM IN HONOUR OF THE POPE.

Laus Papae Leonis XIII. By F. G. Bussell. (Oxford: Parker.)

THIS hexameter poem in honour of the present pope is intended to commemorate the Papal Jubilee. Like Mr. Bussell's former opusculum in Latin elegiacs reviewed some two years ago in the ACADEMY, it can claim the merit of excellent versification, modelled I think mainly on Statius, with occasional hints of Juvenal.

If the other merits of this *Laus* were equal

to its versification, it would deserve high praise. But the difficulty of treating a religious subject in Latin which aims at being throughout classical is very perceptible, and has produced an undeniable obscurity, at times even unintelligibility. In more than a few places an explanatory note is required. It is true the present owner of the Papal chair is an adept in Latin verbe, like his great but far happier predecessor Urban VIII., and may perhaps grasp a meaning which less instructed readers fail to apprehend. As a specimen of difficult Latin may be quoted:

"Sic tua factorum meruere exempla bonorum,
Et pietas et cor sanctum; tibi vasta potestas,
Quae scit olympica; signare sedilia mensae,
Praemiaque emeritis, dapibusque adhibere
deorum."

In these verses, "tua factorum exempla bonorum," whether it means "your exemplary good deeds" or "the examples you have given of good deeds"—is a little odd, to say the least. Then is *signare* "to mark with a seal" and so "assign"? Does it extend to *praemia*? If not, what is the construction of *emeritis*? Take again

"Fes erit officiumque sequi, patriaeque dolori
Ingemere, incolumemque orbem servare per
omnem
Iustitiam."

The sense of the last words is ambiguous, though probably Mr. Bussell means "servare Iustitiam incolumem per orbem omnem."

"Heu! non qualis erat species mutabilis aevi!"

As an exclamation against the corruption of the age, this is expressed very unclassically.

I have noticed one point of prosody, and one of grammar, to which exception may be taken. Speaking of Buddha, Mr. Bussell calls him "Gautamā"; and in the next verse he makes *compes* masculine. Key's Latin Dictionary, I see, quotes an instance of this gender from Lactantius, *de Mort. Persecutorum*, but would Mr. Bussell accept this as an authority for his Latin?

Criticising the *Laus* from a more general point of view, one might perhaps say that the life and acts of the Pope are not dwelt upon with sufficient distinctness. The encomium might apply, most of it, as well to Clement VII. as to Leo XIII. The admirers of the man must feel a disappointment at the too impersonal tone of the panegyric; the more so that, with the exception of his immediate predecessor, Pius IX., no Pope of modern times has shown a more marked character from the very commencement of his career to the present time. The writer of this review would recall to Mr. Bussell's attention a point on which he can speak feelingly—the immense service to research which the construction of the new reading-room in the Vatican has been to scholars and examiners of MSS. Light and air and free room—these are the prime necessities of the student; and for these he has to thank Leo XIII.

As a good specimen of the versification the following description of the Jubilee may serve:

"Our strepitus aulae, cur verba precantis reddam?
Our peregrinantum splendentia munera, pacis
Obsequia et nunquam (longo si quaeris in aevo)
Dona coacta metu: venere in Caesaris arce
Inlustrata regum exuviae, venere potentum
Sceptra, tuoque duces certant in honore, tropaeis
Iusta tributorum dando; sed sponte dederunt."

ROBINSON ELLIS.

SOME BOTANICAL BOOKS.

The Geological History of Plants. By Sir J. W. Dawson. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) An account of the present state of our knowledge of the flora of the globe during geological periods was much wanted, nothing of the kind having appeared in the English language since Balfour's *Introduction to Palaeontological Botany* in 1872. To a certain extent, this last addition to the "International Scientific Series," by the accomplished Director of the Geological Survey for Canada, fills the gap. The extraordinary richness in the fossil remains of plants of the Erian or Devonian and the Carboniferous strata of Canada, and the long course of study bestowed on the various forms by Sir J. W. Dawson, render him peculiarly fitted for a certain portion of his task; and a great mass of information is here provided which had previously only reached the English public in a desultory way. On some points, such as the occurrence of the remains of algae in the earlier strata, Sir J. W. Dawson is at issue with some of the highest authorities in this country; but, when it is often doubtful whether a particular marking is attributable to a seaweed or to the track of a marsh-feeding animal, differences of opinion on minor details are excusable. The book is well illustrated by woodcuts, mostly from original drawings. It is a valuable addition to our botanical and geological literature.

The Origin of Floral Structures through Insect and Other Agencies. By the Rev. George Henslow. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The title of this volume strikes us as rather a misnomer. The author enters in great detail into the mechanical causes of the varieties of structure exhibited by the different parts of the flower; but any theory as to the connexion of these variations with insect agency is almost confined to a sentence in the preface, in which the author offers the suggestion that the pendent position of the stamens of the greater willow-herb may be due to the hereditary effect of the repeatedly applied weight of the bees which are constantly hanging to them. Mr. Henslow is well known as an opponent of the prevalent views of evolution and natural selection; but his cautious limitation of the application of the latter principle is more in accord with the teachings of Darwin than is that of the perfervid disciples of the newer Darwinism. As an account of the variations of floral structure, and the probable origin of these variations, the volume will be very useful to the student of vegetable morphology.

Handbook of the Amaryllideae, including the Alstroemeriae and Agaveae. By J. G. Baker. (Bell.) This is one of those handbooks to particular orders of plants in favour with cultivators which have proceeded from the officers of the national establishment at Kew, intended especially for the benefit of gardeners, whose notions of scientific classification and terminology are often of the vaguest. It comprises a complete monograph of all the species of the order known in cultivation, or in herbaria, including such familiar garden and hothouse genera as *Narcissus*, *Galanthus*, *Leucojum*, *Orinum*, *Amaryllis*, *Eucharis*, *Pancratium*, *Alstroemeria*, and *Agave*.

A Course of Practical Instruction in Botany. By F. O. Bower. Part 1, Second Edition. (Macmillan.) We have already (ACADEMY, August 13, 1887) noticed favourably the publication of the first edition of this work by Bower and Vines. It has been rapidly followed by a second edition, edited now by Prof. Bower alone, which is a great improvement on the first, especially on two points. One great drawback to the use of the book in the laboratory has been the entire absence of illustrations.

This is now to a certain extent remedied by the insertion of some well-selected wood-blocks; but these are still, we venture to think, too few. The introductory chapters, which deal with the use of re-agents, and supply general instructions in the preparation of vegetable objects for microscopical examination, are also considerably extended.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE quote the following from the *New York Nation*:

"The twentieth annual meeting of the American Philological Association was held at Amherst, on July 10, 11, and 12, with an unusually large number of members present. The president, Prof. Isaac H. Hall, of New York, delivered the opening address on Tuesday evening on 'The Legacy of the Syrian Scribes.' During the session, papers were read on 'A New Allegory in the First Book of *The Faerie Queen*,' by J. Ernest Whitney; 'Changes in the Roman Constitution proposed by Cicero (*De Leg.* iii. 3, 6-5, 12),' by Prof. W. A. Merrill; 'The Cune Inscriptions from Epidaurus,' by Dr. J. R. Wheeler; 'English Pronunciation, how Learned,' and 'Volapük and the Law of Least Effort,' by Prof. F. A. March; 'Theories of English Verse,' by the Rev. J. C. Parsons; 'Peculiarities of Affix in Latin and Greek,' by C. S. Halsey; 'A Consideration of the Method employed in Lighting the Vestal Fire,' by Dr. Morris H. Morgan; 'Contamination in Latin Comedy,' by Prof. F. D. Allen; 'The Tripods of Hephaestus,' in *Hom. II. xiii.*, by Prof. T. D. Seymour; 'Impersonal Verbs,' by Dr. Julius Goebel; 'The Authorship of the *Cynismus* of Lucian,' by Dr. Josiah Bridge; 'The Identity of Words,' by Prof. L. L. Patwin; 'Observations on the Fourth Eclogue of Vergil,' by Prof. W. S. Scarborough; 'The *Lex Curiata de Imperio*,' and 'The Locality of the *Salvus Trutoburgensis*,' by Prof. W. F. Allen; 'Arbutus,' by Prof. F. P. Brewer; 'The *Adrastela* in Plato's *Republic*,' by Prof. Seymour; and 'The History of the Medicæan MSS. of Cicero's Letters,' by Dr. R. F. Leighton. The paper on the 'Theories of English Verse' called out a spirited discussion on the essential character and beauty of English metre. On Wednesday evening the association was given a reception by Prof. and Mrs. L. H. Elwell in one of the chapter houses. At a business meeting, Prof. Seymour, of Yale, was elected president for the ensuing year."

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. H. O. FORBES has been appointed by the London Commission to succeed the late Sir Julius von Haast as director of the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, New Zealand. This is one of the largest museums in the Southern Hemisphere. Mr. Forbes is the author of *A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago*, and is engaged at present on a new work on his explorations in New Guinea, whence he recently returned to England.

MESSRS. BELL will publish early next month *The Building of the British Isles: a Study in Geographical Evolution*, by Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne. The author tries to restore the geography of the British region at successive epochs of geological time, and to describe the gradual formation or evolution of the islands. The book will be illustrated by numerous maps.

THE arrangements for the meeting of the British Medical Association in Glasgow next week are as follows. On the afternoon of August 7 a service will be held in St. Mungo's Cathedral, at which a sermon will be preached by Principal Caird; and in the evening an address will be delivered by the president-elect, Dr. W. T. Gairdner, dealing especially with certain aspects of modern education. On the following day the scientific work of the meet-

ing, which is conducted by twelve sections, will be commenced; and in the afternoon Dr. Clifford Allbutt, of Leeds, will give an address on "Comparative Nosology." On August 9 two addresses will be delivered on surgical subjects by Sir George H. B. Macleod and Dr. William Macewen. On August 10 Dr. J. G. McKendrick will give an address on "The Chemistry of the Blood."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Proceedings* of the meeting of the American Oriental Society, held last May at Boston, contain a proposal by Dr. Cyrus Adler, on behalf of the Semitic seminary of the Johns Hopkins University, to publish a complete edition of the works of the Irish Assyriologist, the late Dr. Edward Hincks, together with a biographical introduction and a portrait. A tentative bibliography is appended, consisting of fifty-two papers, &c., mostly scattered through the transactions of learned societies. The proposal has received the support of Trinity College, Dublin, and also of the Royal Irish Academy, in whose *Transactions* many of Dr. Hincks's papers appeared.

DR. J. L. HEIBERG, of Copenhagen, is engaged upon a critical edition of the *Conica* of the Greek mathematician, Apollonius of Perga, which is hitherto known only from the edition published by Halley in 1710 (Oxford). Besides the Greek text, he will give the commentary of Eutocius, and a Latin translation. The work will be published at Leipzig, in the "Bibliotheca Teubneriana."

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" (National Gallery)—also Mr. KNELEY HALSWELL's "October Woodlands" (Greenwich Gallery). Important Editions of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, Messrs. DOWDALL, 160, New Bond-street.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL COLLECTION AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, GLASGOW.

THE Archaeological Committee of the Glasgow Exhibition—and especially their very active and able corresponding secretary, Mr. Paton, upon whom the chief burden of the work has fallen—are certainly to be congratulated upon the rich collection of Scottish antiquities which they have brought together in their reproduction of the old Bishop's Castle of Glasgow. The model of the ancient building—which, founded towards the end of the thirteenth century, was a place of considerable importance before the time of Flodden, and was frequently besieged during the troubled days of the Duke of Albany's regency and in subsequent Reformation times, and of which the last fragments disappeared less than a century ago—has been constructed with taste and judgment by Mr. James Sellars, the architect; and it forms an admirably harmonious and fitting setting for the old-world treasures with which its chambers have been so richly furnished. The various corporations and public bodies of Scotland, as well as private owners—both English and Scottish—have lent their most cherished possessions with a right liberal hand; and the result is a collection which—with possibly the single exception of that exhibited at Edinburgh in 1856 by the Archaeological Institute—is the richest that has yet been brought together north of the Tweed.

It begins with relics of the prehistoric period, which is represented by a goodly gathering of stone and bronze hammers, celts, arrow-heads, and urns, many of them contributed by the Kelvinside Museum. A few ex-

amples of glass, pottery, and coins, particularly a very remarkable and perfect bowl of "Samian" ware, are referable to the period of the Roman occupation; and among the more interesting relics of early Christian times are the "Bachuill More" or pastoral staff of St. Moloo, a follower of St. Columba, lent by the Duke of Argyll, into whose hands it passed from those of its last hereditary keeper or "dewar;" and the "Buidhean" or bell of St. Fillans, which formerly hung in the parish church of Strowan. Passing to the early Scottish period, we have the beautiful carved ivory "Elephant Horn," probably Carolingian work of the ninth century, and the "Iron Hand" of the Douglas Clephanes, both figured and described by Sir Walter Scott in his *Border Antiquities*; and the "Black Chanter of Clan Chattan," about which a marvellous growth of legend has clustered, as may be seen from the notes to *The Fair Maid of Perth*. In this department, the "Oriental Cane Staff," which belonged to the Laird of Lundie in the time of Robert the Bruce, cannot possibly be dated earlier than the eighteenth century; and the workmanship of the celebrated "Brooch of Lorne," to which so romantic a story is attached, points to a period long subsequent to the reign of the hero of Bannockburn.

The relics of Queen Mary are particularly rich and interesting, including the "Giborium," "Candle-cup," and "Hand-bell," lent by Lord Balfour of Burleigh; and the "Rehobeam and Jeroboam" tapestry inherited by the queen from her mother, Mary of Guise, lent by Mr. D. Scott Moncrieff. Not less interesting and extensive is the collection of later Stuart relics; and, among other departments, may be mentioned the fine series of letters and historical MSS., of early Scottish printed books, of college and other official maces, of golf and archery badges, and of views and documents relating to the early history of the city of Glasgow.

The department of portraiture includes several items of the deepest interest, such as the Blairs College memorial portrait of Queen Mary, which, conveniently for comparison, fronts the similar portrait lent by Her Majesty from Windsor, which is stated—a little too confidently as it seems to us—in the catalogue to be a *replica* of the former work; the double portrait of James V. and Mary of Guise, from Hardwick, the only absolutely authentic portrait of that queen that exists; the excellent cabinet-sized portrait group of Darnley and his brother, from Windsor (of which a life-sized version is in the royal collection at Holyrood), which should have been assigned in the catalogue to its painter, Lucas de Heere, whose monogram appears on the cross-bar of the table in the background to the right; and, from the Duke of Montrose, the fine portrait of "the great Montrose," painted by Jamesone in 1640, which, when in the possession of Principal Macfarlan, was described and engraved by Mark Napier in his life of the marquis.

The catalogue of the collection includes in all very nearly sixteen hundred items; and any one who has ever been engaged in similar work will be able to estimate the labour and learning needed to bring together and to classify and arrange so extensive a gathering, and will be disposed to deal leniently with any errors that have unavoidably crept into the most helpful and generally accurate "Book of the Bishop's Castle." Of this catalogue a final illustrated edition is promised, to serve as a permanent memorial of an exhibition which is well worthy of being had in remembrance; and it is hoped that this volume will be one worthy of ranging with the catalogue of the Archaeological Institute's Museum held at Edinburgh

in 1856, which, compiled with the aid of such specialists as Albert Way, David Laing, and Joseph Robertson, has, ever since its publication in 1859, always occupied a readily accessible place on the book-shelves of the Scottish archaeologist.

In view of the appearance of this definitive edition of the catalogue of the present exhibition, we append a few notes regarding certain Scottish portraits which, being doubtful or more than doubtful in the titles presently assigned to them, deserve the attention of the gentlemen who have undertaken the revision of the proof-sheets of the final issue.

"No. 162, Portrait of Marie de Lorraine." From the Hastings Collection. Lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison. This is a version of the well-known Janet portrait of Mary of Lorraine's daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, in her "deuil blanc," or widow's dress, after the death of Francis II. The original drawing is in the Bibliothèque de Ste. Geveviève, Paris; and an excellent old version of it was shown by the Rev. Dr. Wellesey, of New Inn Hall, Oxford, in the Archaeological Institute's Museum of 1856. The finest coloured version of it is in the royal collection at Windsor; and many other versions exist, such as those in the National Portrait Gallery, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and at Jesus College, Cambridge.

"No. 243, Portrait of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. Full length, life-size figure, by Zuccheri." Lent by the Duke of Hamilton. This picture is evidently misnamed. The long delicate nose, and other slender and fine features of this rather noble and knightly face are entirely unlike the thick, blunt features of the round, full face which appears in the authentic portraits of Darnley—such as that in the group with his brother, from Windsor, in the present exhibition; the bust portrait in black at Hardwick; the alabaster figure on the tomb of his mother in Westminster; the recumbent figure in the memorial picture, at Windsor, of his family kneeling beside his tomb; and the print, ascribed to Elstracke, to which we shall afterwards have occasion to refer. It may be further mentioned that Federigo Zuccheri cannot have painted Darnley from the life, as he did not come to England till 1574, seven years after the death of the earl, who was never in France, where the painter had been previously working.

"No. 1092, Francis II." Miniature from the collection of the Princess Charlotte. Lent by Mr. Stewart Dawson. This is a copy in colour, with some slight alterations, of the engraving, usually assigned to Elstracke, which is frequently included in copies of Holland's "Baziliologia," 1618, and which was regarded by Albert Way as "the most authentic portrait of Darnley, probably, which exists."

"No. 271, Portrait of the Regent Morton." Lent by the Duke of Hamilton. A poor and rather recent copy of the bust portion of the original three-quarters length at Dalmahoy. Another bust-sized version, older and better than the present (but without the shield of arms), is at The Binn; and there is a three-quarters length version at Newbattle.

"No. 272, Portrait of William Maitland of Lethington." Lent by the Baroness Willoughby de Kresby. This has been much repainted; but it shows no resemblance to the portrait of Lethington at Thirlestane, engraved by Pinkerton, which has always been regarded as authentic. It also appears to represent a man of more than forty-three or forty-eight, which was about the age of Lethington at the time of his miserable death in Edinburgh Castle.

"No. 1554, Portrait of Flora Macdonald." Lent by Mr. Henry A. Rannia. This cannot possibly be accepted as an authentic portrait. The small features of the pretty, brown-eyed

face show no resemblance to the portrait, now in the Bodleian, Oxford, painted by Ramsay in 1749, and mezzotinted by MacArdell during the heroine's lifetime, where the features are large, strong, and resolute in expression, and the eyes are light blue. The general character of this portrait by Ramsay may be studied in the present exhibition in No. 664—a photograph from an oil copy of that work, which is preserved in the Town Hall, Inverness. The fancy Highland costume of No. 1554, too, with its broad hat decorated with white ostrich plumes, is by no means contemporary with Flora Macdonald. It is far more suggestive of the period of Lawrence.

"No. 648, Portrait of the Duke of Cumberland." Lent by Mr. Henry A. Rannia. A very doubtful work. It is a very rude adaptation, with some slight changes, such as the addition of the gloved right hand holding the baton, from Antoine Pesne's portrait of Frederick the Great, well known through the engraving by Wille.

"No. 547, Portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart." Though this picture shows a considerable resemblance—in the pose of its full-length, cabinet-sized figure, and in such accessories as the round target, the pistols and dirk, and the rocks in the background—to certain works which were circulated in Scotland about the middle of the last century as portraits of the Prince, the face here shows no resemblance to that which appears in his authentic portraits. The traditional history which accompanies the picture is an extremely doubtful one. It is hardly probable that an enthusiastic Jacobite like Sir Hugh Paterson would have parted with an authentic portrait of the Prince to "James McEwan, Surveyor of Taxes, Alloa," as stated in the catalogue.

J. M. GRAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., which occurred on Tuesday, July 31, at the early age of 43.

THE Constables, which are Miss Isabel Constable's gift to South Kensington, are worth more words of comment than we can afford space to give them. Let it be said, however, that they are about fifty in number; and that though, through another exhibition made some time since by a member of the Constable family, and through the generosity of Mr. Henry Vaughan, the work of this interesting master of landscape has not been unknown at South Kensington, the acquisition we now take note of has a distinct value. There are—to begin with what the general public, which knows nothing of engraving, will reckon least important—a few prints which display Constable's method as it was interpreted by competent engravers, no doubt more or less under his direction. There are a certain number of pencil drawings and of water colours—in the latter medium, Constable, though sometimes engaging, was rarely quite satisfactory. And last—and chiefly—there is a goodly array of oil pictures and studies; some of them, with brown paper mounts, very slight and summary; others very significant, very characteristic. Thus there is a vivid and glowing sketch in oil for the finished and engraved picture of the stately ceremonial on the occasion of the opening of Waterloo Bridge. There is an oil study for the "Spring"—a wide ploughed land and windmill picture, likewise engraved in mezzotint, by David Lucas. There is a lovely vision of another engraved subject, "Dedham Vale"—the winding of the stream through a placid and well-favoured land, with the square tower of the church in the distance towards the horizon. There is a sketch of The Close at Salisbury—a city whither Constable frequently repaired

when visiting his friend, and the patron of his art, Archdeacon Fisher. And there is a yet more vivid and picturesque representation, not of the Close, but of the Cathedral itself, with the bright greyness of oxidised silver flashing, as it were, amidst the greenery of the trees. Altogether, to the student of Constable, this is a valuable and interesting little show, and one is glad to think that it is permanent. It does not present us with the sight of any one picture of capital importance; but the work shown is not without evidence of Constable's charm, and a familiarity with it must lead to a closer acquaintance with the method of work of an artist who, whatever were his deficiencies, was original and genuine in conception and execution.

THE American School of Classical Studies at Athens, whose first volume of *Papers* was published as long ago as 1885, has issued this year three more volumes, thus bringing its work fairly up to date. Two of these are devoted to Dr. J. R. S. Sterrett's epigraphical journeys in Asia Minor, undertaken in the summers of 1884 and 1885. The other, which forms No. 4 of the series, consists (like No. 1) of a collection of papers by different members of the school. The most elaborate is an exhaustive study of "Greek Versification in Inscriptions," by Prof. F. D. Allen, of Harvard, director of the school in 1885-86. With this may be mentioned a shorter article on "Attic Vocalism," by Mr. J. McKeen Lewis, a promising young student who died shortly after his return to America. In archaeology proper, we have two papers upon the theatre of Thoricus, which was excavated by the American school in 1886, illustrated with a plan and several photographs; and a careful examination of all that has been written about the Athenian Pnyx, by Prof. J. M. Crow, with a plan by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, based upon the first thorough survey made of the generally received site with exact measurements. Altogether, the volume forms a valuable record of good work, seriously conceived and conscientiously executed.

THE June number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (Trübner) opens with a continuation of Prof. A. L. Frothingham Jun.'s "Notes on Christian Mosaics," dealing with the lost mosaics of the East. Mr. Carl D. Buck, of the American School of Athens, reports upon certain inscriptions found last December on the Acropolis, of the fourth century B.C., which record the dedication of vessels—apparently by freedman who had been acquitted on the charge of violating the conditions of their emancipation. Dr. Alfred Emerson describes, with two photographs, a terracotta head at Munich, representing a laughing girl, with a peculiar coiffure. The other illustrations include photographs of two fragmentary bas-reliefs at Jerablus, taken by the Wolfe expedition; and engravings of an archaic silver patera from Kourion, Cyprus, now in the Cesnola collection at New York, and of certain objects disinterred by Cav. Falchi two years ago in the early Italian necropolis of Vetulonia, Etruria. Reviews of books, archaeological notes from all parts of the world, and summaries of periodicals complete the number.

THE STAGE.

THE BANCROFT REMINISCENCES.

THE Bancroft Reminiscences—a book in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have written at extreme length, chiefly upon themselves—should not, even at this late date, pass without a word of notice. Mr. Bentley is not likely, we fancy, to issue a cheap edition of it: these voluminous chronicles of often small matters appealing

principally to circulating libraries, and constituting neither the student's resource on an autumn holiday nor the tome which "no gentleman's bookshelves should be without."

Yet Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have compiled their story with great care. They have brought into the performance that thoroughness of method, that respect for their work, which has served them in such good stead for many a year at the theatre. Mrs. Bancroft's narrative is, as may be expected, the livelier of the two; that emotional temperament which, allied with a power of humorous observation, has permitted her to be so engaging an actress, being here not so much displayed as discovered and dislosed. But Mr. Bancroft, on the other hand, has a judicial air that sits upon him pleasantly. The thing is well done, in its own way, though it is not done, and makes no pretence to be done, with brevity.

The difficulties of Mrs. Bancroft's early days—all those that attended her struggle into prominence—afford occasion for pages which may be read with amusement. There are one or two pathetic stories of *comaraderie*—one about poor old Rogers, for instance—in the old burlesque times of the Strand Theatre—the times when Miss "Marie Wilton" had risen not quite into celebrity, yet distinctly above the surface—the times when the observant eye of Charles Dickens "spotted" her, as, a few years later, it "spotted" Henry Irving. Then we get on to the period of the little theatre in Tottenham Street: the band-box, swept and garnished, out of Tottenham Court Road. The account of T. W. Robertson—whose method of comedy was so extraordinarily fitted to the Bancrofts' method of interpretation—is uniformly pleasant. For years, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, healthy amusement was supplied. With the removal of the Bancrofts to the Haymarket things changed; and, though the pockets of the Bancrofts may presumably still have benefited, things, artistically speaking, did not change for the better. The higher prices—which, indeed, had begun before that—and the abolition of the pit prepared the way for fashionable and would-be fashionable audiences, marked generally by apathy and wealth, stupidity and listlessness. Only gorgeousness or the sensational could properly stir them. And if Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft gave, as they did give, admirable performances of Triplet and Peg Woffington, the dialogue of "The Rivals" was quite buried beneath a load of stage settings, and Sheridan waited while somebody was conveyed across the stage in a sedan chair. Yet a worse thing befell: the Bancrofts withdrew themselves from the performances, and, at least in great part, from the management, and the stage was delivered over to the dullest horrors that could be imported from France, and to one or two of the stupidest that could be conceived at home.

In the bulky, yet generally readable, volumes which are the signs, even in leisure and retirement, of the Bancrofts' ineradicable habit of industry, there is included something like a chronicle of the not often very startling adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on their Swiss holidays. To the English provincial visitor in the Engadine, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were as familiar and as welcome a sight as the Morteratsch Glacier above Pontresina

or the excellent hotel of the Engadiner Kulm which tops the village of St. Moritz.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

AFTER some eight or nine years' management of the St. James's Theatre, Messrs. Hare & Kendal have dissolved their partnership, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will go upon a long provincial tour, and may, possibly, next year undertake that journey to America of which so much has been heard in prospect. Mr. Hare removes to another theatre, the conduct of which he has secured. Thus a management that has been in some respects notable has come to an end. It is true, as has been said, that it has not given us much in the way of lasting dramatic literature. But even in its importations from the French it has rarely shown us horrors; its commonest pieces have gained a certain dignity from Mrs. Kendal's art; and it has furnished opportunity for the production of one or two of the best pieces by Mr. Pinero, who writes with such terseness and vividness, and whose conceptions are wont to be fresh. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. Hare likewise, have made a fortune during their management; but this commercial result of their undertaking is not that which we are invited to gauge. The artistic result of the many years' labour may be stated as follows. Mr. Kendal has increased his range. He is accepted by a wider public as a really capable actor of strong and trying parts. Mrs. Kendal, in her finest moments, has reached the greatest heights touched by any English actress of our generation; and there has never been any performance of hers in which who witnessed it did not witness an excellent and continuous display of the dramatic art. Mr. Hare, to whom some of his friends were looking for great things on the stage, has shown himself still the neatest of artists within limited range—a producer of Meissoniers, not of Rembrandts or of Constables. He has been a model stage manager. He has never put too much upon the stage, nor put too little; and he has never allowed a small part to be abominably played. And while naturally not without ambition, he has presented the admirable and surprising spectacle of an actor-manager who has steadily considered that perfection of *ensemble* was more important than the advancement of an individual career. That is our obituary notice, so to speak, of the Hare and Kendal management.

MUSIO.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WAGNER AND LISZT.

Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Translated into English by Francis Hueffer. In 2 vols. (Grevel.)

NOTHING in musical literature can be compared with this correspondence. There are the family letters of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and those of Berlioz to many of his illustrious contemporaries; but here we have two distinguished musicians in communication with one another for more than twelve years. The writers touch upon many topics; but the principal theme is Wagner himself and his artwork.

In 1849 Wagner was forced to fly from Germany and take refuge in Switzerland; and about the same time Liszt, having acquired European fame as a pianist, settled down, as Kapellmeister, in the quiet town of Weimar. Wagner had met Liszt in Paris in 1842; but the impression then made on him by the successful virtuoso was decidedly unfavourable. "Take Liszt to a better world," said he, "and

he will treat the assembly of angels to a *Fantaisie sur le Diable*." But some years afterwards they met again at Dresden, and there at once sprang up a friendship between the two men which time and trial only served to strengthen. Already in the beginning of 1849 Liszt could write: "Once for all, number me in future among your most zealous and devoted admirers." What was the chief cause of this friendship? It was the genius of Wagner, as seen by Liszt in the early operas of "Rienzi," the "Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser." Never was a man more in need of a friend than Wagner, for he was poor but proud, and could not accommodate himself to the ways of the world. Liszt, although high-minded and possessed of artistic feeling, had acquired the happy knack of taking people as he found them—of submitting to, instead of grumbling at, his lot. And so the practical man helped the idealist. He gave him money, he offered him wise counsel, he produced his works at Weimar, he tried to get them produced at other theatres, and he wrote articles about "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." Besides all this, he performed many acts of friendship, small in themselves, yet testifying to the greatness of his love, and to the goodness of his heart.

There is no doubt that from 1839 to 1847 Liszt earned a great deal of money by his concert tours, but he also spent a great deal, apart from gifts to charitable institutions; and by the time he settled down in Weimar his riches had made unto themselves wings and flown away. He received a very moderate salary from the Grand Duke, so what he generously gave to Wagner did not come from his own abundance. Wagner was constantly asking for money, and indeed seems to have taken advantage of his friend's kindness. In reading the correspondence one marvels at the style of the requests—nay demands—for money, and one marvels still more at the good-nature and forbearance of Liszt. At first Wagner writes: "Dear, good Liszt, see what you can do," or "Manage to send me some money." But he grows bolder. "Listen, my Franz," he writes, "you must help me." And again, "I have a claim on you as on my creator . . . Take care of your creation. I call this a duty which you owe to me." We will not say that Wagner had the right to talk in this fashion, but great men must not be judged by ordinary standards; moreover, it is quite possible—nay, probable—that Liszt may have given his friend to understand that if only he would go on doing the one thing of which he declared himself capable—viz., writing operas—he (Liszt) would help him to the best of his powers.

But Wagner soon became incapable even of writing operas. Liszt had produced "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" at Weimar, and had persuaded the composer to write another opera specially for the Weimar theatre. He had even arranged with the intendant, Herr von Zigesar, to send Wagner certain sums of money, so that he might work free from material cares. "Siegfried" was to be the name of this work. But after some little time Wagner writes to his friend that "my resolution of writing a new opera for Weimar has been so essentially modified as scarcely to exist any longer in that form." He had conceived the whole plan of the "Ring des Nibelungen," and of that whole "Siegfried" was to form a part. The great four-days' musio-drama would have to be given at some great festival, and in a theatre specially built for the purpose. This new departure was communicated to Liszt in 1851. Had the latter helped and encouraged the composer hitherto only for what he might get in return in the way of operas, we might expect to find him reproaching the composer for refusing to

carry out his promise. But Liszt answers in the following generous terms:

"Your letter, my glorious friend, has given me great joy. You have reached an extraordinary goal in an extraordinary way. The task of developing to a dramatic trilogy, and of setting to music the Nibelung epic, is worthy of you, and I have not the slightest doubt as to the monumental success of your work."

Even this great scheme was not completed during the period of the correspondence, which closes in 1861. The poem was finished in 1853, the music of the "Rhinegold" in 1854, of the "Valkyrie" in 1856, but "Siegfried" not until 1869, and "Götterdämmerung" even later.

Most great men seem born to misery. Their greatness, indeed, is frequently the cause of their sorrow and difficulties. It would be pleasant to know that composers such as Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, who, by their art creations, have added so much to the happiness of mankind, lived happy lives themselves. And so of Wagner; for the general enthusiasm shown for "Lohengrin," and the admiration in which his later works are held by not a few, justify us in classing him among those who have contributed to the world's enjoyment. Yet they could all, like Schubert, have said—"My musical works are the product of my genius and my misery, and what the public most relish has given me the greatest distress."

It was all very well for Liszt to tell Wagner to "make yourself possible in possible conditions." Like Hamlet, Wagner felt the "state to be disjoint and out of frame." To him none of the actual conditions seemed possible. In Germany there was no earnestness in art. The theatre was merely a place of entertainment. He felt that he had to fight against "the lazy Philistinism of our public, and the donkeydom of our critics." From Paris he writes in 1849: "Artistic affairs here are in so vile a condition, so rotten, so fit for decay, that only a bold scytheman is required who understands the right cut." It was all very well for Liszt to advise him to put on "kid gloves" when writing. They did not fit him. It was all very well for Liszt to preach the doctrine of patience to him. "Suffering and patience are unfortunately the only remedies open to you." But Wagner replies:

"Dear noble friend, consider that patience is only just sufficient to preserve bare life; but that the vigour and fulness which enable one to enrich life and employ it creatively no man has ever yet drawn from patience, i.e., absolute want."

Nowhere do we get stronger proof of Wagner's inability to make himself possible than in the letters written from Paris and London. In Paris he feels lonely. No one understands or sympathises with him. This was in 1849. Eleven years later, he writes from that gay city that he feels "awfully lonely." And he speaks of "being settled once more, without faith, love, or hope." He visited Paris several times between 1849 and 1861, but it was not until 1860 that he succeeded in getting a hearing for one of his operas. And even then, when "Tannhäuser" was accepted, its failure was certainly in part due to the composer's want of tact.

"M. Royer wants a large ballet for the second act of 'Tannhäuser.'" He writes, "You may imagine how I relish the idea. I must see whether I can get rid of it, otherwise I shall of course withdraw the opera."

We admire the man's artistic obstinacy. We only mention it to show how little he understood the art of "making himself possible."

And then, again, take Wagner's visit to London in 1855. He was invited to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. His "disgusting surroundings" cause him the greatest misery; he suffers "infernal torture"; he lives "like one of the lost souls in hell." His miserable

situation "is the consistent outgrowth of the greatest inconsistency I ever committed."

Wagner's business capacity was about equal to that of Beethoven. The latter added the dry and difficult fugue to the Sonata in B flat (Op. 106) to make it sell better. And Wagner—who wanted money to keep himself afloat for a time so that he might devote all his energies to the completion of the "Nibelungen," the work of his life—conceives the idea of writing "Tristan," a "thoroughly practicable work," and one which "will quickly bring me a good income." There was probably no work ever written less likely to be a source of income than "Tristan."

To musicians the most interesting portions of Wagner's letters are those in which he speaks about his works and his theories of art, or in which he refers to the works of his predecessors and contemporaries. The letter written to the intendant, Herr von Zigebar, after the performance of "Lohengrin" at Weimar in 1860, sums up in a few pithy sentences Wagner's ideal. It is a letter which deserves to be read and re-read both by the friends and foes of the composer. Do not the former sometimes forget that their master "did not wish to shine by the effect of single musical pieces?" Do not the latter persist in judging the man by a standard which he refused to accept. Music was not his aim, but only a means to an end, and that end was the drama. But many of his enemies, objecting to the subordinate position he assigns to music, discuss Wagner's music from their own standpoint, and not from his. And so, in spite of the reformer's clear teaching, he is constantly misrepresented.

Wagner spoke of Berlioz as an "exceedingly gifted artist." The French composer, like Wagner, was aiming at a union of the arts of poetry and music, but his "arbitrary handling" now of Shakspeare, now of Goethe, was not to the liking of the German tone-poet. "He wants a poet who would completely penetrate him," writes Wagner to Liszt. But Wagner was Wagner, and Berlioz was Berlioz; and it is extremely difficult to say whether the Frenchman would have succeeded better in any other path than the one which he followed. Wagner says wisely in one of his letters: "Let each go his own way without snarling at the other who goes a different way."

But what did Wagner think of his friend Liszt's music? Well, his letter to Liszt on the receipt of the latter's "Künstler," gives us a fair idea of his opinion generally. He found much in the composition contrary to his "present system." But trying to look at it from Liszt's point of view, he could say—"You have done well."

We have left but little space to speak about the translation. Mr. Hueffer, in the preface, warns us of the difficulties against which he had to contend. Liszt, he says, writes in a simple, straightforward manner; but when Wagner

"comes upon a topic that really interests him, be it music or Buddhism, metaphysics or the iniquities of the Jews, his brain gets on fire; and his pen courses over the paper with the swiftness and recklessness of a race-horse, regardless of the obstacles of style and construction, and, sometimes, of grammar."

Mr. Hueffer has made no attempt to improve on the original, but intends the translation to be "an exact facsimile of the German." He may be congratulated on the great ability which he has shown. One might, perhaps, object to "Lord knows" as a translation of "Weiss Gott." "Kindly let me know whether I shall send your works to Mme. Wagner, and at what address," "If we few are not gracious towards each other," and one or two other slips of a similar kind, remind us that the translator is himself a foreigner.

J. S. SHEDDOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Pictures of East Anglian Life. Illustrated with 32 Photogravures and 15 small Illustrations, with general and descriptive Text and 3 Appendices, by P. H. Emerson. (Sampson Low.)

IN this handsome volume, as in the *Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads* which he published along with Mr. T. F. Goodall, Dr. Emerson gives us not only a mass of valuable and interesting letterpress, but a collection of very remarkable photo-engravings. By no one has photography been more diligently and more successfully applied to illustrate not country scenes only but country life; and both the Autotype Company and the Typographic Etching Company have done full justice to his negatives. His pictures never look like compositions; indeed, he is as successful with some of his groups as with mere landscapes like "Where winds the Dike," or like the still more perfect "Leafless March" (the reproduction of a bit of Suffolk marsh, which is Messrs. Walker & Bontall's sole contribution to the volume). "Fencing," for instance, is a wonderful picture; the men with their hooks are as clear as the bare twigs that make a line along the sky. In the frontispiece you can see the hay on the nearest tumbrel lifted with the wind that is stirring the thorn by the dike-side. The poacher's face (pl. 11), as he prepares to slip his dog, is as successful as is the pale light of early morning in the sky and on the distant landscape. But I must protest against the last plate of all—that very *sournoise* "Norfolk Flower." Why, in any corner of Norfolk pretty children are as common as blackberries.

But my business is with the letterpress; in which, starting with the characteristics of the Suffolk peasantry (among whom he is more at home), and ending with a chapter on their Norfolk brothers, Dr. Emerson chats about poaching, fishing, wrecks and life-boats, "Broad" farms, eel-picking, &c., proving on every page that he has not only lived among the people whom he describes, but that he is quite in touch with them. Herein lies one difference between him and Dr. Jessopp. The peasant never wholly opens out even to the most sympathetic of parsons. Dr. Emerson's most important chapter, for instance, is on poaching, and about poaching no peasant will talk freely with a parson. But Dr. Emerson has not only discussed poaching as none but a layman wholly unconnected with squires and officials could do, he has himself been out o' nights—has held what he magniloquently calls "the cordy pulse" of the rabbit net, has heard the very respectable-looking labourer say: "Ovar, owd man," to the dog, who will shortly bring in something

—may be a hare, may be only a rabbit's tail, but surely something. Naturally his poaching stories are excellent; he tells them with such evident gusto. No parson, so long as parsons sit on the bench and the labourer believes in their solidarity with the squire as firmly as a Solomon Islander does in the solidarity of all whites, would ever be told such a story as how the old stone-breaker got five shillings for telling the under-keeper "he had seen ugly looking chaps loafing around"; and how under-keeper and policeman did not say a word to head-keeper, determining to get all to themselves the landlord's present for the capture. Well, all night the poacher is netting hares, while he knows the policeman is watching the road. Instead, therefore, of carrying the spoil to the little "public," he lays it neatly beneath the sod; and when, as he walks home, he is stopped and his sack examined, the discomfited policeman finds in it only a pig's liver, "so no one got a present but the stone-breaker." Better still is the way in which an old poacher compelled the village constable to search the country policeman who had stopped him and overhauled his cart. Nor is it only in regard to poaching that Dr. Emerson has the advantage of us. A parson would be very unlikely to hear such a tale as that of "the squire's bedsteads" (p. 142)—one of those ugly facts which account for the standard of chastity being so sadly lower among "poor girls" than among "ladies." Peasants (aye, even old women) tell their clergyman what they please, and he (while it is new to him) thinks it is a great deal; but with him they never wholly throw off their "cloak of darkness," while more than once Dr. Emerson seems to have got to very close quarters indeed.

I said his "poaching" chapter is important. Against game-preservers he sums up heavily: "The [birds'] crops full of corn stolen from the tenant-farmer are as damning as if the preservers had taken the corn themselves." Yes; unless special allowance for damage is made in the agreement, or unless there is some such arrangement as that whereby Lord Walsingham preserves on what we may call co-operative principles. Otherwise, fairness demands, and farmers pretty generally are beginning to insist, that "everything found on the farm shall fall to the farmer to do what he pleases with." Dr. Emerson is very hard on "the despicable practice of selling not game only, but fruit and flowers, by those who affect scorn for the *nouveaux riches*, while they are nothing but game-dealers and market-gardeners." In Utopia, no doubt, the sick poor in every parish would have the first claim on such luxuries; and the claim must be recognised if we desire a real *rapprochement* between high and low. On one point all non-preserving ratepayers are at one with our author: "The chief work of the county police seems," he says, "to be to stamp out poaching"; and no one can take up a Norfolk paper without seeing that he is right. I trust the case is unique of a Suffolk field where, "while the men were reaping and the farmer directing, the gamekeeper of the clerical landlord stood by to see that no birds were shot, watching them, with an arrogant air of officiousness, fly off with their crops full of stolen barley."

I do not think I wrong Dr. Emerson in saying that he is a little hard on parsons. His

peasants think everyone is against them, "ony the passon's the worst." That story about the rector who, when he met a boy sobbing "because mother's a-bed with tew more little warmin, soe thar be tew more to feed neaw," had his commonplace about God never sending children without also sending food for them demolished by the retort: "Oh, that's all very wal, passon, foor yow to tark soe, for all the food go to yours and all tha babes to ours," is at least *ben trovato*; while the author's comment on the saying: "Tha parson hev only got book-larnin', and arn't tha poor man's friend"—"The book-learning nowadays is often of a very questionable quantity," is, I fear, not undeserved. It is, perhaps, too late now; but had the country clergy, when Mr. Arch first began, taken their proper place as moderators, instead of generally throwing in their influence against the Labourers' Union, things might have been very different. So they might be even now, if a set of young parsons, full of energy, acting together, could so use the great freedom allowed by our Church as "to give all a say"—which privilege Dr. Emerson rightly takes to be the charm of Primitive Methodism. I do not find that "the peasantry detest anything like ceremony or ritual"; on the contrary, in their clubs they affect the Freemasons' practices, setting a "tiler" at the club-room door, and admitting no one without certain mysterious formalities. On club-day they come out resplendent in silk and gold and silver lace—true descendants, in fact, of the guilds which used to flourish in every East Anglian parish, and whose poor gewgaws (Blomefield gives a list of several) were stolen by the same hands that stole the church plate and hammered out the *Orate pro* from the tomb-stones. That would be the salvation of the Church, to resuscitate the old guilds and thus give work to those who now air their eloquence in chapel and at camp-meeting. He would be a marvel among parsons who could even start such a scheme; and one single man could do any good at it. To succeed the movement must be a collective one. Dr. Emerson calls for "a band of noble Bohemians, men of wide culture, broad views, and moderate means, to fight against the petty tricks, narrow ideas, selfish motives, and snobbish hypocritical lives of the village self-dubbed magnates." Such a band ought to be furnished by the clergy. It is not. "A paralysing conventionality" is against its being so; and he has to fall back on the village doctor—sometimes, I fear, a poor creature under the thumb of the guardians—and on "wandering artists, scientists, &c.," who, though doubtless common enough round places like Southwold, are unknown in the "dark" interior. Parsons like him who, when the tinker told him he had bought a donkey from a lady who had long neglected going to church, said: "Oh, if you bought it from her, it will drop down dead before morning," would be no use at this work. But either Dr. Emerson's experience of parsons has been singularly unfortunate, or he has been mercilessly hoaxed in regard to them. The result is that he settles rather offhand such questions as Sunday fishing—"At Southwold men fish as hard on Sundays as on any other day, if it suits their purpose, and snap their fingers at the parson and the minister." That does for Southwold; but

when the East Anglians get into Cornish waters, and flaunt before the St. Ives men the cargoes they have caught by "Sabbath breaking," rows sometimes follow; and in that case, much as I love true freedom, my sympathies are wholly with the Cornish men. As to Sunday sports, "camping" (seemingly the Breton *seulo*) has, we are told, died out. I knew a parson at my end of the county who revived Sunday afternoon cricket. He was a "squarson," and might have headed the band of clerical reformers; but, unhappily, there was no band for him to head. Cycling is becoming a great Sunday amusement in villages. Many a young labourer has his bicycle, which will doubtless be a help to exogamy, as well as to the spread of ideas. Such lads often come to church in the evening, sitting all together—for (as in Cornwall) men and women sit in opposite aisles. The reason, as given to me by a very old Norfolk parson, I shall treat as Herodotus did the secrets of the Egyptian priests. One more reason for the parson's unpopularity: "He killed the 'horkey feast' by inducing the farmer to subscribe to a harvest-home on the rectory lawn." This nobody cared for, because the drink was carefully measured out; and, fine folks being invited, "Hodge" had to be on his best behaviour. It has therefore mostly dwindled down into a church decorating and a collection for some hospital. Too true; but what was the parson to do? If Dr. Emerson would tell us how to keep down the drinking, which he admits disgraces the fishing-matches, the sports, &c., he would be solving one of the parson's hard problems. No doubt what is technically called "immorality" will go on whether men get drunk or not; but, after all, "sweeter manners" have their root in self-respect.

Between North and South folk our author finds a wide difference. He has lived most among the latter, but he likes them least. They and the Norfolk men agree in hating to be "bested"; but avarice, he says, is much stronger in them than in their brethren. They are coarse, too; while the Norfolk men, in Dr. Emerson's happy experience, are "civil, yet manly and independent, never vulgar, and with a certain fineness of feeling and purity of speech peculiarly their own." He carefully notes the two types (Is the dark high-cheekboned due to Walloon immigration? or is an Oxford professor right, and did the incoming Teutons overleap the British on the coast?)—the small hands and feet, &c. In both North and South folk he delights to trace artistic tastes; and he regrets that these tastes are debased by the cheap German prints (often coloured) that hawkers carry round, and against which he claims the aid of the Kyrle Society. These are put up without reference to subject. I have seen a Holy family flanked by two very *risqué* groups of Biarritz bathers, while the strictest Protestants often have a print of the Sacred Heart; and in one cottage I have found a St. Patrick, chosen not out of sympathy, but because, with his archbishop's robes, he is resplendent in colour and tinsel. In his closing sentence Dr. Emerson hopes he "has cleared the East Anglians of some of the false charges lately brought against them"; but, though Dr. Jessopp denies them that faculty of humour of which his anecdotes seem to award them a fair

share, he says nothing a tenth part so severe as our author's character of the "long shore" Suffolk men. They cheat, they drink, they are wreckers. "They are so lazy that, though there are too many boats on the beach, they fight shy of the navy or merchant service." "Their cruelty to animals is unbounded"; and as for dirt—well I hope the "skipper" who would wash his beard and hands in Dr. Emerson's cooking basin, wipe his face on the dish-cloths, rinse out his trousers in the washing-up pan, and drink cold tea out of the teapot spout, was as exceptional as some of his parsons. A strongly marked individuality is a fine thing. The curious twelfth-century poem of the Peterborough monk shows that its existence was early recognised (and not loved) in the North folk, but it has not there developed so unpleasantly as it seems to have done further South. Envy, which, Dr. Jessopp notes, is the almost universal feeling of poor towards rich in "Arcady," Dr. Emerson says nothing to mitigate. He is eloquent on the peasant's hardships, on the anomaly of having a wretched leaky cottage a stone's throw from a splendid mansion; but, more one-sided than Horace, he never hints at compensations, and as to the peasant's own share (often no small one) in his sufferings he is silent. Of course, there is already too much said on that side. No parson or magistrate or poor-law guardian will allow Hodge's shortcomings to be forgotten; but, had Dr. Emerson, too, said something he would have helped to silence the gainsayers.

On language, which, since costume is given up and old customs have well-nigh died out, is the chief local mark, Dr. Emerson is a little disappointing. He gives many local words, e.g., "feyed," for a dyke cleansed out; "sile" (soil), for very small fish used for manure; "gin," for milt; "galewna" (galleon), for a derelict; "reeks," for sea-swallows, &c. He does not give many of the peculiar uses of ordinary words, which, to a stranger are yet more delightful. "I couldn't imitate (undertake) to do that" is in everybody's mouth hereabouts; so is "acting" for playing pranks. A widow said to me yesterday of her son who uses too strong language: "It's an action they get into, and then they can't help it." Of course, he noticed the use of "fare" for appear—e.g., "It fared to me as if somebody was hollering inside of mine" (my house). On his own use of words I scarcely like to give him a hint. He is, I think, an American (he speaks of his first fishing as on the Delaware). I am an old Oxford man of the days when first we tried to be anti-Johnsonian, and substituted "the unthoughtfulness of stuff" for "the impenetrability of matter"; therefore, to me "a raucous donkey," "molluscan shells," "defervescent water," and "rodents struggling in a sargassic sea," are absolutely annoying; but I don't think anybody likes them. Here, again, Dr. Jessopp and Dr. Emerson are in contrast; for the former writes so charmingly that he can make anything "go down," even a dull day in a snowed-up rectory. If we could but give Dr. Emerson Dr. Jessopp's style, or supply to Dr. Jessopp Dr. Emerson's knowledge of the people as they are! But even if (as Buffon says) the style is the man, it is certainly not the subject; and of this, Dr. Emerson undoubtedly has a firmer

grasp than parsons can hope to gain. Those who—meaning to visit the Broads or to cycle round the Norfolk churches, or to get sun (when he again vouchsafes to shine) and wind at an East Anglian watering-place—want to know something of the people of these parts will find everything here: from the cruelties wreaked on the old workhouse apprentices (limited, I fear, to no one county) to the longings of the labourer nowadays after a "nationalisation" which shall still be intensely local and shall involve the getting rid of all who are not up to the mark, from the neglected industry of cheese-making (cheese can be sold at a profit for threepence a pound) to the ill-feeling bred by illegally forbidding shooting on the Broads.

Dr. Emerson is a keen observer of men as well as of nature; and if he sometimes gives way to tall talk (as when he thinks "a decade of Otaheite would be better for the starving hard-worked peasantry than a cycle of Great Britain") he is for the most part as thoroughly reasonable as when he anathematizes the "jerry builder" who is replacing old-fashioned cottages by ugly abominations, and recommends the farmers not to go in for Protection till they have got rid of the game burden, the tithe burden, and the unfair rent burden. I am grateful to him, for I have learnt much from his book, and have been put in the way of (I hope) learning much more.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

"Great Writers."—*Goethe*. By James Sime. (Walter Scott.)

THIS book is a great improvement on Mr. Hayward's *Life of Goethe*. But it is not as good a summary of facts as Mr. Oscar Browning's article "Goethe" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and its criticisms are not quite satisfying. The author has hardly grasped his subject. He hardly feels sure what to omit, what to insert. The narrative rambles on, culling incidents here and there; and certainly sometimes what is more important is left out to favour what is comparatively trivial. As an example of omissions to be regretted—there is no mention of Goethe's life-long friend Knebel; nor, I think, of Sulpiz Boisserée, and Cologne Cathedral. The very interesting visits to Frankfurt in 1814 and 1815 are only casually mentioned on p. 172. Now they are very important. Not much space could have been given them in so small a volume, but they should be directly described, and due stress laid on them.

I feel that the little book really lacks a central binding force—such as an ardent theory of Goethe, or a strong devotion to him, or even a strong dislike to him such as inspires his Jesuit biographer. Mr. Sime has given us an aggregate of particulars brought together by an indecisive hand. One is tempted to wonder whether he has ever been much engaged by the subject. Being called on to write of Goethe he has consulted a few of the best books, and has performed his task in a large tolerant spirit, and with an intelligent reverence for the great poet which marks him a man of culture. But he has found that task very difficult, and, indeed, so it is—almost insuperably difficult—at least for us foreigners, and in the present day.

I note some errors: P. 12. Goethe's parents were married *August*, 1748, not *July*, 1748. P. 14. Goethe's grandmother died March 26, 1754, and, therefore, in Goethe's fifth year, not his sixth. P. 28. Goethe visited Dresden not in 1767, but in the spring of 1768, as is now known from his letters to Behrisch published in 1887. Mr. Sime calls Friederike Oeser "handsome." It is well-known that she was plain, disfigured by small-pox; and that the consciousness of this was to her one of the motives of study—she would seek intellectual distinction since the distinction of beauty was denied her. P. 29. To say that Goethe had read Wieland's translation of Shakspeare at Frankfurt before he came to Leipzig gives an incorrect impression. He can only have read *some* of Shakspeare's plays at that time in Wieland's translation. "In the spring of 1768" Goethe shunned meeting Lessing in Leipzig. "About the same time," says Mr. Sime on p. 30, "Goethe was shocked by tidings of the murder of Winckelmann." Better specify that Lessing came to Leipzig in the beginning of May, 1768, and stayed four weeks, while Winckelmann was murdered in Trieste on June 8, 1768. To say that in the winter 1767-8 Goethe produced two plays—*Die Laune des Verliebten* and *Die Mitschuldigen*—gives an entirely incorrect impression. In February or March, 1767, Goethe began a little pastoral drama. We know this drama now after much revision as *Die Laune des Verliebten*. The other extant drama of this time, *Die Mitschuldigen*, was begun in the last few months in Leipzig and was finished in Frankfurt. The reader will find details in the letters to Cornelia and to Behrisch in the *Goethe Jahrbuch* for 1887.

Indeed, I wish that Mr. Sime had put in dates more frequently. He should have told us on p. 41 that Goethe first visited Sessenheim in *October* 1770, not vaguely *autumn* 1770. Insert, too, on p. 42, the date of Goethe's first letter to Friederike Brion, namely, *October* 14, 1770. On p. 44, Mr. Sime says that Goethe's "ultimate decision [to go away and break off with Friederike Brion] was right." It can be partly condoned only because of his youth; surely it was shabby and selfish, as was years after his breach with Charlotte von Stein. On p. 49, Mr. Sime says that Goethe wrote for the *Frankfurter gelehrte Anzeigen* during two years, 1772 and 1773. The latest and best authority on the subject, Wilhelm Scherer, is clear that Goethe contributed nothing in 1773.

Why does Mr. Sime say on p. 52 that Kestner was "about" eight years older than Goethe. Kestner was *exactly* eight years the elder, having been born August 28, 1741. On p. 59 it would be better to specify that Cornelia was married on November 1, 1773. Mr. Sime says vaguely "the autumn of 1773." Further, it was not "a sincere brotherly affection" which made Goethe visit Maximiliane Brentano so often. Goethe was attracted by her beauty—there was nothing very serious in his feeling; but it sufficed to agitate within him the old passion for Lotte, and roused him to free himself from imaginative dallying with unhealthy sentiment by studying the possible results in his romance of *Werther*.

I do not like Mr. Sime's engliabing of proper names. Is "Frederika," which he writes, preferable to "Friederike," the name familiar to Goethe's lips? The hero of Goethe's *Stella* is "Fernando," not "Ferdinand" (and Mr. Sime rightly leaves the "Don Carlos" of *Clavigo* unchanged). In a *Life of Goethe*, it is best to leave nearly all proper names in their German form. The names of well-known works of literature are coins recognised at their full value in all the world's markets. How strange it is to read of Shakspeare's *Sturm*, instead of Shakspeare's *Tempest*. This is the feeling of Mr. Sime on the subject, for he writes *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, *Wahlverwandtschaften*, &c., merely explaining in parenthesis once the meaning of the words. The names of persons and of places he anglicises. But, in this book, dealing with German matters exclusively, would not Frankfurt, Strassburg, Leipzig, be better than Frankfort, Strasburg, Leipsic. And better write "Friedrich" Jacobi than "Frederick." Else why not proceed to "John Goethe"? (Perhaps this is no *reductio ad absurdum*, but, indeed, a good suggestion. When we come to know Goethe well in England, we shall refuse to know him by the awkward foreign dissyllables, Johann Wolfgang.)

There is a small mistake made on p. 104 in saying that Goethe ere 1786 had "repeatedly gone" to Karlsbad. He first visited Karlsbad in 1785. There is an error of the press on p. 128. For "Metamorphosis" read "Metamorphoses." A strangely wrong piece of criticism it is to say (p. 142) that Mignon, not Wilhelm, is the most important character of the novel *Wilhelm Meister*. It is easy for us to avoid such a mistake, since Prof. Dowden's penetrating essay was published in the *Fortnightly* of June last. Mr. Sime had not this advantage; still he had Hettner's study of *Meister* open to him, not to speak of others. It is a mistake to say that the first two parts of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* appeared in 1811. Part i. appeared in 1811, Part ii. in 1812. In mentioning that Part iv. was not finished until 1831 it had been well to explain how unlike the three other parts it is. "During the time when he was writing his autobiography," says Mr. Sime, "Goethe studied with much interest von Hammer's translation of the Persian poet Hafiz." This does not give an accurate account of the facts. The translation by von Hammer of Hafiz came into Goethe's hands in the spring of 1813, when two of the parts of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* had been published and the third part was almost certainly finished. The publication of the third part was delayed by the War of Liberation, and took place in the spring of 1814.

Mr. Sime says: "While writing the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, Goethe had been attracted by Wilhelmine Herzlieb." Incorrect. The strong attraction to Minna Herzlieb was felt by Goethe on a visit to Jena in November 1807. *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* was begun in May 1808. Mr. Sime says that Marianne von Willemer had "a touch of poetic genius." This is a great understatement. Marianne von Willemer wrote lyrics which, inserted in Goethe's *Diwan*, have ranked with Goethe's best. One of these—one of the loveliest of its note in any tongue—was actually altered

by Goethe for the worse.* Mr. Sime writes that "Goethe's relations to Wilhelmine Herzlieb and Marianne Willemer were much the same as Dr. Johnson's relations to Frances Burney and Mrs. Thrale." There is no more mistaken statement in the book than this.

I will conclude by quoting from Mr. Sime one or two of the many passages where he displays the cultivation and intelligence which give his book so much value:

"This was Goethe's last word to the world; the expression of his deepest and most settled conviction. To make selfish joy, as Faust had done, the supreme object of existence—that way lie perpetual evil and misery; to sacrifice self, to bring the will into harmony with ideal law, in all things to think and act in a spirit of love and brotherhood, as Faust, after fierce struggle, learns to do—in that, and that alone, can man find a life truly fitted to his nature and capable of satisfying his deepest, inmost wants. The idea with which Goethe seeks to solve the problem of *Faust* is the old, yet ever new, doctrine: 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'"

Again, Mr. Sime writes on the last page, and we cannot do better than close with these wise words:

"The conduct of life he made a subject of profound reflection, and no modern writer illuminates it with a light at once so clear and so steady. It is for this reason that a quite peculiar relation springs up between Goethe and those who feel the power and the charm of his genius. They go back again and again to his works, his letters, his 'Conversations,' and never fail to find in them some fruitful word that brings with it fresh hope and courage. His wise and noble sayings are the more inspiring because they almost invariably suggest deeper meanings than they directly utter. The mind, in appropriating them, is placed in contact not with abstract dogmas, but with life itself, and is stimulated to the free exercise of its own energies."

T. W. LYSTER.

Scientific Religion. By Laurence Oliphant. (Blackwood.)

THAT the distinctive characteristic, not to say excellence, of any given period should be employed as a brand to mark and push its products is only what an elementary knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect. In an age of science—"Saeculum Scientificum," to borrow the pedantic classification of Cave in his *Historia Literaria*—all speculations claim to be scientific, even those whose spirit and principles seem furthest removed from the rigorous methods and cautious conclusions generally identified with science. Like a family risen to fame and opulence, science unexpectedly finds herself surrounded by troops of "poor relations," of whose kinship, almost of whose existence, she has hitherto been profoundly ignorant. Theology has for some time claimed her as a

* In the Song to the East Wind the fourth stanza stands as follows in Marianne's original copy:

"Und mich soll sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde lieblich grüssen;
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern,
Sitz ich still zu seinen Füßen."

Goethe changed it:

"Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse,
Eh noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse."

near and ever dearer relative. Philosophy, doubtless with more reason, boasts actual descent from the same stock. Metaphysics, for the time being, is content to waive her customary exclusiveness and to avouch, cautiously, distant kinship. Mesmerism, hypnotism, and clairvoyance profess to be able to trace a common lineage by actual genealogical tables; and, the door being so far opened, it is hardly reasonable to exclude such cousins once removed as spiritualism, psychical manifestations, table turning and rapping. The late Mr. Home was fully convinced that his spirit manifestations were in the truest sense of the word scientific, and did not hesitate to place them in the same plane of method and conclusiveness as Faraday's experiments in electricity or Huxley's demonstrations in physiology. The chief difference was the occult nature of the forces he dealt with; but then most of the great forces in nature have been occult until manifested and brought to the test of actual experiment. Even Swedenborg regarded his mystical visions as a legitimate extension of the domains of science. We need not therefore wonder that Mr. Oliphant should entitle the most recent outcome of his spiritualistic theorising *Scientific Religion*, though both the science and the religion are the grossest possible perversions of what those terms are commonly supposed to mean.

The readers of Mr. Oliphant's more recent books, especially *Masollam* and *Sympneumata*, will have no difficulty in correctly surmising the purport of his latest work. For the general public it may be as well to indicate briefly the scientific foundations on which this grotesque superstructure has been based.

By an obvious law of its evolutionary progress physical science has of late years passed into the region of the infinitesimally minute. It deals largely with molecules, atoms, and their assumed forces, qualities, and relations. Doubtless science is justified in assuming for this invisible molecular universe the same kind of causality, continuity, &c., which we experience in our tangible world. At the same time, scientists not wholly demoralised by their pursuits must admit that most of their speculations in this dark borderland of the physical universe are little else than more or less ingenious conjectures, or theories which owe their origin to the supposed exigencies of physical science in other directions. That the existence of such a region, infinite in extent and mostly unverifiable in content, should offer a tempting field for the vagaries of spiritualists and similar fanatics unhappily needs no proof in the present day. It is a field in which Mr. Oliphant's imagination runs riot to an excess which I at least have never seen surpassed. The man of science is held in check in such explorations by the confessed need of an appeal to the senses and the verifying faculty of mankind, but Mr. Oliphant scorns all such limits. He tells us (p. 35):

"Our external senses are not tests upon which we can rely for anything. . . . Science to be true must not be human, but divine; and those who would search into the secrets of nature must begin by searching into the mysteries of God, from whom it emanated."

A divine search of this kind Mr. Oliphant conceives that he is commissioned to make, and

he does so with results which are not more startling and extravagant than his own confidence in his infallibility. He explores the world of spirits with a self assurance which no materialist investigating the laws of matter could possibly rival. I have neither space nor inclination to follow him in his erratic flight, the nature of which and its results will be gathered from this single quotation. Discussing the influence which men's lives here have on the lives of those in another world, Mr. Oliphant borrows from Swedenborg a hideous process, which is called by a name as hideous—"infestation." Of this he gives (*inter alia*) the following example (p. 88):

"Thus the first impulse of a man who dies of drink, on reaching the other world, is to infest the organism of a drunkard here, and urge him to saturate himself with alcohol, the essential quality of which he drains out of the subjected organism, thus intensifying the desire of the victim to an uncontrollable degree to satisfy a craving that can never be satisfied till the external tissues of the organism are finally wasted. During his drunken bouts he becomes a medium through whom his infesting demon often speaks and raves; while the latter foresees, and shrinks from the prospect of the physical death of his victim, because he knows that it will involve a dislocation of atoms which will convey the same sensation of disease as if he were himself passing through the death agony. In like manner, a coquette accustomed to live on the admiration of men while in this world, no sooner passes from it, than she seeks the form of a beautiful woman in which to take up her abode, and there nourish herself on the male elements which she draws from the homage rendered to her victim whose love of admiration she excites to the utmost possible degree in order to obtain them."

Such criticism of such speculations is obviously beside the mark. We are here in the holy of holies of transcendental mysticism, where the sole source of truth is the divine illumination of the Seer, otherwise it would not be impertinent to suggest that by means of metempsychosis there might conceivably be, in any special case, an "infestation" of folly, delusion, or imperfect sanity, just as easily as "infestation" of drunkenness or coquetry. It is unhappily too true in the present condition of English society that an "infestation" of such a kind would find no dearth of congenial "elements" on which to feed.

As some set off to the wild speculations of his work I must admit that Mr. Oliphant occasionally puts his finger upon more than one weak spot of our present-day civilisation. It is impossible to deny, *e.g.*, the force of his strictures on our so-called Christian education, the gist of which may be gathered from a short quotation (p. 119):

"Christ said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' . . . And again, 'If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all.' The church says: 'Little children, come regularly to the Sunday school; try and get to the top of the class, and if you succeed in defeating your companions you shall have a prize. Thus, from its early infancy, the child is taught the vice of competition, the door is opened by its spiritual pastors and masters to the evil spirits of envy, ambition, conceit and egotism, who do not fail to rush in and lock it after them.'"

As becomes a hierophant anxious to set up a new religion of his own, Mr. Oliphant is

not complimentary to existing creeds. Thus he says (p. 124):

"There is not a church called by His name which is not full of money-changers, &c. . . . This is the church which awaits, decked with bridal attire, the approach of the Bridegroom. Those 'long robes' which distinguish the spiritual from the temporal peer are perchance his wedding garment, and the electric light which illumines his palace, the 'lamp kept trimmed and burning.'"

Another feature of this remarkable book is its attempts at Biblical exegesis, of which, however, I have only room for a single brief illustration. The portentous allegorism which has invested the history of Cain and Abel from Philo to Swedenborg is known to students of such subjects. Mr. Oliphant seems to me to have propounded a novelty in this subject for Biblical critics, as well as an interesting crux for human physiology. He says:

"The conflict between Cain and Abel signifies the struggle between the two principles (male and female), and the murder of Abel or the 'Breath,' signifies the conquest of the female by the male principle, and the extinction of the respiring generative process which had hitherto prevailed" (p. 258).

Such are the salient features of a book written as a new kind of Christianity by a professed seer, and called *Scientific Religion*. The book, its author, its name, its argument, its outcome, constitute an enigma which I cannot profess to solve, but which I feel impelled to present in the proper riddle form in which its consideration leaves me: given an ill-connected congeries of scraps of molecular and occult science, mystical intuitions, spiritualistic extravagances, and the wildest vagaries of allegorism—to determine its value (1) as science, (2) as religion?

JOHN OWEN.

THREE BOOKS ON SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle.
By W. H. Dawson. (Sonnenschein.)

Self-Help a Hundred Years Ago. By G. J. Holyoake. (Sonnenschein.)

History of Co-operation in the United States.
(Baltimore: Publication Agent, Johns Hopkins University.)

MR. Dawson's book is precisely what it professes in the title-page to be—a "biographical history of German Socialistic movements during this century," and the biographical interest lies chiefly in the career of that extraordinary man Lassalle. The lives of such men as Rodbertus and Karl Marx also receive considerable attention; but worthy of study as these are, in the aspect under which Mr. Dawson treats them, they cannot compare with the piquant and puzzling personality of Lassalle. Mr. Dawson's book, therefore, is not and does not profess to be a critical history of German socialism. But its value is not entirely biographical. While his express avoidance of the critical function has prevented him from entering on a survey of the wider aspects of socialistic speculation in its origin, development, and probable significance, he has furnished excellent analyses of the theories of the leading German socialists. The strong point of Mr. Dawson's book, however,

is the very extensive knowledge he shows of the sources from which the history of German socialism must be drawn. His book is based on a study of the relative documents, which has been exceptionally thorough. Such fulness of knowledge is not usual among those who speak with authority on socialism, for or against. The candour, sympathy, and moderation which Mr. Dawson brings to the treatment of the subject are also rare. As we have said, the prominent figure of the book is Lassalle. Lassalle will probably long be a tempting and difficult subject for biographers and critics. In him the elements were more strangely and strongly mixed than in most men. One of the gilded youth, yet equipped with all the learning of the nineteenth century; a revolutionary leader, who had friendly relations with Bismarck and Von Ketteler; the preacher of a new gospel and champion of the working classes, who most unheroically threw away his life in a miserable love affair; the struggles, the eloquence and enthusiasm, the attitudinising and strange contradictions of such a man will always have an attraction for students of history and human character.

Mr. Holyoake's book relates to experiments in social improvement about the end of last century. It is a series of papers based on the reports of a "society for bettering the condition of the poor," established in 1796, presided over by Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and reckoning among its members men like Rumford, Paley, and Wilberforce. In these papers we see the germs of many movements which have since grown to considerable magnitude. In one of them the Bishop of Durham tells how he opened a co-operative store at the village of Mongewell in Oxfordshire in 1794, the first on record. To those who can understand how natural it is that the English peasant should have some interest in his native soil, we need not say that the scheme of "three acres and a cow" had emerged one hundred years ago. Mr. Holyoake has already done excellent service in the history of co-operation, and he has now earned the thanks of the public by calling our attention to those beginnings of social reform. It is an interesting book, which throws light on the feeble early attempts to remedy enormous evils.

The History of Co-operation in the United States is an admirable book, which has been prepared under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Five members of that university, we are told by Prof. Ely in the preface, divided the United States between them with a view to working up the historical and statistical facts bearing on co-operation. The result is a large and very presentable volume, well printed, well arranged, and well written. The book is objective, sympathetic, and scientific in the best sense of the word. It reflects the highest credit on a new university that its members should devote themselves to a fresh and vital question, while older bodies are still painfully engaged in mastering their Aristotle. A perusal of the book only confirms the conviction that the co-operative movement has as yet made comparatively little progress in the United States, compared,

that is, with the enormous and continually growing magnitude of the interests depending on individual enterprise. The experiments have been numerous, varied, and fairly prosperous, but generally on a very moderate scale. The principle has been successfully applied not only to distribution and banking, but to house-building, dairies, and many other forms of production. It is an interesting fact that, since 1882, flourishing co-operative societies have grown up among the students at the universities of Harvard, Yale, and Michigan, Harvard leading the way. Here is a quotation about the communistic settlement of Amana, which will have an interest, for anarchists, the well-known school of socialists who consider government worse than superfluous:

"Amana is a community in which crime is absolutely unknown. In deference to the laws and institutions of the state, the colonists go through the form of electing a justice of the peace and a constable for their township; but those officers have nothing to do. Pauperism, of course, is a term that has no meaning in a communistic society. The even and wholesome life of the colony is conducive to good health and great longevity. If there are vicious and ill-disposed persons in the colony, I have seen none of them and have heard of none."

It should be added that the community of Amana rests on a religious basis, and has a population of 2000. Of course Amana is not a "co-operative" society in the ordinary sense. It is a community in which a co-operative system of production is connected with a communistic system of distribution.

Altogether this volume is a most instructive account of the progress of co-operation in the United States. America has great industrial and social problems before it, but we may surely accept as a good omen the fact that its universities are so loyally applying themselves to the consideration of them.

T. KIRKUP.

NEW NOVELS.

In Hot Haste. By Mary E. Hullah. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

A Garden of Tares. By John Hill and Clement Hopkins. (Vizetelly.)

The Shadow of the Raggedstone. By Charles F. Grindrod. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

A Dangerous Experiment. By Lady Duffus Hardy. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Morlands: a Tale of Anglo-Indian Life. By the Author of "Sleepy Sketches," &c. (Sampson Low.)

A Martyr to Pride: a Dramatic Romance of the Present Day. By Walter Stanhope. (W. H. Allen.)

Till Death us Sever; or, Whom God hath Joined Together, let not Man put Asunder. By J. Lothian Robson. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Work of a Fiend. By James Peddie. (William Paterson.)

It may be presumed that Miss Hullah's story is intended to set forth the truth of the old adage "marry in haste, repent at leisure," as exemplified in the case of Kurt von Weide and Sabine his wife; and if to this be added the dangers of a marriage in which the love

is on one side only, the moral is complete. In any case the novel is a success. The greater part of the action takes place in Germany, and the author gives us pictures of rural life which show how thoroughly she must have entered into the provincial round of existence. In fact, she surpasses in these scenes her English studies, in which we miss the vivid local colouring and the sense of reality which distinguish the foreign sketches. Sabine herself is a good study of a high-minded but unsophisticated girl; and, considering the circumstances of her residence with the Pippin family, her marriage with Kurt was pardonable. She certainly, however, strained sentiment to the utmost in quarrelling with her husband because he had kept the family history from her, and had not told her of his prior engagement to Irmgard. As regards the former, any woman in her senses would have appreciated his motives, and it is quite a new doctrine that a man when engaged is obliged to come to a civil shrift as to all his early *affaires de cœur*. Kurt von Weide is not a very interesting figure; and, although he showed true nobility of character in the end, certainly sailed rather close to the wind in the matter of his marriage. Everybody must prefer to him poor, handsome, ne'er-do-weel Georg von Vogelheim, with all his faults and follies. It was a mistake to make such a man so easily commit such a vulgar crime, but one cannot help feeling glad that he escaped the consequences. The concealment at Rothenfels is artistically treated, especially the scene in which the spying old blood-sucker Lilienthal is so cleverly outwitted by the two astute ladies. The episode on the Teufelsstein is also excellent as a finale, and as exciting as could be wished. It seems a little uncertain whether the Jew was really drowned or no; if so, we suspect his fate will meet with but scant sympathy.

It is some time since we have had a novel from Mr. John Hill, and we are therefore all the more glad to welcome what is in many respects the best work he has yet done. We have but little fault to find, and that little is, we suspect, due to the fact of dual authorship; for it is obvious that the passages to which exception may be taken are from another hand. What on earth does the public care about those stupid "Memoirs of a Young Man," inserted in the main text in the most irrelevant and irritating manner, stopping the narrative, and in no way furthering the plot? Apart from this, there is nothing but praise to be given to one of the most engrossing and genuinely artistic novels that we have read for years. It would be hopeless to attempt any generalisation of the plot, because Mr. Hill does not depend for his effect upon mere incident, although strong situations are not wanting in their proper place—witness the death of Freddy Mason, the conception of which is as true to nature as it is original. There is something so grievous in the idea of the poor fellow bidding his whilome friend farewell with tears of honest, if half-tipsy, repentance, and then lying down to sleep to so hideous an awakening. The cleverest touch in the book, by the by, is that the assassin never was discovered, and lived out his respectable humdrum life in peace. One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry at Joe's speculations as to when the traditional

demons of remorse would begin to haunt him—which they never did. The *motif* of the book, though never obtruded, is, of course, a denunciation of a certain gutter-spawned school of immorality, which, thanks to Parisian influences, has had only too much success of late years among empty-headed fools and weak women. We mean that spurious form of aestheticism which, under the guise of art—no matter in what branch—has done more to disseminate low ideas of morality than the foulest garbage that ever issued from the foreign press. Vivar, the fashionable painter, is the exponent of this doctrine of devils; and we are not exaggerating when we say that we know nothing finer in modern fiction than the scene where Lyall rises at the restaurant and denounces him in manly wrath. It would naturally be absurd to seek for any original of Vivar—the wretched creature is a type. We hope the dear good fellows who figure in the pages are not; for we should like to know some of them, notably Jack Field and George Lyall. Peter Mills, too, the pretended cynic with the bad liver and warm heart, is a capital study. The dialogue throughout is especially crisp and natural. The Hardinge family, with their shabby-genteel pretence, and veneered vulgarity—so far as the elders are concerned—are well drawn. Marion is of course an exception; but, for our own part, give us Alice Barry as a heroine, even if she did tear her frock sometimes. Uncle Richard, with his convenient deafness, is a grand old fellow; only, of course, his money ought to have gone to somebody in whom one could take at least a shadowy interest. The book is one not only to be read but to be kept.

We have had occasion before now to praise Dr. Grindrod's work as a writer of fiction, and there will be no reason for modifying what has already been said. On the contrary, he seems to be gaining in power; and his present romance, apart from the charm of novelty of subject, should arrest all lovers of historical fiction. True, the characters are, with the exception of the king and a few others, not exactly entitled to rank as strictly historical. Yet the period in which the action takes place, and the circumstances attaching to this quaint legend of the Malvern Hills, are enough to entitle them to brevet rank. Bernard, the renegade monk, is the hero; and in spite of his crime one cannot help sympathising with him in some degree, because of the way in which he had been forced to assume the cowl. His love for Rosamond is prettily told, and their flight is described without a shadow of the coarseness which might so easily have occurred under less skilful hands. Of course, it is upon Bernard that the ominous shadow—which, by the by, is said to have fallen upon Cardinal Wolsey while staying at Birks Morton—fell, involving death or shame; but of his after adventures it would be too much to tell. The scene at the tournament, when the disguised monk forces Sir Eustace to clear his dead mother's fair fame, is extremely spirited and good. The romance is a clever one, and deserves to be known; only we should advise the author in future works to cut out his moralisations. Everybody skips that sort of thing—at least, we always do ourselves.

There can be no doubt that Sir Giles Morgan's experiment *was* a dangerous one, inasmuch as it consisted in marrying a beautiful girl whom he had picked up in the gutter, and of whose antecedents—not too favourable ones—he knew nothing whatever. Lady Hardy is rather vague on the point; but, on the whole, we do not gather that Janet had lapsed from womanly purity. Still a woman who had been tried for her life, and escaped only through the efforts of a clever lawyer, was hardly one to be made a baronet's wife, and introduced into the first society in London, especially since she came from the very dregs of the people, and her relations might be expected to put themselves *en evidence* at any moment. Of course, the affair ended disastrously, as how could it do otherwise? No doubt, Janet was wrong in not telling her husband all before their marriage; but it is hard to blame the ignorant loving girl who dreaded so bitterly the chance of losing what she believed to be her one chance of a higher and nobler life. As for Giles he seems to us to have been very much passion's slave, and not deserving of much sympathy. There is a certain female fiend, one Jessie Deeres, who, out of mad jealousy and revenge, brings about most of the ultimate disaster, and the final catastrophe—aided by her lover, Berry or Beauchamp, who, as is obvious from the first, had himself committed the murder of which the suspicion fell upon Janet. We may say that her reasons for shielding her employer, at the risk of her own life, strike us as being singularly weak and inadequate. Jessie and Beauchamp publish the whole story of Lady Morgan's early life in one of the so-called "society" papers. Her presentation at court is revoked; and finally the poor thing, goaded to madness by her husband's reviling, tries to drown herself, and dies from the effects. It is not a pleasant story, but cleverly written, and undoubtedly powerful in places.

The Morlands is a rather silly story of Anglo-Indian society, such as we should hope never existed save in the author's fertile imagination. He takes a good deal of pains to explain in a preface that by Mirbad he did not mean Karachi; but, probably, no one either at home or abroad will take the slightest interest in the question where the scene of the preposterous little drama is laid. Mrs. Morland, even as a caricature, is ridiculous. She is obviously modelled upon vague recollections of Dickens's Mrs. Wilfer; but the language and manners, which were funny when ascribed to a low-bred lodginghouse-keeper who was giving herself airs, are simply absurd and wearisome when ascribed to a highly connected woman of rather exceptionally blue blood. But we could almost have forgiven her vulgarity had she not said "à l'outrance." None of the other puppets have the least individuality or interest; and the finale about Mrs. Cruchley—which was, we suppose, meant to be sensational—misses fire for want of a knowledge of her history. What on earth had she done? The author, who might take a little more care about his quotations—e.g., p. 231—is not wanting in a certain sense of humour, as witness the scene of the governor's reception; and he may possibly write something worth reading, if he will only remember to be natural and exercise self-restraint.

Outside the columns of a housemaid's periodical we could hardly have believed that such rubbish as *A Martyr to Pride* would ever have seen the light. Chichester Anderson, an aspiring and objectionable barrister, marries the beautiful Lady Gertrude De Vigne—whom, by the by, he habitually speaks of as "the Lady Gertrude." As soon as they have a son on the verge of manhood, she finds out that she hates her husband; and, meeting an old lover, she persuades him to place her under his mother's protection—keeping herself innocent—so that her husband may believe the worst, divorce her, and leave her legally free to marry the said lover. However, Mr. Anderson, having turned his son out of doors, frightens Mr. Langton over a cliff, and her ladyship goes in for revenge. We need not relate how the husband becomes Lord Chief Justice, or how he condemns his own son to death for shooting a policeman while engaged on a slightly burglarious attempt on the paternal mansion. Of course, the culprit escapes, his father dies suddenly, and we should rather like to know which of the characters was the "martyr to pride."

Heralded by an extremely suggestive preface, we have in Mr. Robson's story about as dull a book as it has ever been our fortune to read. It relates how a certain lovely young wife allowed herself to be seduced, without a show of resistance, by her husband's bosom friend, who was afterwards received by both on terms of intimacy. Marjorie and Harry ran away. Arthur—a most insufferable prig—went after them and brought her back, shut her up in a convent for a time, and then took her home and forgave her, when she had an uphill fight with the neighbours, but conquered in the long run. Mr. Robson need not have feared having "wounded the delicacy of anyone," but might with justice have dreaded having bored his readers generally. It strikes one that Mr. Lorraine, like the vergers in the "Bab Ballads," could "hold liberal opinions." He professed to belong to the Church of Scotland, yet often went to the Established meeting-house, and put his wife in a Roman Catholic convent.

The most hardened lover of wild sensation could ask for nothing more than is contained in *Work of a Fiend*. To be sure, John Kersee was not legally justified in taking the law into his own hands; but there are many who will secretly cherish the opinion that he was morally so, and nobody can deny that Pardmore richly deserved his fate. The story is well written. The scene where Constance encourages John is pretty, though obviously suggested by Longfellow's "Miles Standish."

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Doctors and Doctors. By Graham Everitt. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Everitt has written a most entertaining and instructive work upon some curious episodes of medical history and quackery. He touches lightly and brightly upon the evolution of apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians, upon the too slow and partial elimination from medicine of superstition, boluses, and metaphysics; and it is not until he brings his subject down to our own times that he gives himself space to dwell fully and fondly upon the more striking phases of

motley quackery and constant folly. Faith-healing at Lourdes and elsewhere through the means whether of prayer or pill, spiritualism and galvanism, the theory and practice of German baths and cunning specialists, the arts old as the hills, yet ever burnished up anew, to which doctors descend and quacks resort, above all the perfectly astounding folly of never-failing dupes—upon these hackneyed themes he writes with novel comment and fresh instances, not too gravely and savagely, but playfully and even kindly. Mr. Everitt is not a doctor, we believe, but he writes with so much humorous appreciation of the peculiar trials and temptations of doctors and quacks that we hope he will return to the subject and amuse us once more with his wit and fun. The field is not yet fully occupied. George Eliot's *Lydgate* is a model study, but the subject is exceptional. Dickens's doctors are doubtless drawn from life, but only after a superficial glance at poor specimens. No English writer approaches Thackeray in keen observation and fine insight of the habits of medical life and thought; and yet even Thackeray's lights fail him at times, and we know that the original of his ideal, Dr. Goodfellow, was persecuted by the profession as an impostor and rogue. "The Quarrels and Jealousies of Specialists" would just now be a taking title for such a book as would suit Mr. Everitt's powers admirably.

Jewish Portraits. By Lady Magnus. (Fisher Unwin.) This pleasant little volume contains reprints of papers contributed by the author to various magazines; but she claims very fairly for them a family likeness, and looks for enough friendly interest to justify their collection and reproduction. Her subjects are Jehuda Halevi, the Judengasse of Frankfurt, Heinrich Heine, *Daniel Deronda*, Manasseh ben Israel, Charity in the Talmud, and Moses Mendelssohn; and she treats them all with her accustomed lightness of touch and power to interest. The most common topic, sometimes specifically mentioned, sometimes only hinted at, is the vital quality of Judaism. The charge made by Lady Magnus herself against current Judaism she states never so forcibly as in her hinted regret for "the far-off days when religion was not a habit, but an emotion," with which she opens her first essay. She finds the emotion a lively one in Halevi; a flame hardly quenched in Heine, though often impossibly concealed; persistent and practical in Manasseh; patriotic in Mendelssohn—and, oddly enough, she recognises a true picture of current possibilities in *Daniel Deronda*. Her essay on this last lay-figure is the most important, her plea for Heine—Carlyle's "blackguard," Charles Kingsley's "wicked man"—the most pathetic and convincing part of her work. Of the latter there is nothing to say but praise. With her views of things past we have no quarrel. But we cannot agree with her that *Daniel Deronda* sets forth any really current Jewish thought or feeling, whatever possibilities it may suggest to those who find in it some inspiring quality not obvious to us at least. To some of us it is not conceivable

"of many an unromantic-looking nineteenth-century Jew, who soberly performs all good citizen duties, that the unspoken name of Jerusalem is still enshrined in like unguessed-at depths, as the 'perfection of beauty,' 'the joy of the whole earth.'"

"Charity in Talmudic Times" is refreshing reading. It is pleasant to find maxims of courtesy occupying places where we should not always expect them. We cannot however accept quite hopefully Lady Magnus's suggestion that, perhaps, "in 'improvident' marriages and large families the new creed of survival of the fittest may, after all, be best fulfilled." "Survival of the fittest" is hardly a creed.

There is a law, or supposed law, which expresses itself in this form; and even that means merely, when you come to examine it, that those survive who survive, just as "motion is in the line of least resistance" means that motion is motion. Whatever the "creed" to which our author objects, we suspect that its binding force would not be lessened by a reference to the evidence recently given before the Sweating Commission, which we commend to her. She is too fair and right-minded not to see its significance.

A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago. Selections from the Letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne, with an Introduction by Clarence Cook. (Chapman & Hall.) The author of these letters was born in the state of Maine in 1783. The first was written when she was a school girl of fourteen, and the last only twelve years later on her death-bed. They are a record of a brief but happy life; and, written as they are in clear and vigorous English, they make the everyday talk of which, for the most part, they are composed, interesting even after this long lapse of time. It is not astonishing that they have been highly prized and preserved. Such letters might well have been printed for private circulation; but there is no good reason against their publication. They have a living interest still, partly because they exhibit the domestic life of the time, but chiefly, as the editor says, "in the picture they give of the writer." Although she was not known beyond her own circle of friends and acquaintance, it is surely good for all of us to contemplate a career so morally healthy as this one. For Eliza Southgate (who, at the age of twenty, became Mrs. Bowne) was happily free from the too prevalent vice of self-consciousness. She was not accustomed either to exalt her virtues or to bemoan her short-comings; but regarding herself as neither saint nor sinner, she took the sweets that life had to offer her frankly and unreservedly, and accepted its sorrows patiently when they came. Her letters, as Mr. Cook remarks in his excellent Introduction,

"paint in words, with a thousand delicate and expressive touches, the portrait of a lively and beautiful girl, with a character as striking and individual as the face that Malbone has drawn for us on ivory. Never was a reigning beauty more spirited, never was a spirited girl of fashion more truly lovable, than Eliza Bowne. Whether she be at boarding school, writing letters to her 'honoured parents,' and hiding her little homesick heart in vain under the formal phrases dictated by the starched decorum of the day; or stealing an hour for her pen amid the whirl of the gay world in which she sparkled, such a cheerful star, and rattling off to her mother the story of the day's doings,—she is always the same generous, unselfish creature; impulsive, but with her impulses well in hand; a heart brimming over with mirth, its clear crystal clouded by no drop of malice; witty, but with a friendly glint in her mischievous eyes, even when, as now and then happens, she gives formality or presumption a flip. Love and friendship followed her wherever she went in her too brief span of life, and fortune heaped her girlish lap with all good things; but she showed herself worthy of her blessings, and kept herself unspotted from the world."

That seems to us a true description of the character revealed in this volume; and, in respect to the letters themselves, Mr. Cook is equally happy in the comparison he draws between the phonograph and letter-writing. After referring to Edison's "magical" invention, which listens to speech and song, and "after the lapse of an hour or of a hundred years," will repeat what it has received in the very voice of the speaker, he proceeds to say that

"familiar letters are privileged to play the same magical part. To the readers of successive generations, they speak with the living voice of the writer; they recall the fugitive emotions, the joys, the

sorrows, the whims, the passions; and, as we read, we persuade ourselves that we are part and parcel of the times they record."

A work like this hardly calls for criticism; but it is proper to say that the editor's task has been performed with conspicuous ability, and that the portraits are admirably reproduced and add to the beauty as well as to the interest of the handsome volume.

As social life in America at the beginning of the century is displayed in Mrs. Bowne's letters, so Dr. Peabody's *Harvard Reminiscences* (Tribner) exhibit New England college life at a little later period. These reminiscences—so we are told in the preface—relate to all the college officers whose names appeared with Dr. Peabody's in the several annual catalogues in which he was registered as undergraduate, theological student and tutor. The assortment is, naturally, a rather miscellaneous one. A good many of the seventy persons here spoken of are but little familiar—at least in this country; but the names among others, of Chandler Robbins, Dr. Putnam, Andrews Norton, Walter and Edward Channing, Henry Ware senior and junior, Charles Follen, Edward Everett, Josiah Quincy, George Ripley and James Freeman Clarke, are known in England as well as in America. Anyone who comes to this volume expecting to find biographies will be disappointed; but the book is interesting throughout, and contains some good anecdotes. Dr. Peabody says he never saw Felton angry but once. He had contributed a somewhat rhetorical article to the *North American Review*, which at that time was edited by Sidney Willard. When the proof was sent to him he found that there had been written in his "copy" against one of the most high-flown paragraphs the significant word "froth." In great indignation he visited the printer to complain of the insult that some one in the establishment had offered him. But when he found that the offensive word was only meant to indicate that a compositor named Frothingham was engaged on that portion of the manuscript, he must have felt that, if the cap had been found to fit, he had only himself to blame. Josiah Quincy was a kind-hearted man, but abrupt in manner. He had a poor memory for faces, and was accustomed to ask every student who visited him "What's your name?" Even when he did happen to recognise one of them the habit was so strong upon him that he would address him by name, and ask the same question thus—"Well, Brown, what's your name?" His presidency of the college was marked by the introduction of many important reforms, not before they were needed if we may judge by the concluding chapter on "Harvard College sixty years ago." To one name in the list a melancholy interest now attaches. Of James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Peabody says: "I name him because his name is among the proctors; but I trust that it will be long before some chronicler who shall succeed me will be at liberty to commemorate his invaluable services to religion, to his country, and to his race." While we wrote the tidings came that Dr. Freeman Clarke was dead.

Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Popularly and Socially Considered. By J. W. Haldane. (Spon.)

"Try and write your book in a free, open, unstrained, and interest-every-body sort of style. To a scrap of history add a good many anecdotes, and practical information of various kinds that may be useful. Describe with a spice of humour, if possible, your own experience of the profession and those employed in it" (p. 396).

Thus Mr. Haldane describes his intentions, when he first thought of becoming an author; and if his book is not quite the success he would have wished it, he can still be congratulated.

lated on having written a useful and rather original work. The worst fault of the book is its prolixity. What Mr. Haldane takes 431 pages to tell might have been very well told in 200. This diffuseness is due to the "free, open, unconstrained and interest-every-body sort of style." It is a great mistake to believe in the "interest-every-body sort of style." Even Mr. George Augustus Sala (whom Mr. Haldane extols to heaven *à propos de bottles*) does not "interest everybody." Every author—save a few heaven-born poets—has his own little band of followers, and the less he thinks of interesting everybody the better. Mr. Haldane—if he will pardon our saying so—writes mainly for those interested in mechanics and marine engineering. This is a wide term, which includes parents and guardians who think of making engineers of their sons. Common sense in Mr. Haldane's characteristic. Speaking of the Channel Tunnel scheme, he says (p. 9)

"That these gigantic steamers, of great beam, and capable of carrying loaded trains at all times, would perform what is required in the most satisfactory manner, and at a comparatively small outlay. If this were done, good financial results might be obtained, and our insular position fully maintained."

He enters a very strong protest against the evils resulting from drink both to employers and employed (p. 29). Though the following incident is only taken by Mr. Haldane from the daily papers, we cannot forbear from reproducing it here. In Messrs. Denny Brothers' Leven shipyard, a vessel some time ago was put down on speculation to keep the older hands together. In a purely spontaneous manner, when the more important parts were reached, the riveters and caulkers held a meeting, at which it was resolved that

"recognising and appreciating the motives of the firm in beginning this vessel under existing circumstances, the men in the above-mentioned departments agree to invite the firm to reduce their piecework rates and wages on this vessel to the extent of 10 per cent.; and moreover, should it be necessary, they are perfectly willing to give a fortnight's work on this steamer free of any wages whatever."

NOTES AND NEWS.

LORD SPENCER has, at the request of Dr. Furnivall, generously agreed to allow his unique copy of Caxton's romance of *Blanchardyn and Eglantyne* to be copied, and for the first time reprinted, for the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society. The sub-librarian at Althorp, Mr. Groom, will bring the precious volume to the British Museum next week; and there it will remain in the charge of the keeper of printed books until the work of copying and reprinting—which will be put in hand forthwith—is completed.

MR. M. T. CULBY, of Coupland Castle, Wooler, has the text of his reprint of Caxton's *Eneydos* ready for the Early English Text Society. He finds that the ending of the book—which is engished from the French—is not from Virgil but from Boccaccio.

As some of our readers are doubtless aware, an influential committee has been formed, with Lord Tennyson as president, to raise a fund for the benefit of the veteran poet and journalist—Dr. Charles Mackay—who is now in his seventy-third year, broken in health, and in reduced circumstances. The hon. secretary of the committee is Dr. L. C. Alexander, Holly Lodge, Upper Parkfields, Putney.

We hear that more than twenty thousand copies of Mr. Haggard's new story, *Maiwa's Revenge*, were disposed of by Messrs. Longmans & Co. before the day of publication.

THE August number of the *Universal Review* will contain an illustrated "In Memoriam" article on the late Frank Holl, by the editor, while the frontispiece to the number will be a large head by Rossetti from an original unpublished drawing also in the possession of the editor. Among the other contents will be an ode, "The Triumph of Labour," by Mr. Lewis Morris; "Some Memories of Bayreuth," by Mr. E. Hamilton Bell; "The Co-operative Movement," by Mr. W. Hazlitt Roberts; "A New Political Departure," by Canon Maccoll; and "Half a Century of Cricket" (illustrated), by Mr. Fred. Gale.

MR. HENRY FROWDE will publish immediately a little book on *Elementary Political Economy*, by Mr. Edwin Cannan, of Balliol College, Oxford. It will be divided into three sections—the first treating of general material welfare; the second of individual welfare under the present system of private property; while the third discusses how far the promotion of public welfare by the state is desirable.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in preparation two new school histories of classical times: *Greece*, by Mr. C. A. Fyffe; and *Rome*, by Prof. G. G. Ramsay, of Glasgow.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have nearly ready for publication a short *Latin Prose Primer*, by Mr. J. Y. Sargent, of Hertford College, which is intended to be introductory to his well-known *Easy Passages for Translation into Latin Prose*. Mr. Sargent starts from the simplest form of sentence and proceeds gradually to the continuous narrative; the methods he makes use of are in all cases intended to be suggestive.

Popular Poets of the Period is the title of a new serial about to be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. The editor—Mr. F. A. H. Eyles, a Brighton journalist—has already received the encouragement and support of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin, Prof. Blackie, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. Clement Scott, the Rev. Newman Hall, &c. The first number will appear at the end of this month, and will include brief biographies and selections from the poems of Sir Edwin Arnold, Dean Plumptre, Mr. Marion Burnside, Mr. G. R. Sims, &c.

THE S.P.C.K. will shortly add two more to their series of penny stories which they are publishing under the title of "Fiction for the Million": *My Soldier Keeper*, by C. Phillippis-Wolley; and *By Telegraph*, by J. MacLaren Cobban.

MR. EDWARD FOSKETT has in the press a Cornish romance in verse, entitled *The Window in the Rock*, which will be published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Book Prices Current, which was published monthly by Mr. Elliot Stock during last year, will be issued in quarterly sections during 1888. The first part will be ready very shortly.

A NEW edition of *Walks in Epping Forest*, by Mr. Percy Lindley, describing portions less known to pedestrians, is in preparation. Prof. Boulger will contribute some notes upon the recent extensive tree-felling and "forestry" operations in the forest.

MRS. STIRLING has written a preface for the fourth edition of Robert Overton's *Queer Fish*, about to be issued by Messrs. Dean & Son.

FOR an account of the Pope commemoration at Twickenham, we must refer to the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* of August 4. To Mr. Edward King, the energetic editor of this paper, belongs the original conception of this undertaking; and he here gives us a verbatim report of the speeches delivered at the opening

of the loan museum, besides a full and ably written description of most of the exhibits—both there and in the British Museum. In addition, there is an illustrated supplement of portraits, scenes, &c., associated with the occasion. The whole number is worthy of preservation, together with the catalogue of the short-lived loan museum.

MR. EDWARD M. BORRAJO and Mr. B. Kettle have been appointed sub-librarians of the Guildhall Library.

DR. TSCHAKERT, Professor of Church History at Königsberg, has made lately a valuable discovery in the town library of that city. He has found a number of sermons and scholia by Luther, which have never been published. They are of special interest, because they belong to the period between 1519 and 1521, the most active time of Luther's Reformation work, lying between the burning of the Papal bull of condemnation and his journey to Worms.

THE Sixteenth Fascicule of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* contains the "Ambassade en Turquie de Jean de Gontaut de Biron, Baron de Salignac, 1605-1610," prefaced with a life by the Comte Théodore de Gontaut Biron. The memoir is interesting. The work consists of portions of the inedited "Ambassade en Turquie de M. de Salignac" (MS. Bib. Nat. fo. 18,076), which narrates his residence at Constantinople, and gives a vivid picture of the life of an ambassador there at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have sent us the eighth and last volume of their new edition of Lord Tennyson's works, to be known as the "Library" Edition. As before stated in the ACADEMY, this edition differs from that issued by the same publishers in 1884 by the inclusion of the four latest plays—"Becket," "The Cup," "The Falcon," and "The Promise of May"—and by the incorporation of all the poems in the *Tiresias* volume (1885). For the sake of absolute accuracy, we should add also the ode on the "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by the Queen." Thus is redeemed the promise of the prospectus, that this edition "will contain everything that the author has published." The edition of 1884 consisted of seven volumes. Despite the inclusion of so much additional matter, the number of volumes is increased only to eight. They are not numbered consecutively on the back, but lettered according to their general contents. For the cloth binding, the publishers have judiciously returned to the rough green, in which (we believe) all the laureate's books originally appeared. Finally, each volume has a frontispiece, expressly engraved either by Mr. G. J. Stodart or by Mr. John Sadler. The latter has undertaken the cedar at Farringford, immortalised in "Maud." The rest are mostly portraits; but Mr. Stodart's vignette of Clevedon Church, from a drawing by H. Whitley, is particularly interesting as an essay by this engraver in a new field. Enough has been said to prove that this "Library" edition is indispensable to all lovers of Tennyson and students of Victorian literature.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

[We quote the following from the *New York Critic*.]

"ONE OF THE SIGNERS."

"At Amesbury, Mass., the following poem was read on July 4 (Independence Day). It refers to Governor Josiah Bartlett, whose statue was unveiled at Amesbury on that day.

"O STORIED vale of Merrimac!
Rejoice through all thy shade and shine,
And, from his century's sleep, call back
A brave and honored son of thine

"Unveiled his effigy between
The living and the dead to-day;
The fathers of the Old Thirteen
Shall witness bear as spirits may.

"Unseen, unheard, his gray compeers,
The shades of Lee and Jefferson;
Wise Franklin, reverend with his years,
And Carroll lord of Carrollton!

"Be thine henceforth a pride of place
Beyond thy namesake's over sea,
Where scarce a stone is left to trace
The Holy House of Amesbury.

"A prouder memory lingers round
The birthplace of thy true man here,
Than that which haunts the refuge found
By Arthur's mythic Guenevere.

"The plain, deal table, where he sat
And signed a nation's title-deed,
Is dearer now to fame than that
Which bore the scroll of Runnymede.

"Long as, on Freedom's natal morn,
Shall ring the Independence bells,
Thy children's children yet unborn
Shall hear the tale his image tells.

"In that great hour of destiny
Which tried the souls of sturdiest stock,
Who knew the end alone must be
A free land or a traitor's block,

"Amidst those picked and chosen men,
Than his, who here first drew his breath,
No firmer fingers held the pen
That wrote for liberty or death.

"Not for their hearths and homes alone,
But for the world, the deed was done;
On all the winds their thought has flown
Through all the circuit of the sun.

"We trace its flight by broken chains,
By songs of grateful labour still,
To-day, in all her holy fane,
It rings the bells of freed Brazil!

"O hills that watched his boyhood's home,
O earth, and air that nursed him, give,
In this memorial semblance, room
To him who shall its bronze outlive!

"And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice
That, in the countless years to come,
Whenever freedom needs a voice
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb!"

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the *Expositor* for August philology is represented by Mr. Rendall's notes on the Greek of Acts xv.-xix., and Prof. Whitehouse's interesting information (based on the reports of Profs. Krman and Schrader) respecting the recent "find" of cuneiform tablets from the archives of the XVIIIth Egyptian Dynasty. Prof. F. B. Bruce continues his acute and suggestive articles on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Mr. Hutton writes with sympathetic insight on Job xix. 23-27, taken in relation to the whole book. Mr. W. H. Simcox gives a helpful paper on the "authentic pictures" (word-pictures) of St. Luke, whose title of painter may, he thinks, have been originally meant in an "ideal" sense, this evangelist being a master of the picturesque style. Mr. F. F. Emerson speaks with force on the teaching of Christ on the use of money.

MR. G. H. POWELL contributes to the *Antiquary* for August an interesting article on Juan Ruis, a Spanish poet of the fourteenth century. It is not easy to judge of poetry through the medium of a translation; but, so far as we can tell from Mr. Powell's version, we should imagine that Ruis is worthy of attention. Dr. Hayman's paper on the Archaeology of Rome will give pleasure to all who have visited the eternal city, whether they agree with him or not. Mr. Bent continues his extracts from Dallan's diary. We can but repeat what we said before—that we are sorry the

spelling is modernised, and trust that the whole of the MS. may be published in a separate form. The Rev. J. H. Thomas continues his extracts and annotations on the parish registers of the Uxbridge deanery. The registers of Hillingdon are evidently of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Edleston's notes and additions to Haines's *Manual of Monumental Brasses* are very serviceable. The two taken together form, we imagine, an almost complete catalogue of these memorials.

THE last number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* (Elliot Stock) deserves notice as containing the first instalment of a number of Gaelic Legends collected in Sutherlandshire by Miss Dempster as long ago as 1859. Only two of them have hitherto been published—in the late J. F. Campbell's *Tales of the Western Highlands*.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BANNING, E. Le partage politique de l'Afrique d'après les transactions internationales les plus récentes (1885 à 1887). Bruxelles: Muquardt. 5 fr.

GUILLON, Ad. Paris qui souffre. Paris: Rouquette. 3 fr. 50 c.

SCHWENK, G. Zur Brendanus-Legende. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.

HISTORY.

LEONIE, X. Pontificatus Maximi regesta. Stabularii Vaticani manuscriptis voluminibus aliteque monumentis collectis et editis J. Hergenroether. Fasc. V.-VI. Freiburg-L-B: Herder. 14 M. 40 Pf.

MONOD, G. Bibliographie de l'histoire de France. Paris: Hachette. 9 fr.

MONUMENTA Germaniæ historica. Ottonis II. diplomata. Hannover: Hahn. 12 M.

SCHERBATOV, Prince. Le Feld-Maréchal Prince Paskévitch: sa vie politique et militaire. St. Petersburg. 15 fr.

SOUBEHIS. Mémoires du Marquis de, sur le règne de Louis XIV., pp. le Comte de Coenac et E. Pontal. T. 8. Janvier 1703-Juin 1704. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.

UNKUNDENBUCH, westfälisches. 5. Bd. 1. Thl. Die Papsturkunden Westfalens bis zum J. 1378, bearb. v. Finke. 1. Thl. Die Papsturkunden bis 1304. Münster: Regensburg. 13 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARVET-TOUVER, O. Les Hieracium des Alpes françaises ou occidentales de l'Europe. Basel: Georg. 4 M.

DIERCKM, G. Ueb. das Verhältnis d. Berkeley'schen Idealismus zur Kantischen Vernunftkritik. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

DIERCKM, H. Karl Rodbertus. Darstellung seines Lebens u. seiner Lehre. 2. Abtlg. Darstellung seiner Socialphilosophie. Jena: Fischer. 4 M. 50 Pf.

FÜRBRINGER, M. Untersuchungen zur Morphologie u. Systematik der Vögel. Amsterdam: T. van Holkema. 75 fl.

GIEYOLL, G. v. Kant u. Schopenhauer. Leipzig: Friedrich. 2 M.

MARBUS, A. Hartmann's Inductive Philosophie im Obassidismus. Wien: Lappe. 3 M.

MÜLLER, J. Pyrenocarpus foenae in Fed. anal. (1884) et supplément (1887) editae. Basel: Georg. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PIOTER, A. La constitution chimique des alcaloïdes végétaux. Basel: Georg. 8 M.

RIVE, L. de la. Sur la composition des sensations et la formation de la notion d'espace. Basel: Georg. 4 M.

SCHMIDT, F. J. Herder's pantheistische Weltanschauung. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 30 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BAHRT, H. D. Samaritaners Margab an die 22 Buchstaben, den Grundstock der hebräischen Sprache anknüpfende Abhandlung. Hrag. übers. u. m. Noten versehen. 1. Hft. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

KAMPHENKAL, O. De Euripidis Phœnissæ capite duo. Berlin: Heinrich. 1 M. 30 Pf.

KLUG, H. Zur Entstehungsgeschichte der Ilias. Köthen: Schulze.

LEIBNER, D. D. Die verbalen Synonyma im Oxforder Texte d. altfranzösischen Rolandliedes. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

MILKAT, F. Die Vellati Paternelli genere diocendi questiones selectae. Königsberg: Nürnberg. 1 M.

SANDERLING, H. Die griechischen Dialekt-Inschriften. 2. Bd. 2. Hft. Die Inschriften v. Kosinthus, Kleonai, Sikyon, Philos u. den korinthischen Kolonien, bearb. v. F. Blas. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 3 M.

SCHÖBER, Ch. Studien zu Vegetius. Erlangen: Metzner. 1 M.

THE BRINK, Bernard. Beowulf. Untersuchungen. Bernburg: Trübner. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BESTIAL ELEMENT IN MAN.

London: August 3, 1888.

"One hesitates to dissent from so great an authority as Sir Richard Burton on all that relates to the bestial element in man." So writes (p. xli., Introduction to the *Fables of Pilpay*), with uncalled for impertinence, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who goes out of his way to be offensive, and who confesses to having derived all his knowledge of my views not from "the notorious Terminal Essay of the Nights," but from an article in Chambers's *Cyclopaedia*. This lofty standpoint of morality was probably occupied for a reason by a writer who dedicates "To my dear wife" a volume rich in *anecdotes grivoises*, and not poor in language the contrary of conventional. However, I suffer from this Maccabee in good society together with Prof. Max Müller (pp. xxvi. and xxxiii.), Mr. Clouston (pp. xxxiii. and xxxv.), Byron (p. xlv.), Theodor Benfey (p. xlvii.), Mr. W. G. Rutherford (p. xlviii.), and Bishop Lightfoot (p. xlix.). All this eminent half-dozen is glanced at, with distinct and several sneers, in a little volume which, rendered useless by lack of notes and index, must advertise itself by the *réclame* of abuse.

As regards the reminiscence of *Homo Darwinianus* by *Homo Sapiens*, doubtless it would *ex hypothesi* be common to mankind. Yet to me Africa is the old home of the Beast fable, because Egypt was the inventor of the alphabet, the cradle of letters, the preacher of animism and metempsychosis, and, generally, the source of all human civilisation.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Athenaeum Club: August 4, 1888.

MR. Hastings Rashdall's letter in to-day's *ACADEMY* illustrates, I venture to think, the dangers of what may be called the Niebuhrian method of writing history. Starting with a bias, one is tempted to accept with indiscriminating gratitude whatever seems to make for one's theories, and to reject the most respectable evidence which conflicts with them. Mr. Rashdall will, I trust, excuse me if my reply to his letter consists mainly in a reference to my previous communication on the subject, and especially to the authorities therein textually set out. My supplementary remarks must be brief.

(I.) Mr. Rashdall began his former letter by postulating, *inter alia*, the invariable origin of universities from a cathedral (or large collegiate) church or from a migration, excluding such other possible influences as—e.g., those of an abbey, or a royal court. He now objects to my describing this generalisation as an "assumption," preferring to call it "an argument from analogy," or "an induction." I need hardly apologise for a term which is repeatedly employed with reference to his own argument by Mr. Rashdall himself in a later paragraph of his letter. On the difference between an "assumption," or "petitio principii," and a confessedly provisional hypothesis, such as has so often played a useful part in the physical sciences, it is unnecessary to dilate.

(II.) But Mr. Rashdall claims for his postulate

"something of the respect due to a hypothesis which enables predictions to be made which are subsequently verified." . . . "Some time ago," he says, "I declared, on the evidence of the analogies of University constitutional history, that Oxford must have risen by migration from Paris. I have since discovered," &c.

Just so. One starts with a theory; and, being on the look-out for evidence to support it, one is easily satisfied with what one finds. In my

previous letter I pointed out the illusory nature of the alleged evidence. We know nothing of the nationality of the students who were expelled from France in 1167. We do not know where they had been studying, or whether they betook themselves. For all we are told, they may have gone to Bologna.

(III.) As to Vacarius, Mr. Rashdall is inveterately persuaded that "John of Salisbury expressly stated that Vacarius taught in Archbishop Theobald's household," or, as he now puts it, that "John of Salisbury mentions the fact of Vacarius teaching in the privacy of the archbishop's household." It is surely a question susceptible of a simple answer, whether John of Salisbury, or indeed any other authority, tells us that Vacarius taught in the archbishop's household. If aye, let the passage be produced. I say it is non-existent.

Mr. Rashdall appears to think that the words—"Leges Romanas quas in Britanniam domus Theobaldi asserverat"—at least imply that Roman law was first taught in England by "some member" of the archbishop's household, and asks me, if the words do not mean this, what they do mean. I should have thought it obvious that the allusion is to the books of the civil law, the possession of which, as John goes on to say, was made illegal. We learn from Gervase that these books (*leges*), together with some pleaders (*causidici*), among whom was Vacarius, were imported by the archbishop's household to assist the archbishop in his struggle for the legateship, which he succeeded in obtaining in 1146.

The forensic employment of Vacarius on behalf of the archbishop, however temporary, is quite enough to account for his being described by John of Salisbury as "noster." The phrase cannot be strained to imply that the two men were colleagues during their joint lives, or in the year 1149, about which date we first hear of Vacarius as a teacher. I should be sorry if we could no longer claim Mr. Rashdall as an Oxford man, because his services have been secured by the University of Durham. If Mr. Rashdall will look again at my former letter, he will find no support for his supposition that my contention is that "Vacarius did not teach at Canterbury." Vacarius may have taught law at Canterbury, or grammar at York, or music in London. What I say is that there is not a particle of evidence that he did any one of these things. I think he taught law at Oxford, because there is good evidence of his having done so. The testimony of Gervase, by the by, is not as Mr. Rashdall represents it, that of "a thirteenth-century writer." Gervase must have been sixty, and had nearly finished writing by the end of the twelfth century.

Mr. Rashdall does me the honour to ask me "how I account for the facts of the case?" My answer is a simple one. I do not account for them at all. *Hypotheses non fingo*. I have no "theory of my own" to serve, but content myself with the humbler office of weighing such evidence as is attainable; and I do so on principles which, apart from technicalities invented for the narrowing of issues and the guidance of juries, are the same for the lawyer, the historian, and the student of physical science. The sum of the evidence as to early Oxford seems to be as follows: There is no trace of a dramatic commencement of the university. We find it fully developed in 1187, but have no means of saying how much earlier this state of things may have existed. There is, however, reliable evidence that lectures were delivered at Oxford on theology in 1133, and on Roman law, to large audiences, in 1149.

If any one is likely to add to these meagre facts it is Mr. Rashdall; and no one would rejoice more in his success than your obedient servant.

T. H. HOLLAND.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

Trinity College, Dublin: Aug. 2, 1888.

I did not see Dr. Whitley Stokes's letter of July 28 till this day, owing to the holidays, otherwise I would have replied in time for your next issue. I trust now to show that he has undertaken to solve a disputed question in ecclesiastical history without a competent knowledge of the subject.

I gave in my letter a number of facts which prove that the Celtic Church did not recognise Papal supremacy. Your correspondent has attempted to grapple only with a single one of them. He has indulged in some carping criticism of my language; but in that course I shall not follow, as historical truth is alone my object. I propose, therefore, to stick to facts and documents. I asserted that no early Celtic doctor or saint of the first two centuries of Celtic Christian history (the fifth and sixth) sought Roman mission or taught Papal supremacy, using that word "supremacy" in the technical sense, of course. I thought, and think still, that Bede's History is quite sufficient evidence on this point. If the early Celtic Church of Great Britain and Ireland admitted Papal supremacy on any question, it would have been upon those of Easter, the tonsure, and baptism. Yet what did the Roman advocate, addressing the Celts, say at the Conference of Whitby, A.D. 664, according to Bede (iii. 25)? (I give my quotations in an English shape. It may not look so learned, but it enables your readers to form their judgment without trouble.)

"But, as for you and your companions, you certainly sin if, having heard the decrees of the Apostolic See you refuse to follow them. And if that Columba of yours was a holy man, yet could he be preferred before the most blessed Prince of the Apostles?"

Yet the Irish party at Whitby did refuse to submit, as they had been refusing to submit to Papal dictation for the previous sixty years. Is it possible they would have done so if this canon which Mr. Whitley Stokes champions was genuine? Is it possible the Roman party would have omitted to quote it and press it if it existed?

But, again, it may be said, this canon might have been in existence and yet not known. Well, here again I can appeal to documentary evidence. In Ussher's *Sylloge* (Works, Elmsington's edition, t. iv., p. 432) we find a most important document bearing on this question. It is the Epistle of Cumman the Irishman to Segienus the Abbot of Iona. Its date lies between 631 and 645. Cumman was a convert gained by the Papal party to their side; and he wrote this epistle to persuade the Abbot of Iona, as the head of the Columban order, to adopt the Roman views on the various questions at issue between them. Its address and opening words are most deferential, quite as much so as those of Columbanus to the Popes. Its learning is very wonderful. Cumman knew the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Decrees of Councils, and the opinions and practices of St. Patrick and of the early doctors of the Irish Church. But he knew nothing of this alleged canon. It is not a case of silence. He maintains the claim of Rome to be the court of final appeal; but he bases that claim not on this forged canon but on the decrees of Sardica, quoting the words of Pope Innocent I. in reference thereto: "If there shall have been greater cases, let them be carried to the head of cities according to the synodical decree." Is it conceivable that if this pretended canon existed Cumman would have ignored it? Such an idea is impossible, for its production would at once have silenced all opposition.

I have done with the pretended canon of St. Patrick, only remarking that the age which produced the forged decretals of the Popes was

quite competent to produce a forged decree of St. Patrick.

Now as to the case of St. Columbanus, which your correspondent thinks a triumphant proof of his contention that the Celtic Church accepted Papal supremacy, let me say a few words upon it. Mr. Whitley Stokes seems to have looked into Fleming's *Collectanea*. His eye was caught by the heading of some letters, which he forthwith proceeded to quote, without taking the trouble to read the letters themselves. It is well, however, in ecclesiastical history to read documents through before one quotes them. The addresses or superscriptions quoted by Mr. Whitley Stokes have absolutely no bearing on the question at issue. If they had been given in full and translated, they would have been seen to be pointless. They are, in fact, mere ecclesiastical verbiage, infinitely surpassed every day by the addresses of Eastern bishops to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But Mr. Whitley Stokes makes a more definite statement, with which one may grapple, when he writes—"A professor of ecclesiastical history ought to know that Columbanus wrote to Gregory the Great, asking him to decide questions as to the calculation of Easter." Now here we have a definite issue. Mr. Whitley Stokes asserts that Columbanus asked Pope Gregory to decide the Paschal controversy, and thus acknowledged his supremacy. I assert that he did no such thing. He did not ask for his decision, but argued and protested against his views in a manner wholly inconsistent with even that temporary and occasional authority to which Mr. Whitley Stokes reduces the Papal supremacy over the Celtic Church. Is the following extract from the letter of Columbanus to Pope Gregory the language of an appellant or a suitor asking for an authoritative decision (I translate from Fleming's *Collectanea*, p. 158):

"Wherefore dost thou so wise observe a dark Easter? I confess I am astonished that this Gallic error has not been long since abolished by you. Unless by chance I am to think, as I can scarcely believe, that it has not been corrected because approved."

He then exhorts the Pope not to fear the charge of novelty in making the necessary changes in the Irish direction, and proceeds:

"Thou art contented with the authority of thy predecessors, and chiefly of Pope Leo. Be unwilling, I pray you, in such a question to trust either to humility or to gravity, which are often deceived. A living dog is, perchance, better in this matter than a dead lion. [*Leone mortuo*, a pun on the Pope's name—Leo.] For a living saint can correct what has not been corrected by another greater man. For know that by our ancient Irish teachers, who were philosophers and most wise calculators, Victorinus was not received but was esteemed worthier of laughter than of authority."

A little further down in this same letter Columbanus urges the authority of St. Jerome as against Victorinus, the Roman oracle, beseeching Gregory not to hold out against such a saint, and intimating plainly enough on which side Columbanus himself would be found if a choice had to be made:

"Spare the weak in this matter, lest you display the scandal of diversity. For I honestly tell you that any one coming in opposition to the authority of St. Jerome will be regarded in the churches of the West as a heretic, and will be rejected; for they hang their undoubting faith on him in all things with respect to Holy Scripture."

Such was the language of Columbanus to Gregory. Assuredly if he believed in Papal supremacy he took a truly Irish way of showing his belief. Readers of the ACADEMY are now sufficient judges whether Columbanus "wrote to Pope Gregory asking him to decide questions concerning Easter." He argued and expostulated with the Pope as I am arguing with Mr. Whitley Stokes, or as Cumman argued with

the Abbot of Iona; but he had as little notion of seeking from the Pope an *ex cathedra* and authoritative decision to guide his own practice as I have of taking Mr. Whitley Stokes's unsupported dictum on the question of the forged canon. I have the greatest respect for his opinion on Sanskrit or Irish; but, when he ventures to determine a disputed question of ecclesiastical history, he must do so on historical, not imaginary, grounds. Comparative philology is one thing; ecclesiastical history quite another.

Let me again ask two questions: (1) If St. Patrick taught that the final court of appeal for the Irish Church in all disputed questions was to be Rome, whence did that Church get its independent notions? (2) Why was not this canon produced in all the controversies of the seventh century, when the Paschal question was thoroughly threshed out in all its aspects?

I shall only add that Mr. Whitley Stokes's insinuation that I am an ultra-Protestant fanatic will be news to all those who know me best.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

Trinity College, Cambridge: August 5, 1888.

It seems to me that Mr. Whitley Stokes has been too ready to accuse the Latin of St. Patrick or his ninth-century scribe (ACADEMY, July 28, p. 55). The words as they stand may be translated:

"Church of Irish—of Romans—in order that you may be Christians as well as Romans, it behoves that at every hour of prayer there be chanted those excellent words—*Κύριε ἐλέησον, Χριστὲ ἐλέησον*."

The difference in meaning between the two renderings is so important that I fully expected some one better qualified than I am would have written to you on the subject. Any man may make a mistake; but it is rather disquieting to find the sense of an important document exactly reversed without a protest from any of the professed students of the subject. If fellow-workers in these obscure fields would apply their energies to helping instead of criticising one another, there would perhaps be more progress and less friction.

FRANCIS JENKINSON.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Cambridge: July 28, 1888.

I was not surprised that Dr. Corssen did not "mean to answer" my reply (ACADEMY, May 26, 1888); and I was amused to find that he had instead to devote himself to an endeavour to refute de Rossi, whom he had announced (ACADEMY, April 7, 1888) as about to refute me in a forthcoming paper. Dr. Corssen's refutation of de Rossi's paper, based on the idea that the Amiatinus picture represents, and the Cassiodorian picture represented, a sort of crasis of tabernacle and temple, will not find many supporters. The suggestion which I made last year (ACADEMY, April 30, 1887) that Cassiodorus had two pictures—one of the tabernacle and one of the temple—is taken up by de Rossi, and maintained by him as the true solution.

I have now seen de Rossi's paper, and it becomes necessary to call attention to Dr. Corssen's announcement in the ACADEMY (April 7, 1888) of what it was to contain. In objecting to my view that the Amiatinus picture is possibly the actual picture which Bede saw, Dr. Corssen says:

"Neither shall I make any use of another argument, which I know will soon be developed with far higher authority and profounder judgment by that great Roman scholar whose never-failing perspicacity and learning discovered at once the birthplace of our famous MS. This concerns the difference between Bede's description of the temple

and the picture in the Codex Amiatinus. Bede says that, according to the picture of Cassiodorus in his *Pandect*, the temple was surrounded with a triple porticus, while in the Codex Amiatinus only a single row of columns is drawn on each side. With good reason Prof. Hort deduces, from the way Bede talks about the picture, that he had seen it himself. This Prof. Browne is inclined to doubt, because Cassiodorus, in his commentary on the Psalter, where he mentions his picture, and to which Bede is also referring, says nothing about the triple porticus."

So far as I am concerned, nothing could be further from the fact than the last statement; for I had, on the contrary, pointed out that the picture was not the temple at all, but the tabernacle, with its single porticus. Where Dr. Corssen got his authority for the statement I am at a loss to imagine. But the most serious thing is the statement of de Rossi's intention to condemn the picture on the ground of the difference between it and "Bede's description of the temple." The statement was so startling that I remarked in reply that I hoped de Rossi would do nothing of the kind, feeling it impossible that he could make the mistake to which Dr. Corssen alludes. De Rossi's words are now published. Referring to the *De Tabernaculo* li. 12, he says:

"Qui Beda giustamente cita la testimonianza di Cassiodoro in *expositio psalmorum*, la quale parla appunto del tabernacolo. La descrizione di Beda conviene alla miniatura Amiatina, eccetto la minuta particolarità del *estium* nella parete dell' altare orientale."

I think it was incumbent upon Dr. Corssen, writing after the publication of de Rossi's paper, and finding it adverse to his view, to say frankly that he had quite misrepresented—however unintentionally—de Rossi's purpose, as he had my words.

De Rossi remarks that the inexactness of the detail about the little door does not agree with the conjecture that this is the actual picture which Bede saw. It certainly does not. But I was well aware that the little door was not there, and I had given the preference to the other horn of the dilemma—Is it more likely that a copyist in or before Bede's time omitted this one detail while giving details of extreme minuteness, or that in this one particular Bede spoke without his book? Dr. Corssen at least cannot object to my selection, for no one has ever charged Bede with such extreme looseness of description as he has been driven to do in maintaining his theory.

As de Rossi is a student of the ACADEMY, I may mention for his information that I sent to the *Guardian* the emendation "*Ceolfriðus Anglorum*" for his "*Ceolfriðus Britonum*," on grounds of quantity, race, and church feeling, some time before Dr. Hort's valuable announcement that the inscription with the words "*Ceolfriðus Anglorum*" was in existence here in MS., and also in print.

G. F. BROWNE.

A NEW ALDHELM GLOSS.

Haarlem, Holland: July 31, 1888.

In an early eleventh-century MS. contained in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral, the text of S. Aldelmi *de Laude Virginitatis* is glossed all over in a contemporary hand. Among these glosses there are some three hundred English ones; the rest are Latin. The English glosses, covering the same ground as those Aldhelm glosses that have been published already (by Wright—Wülcker and Bouterwek) frequently offer only variants in spelling, but in a few cases the words are exceptionally interesting. From my copy of the whole, which I hope to publish at an early date, I extract one gloss, which was recently thought to be wanting.

Prof. Klinge, in the *Englische Studien* xi. 511, has drawn attention to O.E. *doxian* (from the Vercelli-book), as presupposing, along with M.E. *doec*, an Anglo-Saxon adjective *doec*. Klinge indeed postulates a form **duce* only; but although the *doec* of the Ancien Riwle may point to an older *duce*, both M.E. *doec* (see Mätzner in *voc.*), and O.E. *doxian* cause us to expect the form *doec*. As a matter of fact, on fol. 14 of the above-mentioned MS. I find *furva* glossed by *dohx*. There can be no doubt that this spelling, like *aharian* for *ascian*, represents the long-lost adjective.

H. LOGEMAN.

SCIENCE.

"Anecdota Oxoniensia."—*Alphita: a Medico-Botanical Glossary from the Bodleian MS., B. 35.* Edited by J. L. G. Mowat. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

In 1862, Mr. Mowat published the *Sinomoma* from the Breviarum of John Mirfeld, chiefly on account of the material which it contains bearing on the history of English plant-names. The present work is a further addition to the same study.

The *Alphita* is probably one of the works of that ancient civitas *Hippocratio*, Salernum. It consists of a series of notes on the *Antidotarium* of Nicholas of Salernum.

From the time of Hippocrates to the present day among learned physicians two schools of thought as regards their profession have existed. The followers of one school, which may be described as the clinical, devote all their time and thought to the observation of disease at the bedside, and of the body after death. The number of drugs which they employ in treatment is few, and they pay great attention to all the details of nursing and of diet. They look for the indications of treatment in the details of each particular case, and not in any external system of therapeutics. They have always in their minds the remarks of Hippocrates:

Δει δὲ ἐν μέντοι εὐρύτῳ παρέχειν τὰ δόγματα ποικίλτα, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοὺς ποικίλους, καὶ τοὺς ἀπερίστους, καὶ τὰ ἴσθαι.

The other school may be called the systematic, for they who belong to it have a comprehensive general system, and their endeavour is to place each particular patient in his proper compartment in it. The disease thus placed, the explanation of its cause is almost as readily discovered as if medical science were reducible, like numbers, to a series of tables of logarithms. The treatment easily follows. Every symptom has its obvious physiological cause, and its no less obvious remedy acting directly upon it in accordance with well-established physical or physiological laws. This school has a long list of remedial agents, the action of each of which is exactly known, and capable of precise application. These schools both flourish at the present day. The first is apt to shade off into complete scepticism as to the use of drugs, the second sometimes declines into an almost superstitious belief in their power.

It is the circumstance that the best physicians of modern times have belonged to the first school, without wholly neglecting all that may be learned from the second, that makes them so vastly superior as they are to the

physicians of the Middle Ages. A careful study of the *Flos Medicinæ* will show that even at Salernum there were physicians of the clinical school; but the *Alphita*, and the *Antidotarium* of Nicholas, on which it is based, are typical examples of the systematic school. The *Alphita* chiefly deals with the botanical and physical properties of plants, and other therapeutic agents, a long series of which it names and describes. Both French and English glosses occur throughout, e.g., "TURDUS avis est. g. manuys, an. throstele. "FEL TERRE, centaurea idem, gall. et angl. centorye."

Mr. Mowat's notes on the two series of glosses on the *Antidotarium* of Nicholas contained in the *Alphita* are printed at the foot of each page in smaller type. They are more than four thousand in number, representing a dogged perseverance in research highly creditable to the editor, and make the book not only useful to the student of plant-names, but entertaining as occasional reading.

It is to be regretted that the introduction is not somewhat longer; but anyone who peruses the *Alphita* may easily believe that an editor who had spent some time over that work would come to feel that it was an occupation which must be definitely laid aside at some particular moment or resignedly adopted as hard labour for life.

He who wants an occupation may still find one in the elucidation of Nicholas of Salernum and his commentators; and if the labour he undertakes is one likely to be interminable and severe, it will at least begin pleasantly in the clearly printed and judiciously noted pages of Mr. Mowat's book.

NORMAN MOORE.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

A Classified List of all the Simple and Compound Cuneiform Ideographs occurring in the Texts hitherto published. By R. E. Brünnow. Part I. (Leyden: Brill.) This is the first volume of what will be a very valuable work. The best syllabary of the Assyrian characters is still that published in the second edition of Sayce's *Assyrian Grammar* twelve years ago; but so many additions and corrections have to be made to it, in consequence of the increase both of materials and of knowledge, that it is now much behind date. Dr. Brünnow's work, therefore, meets a need each year more felt by students of the cuneiform inscriptions, and when completed it will furnish them with an indispensable aid to the decipherment of the texts. In one respect Dr. Brünnow has improved upon the method adopted by his predecessors. Not content with giving the simple ideographs of the cuneiform system of writing, or those compound ideographs which were read as a single word in Accadian, he has arranged under each simple ideograph a list of the compound ideographs which begin with the simple ideograph in question. He has also wisely confined himself to the characters which are found in the published texts. The individual scholar will be able to supplement them with others he has met with in unpublished inscriptions, or to correct them in cases where he believes the published texts to be faulty. But it is a pity that he has not followed Sayce's example, in always giving a translation of the Assyrian rendering of the ideograph wherever it is known. On the other hand, the references he has added in support of the values assigned to the characters mark a distinct advance on the work of those who have preceded him.

Kabail Vocabulary. By F. W. Newman. (Trübner.) Prof. Newman has supplemented his earlier book on the Kabail or Numidian language of Northern Africa from a work prepared by a Jesuit missionary who had long resided in the country of the "Kabyles." With a rare zeal for science he has published this improved and augmented dictionary at his own expense. His example may possibly induce some of his fellow-countrymen to take up the study of a group of languages which possess a very great interest both on their own account and because of the white race which speaks them. Among the numerous Englishmen who now visit Algeria during the winter months we might expect to find at least one or two to whom the problems presented by the partial similarity of Numidian and Semitic grammar would possess some attraction. To such we would recommend Prof. Newman's handy little volume.

The Ancient History of the Maori, his Mythology and Traditions. By J. White. Vol. i. (Colonial Booksellers' Agency.) We shall look forward to the appearance of the second volume of a work which will prove of great value not only to the special student of Maori customs and history, but to the anthropologist as well. It contains a mine of information, carefully prepared and well arranged by one who has an intimate knowledge of his subject-matter. Mr. White has succeeded in rescuing from oblivion a large part of the poetry and traditional lore which in old days were handed down orally among certain privileged classes of the Maori community. An interesting account is given of the various "schools"—agricultural and astronomical—in which this learning was acquired, and of the ceremonies by which its teaching was accompanied. Unfortunately, a considerable portion of the ancient traditions has perished irrecoverably; but enough remains to throw a welcome light on the origin, habits, and beliefs of the aboriginal population of New Zealand. The first half of Mr. White's volume is occupied with the English translations of the texts which are given in the second half in the original Maori, just as they were taken down. He begins with a description of the curious symbols assigned by the priests to the different gods, together with an explanation of their selection, and then goes on to give the legends relative to the creation, the rebellion of the spirits, the division of heaven and earth, the origin of man, the deluge, and certain gods and divine heroes of Maori belief. Mythologists cannot afford to neglect this unpretending but valuable work.

The Evolution of the Chinese Language as exemplifying the Origin and Growth of Human Speech. By J. Edkins. (Trübner.) Dr. Edkins is well known as a Chinese scholar who has done important work among the dialects of the Celestial Empire, and has also, like Prof. de Laouperis, endeavoured to trace the words of modern Chinese to their original forms. The little book he has just published aims at showing how the sounds and grammar of Chinese have gradually developed, an attempt even being made to fix approximately the periods to which the successive stages of its development belong. Dr. Edkins's practical knowledge of the language, and his long and scholarly labours upon it, give him the right to be heard, though it cannot be denied that too many *a priori* assumptions and premises are mixed up with his arguments and conclusions. Whether the existing elements of language enable us to define the mode in which it arose as clearly as he believes to be the case is a matter open to question. But there can be little doubt that he must be substantially correct in the history he gives of the evolution

of the "tones"—so prominent a feature of modern Chinese—and what he has to say about syntax and the influences exercised upon it from without is well worth attention. Whatever Dr. Edkins writes is suggestive, whether we agree with it or not; and there is a good deal in his present monograph which the student of the science of language cannot afford to neglect.

Geschichte Irans von Alexander dem Grossen bis zum Untergang der Arsaciden. By A. von Gutschmid. (Tübingen: Laupp.) This is a posthumous work which has been edited by Prof. Nöldeke after the death of its author—one of the most learned and eminent of German historical critics. Von Gutschmid had made the earlier history of Persia peculiarly his own, and consequently his account of it from the age of Alexander to the fall of the Arsacids is especially worthy of attention. The work is really an amplified edition of the article written by him for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW INSCRIPTION OF ŚRĪ HARSHA.

London: Aug. 2, 1888.

One of the most important finds which Dr. A. Führer has made during his last working-season is a Śāsana issued by Harsha, the patron of Bāna and of Hiuen Tsiang. This grant, which is dated Samvat i.e. Śriharsha-samvat 25 Mārgaśīrṣa vadi 6 or 631/32 A. D., gives the following record of the donor's ancestors: (1) Mahārāja Naravardhana, married to Vajrinī-devī; (2) their son, Mahārāja Rājyavardhana, a most devout worshipper of the Sun, married to Apasro-devī; (3) their son, Mahārāja Ādityavardhana, a most devout worshipper of the Sun, married to Mahāsenaguptā-devī; (4) their son, Paramabhāṭṭāraka-Mahārājādhīrāja Prabhākaravardhana, a most devout worshipper of the Sun, married to Yasomati-devī; (5) their son, Paramabhāṭṭāraka-Mahārājādhīrāja Rājyavardhana, a most devout worshipper of Buddha, who, after conquering Devagupta and other kings, was treacherously killed in the palace of an enemy; (6) his younger brother, Paramabhāṭṭāraka-Mahārājādhīrāja Harsha, a most devout worshipper of Mahesvara. It disposes of a village in the district of Śrāvastī in favour of two Brahmins, and the donation is made for the spiritual benefit of the donor's parents and elder brother. The *dātaka* or officer entrusted with the execution of the grant is the Mahāpramātri Skandagupta, called a Mahāsāmanta and Mahārāja. The document was written by Gurjara, at the command of the great keeper of the records, Iśvaragupta, a Sāmanta and Mahārāja.

The importance of the information which it furnishes is obvious. A good many of Hiuen Tsiang's and Bāna's statements are confirmed. But the genealogy of the great ruler of Northern India is carried back much further. It also becomes evident that Harsha's father was the first prince of the Vaiśya dynasty who rose to power. Finally, we learn that Rājyavardhana was a Buddhist, and that Harsha himself professed Śaivism as late as the twenty-sixth year of his reign. The latter fact proves that Hiuen Tsiang's story of his early adherence to Buddhism is not worthy of belief.

The full text of the Śāsana will appear in Dr. J. Burgess's *Epigraphia Indica*.

G. BÜHLER.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

DR. E. B. TYLOR intends to bring before the Bath meeting of the British Association, Section H., the lecture which he recently delivered at

Oxford, entitled "A Method of Investigating the Development of Institutions, as applied to Laws of Marriage and Descent." This lecture contains the results of a vast amount of work, leading to the establishment of a definite development of social structure among the human race at large. The author seeks to prove that "the social institutions of man are as distinctly stratified as the earth on which he lives."

In the August number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* the first place is accorded to Prof. Flower's exhaustive paper on the Akka skeletons sent over by Emin Pasha. The paper is accompanied by some excellent illustrations of the skulls. Prof. Flower's Royal Institution Lecture on the Pygmies is reproduced here, and serves to supplement his technical description of the pygmy skeletons. Another paper of importance in the current number is one by Mr. A. W. Howitt, of Gippsland, on the Australian Class-systems—a subject in which Dr. Tylor and Mr. Frazer are much interested.

PROF. SAYCE has contributed to the last number of *Nature* (August 2) a short article on "The White Race of Palestine." He contends that this white race, as shown on the Egyptian monuments and to be discerned by the traveller at the present day, are the Amorites of Scripture; and that they were allied to the ancient Libyans, now the Kabyles of Northern Africa. He would further trace this white race, by the evidence of dolmens, through Spain and France into the British Isles.

PART II. of the *Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1885*—which has only just been received in this country—is mainly devoted to an elaborate memoir on the George Catlin Indian Gallery, now deposited in the United States National Museum. This memoir, which has been compiled by Mr. Thomas Donaldson, consists of 915 closely printed pages, and is illustrated with no less than 144 woodcuts, maps, &c. Besides a catalogue of the collection, there is also given a life of Catlin, an itinerary, and a bibliography. At the end is a summary of the relations between the United States Government and the Indians down to the present time; and a similar statement for Mexico and Canada. The index at the end alone fills twenty pages. The work makes no pretension to grace of literary style; but it forms so valuable a contribution to ethnology that it deserved to be issued in a volume by itself.

THE last number (vol. i., No. 4) of the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*—which may be obtained in this country from Messrs. Trübner—contains a long article upon the Sauras of Madras, illustrated with three indifferent photographs. The Sauras, Savaras, or Sowrahs, are a comparatively small and compact tribe, who inhabit that portion of the Eastern Ghats officially known as the Ganjam Agency. Historically, they are interesting as being presumably identical with the Savri of Pliny and the Sabaræ of Ptolemy; but the statements hitherto recorded about them are extremely vague and conflicting. They are here described from personal knowledge by Mr. F. Fawcett, who was for some time police officer among them, and who seems to have won their confidence. They differ markedly from another hill tribe occupying an adjoining portion of the same tract—the Khonds or Kois, who speak a Dravidian dialect; and they seem to be the most southern offshoot of the Kolarian stock. Mr. Fawcett dwells upon their comparatively light colour, and their Mongolian features. He also gives a vocabulary of their terms of relationship. The most interesting part of his paper is the elaborate description of their funeral ceremonies, which

are entirely based upon the necessity for propitiating the spirit of the deceased. It is noteworthy that the Sauras are not nomadic hunters, but industrious cultivators dwelling in permanent villages.

SCIENCE NOTES.

It is curious to note that the demand for chemical preparations containing the rare metals zirconium and thorium, for use in the Welsbach incandescent light, has led to a remarkably successful search for minerals yielding these substances. Mr. G. F. Kunz has lately stated to the New York Microscopical Society that in the United States exploration for these mineralogical rarities has been so successful that the collectors have procured the extraordinary quantities of twenty-five tons of zircon, ten tons of monazite, six tons of cerite, thousands of pounds of samarskite, and tons of allanite.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of *The Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Extracts from a Life of the Buddha (*Pu yao king*)," by Prof. S. Beal; "A Buddhist Repertory" (continued), by Prof. C. de Harlez; "The Cone-Fruit of the Assyrian Monuments" (concluded), by Dr. J. Bonavia; "Wheat carried from Mesopotamia to Early China," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Calligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" — (National Gallery)—also MR. KEELEY HALSWELL'S "October Woodlands"—(Grosvener Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, Messrs. DOWDESWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

ART BOOKS.

A Renaissance of the Irish Art of Lace-Making. With Notes, &c., by A. S. O. (Chapman & Hall.) This modern pattern-book, as A. S. O. calls it, illustrates a valuable and interesting movement in Ireland to encourage the making of various kinds of "real" or hand-made lace, delicate in fabric and fine in design. As of old, the convents foster the gentle handicraft. We gather from the notes that the nuns of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare; of the Carmelite Convent, New Ross; of the Presentation Convent, Youghal; of the St. Vincent's Convent of Charity, Cork; and of the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, teach and supervise it. Some of the patterns given are designed by nuns. They are all beautiful and varied in character, comprising designs for "point," "embroidery," "cut work," "drawn thread work," "pillow," and "crotchet." It is to be hoped that the "renaissance" will flourish; and it should be added that the designs are some of those made for a committee started in 1884 to obtain new patterns for the Irish lace industry. The present very influential committee consists of about forty, under the presidency of the Marchioness of Londonderry. We recommend this little book to the attention of all who are interested in lace or in Ireland.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Collections of Tapestry and Embroidery in the South Kensington Museum. By Alan S. Cole. (Chapman & Hall.) The South Kensington collections of tapestry and embroidery are so interesting and valuable that a catalogue of them has for a long time been a desideratum. It is nearly twenty years since Dr. Rock's catalogue of textile fabrics was published, with its excellent introduction; and it is difficult to excuse or explain the delay which has elapsed in con-

tinuing it. It was not till 1885, apparently, that Mr. Alan Cole was intrusted with the preparation of the present book; and he has taken ample time in bringing it to completion, especially if we regard the quality of the result. The descriptions of the different items are full, and appear to have been done with much care; but the introductions to the various sections, though they contain some useful information, are far from satisfactory. Mr. Alan Cole does not possess the gift of clear exposition; and his attempt to explain technical matters, such as the difference between loom and tapestry weaving, while useless to the expert, will be almost unintelligible to any one else. What is the quality of his teaching on general principles of art may be judged from the following extracts:

"Ornamental effects of embroidery vary according to the character and skill of the people practising the art, and bear a relationship to the method of their expression similar to that which connected sense and its refinements do to the mere faculty of utterance by voice or by signs."

"Skill is evidently not the peculiar attribute of any one set of people at any one time. In its few and most perfect productions it marks the individual; whilst an ampler display of an average degree of skill emanates from groups or bodies of workers, following leaders, making few, if any, departures of their own accord."

"From the beginnings of, and up to different climaxes in, man's art to make ornament, the results have been varied, reflecting phases of ingenious [*sic*] and conventional treatment influenced by degrees of imagination and feeling. These results or patterns consist of marks and shapes arranged singly or in groups within a certain space, sometimes with, and at other times without, regard to the particular limitations of the space. A picture may be regarded as a panel of pattern."

It is not creditable to the authorities at South Kensington that such poor thoughts as these so clumsily expressed should be found in a handbook issued by the British Government for the instruction of the people. Unfortunately also, the classification of this fine collection is anything but intelligent. The different objects are not arranged historically, or chronologically, or technically, or artistically. The embroideries are first divided into two sections—one of embroideries applied to costume, and another of articles of "use other than costume"—a division at once arbitrary and inconvenient. The student of ecclesiastical embroidery will have to look under one section for copes and chasubles, and under the other for frontals and chalice veils. The next and last division is into objects—caps and bands, borders and shoes—without distinction of place or date of production, so that a student of the art of the sixteenth century, or of Italian work, would have to look through the whole book and extract items from nearly every page. The classification would seem to have been devised solely in the interest of that class of collectors who devote themselves to gathering together every possible variety of the same article. To such persons it will be no doubt a fact of the first importance to learn that the South Kensington Museum possesses only one pair of trousers, twelve and a half pair of gloves, and four chemises.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

IN spite of the neglected state of the National Portrait Gallery—neglected, we mean, by the government, not by the nation, or by its own trustees and officials—its thirty-first annual report, which has just reached us, shows a fair list of additions to the collection. The works added by donation during the past official year are twenty in number, including portraits of

Warren Hastings, by A. W. Davis; of Harlow, by Jackson; of Nelson, by Acquarone, after Guzzardi (the gift of the Sultan of Turkey); and busts of Gray the poet, attributed to Bacon; and of Darwin, Lord Lawrence, Prof. Henry J. S. Smith, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, by Boehm, the three first-named being the gift of the sculptor. The purchases, owing to the scanty funds at the disposal of the trustees (partly the result, still, of their most wise prodigality at the Hamilton Palace sale of six years ago) are only three in number—portraits of Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Hope Grant, by his brother, Sir Francis; of Mrs. Sarah Trimmer, by Henry Howard; and of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, by Michael Dahl.

The report also officially records the fact—already indicated in the second of Mr. Scharf's valuable letters in the *Times* upon "Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots"—that the Fraser-Tytler portrait, formerly titled, somewhat tentatively, with the name of that monarch, is now believed to represent her mother, Mary of Lorraine, Queen of James V.; and it is suggested that the heraldic shield, quartering France and Scotland, which appears on a tree-branch to the left in the picture, "instead of referring to the person represented, might indicate those from whom her power (as Regent of Scotland in 1560) was derived."

In this connexion we should be interested to learn whether any use of heraldic bearings precisely parallel to that here supposed can be adduced in confirmation of this view of the case; and, further, whether the opinion of experts—experts, we mean, in the very technical matters of repaintings and restorations—has yet been definitely pronounced upon the shield itself. The inaccurate blazoning of the bearings, the transposition of the tinctures in the Scottish quarter (lion and treasure there being *or*, and field *gules*) throws a strong doubt upon this part of the picture. The great artistic excellence of the portrait proves that its unnamed painter must have been one of the most thoroughly accomplished artists of his time in the north, and one, in consequence, accustomed to work for princes; and it seems hardly credible that such a man could have been ignorant of the true marshalling of the two tinctures which appear in the royal shield of Scotland—then, as even now, one of the best known of heraldic achievements. Again, if we could believe that the painter had inadvertently blundered, could the portrait have remained in the possession of any royal or noble person in all Europe—and for some such person it must have been executed—without the prompt correction of the heraldic anomaly, one so obvious and so easy of correction? May the shield not be a later insertion in the picture, introduced with the fraudulent design of guaranteeing, by the addition of Mary Stuart's shield, the saleable value of the portrait as that of the ever popular Scottish Queen—in entire ignorance of the fact, which now seems sufficiently established, that the work represents her mother, an authentic portrait of whom is much rarer and quite as valuable?

OBITUARY.

FRANK HOLL.

IN Mr. Frank Holl—who died last week at but three-and-forty years old—we have lost the most continuously forcible of our living portrait painters; a man who, in his own way, according to his lights, tried to be of the succession of Velasquez and of Frans Hals. He was not an ample, a varied, or a flexible colourist; and this, which had told against him in that imaginative and anecdotal work with which he began—this which had induced him,

we should say, to be somewhat wearisome in his adherence to the trappings and the suits of woe—told against him, to some extent, to the end. It prevented him from endowing with even one touch of Venetian charm his full-length portraits of men of state and ceremony; and it caused him to defer that effort to paint an attractive woman which, it seems, it was always on his mind, sooner or later, to undertake. But his grasp of character was so strong, his presentation of it so indubitable, and his acceptance as a portrait-painter so general, not to say universal, that he was monstrously over-employed. He was one of the two or three men who could furnish provincial corporations or ambitious private persons with the advantage of "a name," and many people resorted to him who really appreciated little the sterling qualities of his art. An obvious refinement and elegance—the cheap resource of the purely fashionable portrait painters—he never would obtain at the cost of that which they can never secure, that is to say, vitality. If he had worked not so hard, and had exercised greater freedom in refusing to paint the portraits of men who could hardly have interested him, he might have gained, during these last few years, an even greater place than can now be accorded him. We doubt if he made quite the best of himself; but it is impossible to say a word in his dispraise when, at the early age of three-and-forty, he has paid the penalty of over-production, and when he has left us portraits of the masterly finish of the "Lord Spencer," and of the masterly breadth of the "Sir William Jenner" and the "Duke of Cleveland." Sir John Millais, in his best portraiture, is somewhat inspired; Mr. Onless is a thorough-going workman; Mr. Harkomer is experimental; Mr. Carter is very solid; Mr. Cope refined; Mr. Shannon extremely brilliant. But Mr. Holl's loss will continue to be felt severely, whatever these men may do. He took his own line, and no one whom he leaves behind can quite take it for him.

LATE as it is, the death of Rajon, the etcher, must be chronicled, though with brevity. He was six and forty years old. He had worked latterly much in America, and was far from being unknown in London; but his fame was won by his earlier labours in Paris, where his etchings, especially after certain of the Dutch masters, were highly esteemed. Though it may be quite true that Rajon was not the equal of Jacquemart, inasmuch as Jacquemart, though a perfect craftsman at need, saw things absolutely for himself, and, in his etchings of porcelain especially, gave a soul to pure matter, yet it must be admitted that Rajon's best successes—such as his "Courtyard of a Dutch House," after De Hooch, and an etching after a Metu, of a woman at a spinnet—establish his claim to very high rank. And, though in his latter days he laboured but indifferently, he can never cease to be regarded as a fine interpreter of many pictures which required for their due presentation in black and white a richness, a tonality, denied as a rule to line engraving, and which only the resources of the much warmer, more cordial, more impulsive art of etching suffered him to compass.

A NEW HITTITE MONUMENT IN ISAURIA.

WE quote from vol. iii. of the *Papers* of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens (pp. 164-166) the following account, by Dr. J. R. Sitlington Sterrett, of his discovery of a new Hittite monument at Fasilier, not far from the site of Lystra, in Isauria:

"At Fasilier I had the good fortune to discover

one of those prehistoric monuments that have of late been called Hittite or Cappadocian. It is a fellow to the celebrated sculptures at Beghazkendi, Maytik, and Gisar Kaleli, and belongs to the same period as the monument of Ellistun Pufar, recently published in the *American Journal of Archaeology* (vol. II., 1886, p. 49 sqq. and plate; see also the *Revue Archéologique* for May 1885). The monument is an immense monolith stele, which now lies prone on its back, so that the sculptures can easily be seen, and drawn by a draughtsman (which I unfortunately am not, and hence I could only make a rough drawing in outline); but a photograph giving a full-face view can be obtained only by erecting a scaffold over the stone. This is next to impossible, since the necessary lumber cannot be obtained in this neighbourhood. This stone is so large that it cannot be lifted without elaborate machinery.

"The stele contains the figures of two men and two lions in very high relief. Occupying the centre of the stone at the bottom is an erect human figure, clothed in a gown which drapes the whole figure to the ground. The hands are clasped on the breast, with the chin touching the hands. The position of the hands brings to mind the fact that the great mother Cybele is represented in early art with her hands on her breasts, supporting or offering them. But the hands of this figure are simply clasped on the breast, and the figure is most probably that of a man. His headdress seems to be a helmet, whose crest strongly resembles the Bavarian *Reube*, only it is very much exaggerated, and is four-cornered instead of being round. As the figures are represented in full face, this crest is in very high relief, and projects 0.67 m. from the face of the stone. The mouth of this figure is open; the ears and eyes are very large.

"On either side of this figure there stands a lion, full face, and in very high relief. The lions are about as tall as the man without his crested helmet. The legs of the lion are not divided; i.e., the curvatures alone are indicated, but the mass of stone between the legs has not been dug away.

"Above the figure just described is a second figure, unmistakably that of a man *striding forwards*. His left foot is forward, and supports the whole weight of the man. This foot rests fairly and squarely on the top of the crest of the helmet of the lower figure. The artist did not deem it necessary to chisel out the feet; indeed they are not even indicated in outline, probably for the reason that they could not be seen when the stele was standing erect and in position. The legs are merely straight lines. The right hand is raised aloft, and holds a round object, with something projecting from it vertically on the right side from the standpoint of the spectator. Under his left arm he holds a large object, which projects 0.75 m. from the face of the stone, and is 0.45 m. in diameter. This object reaches to his feet, but diminishes in size and relief, until at the feet the relief is very slight. On his head he wears a grand tiara, with four divisions or bosses.

"The whole height of the stele is 7.23 m.; width of stele at bottom, 2.75 m.; width of stele at top, 1.65 m.; thickness of stele at top, 0.83 m. The bottom of the stele is buried, and its bottom thickness cannot be ascertained without digging.

[Here follow measurements of the two figures, and of the lions.]

"At Tchaush, a village about one hour distant from Fasilier, I bought a circular seal, which is engraved on the two convex sides, and has the string-hole, as in Assyrian and Babylonian cylinder seals. The stone is soft, the workmanship rude, but the seal is of undoubted antiquity. On the one side it is not easy to make out what the original design was; but the other side is distinct, and represents in rude intaglio the figure of a man with an ox's head, and shoes with turned-up toes. Around about this figure are various symbols unknown to me.

"From this description of the stele and the seal it will be seen that we have to do with elements and attitudes already familiar in Hittite or Cappadocian art: a person supporting another one on his head; the high tiara; lions grouped along with men. The character of the seal and the pointed shoes of the ox-headed man seem to make it clear that it is a work of the same civilisation and the same art as the stele."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE council of the Royal Academy have unanimously agreed that a principal feature of the next winter exhibition at Burlington House shall consist of a representative selection of the works of the late Frank Holl.

SIR CHARLES NEWTON has resigned the Yates professorship of archaeology at University College, London. Candidates for the vacant chair should send in their applications by November 1. The appointment may be made for five years. The endowment amounts to £450 per annum, in addition to a share of fees; but the professor may be required to provide stipends for assistant lecturers.

IN reply to a question from Mr. Howarth in the House of Commons last week, Sir James Fergusson (under-secretary of state for foreign affairs) stated that the Egyptian government had appointed a special committee to consider the continuous and deplorable destruction of the ancient monuments in the Nile Valley by travellers and others. This committee had recommended the levy of a small fee for seeing the antiquities, which would also help to augment the sum at present available for their preservation.

A PRIVATE view of the prizes selected by the Art Union of London for the year 1888 will be held on Monday next, August 13, in the galleries of the society, 112 Strand.

DR. BINION, of Johns Hopkins University, is engaged upon the preparation of a handsomely illustrated work, to be called *Ancient Egypt*; or, *Misraim*. Its aim is to give a popular account of the language, religion, manners and customs, art and sciences, temples and monuments of the ancient Egyptians. It will be illustrated with 144 full-page engravings, reproduced—some of them in colours—from the great *Description de l'Egypte* of the French savants who took part in Napoleon's expedition (1798), Rosellini's *Monumenti*, Lepsius's *Denkmäler*, &c. The work will be issued, in twelve portfolios, by the American Polytechnic Company, of Buffalo, at the subscription price of 150 dollars (£30).

THE Cotman Catalogue—issued by the Norwich Art Circle—is already, we hear, out of print and at a premium. Four hundred copies have been issued, and the Circle has wisely determined not to seek to meet the further demand by the publication of the lithographs in an inferior condition. We drew attention, a few weeks ago, to the exceptional excellence of this catalogue. We are glad it has been appreciated. Mr. Reeve's Memoir of Cotman, and the collection of lithographs by members of the Circle after Cotman's drawings, have indeed made it of peculiar value. But all the Norwich Art Circle Catalogues are well executed. The "Thistle," which lately came into our hands, is extremely good.

THE Society of Arts offers prizes to art workmen for the session 1888-89 in pottery, stone-carving, wrought iron-work, and goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work. The prizes in the last class are presented by the Goldsmiths' Company, and are for a cup or sugar basin of beaten silver, chased or otherwise, and a pendant brooch or locket of gold without gems. Nineteen prizes are offered in the class of pottery, four in the class of stone carving for the capital of a column, and three for a wrought-iron grille. All articles for competition must be sent in to the Society of Arts rooms before April 23, 1889.

THE STAGE.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

SOME people stayed in town—and some, who had left, returned to town—to be present, on Saturday evening, at the "first" of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Expectation was highly wrought. It was felt to be an event. The story had been talked about immensely; and the actor already a good deal. Few things that have appeared of late years have tested men's minds so much as Mr. Stevenson's famous allegory. Unlike the more purely popular successes of Mr. Rider Haggard, it was possible to hold so many different opinions about it. Mr. Haggard can furnish sensations and, very probably, can construct stories. Mr. Stevenson can do so much more. He can write perfect English; he can practise an art; he can be humorous; he can be pathetic; his sensationalism is a mere bait for the general; he has not a trace of the Academic; not a trace of the cheap—he can go to the bottom of things. I pity, therefore, the person who finds his chief interest in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* to consist in the plot. Its greatest interest is in its broad and tolerant humanity; its subtle discrimination; its liberal judgment; its originality of literary expression. Of these, its finest qualities, I do not think Mr. Sullivan's stage version—in which Mr. Richard Mansfield is now appearing—has retained quite as much as might have been retained. But there are different points of view from which a man may dramatise narrative fiction; and Mr. Sullivan's view has probably been that the tale itself was thoroughly known, and that on the stage action must take the place of both psychology and style. On boards devoted of old to the "psychological problem"—on boards that first saw Mr. Irving in "The Bells"—the "psychological problem" is all but ignored. The dialogue of the play is not bad at all; but the first comer, however intelligent, does not write as well as Mr. Stevenson.

Tempting as the notion must have been to an actor to represent at one moment Dr. Jekyll, the suave and the refined, and Edward Hyde, the brutal and the devilish, it was nevertheless apparent that Mr. Stevenson, as far as stage purposes were concerned, had but furnished a conception for a play. Much more was wanted. At all events, a love interest was wanted. A Sir Danvers Carew—a blameless gentleman whom Edward Hyde murders—was accordingly furnished with a daughter, and Dr. Jekyll loved that daughter. He is her accepted suitor when the play opens, and there is quite a pretty little love scene. As a lover, serious and impassioned, Mr. Mansfield makes a good impression; but as the Dr. Jekyll of Mr. Stevenson's fancy, he is—albeit interesting—thoroughly inadequate. I do not beat about the bush in this particular at all. There is no need for mincing matters. Mr. Mansfield is going to be praised—and praised with cordiality—later on; but not for his Dr. Jekyll. He makes him likeable, it is true; he makes him thoroughly sympathetic—and this is very near to praise—but he does not give us the Dr. Jekyll of Mr. Stevenson. He gives us, *tout bonnement*, a well-bred, well-meaning young man; but no one with a trace of Dr.

Jekyll's distinction, Dr. Jekyll's authority. And to this extent that contrast is a little weakened which it is his business to establish between the two sides of the same personality. The contrast between the good and evil remains, it is true; but Mr. Stevenson's artistic touch had made another contrast than that—a contrast quite as much material as moral; at one moment the highest type of the West-end physician, at another the lowest of I know not what brute and debauchee. A more delicate character-actor than Mr. Mansfield would have given us not what Mr. Mansfield gives us—the pleasant, well-intentioned young man—but the man of science and society who entertains in Harley Street, a performance of diabolical realism, contrasting more finely with the rougher and more dominating realism of the Edward Hyde. But, then, this delicate character-actor—Mr. Hare, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, shall I say at a venture?—men, at all events, who study from the life, who observe the model *de près*—this delicate character-actor would presumably have failed in that bolder portraiture wherein Mr. Mansfield has succeeded completely. Who else could have acted Edward Hyde as Mr. Mansfield acts him? It is a creation. It is impish, it is uncanny, it is supernatural. It is the very devil arrived on the Lyceum stage. The change of voice, and of delivery of the voice, is in itself remarkable. Mr. Mansfield's Dr. Jekyll, if not the man of Harley Street, is, at all events the young man of the period, with utterance measured and modulated; the humane and self-controlled young man. Suddenly his Mr. Hyde sweeps across the stage—a very gust of ugly passion—his countenance a warning; his gait an alarm; his voice a threat.

We will not go together through the play, scene by scene. I have established the distinction, have insisted enough upon Jekyll's inadequacy, upon Hyde's triumph. The first act ends with a moment of such extraordinary power that it is difficult for the second act not to be a little disappointing. Still, we have weird times in it. In the third the interest of the story is at all events maintained. The fourth is, in some respects, the most continuously effective, and must be described somewhat more particularly. The scene of it is Dr. Jekyll's laboratory. It is very nearly monologue. Dr. Lanyon comes in for a few minutes to assist and encourage Dr. Jekyll if he can, and he grants him a sight of the woman whose father Hyde has murdered and whom accordingly he may not marry, and the end is approaching. Dr. Jekyll is without the means any longer to baffle and defer the final self-assertion of that part in him which is devilish and bestial. He awaits with varying phases of horror the advent, or the change. Hyde is again to re-endow with his hated and loathsome personality what had been, for years of respectability and well-doing, revered as Dr. Jekyll. Dr. Jekyll ceases; Mr. Hyde remains. And it is as Mr. Hyde that the actor places to his lips the poisoned draught by which alone the gallows are averted, and the murderer rests unpunished by the law. He had wished that Agnes Carew might look upon his face in death as a face that had been dear to her. What she does look at—what grovels on the floor—is the face of a being in

comparison with whom Quilp had been comely and Mephistopheles had made for righteousness.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

Mr. PINERO's "Sweet Lavender" will be played for the 150th time at Terry's Theatre on Tuesday evening next, August 14. Mr. T. C. Valentine, stage manager at Terry's, will sail for America early next month to produce the piece at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

MUSIO.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A Popular History of Music. By James H. Matthew. (Grevel.) Some histories are planned on too large a scale to be popular, while others fail in this respect by reason of being dry. Our author tries to steer clear both of the Scylla of diffuseness and of the Charybdis of dulness; and on the whole he has succeeded. The subject is such a large one that a small book must be weak in places. Mr. Matthew follows common tradition in speaking of Gregory as continuing the work of Ambrose; whereas Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, in the third volume of his interesting History of Music, has shown to what a great extent the two systems were opposed. Our author attributes to Gregory the use of the letters of the Latin alphabet for the notation of his melodies, but they appear to have been first employed in Guido's time. And he tells us that for Gregory also has been claimed—on doubtful grounds—the system of musical notation known as Neumes. He is right to say "on doubtful grounds," for the Neumes appear to be but a developed form of the Armenian characters, while these in their turn seem to have been evolved from the tone-marks of Aristophanes, the grammarian. Again, Mr. Matthew tells us that the monk John Cotton was the first to attempt the explanation of the term *organum*, by calling attention to the resemblance which this style of singing had to the sounds of the organ. But Huchald himself says that the style is seen "promptius in musicis instrumentis." Mr. Matthew says the name "virginal" is supposed to have been given to the spinet in honour of Queen Elizabeth; but the name is known to have been in use before Elizabeth's time. Our author, on arriving at the eighteenth century, finds it difficult to do justice to the musical giants Bach and Handel. It is scarcely enough to say of Bach's Mass in B minor that it is "a work of great power and elaboration." He might, without any fear of exaggeration, have put the adjective in the superlative degree. He keeps to the popular "Good Friday" date of Handel's death, in spite of the important letter of Mr. James Smyth, noticed by Mr. Rocketto. Mr. Matthew's book is rendered particularly interesting by the large number of illustrations, consisting of portraits, musical instruments, and facsimiles of rare and early musical typography. The work only brings us down to the time of Mozart. Mr. Matthew will, doubtless, give us one day, in similar form, the musical history of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Motet for Forty Voices. By T. Tallis. Edited by A. H. Mann. (Weekes.) The father of English cathedral music could show his cleverness either on a small or on a large scale. His "Evening Hymn" Canon is an example of the one, the forty-part Motet, now before us, of the other. It would be impossible in a few words to give an adequate idea of the ingenuity of this piece of music. The forty parts are real

parts. There are eight five-voice choirs. Sometimes only two or three choirs are employed; but now and again all combine, and the effect in performance must be very striking. Monotony of tonality may not always be avoided; for, of course, in such intricate writing there must be long-dwelling on one harmony; but the most varied and skilful counterpoint helps to sustain the interest. The octavo score can only get twenty parts on a page, so that the reading is somewhat inconvenient. To judge properly of the effect the Motet must be heard.

Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 79. (Novello.) Mr. E. T. Driffild contributes the last movement of his Sonata in G. It is a fugue, and contains inversion augmentation, quadruple counterpoint, close stretto. In fact the writing is clever; but it is also a bit dry. Mr. H. R. Jackson's Easy Postlude in D is, in spite of weak points, rather a good piece. Why does the composer write E sharp instead of F natural at the end of the middle line of the last page? This notation is neither rational nor convenient. Mr. Gower's "Voluntary" and Mr. Crapper's "Prayer," are short and unimportant pieces. Dr. Spark's "Postlude" is bright and vigorous.

Hymns and Anthems. By Eliza Flower. (Novello.) The composer is known for her "Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels," and for her part-song (included in this collection), "Now pray we for our country." No one can read through this volume without perceiving that Miss Flower possessed considerable musical and, we may add, religious feeling. But her technical skill does not show itself in equal proportion; and hence the writing is not always satisfactory. She is at her best in "He prayeth best," "Beneath this starry arch," and "What's hallowed ground." It is a pity that the page numbers in the table of contents do not agree with the pages of the music.

Valse Caprice, Air de Ballet, Automne, and Sérénade. By C. Chaminade. (Enoch Frères.) Mlle. Chaminade, a young composer of promise, is well known in Paris. She has written, besides pianoforte pieces, an opera and some concerted music. A trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, written by her, was announced for performance by Mr. C. Hallé at his last series of recitals; it was, however, withdrawn. All the pieces mentioned above are written with skill and elegance, and in the hands of good players would prove effective. The showy "Air de Ballet" and the pleasing "Sérénade" have already become popular. Mlle. Chaminade has also composed an exceedingly graceful Madrigal for mezzo-soprano, which has been set to English words by Mr. Clifton Bingham.

The Months. Sketches for Piano by Erskine Allon. (London Music Publishing Company.) Twelve short pieces, each one of which bears the title of one of the months of the year. How far the composer prefers one month to another we know not, but some of the numbers are much better than others. The most pleasing are June and July. There is clever writing in all; but there are drawbacks—dull and even commonplace moments.

Of six songs by the same, Nos. 4 and 5 ("Aubade" and "Sweetheart") are pretty and graceful.

To Myra, Friend Sorrow, Love's Memories, and The Mad Lover's Song. By A. W. Batson. (Novello.) These four songs are simple—nay, somewhat old-fashioned in style. For their effect they would depend much on the interpreter. We consider *Friend Sorrow* the most interesting of the four.

Six Short and Easy Pieces. For Pianoforte. By E. A. Sydenham. (Novello.) The com-

poser wrote these expressly for the use of young children, and points out that the compass for the right hand is within the octavo. But why, we would ask, is the compass for the left hand so frequently beyond the octave? The pieces themselves are very pleasing.

The Autumn is Old, The Autumn Skies are Flushed with Gold, and Dieu qui sourit et qui donne. Songs by H. F. Jones. (Weekes.) The first is quaint and original; the second commences well, but in the second page the accompaniment becomes commonplace; the third is simple and, in its way, effective. Surely in p. 1, third bar from the end, B natural would have been more suitable than B sharp.

Memories, Consolation, Mélodie-nocturne, and Poème Idyllique. By R. Goldbeck. (E. Ash-down.) The first is a concert étude, and, in its way, brilliant. The second is a quiet, easy, and effective little piece. The third and fourth are of moderate difficulty, but more commonplace than "Consolation."

Mid the Lilies. By Otto Schweizer. (Pater-son & Sons.) A graceful and well-written trio for female voices.

Soldier rest! thy Warfare o'er. By Dr. J. C. Bridge. The familiar lines of Walter Scott are here set to most expressive music. A good effect is produced by very simple means. It is an unaccompanied part-song for male voices.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

WE understand that Signor Romili intends to produce Handel's first (Italian) Oratorio, "La Resurrezione" during the coming winter. According to the writer of the article "Oratorio" in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, the work has never yet been performed, though the editors of the Leipzig edition state that it was produced at Rome in 1708. However that may be, the work possesses some features of great interest, and its production (or revival) will be very welcome.

PRIVATE band rehearsals will be held in London at St. George's Hall, on August 20, 21, 22, and 23, of Dr. Parry's Oratorio "Judith," and of Dr. Bridge's Cantata "Cal-lirhœ," which are to be produced for the first time at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

AGENCIES.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

No. 850, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Political Essays. By James Russell Lowell. (Macmillan.)

WITH but a single exception, these essays were written during the years 1858 to 1866, and relate either to the American Civil War, or to incidents directly connected with that war—the Presidential election of 1860, General McClellan, President Johnson, Reconstruction, and so forth. The concluding paper discusses "The Place of the Independent in Politics," in an address given before the Reform Club of New York on April 13 of the present year. This address may be said to supply the key to the character of the whole work. In the "Prefatory Note," Mr. Lowell says he has been often urged to reprint the articles which form the bulk of the volume; but, he adds,

"I have steadily refused to do what was asked of me, because the greater part of what is here gathered together seemed to me to have mainly a polemic value contemporaneous with the date at which it was written. I have (I know not how wisely) allowed myself to be persuaded that there was also in these papers a certain historical interest as recalling aspects of our politics which, perhaps, it may be useful not wholly to forget. In looking at them again, after so long an interval (for the latest of them is more than twenty years old), it gratifies me to find so little to regret in their tone, and that I was able to keep my head fairly clear of passion when my heart was at boiling-point."

Mr. Lowell's insisting friends were right, and he, until he allowed himself to be persuaded, was wrong; for the essays he has reprinted are important, not alone for their historical interest—which is considerable—but still more because they show so clearly the attitude and the tone of "the independent in politics" at the time of the great national crisis. The men of the study were then called to mingle in public affairs and to apply their principles to the pressing needs of the hour; and they did mingle in affairs and proved that their principles were sound, giving direction and dignity to the war which would otherwise have been no more than a war of factions. All this is not only interesting but instructive. It has a lesson for Englishmen as well as for Americans, if they choose to learn it. That "men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong" was never more clearly demonstrated than in the American Civil War.

All of us are acquainted with some men and women who regard politics as entirely out of their sphere of interest, and accordingly do not take the trouble to know what goes on in the political world, or at the most are contented with very superficial knowledge indeed. Some of these persons attach themselves, in name, to one party or

another, and vote when the occasion comes with the Liberals or Conservatives, as the case may be. Others stand aside from all parties, rather incline to think their ignorance a merit, and are satisfied that the government of the country should proceed as it may, without regard from them. It is not always carelessness that causes this inaction. Some stand apart from politics because they deliberately believe that politics are undeserving of the attention of serious persons. They point to the want of sincerity which so often marks party strife, to the mere struggle to win at any cost and regardless of justice, and to the way in which personal interests are put foremost, and persons are preferred to principles. For themselves, they do not care which party dominates affairs. On the whole, they think the party in opposition—whichever it may be—is the best, for, in its irresponsible way, it does, at least, lay down fine principles of conduct, even though, when its own hour of triumph comes, it may choose to forget all about them. Such neglect is, however, wrong. Under a despotism, if it be not oppressive, a quiet assent to the manner of government may be neither unnatural nor unreasonable; but, in a democracy such as ours, where the people have taken to themselves the ruling power, they ought individually to see that their own interests, and the interests of others which they hold in trust, are properly guarded. In Mr. Lowell's words: "Nothing can absolve us from doing our best to look at public questions as citizens, and, therefore, in some sort as administrators and rulers" (p. 18). A despotic ruler who neglects the interests of his people is properly blamed, and, if he does not amend his ways, is sometimes killed or deposed. The people, in taking to themselves his functions, take also his responsibilities. For every bad law which is allowed to disgrace the statute-book, and for every maladministration of a good law, each citizen in a democracy is responsible. Though government in this country is by deputy, it must never be forgotten that those who appoint the deputies are accountable for their behaviour.

No doubt, for the most part, political questions are trivial. Personal or party success, points of narrow expediency are too often at the root of them. At any rate, it occurs only once in a generation, or perhaps only once in a century, that they centre round a great moral principle. The presidential election of 1860 was one of these rare occasions. The slave-power had long been ascendant. There is no reason to doubt that its upholders were honest and conscientious. They upheld it because they knew no better; but they ruled the conscience of the North. Men there, who did know better, dared not to utter their convictions. The upholders of the system of slavery might deserve respect; not so those who truckled to them. Thus matters continued until the people became "weary of a masterly inactivity which seemed to consist mainly in being kicked" (p. 88); and, the moral sentiment not being really dead, protest and reaction set on. The outward and visible sign to the political world of this protest and reaction was the election of Abraham Lincoln in the year named. What followed we all know. We know, too, how the "independents in politics"—the "men of

character"—who had brought matters to this pitch, further exercised their influence and converted a war, born of narrow and selfish interests, into a great moral struggle. In that war the physical emancipation of the negro was secured. It was not given to those who guided it to secure his moral emancipation, much less the moral emancipation of his owners. The condition of the South and the relation there of negroes and whites to this very day testify that this moral emancipation has not been achieved even yet. But the war proved, as Mr. Lowell says, "that the people, if they had been neglectful of their duties or had misapprehended them, had not become corrupt" (p. 138).

No such great occasion has recurred in America, but a new revolt on a smaller scale against the dominant party is within easy recollection. Since the war, the rule of the "Republican" party had continued unbroken, not only long after the policy which had carried it into power had gone out of date, but also long after the principles upon which that policy was based had ceased to be regarded. "Spoils to the victor" had become the working principle of the party. Then once more the "independent in politics" lifted up his voice effectually, and Mr. Cleveland, as the representative of purity of government, was chosen president. Clearly, then, as Mr. Lowell affirms—

"It is for the interest of the best men in both parties that there should be a neutral body, not large enough to form a party by itself, nay, which would lose its power for good if it attempted to form such a party, and yet large enough to moderate between both and to make both cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices. If the politicians must look after the parties there should be somebody to look after the politicians, somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure, if possible, before election not only what but whom the candidate, if elected, is going to represent. . . . It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not to be reformed from within. It is from without that the attempt must be made, and it is the Independents who must make it. If the attempt should fail, the failure of the experiment of democracy would inevitably follow" (pp. 317-18).

In this country the function of the "independent in politics" is, in a measure, performed by the Society of Friends and, latterly, still more by the Positivists, who are usually prompt in any national crisis to speak a "word in season" concerning the principles which should guide political action; and in this way, though few in numbers, they exercise much influence for good.

Mr. Lowell is quite entitled to congratulate himself that he was able to keep his head "fairly clear of passion" when his "heart was at boiling point." Some exaggeration, the too free use of superlatives, and the display, now and again, of a little impatience were inevitable. While rebuking Mr. Greeley for having, in his book on *The American Conflict*, been guilty "here and there" of "a vulgarism which adds nothing to the point, while it detracts from its purity," he omitted to perfectly guard himself from a like error. In one place he speaks of seeing "the prodigious nose of Mr. Tyler (for the person behind it had been added by nature

merely as the handle of so fine a hatchet) drawn by six white horses through the streets" (p. 263). At this distance of time Mr. Lowell would no doubt admit that this is both pointless and a "vulgarism." The wonder is that so few passages occur that can be described as even questionable. The reader may or may not agree with Mr. Lowell's sentiments, but he can find little that is faulty in his method of stating them. Mr. Lowell says that he "cannot think that a party gains by not hitting its hardest or by sugaring its opinions" (p. 35), and he himself acts accordingly; but he tries to be scrupulously just, and is dignified and self-respecting in the way he treats his opponents. "The same public spirit" which he claims for the North has, he admits, "though misled by wicked men for selfish ends," showed itself "in almost equal strength at the South" (p. 178). He expresses himself as though he was called to be the mouthpiece of a great truth and not the mere special pleader of a party or a doctrine.

There is an impression abroad, as Mr. Lowell points out, that scholars are not competent to form judgments on public affairs. "I must admit that I am a book-man," says Mr. Lowell, "that I am old-fashioned enough to have read many books and that I hope to read many more"; and he quotes Lord Bacon that "for the matter of policy and government, that learning should rather hurt than enable thereunto is a thing very improbable"—a true saying. If the newspapers of our day had men like Mr. Lowell as "leader" writers the press would swiftly become, in reality, the power for good which it has so long been in theory. To book-men such as he the criticism of politics as well as the criticism of literature should be entrusted, and great would be the public gain.

"The true mischievous doctrinaire is he who insists that facts shall accommodate themselves to preconceived theory, and the truly practical man he who would deduce theory from the amplest possible comparison and correlation of facts; in other words from recorded experience," (p. 298)

such as books provide. This statement serves well to draw the distinction between the political critic as he usually is and that ideal critic which a study of Mr. Lowell's method of handling politics—his fine vigour of style and his moral elevation of sentiment—tempts us to set up.

Broad though his sympathies are, Mr. Lowell never permits us to forget that he is an American. He may censure America severely, on occasion; but it is obvious that notwithstanding her faults, he does not think there is any other country that can for a moment be compared with her. He rivals Walt Whitman himself in his patriotism. He is American, too, in his defective sense of proportion. I have before quoted in the *ACADEMY* a passage of Mr. Whipple's, where he speaks of "rapt communion with the spirits of such men as Bacon, Milton, Webster, and Channing," which seemed to me a good illustration of this defective sense of proportion. This is now capped by Mr. Lowell when he says:

"I am thankful to have been the contemporary of one and among the greatest, of whom I

think it safe to say that no other country and no other form of government could have fashioned him, and whom posterity will recognise as the wisest and most bravely human of modern times. It is a benediction to have lived in the same age and in the same country as Abraham Lincoln" (p. 314).

I may be wrong, but it has long seemed to me quite a remarkable stroke of luck—I will not say for Lincoln or for America—but for Lincoln's fame that he was assassinated. The shot of Booth secured him a reputation greater than all his deeds could have done. If it had not been for that shot he would be regarded now as the honest, well-meaning, self-sacrificing, but often mistaken man that he was, but certainly not as the "wisest and most bravely human" person of modern times. Perhaps, however, this kind of defective sense of proportion is not confined to Americans.

WALTER LEWIN.

Circuit Journeys. By the late Lord Cockburn. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THIS is, to a Scotsman, at any rate, a delightful book—delightful alike for its pleasant landscapes; its sound criticisms on men, law, and books; its hearty denunciations of Scotch discomfort, dirt, bigotry, irreverence, and colour-blindness in matters artistic; and, in general, for its sharp things said in a good-natured way. It does not add much to one's knowledge of Henry Cockburn's own character; but it confirms the impression of that character which one gathered from his life of his friend Jeffrey, and still more from the *Memorials of his Own Time*, published in 1856. He was the best lawyer, Brougham not excepted, and probably the most level-headed man, among the little group that gathered round Jeffrey in his character of Scotch Voltaire in the beginning of this century. Like the rest, Cockburn was more or less consciously a disciple of David Hume, took short views of life, was a Whig by temperament quite as much as by political creed, had a genuine abhorrence of cruelty and oppression, and an intellectual dislike to bigotry and even enthusiasm, and looked upon a successful dinner as the most real of mundane enjoyments. Even more than the rest, he sided in shaking his countrymen out of that peculiar intolerance which had elevated a contempt for beauty, which only too frequently became aggressive, into an article of religious faith. Cockburn, though dead, yet speaks to purpose through his disciples, and still more through his pungently expressed sentiments, whenever any outrage on art or nature is contemplated in the North by *bourgeois* vulgarity, lairdly rapacity, or "the soul of sect." Cockburn never was mealy-mouthed. In this volume he speaks of certain persons (dukes and lairds chiefly) as "monsters" and "brutes," and certain things as "beastly." He tells his countrymen of "the unanswerable scandals of Scotland," of "the rubbish, nettles, and filth so dear to Sawney": and affirms that "there are probably not now one hundred modern tombs in all Scotland that are even decent, not fifty that are much above mere decency, and not twenty or even a dozen that are beautiful and beautifully kept." But, to find fault with trenchant

criticism like this would be like finding fault with the "discipline" that formed an integral part of school and family life in Scotland when Cockburn was a boy.

Henry Cockburn was fifty-five years of age when he was awarded that handsome retiring allowance on leaving the ranks of the Scotch bar, which is what the salary of a Lord of Session comes in effect to. He had had his personal losses and his professional crosses; and it was not till he had passed middle life, and after jury trials in civil cases had been introduced into Scotland, that his powers as an advocate came to be thoroughly appreciated. Still Cockburn was not an unsuccessful, an embittered, or at heart an old man when, in 1837, he began to keep a note of his circuit journeys as a judge—a practice which he maintained till two days before his death in the spring of 1854. These circuit journeys, in which the Scotch judges, who are generally in attendance on the law courts in Edinburgh, travel throughout Scotland dispensing justice in criminal cases in the various provincial centres, seem to be enjoyable holiday excursions. On such an occasion a judge travels with his family, friends, and domestics. He has a colleague to share his judicial labours with him; and it is his own fault, or to his own credit, if he is not surfeited with dinners and other convivialities. Circuit journeys were clearly such holidays to Cockburn, and would have been perfect but for wretched inns, "beastly" dinners, the Scotch observance of the Sabbath, and the bad treatment accorded by lords and lairds to their servants and to picturesque ruins. What with the north circuit and the south circuit, and the west circuit and the Glasgow circuit, there seems hardly to have been a corner of Scotland worth inspecting that Cockburn did not visit between 1837 and 1854. So far as scenery is concerned, his book might be termed the essence of Scotch guide-books. His descriptions are so good from the purely artistic point of view that, but for considerations of space, more than one of them ought to have been quoted. I may mention, however, as exceptionally graphic, his sketch of Loch Fyne at p. 28, of Loch Lomond at p. 31, and of the valley of the Spey at p. 314. But Cockburn's caustic sense gives his book much more than ordinary guide-book accuracy. He admires the Moray Firth; but when he is asked to believe that it is like the Bay of Naples, he says:

"No two things can be less like, except that there's salmon in both [?]. But every beautiful sea-view in Scotland is said to be like the Bay of Naples. The Firth of Forth is and the Firth of Clyde, and many parts of the Solway, and above all Loch Lomond is."

Again, alluding to an Invernesshire valley he says:

"I have been particularly struck with the great profusion of peaked knolls and hills. That blockhead Anderson (whom I notice only because he is in fashion as a guide) first says that they are 'like so many sugar loaves' and then explains that 'the slope is like the side of a tent,' these two things being quite dissimilar. . . . Loch Cluany, though not to be named even among our fifth-rate lakes, is beautiful, chiefly from its steep sides. Yet this is the very thing that Anderson objects to. 'The

mountain on the south side rises rather abruptly from the water—'ass!'

From travelling about so much in Scotland Cockburn was able to make a comparison between its leading county towns. He gives the preference to Perth, Dumfries, and Elgin. Of the last he says characteristically: "I cannot recollect such another union of ancient venerableness with modern respectability and provincial seclusion as in Elgin."

Cockburn had almost as keen an eye for weaknesses in individual character as Carlyle, and almost as large a vocabulary of adjectives. He describes Lord Alenmore, his predecessor on the bench, as a man "whom I have always been accustomed to reverence, though I don't know on what grounds, as a respectable judge, classical and pompous, stupid and well-bred." Lord Eakgrove is "the Lord Justice Clerk, a great lawyer, and a testy, avaricious, ludicrous, and contemptible old man." Of his

"excellent friend, A. S. Logan," he says that "he has the misfortunes of a homely, good-natured vulgarity, a bad loud voice, a taste for bad jokes which owe all their effect to their resolving into Loganisms, and a propensity, always dangerous, towards stories about himself."

But Cockburn was quite as much prone to cordial praise as to unstinted condemnation. Of several of his colleagues on the bench, particularly of his fellow-travellers Moncreiff and Ivory, he speaks in terms of affection, and among his memoranda one comes frequently upon such a passage as this:

"There was nothing on which my eye rested with more pleasure than on the very humble farmhouse of Kintouchar. It was formerly tenanted by a poor farmer called Deas, whose son is now a judge, a man of fortune and of great worth, and born in that place."

Whatever may have been Cockburn's faults he was no snob or toady. The Scotch aristocracy and squirearchy come in for much severer censure in his notes than any other classes among his countrymen. It should be noted, too, that although this book is neither a treatise on Scotch law nor a picture of Scotch life, yet incidentally it gives not a few of the now obsolete anomalies of the one, and some of the social and convivial peculiarities of the other. Cockburn was in the habit, when he went on circuit, of taking a book or two with him, and in his journals he enters brief criticisms, which are marked by sagacity and pith, if not by literary delicacy. What he writes of Macaulay and Romilly is eminently sensible; what he says of Dickens is prophetic.

Circuit Journals is very interesting and enjoyable as a picture of Scotland; it is still more valuable as a reflection of its author's mind.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

England and Napoleon in 1803: being the Despatches of Lord Whitworth and others now first printed from the Originals in the Record Office. Edited by Oscar Browning. (Longmans.)

UNDER this title Mr. Browning has published for the Royal Historical Society the diplomatic correspondence between Lord Hawkesbury and Lord Whitworth during Lord

Whitworth's residence as ambassador at Paris in 1802-3. The volume forms a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the time, and the more so as printed sources of information relating to the causes which led to the breach of the treaty of Amiens are few and scanty. On the English side we have the mutilated collection of documents, published in the Parliamentary History, which Addington's ministry laid before the country in defence of its policy. The collection extends over a period of twelve months, from May, 1802, to May, 1803. Mr. Browning has now published the last part of these documents without omission or curtailment, beginning with the correspondence of Lord Whitworth, who went to Paris in November, 1802. In May, 1803, came the rupture, and the return of the ambassador to England.

In March, 1802, the treaty of Amiens had been signed. Which of the two powers was responsible, or mostly responsible, for the short duration of the peace? Did Bonaparte desire war or peace at the time, and what were those provocations under which the English Cabinet decided that it would sooner recommence the war than retire from Malta, as agreed on by the treaty? Mr. Browning's book helps considerably towards the solution of these questions, which have never been satisfactorily answered.

It is the rule for English writers to represent the aggressive policy pursued by Bonaparte on the continent, and the publication of Sebastiani's Report on Egypt, which was taken as evidence that he meant to reconquer that country, as forming the motives and the justification of the retention of Malta. French historians, as M. Lanfrey and M. Martin, whose point of view is unfavourable to Napoleon, agree in asserting that England did not intend to retain Malta until after the publication of Sebastiani's Report. Such, in fact, was the case which the English government itself put forward, and which the documents published in the Parliamentary History were intended to support. That more lay behind than appeared is now made evident by the publication of the same despatches in an ungarbled form. Lord Whitworth was instructed by Lord Hawkesbury to complain of Bonaparte's interference in Italy, Holland, and Switzerland, and to claim for England a right to additional territory as compensation for the increase of territory and influence that France had acquired. The ambassador was, however, to be careful in making his representations not to commit the government to any decided course of action. The additional territory on which Hawkesbury had his eye was Malta. The delay of Russia and Prussia to accept the position of guaranteeing powers served for the time as reason for refusing to withdraw the English troops. Whitworth, however, was to avoid

"saying anything which may engage his Majesty to restore the island, even if these arrangements could be completed according to the true intent and spirit of the 10th Article of the Treaty of Amiens. His Majesty would certainly be justified in claiming the possession of Malta, as some counterpoise to the acquisitions of France, since the signing of the Definite Treaty."

It seems, however, that the true cause of the desire to retain Malta was not the aggressions

here alleged, but alarm for the security of Egypt. Before Whitworth had been a fortnight in Paris, he alluded to Sebastiani's mission, when forwarding some despatches from Egypt, and made the following remarks:

"It is to be feared that mission is much more important and comprehensive than General Stuart seems to apprehend, and a reference to Mr. Merry's despatch of September 25 will ascertain very clearly that the First Consul's views extend to no less than the second conquest of Egypt" (November 22).

The letter referred to is, of course, not published in the Parliamentary History, and one cannot help regretting that Mr. Browning has not put into print all the letters from Paris subsequent to the signing of the treaty. No French historian, not even M. Lanfrey, hints that in November Bonaparte had in contemplation a second expedition to Egypt, which was only balked by the delay of the English troops to evacuate Alexandria, and their permanent occupation of Malta. Such at least was the English ambassador's firm persuasion. The grounds of his belief were far from conclusive, but they exhibit all the more plainly the deep distrust in which Bonaparte's government was held:

"It is evident," he writes on November 27, "that the acquisition of Egypt is the object which the First Consul has most at heart, and that to which our utmost attention should be directed. Everything which Mr. Merry had occasion to report to your lordship, and, above all, the personal character of the First Consul, would be alone sufficient to render it probable. But the efforts that are made to gain the court of Russia, whose co-operation will be indispensably necessary to obtain the acquisition of the Porte, the great attention paid to the wants of the army of Egypt (a name which it has always preserved, and certainly not without design), the manner in which the artillery of the army of Italy has been disposed of, and the language held by the generals who have already been employed in that service, form altogether such a mass of evidence as place the intention beyond a doubt. Indeed, there is the greatest reason to believe that some immediate operation is at this moment in contemplation, and I should not be surprised to learn that as soon as our troops have evacuated Alexandria, a part of the Egyptian were again conveyed into that country with the connivance or, perhaps, consent of the Turks, and professedly for the purpose of re-establishing their authority. It is true that as long as we occupy Malta this enterprise will always be attended with much risk."

The publication in the *Moniteur* (January 30) of Sebastiani's Report on the situation in Egypt is often taken as sufficient proof that Bonaparte wished to renew the war with England, and meant to force it on. But other motives can easily be suggested, and in any case it was a most ill-advised measure. Bonaparte was excessively irritated against England; and it was quite in keeping with his character for him to exhibit his irritation by a menace to his adversary, especially if he was not aware how glad that adversary would be to have a handle of complaint against himself. Before the publication of Sebastiani's Report, the English Government had no ground on which it could charge Bonaparte with the intention of reconquering Egypt. From that time forward, Whitworth demanded that England should retain Malta,

not only because France had made acquisitions, but because England needed a security for Egypt. Further, if Bonaparte meant to go to war, these despatches clearly show that he had no intention of going to war immediately; and, had he been acting by design, it may be argued that he would have chosen a more convenient moment. He was unprepared for a naval war, and he had the work of subduing the French colonies still on his hands, for which purpose alone his resources, according to Whitworth, were fully taxed. In fact, it does not appear that Bonaparte began to make any preparations for war with England until after the message of George III. to Parliament on March 8, whereas the Report of Sebastiani was published on January 30. It is possible, after all, that Bonaparte only spoke truth when in his long interview with Whitworth he told him that he did not intend to run the risk of renewing war for the sake of Egypt, because that country would in the end belong to France either through some arrangement with the Porte, or by the falling to pieces of the Turkish empire. There was nothing in such a suggestion new or startling for a diplomatist of the eighteenth century; what was unusual was the open avowal of the intention. The idea which Bonaparte held out on the same occasion, of France and England maintaining friendship and ruling the one the continent, the other the seas, may very well have expressed what he intended the outcome of the Treaty of Amiens to be, at any rate for the time, and was quite in accordance with the prevalent usage of making division of spoil the basis of peace. Bonaparte resigned to England Trinidad and Ceylon, colonies of Spain and Holland; but in return he looked for a free hand in making France omnipotent on the continent, and nothing irritated him more than the claim now made by the English cabinet to hold him in check in this respect. Thus to Whitworth's expostulations he replied in the often quoted words: "I suppose you mean Piedmont and Switzerland—ce sont des bagatelles"; Whitworth adding, in a passage omitted in the Parliamentary History:

"(The expression he made use of was too trivial and vulgar to find a place in a despatch, or anywhere but in the mouth of a hackney coachman), and it must have been foreseen while the negotiation was pending—'Vous n'avez pas le droit d'en parler à cette heure.' I should have followed my argument, but saw he was losing his temper, and I thought it needless to press it further."

Though the extracts which appear in the Parliamentary History after the publication of Sebastiani's Report represent faithfully the true cause of distrust, yet the omissions are still voluminous and important. The ungarbled despatches show much more forcibly than the garbled that of the two the French Government was the more desirous of avoiding hostilities, and was by far the more eager to seek a compromise. The English Government was determined on the possession of Malta or the resumption of hostilities. Whitworth's alarm for Egypt increased, and he was even suspicious that Bonaparte was already forming a coalition for the dismemberment of the dominions of the Porte. "If such a project has been entertained I should suppose that its execu-

tion depends on the evacuation of Malta." In a despatch of April 23, which does not appear in the Parliamentary History, Lord Hawkesbury insisted that Malta must be given to England for ten years, that the little island of Lampedusa must be ceded to England for good, and that Holland must be evacuated by the French troops. If these terms were not acceded to in seven days, Whitworth was to leave Paris. It could hardly be expected that Bonaparte would consent thus to bow his head before English dictation. The negotiation was, however, not immediately broken off, owing mainly to the strong desire which some of Bonaparte's advisers, especially his brother Joseph, had of avoiding a rupture. The difficulty was to find a compromise which would satisfy England and at the same time save Bonaparte's pride from hurt. A proposal was made that England, after keeping possession for a term of years, should cede the island to a Russian garrison, which Whitworth himself described as "a proposal of a nature to admit of an honourable and advantageous adjustment of the present difficulties," though he at the same time intimated his belief that the French were only seeking to delay the outbreak of war, and not to avert it. Lord Hawkesbury abode by his ultimatum, and the ambassador left Paris. On his way to Calais another proposition was sent after him, which was also rejected—namely, that Malta should belong to Great Britain for ten years, and that Otranto and Tarento, which the French had evacuated in accordance with the treaty of Amiens, should be reoccupied by them for the same period of time. Neither the full purport of these propositions nor the incidents relating to them have been known before the publication of this volume.

At the end of the correspondence Mr. Browning has printed an interesting letter of M. Huber, a Swiss gentleman resident in Paris, who carried on the negotiation for a few days after Whitworth left, and, unlike the ambassador, believed that the French really wished for peace. Having described at length a conversation between himself and Talleyrand, he continues:

"This, my lord, is a true and correct statement of what passed between T. and me . . . and now for the acquittal of my conscience, I must say what followed [?]. They do wish for peace—they wish for it most ardently; but all their wishes avail nothing against the dreaded will and power of Bonaparte as to deciding the question. *He himself*, wishing for it from a just sense of his interests, will nevertheless rush to perdition rather than let it be said that he has shrunk before the power and threats of England. . . . As he cannot be changed, and as he at present rules the continent, if the horrors of war can be avoided by condescending to treat with him in a manner somewhat suitable to his temper, and with more apparent forbearance than you would with any old cabinet, is it not advisable to do it? Talleyrand expresses my meaning when he tells me confidentially, 'Je crois qu'il vous auroit fait présent de Malte si votre cabinet l'avoit traité avec plus d'égards.'"

If we ask which of the two powers broke the Treaty of Amiens, there is only one reply—the English government by its practical refusal to relax its hold on Malta under any conditions. Nothing was said in the Treaty

of Amiens about Holland, or Switzerland, or Italy, so that Bonaparte cannot be said to have broken the treaty by his aggressions in these quarters, as England broke it by her retention of Malta. It is sometimes said that the Treaty of Amiens could only bear the character of a truce, because the questions on which the two governments disagreed were purposely left out of sight. But it is clear from these despatches that it was solely the question of Egypt which caused the rupture within so short a space of time—a question which the treaty undertook to settle. To reply to the question whether the English cabinet was justified in agreeing to evacuate Malta and changing its mind in six months, we need perhaps to know more of the facts than we yet do. To raise, however, any question of justification is quite beyond the mark. If England found it to her interest to make the Treaty of Amiens in March and to break it in September, it can only be said that her action was justifiable according to the political principle of the day, if such a term may be used. The mere fact that Bonaparte, on his side, did observe the conditions of the treaty may, so far as it goes, be taken as good proof of his desire to maintain peace at the time. That he was right in refusing to resign Malta without some *quid pro quo* there can hardly be doubt. He might have avoided war for the moment, but only to meet it shortly under less favourable conditions. England was only waiting her opportunity to revive the continental war, and any act of weakness on his part would enable her to find allies the sooner.

With regard to the editing of the book, there is only one word of complaint to be made. Mr. Browning has cast on the reader the task of marking the variations between the garbled and the ungarbled versions. This seems more properly the work of the editor, and is historically of some importance. For instance, from the despatch in which Whitworth informed Lord Hawkesbury of the proposal to give Malta to Russia, the Parliamentary History omits all the passages in which it is said that England should meanwhile maintain her occupation for a term of years.

BERTHA M. GARDINER.

"Statesmen Series."—*Daniel O'Connell*. By J. A. Hamilton. (W. H. Allen.)

SELDOM does the life of one who has filled a great place in the world offer less inducement to the biographer than that of Daniel O'Connell. All that there is to tell of him is told in the pages of Irish history, for he was essentially a public man, living in public, and giving both the best and the worst of himself to the world. Apart from Miss Cusack's large and now old-fashioned work, Mr. Hamilton's is the only complete life of the Liberator; and to compile it he has consulted every available source, but without finding anything that was not already a matter of common knowledge. The very little he tells of O'Connell's private life is curiously uninteresting. The great part of his book is merely an abridged history of the agitations led by O'Connell; and it is not until Mr. Hamilton has buried his hero in his public capacity that

he introduces him in his domestic character. Indeed, home played a very small part in O'Connell's career.

Clearly Mr. Hamilton, like most men of the present generation, is without enthusiasm for the subject of his memoir. His O'Connell (so far as he has any O'Connell at all) is the blustering demagogue that we of these days are all more or less disposed to find in the arch agitator. Undoubtedly O'Connell was a man of very inferior calibre to those who succeeded him; and no one who has compared the O'Connell of this biography with the Mitchel of a recently published memoir can fail to be struck by the immense mental and moral superiority of the man who failed over the man who succeeded. Yet, while admitting the pinchbeck quality of O'Connell's nature, we must, to account for the hold he maintained on the feelings of his contemporaries, accredit him with a strength of purpose and a charm of manner which have somehow eluded his biographer.

Probably for lack of material Mr. Hamilton has found himself compelled to write the history of a movement rather than the memoir of a man. And this is to be regretted, because there is no lack of histories of Ireland and no biography of O'Connell that at all meets the needs of the public. Moreover, Mr. Hamilton has not made a very profound study of Irish history or he would know that the potato is far from being "more nutritious than any other crop." Nor can the population of Ireland in 1847 be justly described as "beyond the normal capacity of the soil to support it," or the sufferings of the people in that dreadful year as "beyond human aid," since in that very year Ireland exported grain and meat enough to support millions of the people of England, and was the largest exporter of food in the whole world. The Irish starved because they had no money to buy the food they had themselves raised; and while the potatoes lay rotting on the fields the whole of the finest wheat harvest ever grown on Irish soil was shipped over to England to pay rent and tithe. Such facts as these throw light on Irish disaffection and discontent; and that O'Connell made no attempt to close the export ports shows how enfeebled he then was by age and disease.

Mr. Hamilton's style is sometimes a little obscure, as in the sentence where he informs us that "at breakfast he [O'Connell] eagerly devoured the contents of his post bag;" but, notwithstanding such trifling blemishes, we owe a debt of gratitude to him for supplying a need which every student of Irish history has experienced, and for having done well with the very indifferent materials at his command.

F. MABEL ROBINSON.

Turbans and Tails; or, Sketches in the Unromantic East. By Alfred J. Bamford. (Sampson Low.)

Turbans and Tails—or, "Puggeries and Pig-tails," as it might more appropriately have been named—is a series of detached sketches in the magazine-article style, giving the author's impressions of what he saw in India, China, and Siam. It is divided into two parts. The first is entitled "The Mild Hindu," containing twelve chapters devoted to India;

while the second, called "The Man of Han," has ten chapters on China, with an eleventh on Bangkok.

One rises from a perusal of the book with the feeling that the writer is entirely out of sympathy with the scenes in which he moved, and with the races he was thrown among; and that he utterly failed to understand the genius of the people and the institutions of both India and China. A forcible illustration of this occurs on the very cover of the book, where "The Man of Han" is depicted with a *cangue* round his neck. This is very much the same as if a foreigner writing about ourselves were to represent "The Man of Britain" with handcuffs on his wrists, or wearing a prison dress. It may be meant as a joke; but if so, it is one of very questionable taste, and calculated to shock all those who are well acquainted with the Far East, and who have learnt to respect and admire the great mental powers and civilisation of the people. This little picture prepares one for much that follows; and on opening the book, it is found that the author, undeterred by the wise warning of Sterne, quoted on the title-page, travels, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at least from Calcutta to Peking in a sadly captious mood, finding things very barren and not at all what he fancies they should be.

What, for instance, can be more unjust than the author's estimate of native Indian servants? He says, on p. 60:

"All native servants are rascals. *Cela va sans dire*. They are Asiatics. That is enough. So runs the common verdict, and he would certainly have a hard task who undertook to whitewash them. The most I would venture to say is that this rule is not without exceptions."

And although there comes a qualification, given in a sufficiently grudging manner, the following passage occurs on the very next page:

"It must be admitted that the servants as a class are not noted for probity, and some find it rather a trial to have a number of people on the premises engaged in different capacities, but united in their purpose of getting as much as possible out of their employer."

Not content with all this, the author returns to the charge on p. 142:

"Let it be a question of the executing of some wish of a European master, and expressions of inability fill up about one half of their dictionary. But when it is a matter of pleasing themselves, nothing seems impossible; their energy and their good humour seem alike exhaustless."

The injustice of these remarks will at once be felt by all those who have lived long enough in India to appreciate the true value of the native servants, who have taken the trouble to acquire the language, and who have learned to treat their domestics with kindness and consideration. Those especially whose duty calls them to march about from place to place will resent the sneer conveyed in the last-quoted passage—for they cannot fail to have a grateful sense of the industrious and self-denying way in which they are constantly served on such occasions by their faithful attendants; who will rise before dawn, strike and pack the tents and baggage, march with them a distance of fifteen—or, perhaps, eighteen—miles; and then, instead

of "pleasing themselves," or attending to their own wants, will set to and get everything prepared for their masters, so that the latter may be able on their arrival at the camping-ground to sit down at once to a comfortable breakfast. Calcutta, of course, like other capitals, shelters a large number of bad characters of all callings; and it is generally very difficult for a "griff" at first to procure good servants, who will not commit themselves to those who may possibly maltreat them. And it must be remembered that the characters of the masters are much better known among the serving class than are those of the servants to their employers; and that, therefore, a bad master—one who treats his attendants unjustly and knocks them about—will never succeed in obtaining good ones.

Every chapter in the book is headed with several quotations both in prose and verse, so numerous indeed that they have to be given on a separate page (though it is somewhat singular that anyone so familiar with the poets should in the text twice misquote Macbeth's "make assurance double sure," as "make assurance doubly sure"; once on p. 192, and again on p. 307), and this love of poetry would lead one to think that the author might have shown himself more in touch with the rest of humanity than he does, and to regret that he has not used his undoubted powers of observation and facility of pen in a kindlier manner. Every chapter abounds in humorous and well-turned passages, which render the book extremely amusing; and that headed "The wing'd people of the skie" is written in the happiest vein. Unfortunately this very chapter is all about birds, making the writer's evident want of sympathy with his fellow creatures all the more painfully apparent; and it is not until the two last pages are reached that there occurs the one touch of nature so much longed for by the reader throughout. During his passage down the river near Bangkok the author came suddenly upon a canoe containing a young woman, who, terrified by his appearance, tumbled into the water in a fright; and his expression of sympathy at this occurrence is very happily put, and leaves a pleasing impression on the mind as one closes the volume.

M. BRAZELBY.

NEW NOVELS.

The Fatal Threes. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." In 3 vols. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

His Besetting Sin. By Mrs. Houston. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Third Miss St. Quentin. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Hatchards.)

The King of Folly Island and other People. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; London: Trübner.)

Handsome Jack, and other Stories. By James Greenwood. (Ward & Downey.)

That Radical Parson. By Hydra. (Walter Scott.)

In her latest novel the author of *Lady Audley's Secret* is not seen quite at her best. The story is decidedly thinner than her stories are wont to be; and it is not told in her usual

direct and straightforward manner, but by a series of harkings back to the antecedents of this or that situation, which is a little tantalising. Then, too, the choice of the title is not specially happy, as it leads the reader to expect something different from what he finds. The fatal three are, of course, our old friends Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; and our natural anticipation is that the story will deal with the working out of an inevitable destiny. But the catastrophe is brought about not by fate—save in the general way in which fate may be said to bring about everything—but simply by an act of quite avoidable perversity on the part of an impulsive, scrupulously conscientious woman, who has what we can only irreverently describe as “a bee in the bonnet.” This lady—a most admirable and, indeed, loveable but exceedingly wrong-headed person—has been living for some years a life of almost ideal domestic bliss with a husband whom she idolises, when she suddenly makes, or fancies she makes, a discovery which brings all this happiness to an end. Mildred Fausset had married George Griswold under the belief that he was a bachelor, and her first disquietude comes with the revelation that there had been a previous marriage with which some unpleasant mystery is connected. This is not very comfortable, especially as the husband declines to give any reassuring information concerning his first wife; but the discomfort develops into something worse when the second Mrs. Griswold becomes convinced that her predecessor was no other than her own half-sister, for she has been subjected to ecclesiastical influences which have inspired her with very strong convictions on a certain “burning question” of the day. The evidence of her near kinship with her husband’s first wife is of the most shadowy description, though the novelist, with her usual skill, makes the most of it; but, when a craze, a conscience, and a passion for self-sacrifice are combined, shadows appear as substantial realities, and Mildred Griswold leaves her husband in the belief that to remain with him would be sin. The present writer has no personal knowledge of the author’s opinions, but a reader of considerable intelligence might be pardoned for regarding *The Fatal Three* as a gigantic party pamphlet on the agitators’ side of the question. True, the novelist does full justice to the eloquent reasoning of the Rev. Clement Cancellor, who is Mrs. Griswold’s guide, philosopher, and friend. But there is something in the Philistine proverb—“A pound of fact is worth a ton of argument”; and, as in this case, the fact is that this good lady’s principles ruined her own life and that of her husband, readers will draw their own rough-and-ready conclusions. Apart from these polemical matters, *The Fatal Three* (though, as has been said, not equal to the best of its predecessors—to such a book, for example, as *Joshua Haggard’s Daughter*) stands out conspicuously from the ordinary run of novels. While we read, even the tenuity of the story is hidden from us by the vivacity of the style; and, even if Mildred Fausset does not very successfully point a moral, she certainly serves to adorn a tale. Foolish as she is, we cannot help admiring her; and, what is more to the purpose, we cannot help believing in her as a human being

of flesh and blood. Pamela Ransome, who has a lucky escape from that cold-hearted and unscrupulous aesthete César Castellani, is even more realisable, though less interesting; and, if Castellani himself is a mere marionette, he answers to the pulling of the wires in a pretty lifelike manner, and is not so jerky as to destroy all sense of illusion. Indeed, when one considers what the novel of the period generally is, even the mildest depreciation of a book like *The Fatal Three* seems like quarrelling with one’s mercies.

The Rev. Stephen Cardale, whose unflattering portrait Mrs. Houston draws with such elaboration, seems to us to have had not one besetting sin only, but half a dozen. In fact, he is such an out-and-out *mauvais sujet* that envy, which is supposed to to his ruling vice, is constantly engaged in a combat for pre-eminence with hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and we know not what other unamiable sins. In life, as life is known to us ordinary people who do not write novels, such a person would soon find himself estimated at his true value; for though his intentions to play the part of the hypocrite are indubitably good, the performance itself is so clumsy and ineffectual that one would think it could not possibly deceive even the most simple-minded person. In the world of fiction, however, a man of this kind generally has the good fortune to be surrounded by people who, shrewd and sensible as they may be in all other respects, have what for the purpose of the story-teller is the most convenient weakness of being utterly blind to the plainest indications of character. Essie Christopher, with whose affections the reverend humbug plays fast and loose in so shameless a manner, is very young, very unsuspecting, and very much in love, so her blindness may be excusable, and even credible, but when we are asked to believe that Sir Reginald saw in Stephen only a high-minded gentleman and a devoted brother we feel that too great a demand is being made upon us. Certainly Sir Reginald’s conduct in the matter of the love letters addressed to Lady Cardale shows him to be a person of somewhat unusual credulity; and it is of course possible that a man who would be capable of doubting such a wife would be capable of believing in such a brother, but the possibility is too slight to be quite satisfactory. Still, inconsistencies almost amounting to incredibilities of character are not incompatible with a certain vitality of portraiture, and Mrs. Houston has the power of making her men and women really live for us. In construction the story, though by no means perfect, is creditable, with no more straggling than we resign ourselves to expect; and the incident of the wilfully misdirected letter which brings the luckless Sir Reginald into the clutches of the law is very skilfully managed.

From the fact that *The Third Miss St. Quentin* is not a children’s story readers will draw the inference that it is not one of Mrs. Molesworth’s supreme achievements; and, though this inference may be just, the thoughtless must be warned from drawing the further inference that it is not a very delightful and satisfying piece of work. Those who say that they would rather have one Carrots

than half a dozen Ella St. Quentins may be quite right in their preference; and yet their remark, if intended for criticism, may be a banality and an impertinence. Comparisons of this kind are mainly odious because they are fatal to simple and honest enjoyment; and anyone who allows them to mar his delight in this contemporary rendering of the old-world story of Cinderella, the prince, the step-sisters, and the fairy godmother is a catfiff who does not deserve that Mrs. Molesworth should write for him. Ella herself is charming—all the more charming because she is not in the least a patient Griselda, but has her pretty girlish tempers, which, though no doubt reprehensible from a moral point of view, are still fascinating to the natural man, who sometimes finds it easier to be human than to be moral. The lines of the ancient nursery-tale story are not strictly adhered to, for the two elder sisters are most admirable girls, though, with regard to one of them, most readers—again faithless to morality—will agree in preferring a little vice to such painfully obtrusive virtue. And yet, poor Madeleine does not mean her virtue to be obtrusive. She is really the best of awkward good souls; and we are as glad that she and her patient lover, Captain Omar, are at last made happy as we are that the new Cinderella finds solace for her sorrows in the arms of Prince Philip. The last page leaves us satisfied with everybody, and we may read a good many stories before finding one equal in simple grace and beauty to *The Third Miss St. Quentin*.

Miss Jewitt’s volume is very able, and, to us, very irritating. It contains, in addition to *The King of Folly Island*, seven elaborate examples of the new American story, which is not a story at all, but rather an episode in a story of which the beginning, or the end, or both, remain untold. Our children may learn to delight in this kind of thing—and unless rumour errs we have among us living adults who, at any rate, pretend to delight in it—but there are those of us who are too old to learn new tricks of appreciation, and to whom the game of pretension is not worth the candle. Some people object to the doctrine “Art for art’s sake” because they consider it dangerous to morality; but we may fight shy of it on the ground that it is all but fatal to interest. The “finish” of these stories, for such in default of another name we must call them, is so delicate and perfect that connoisseurs of “craftsmanship” will probably be thrown into ecstasies of admiration; but one commonplace middle-aged critic feels inclined to ask the brutal question, “What is the use of finishing a thing which is really not begun?” A mere episode or situation can be treated with effectiveness and interest—has, indeed, been treated so again and again by a great living poet; but, then, Mr. Browning always gives us hints which suggest antecedents and consequences—the action which has come before, the action which must follow. Miss Jewitt gives us no such hints, with what result may be imagined. The feeling that one ought to admire is a poor substitute for the consciousness of enjoyment.

Handsome Jack and its companion stories are tales of the slums, not so sentimental and

"genial" as similar work from the pen of Mr. G. R. Sims, but providing, it may be, a closer approximation to a delineation of the actual facts of low life in our large cities—or, perhaps, features would be a better word than facts, as in the mere structure of the tales the hand of the inventor is plainly discernible. That Mr. Greenwood can do this kind of thing well we all know; and here he does not fall below his usual level of excellence.

The author of *That Radical Parson* seems to have devoted much attention to the study of two very different authors, the late Charles Kingsley and Mr. W. T. Stead. The book abounds in distorted reflections of *Alton Locke*, and there is a full-favoured suggestion of a certain special number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but the story is confused and tiresome, and the only moral to be drawn from it is one which we are evidently not intended to draw—that a parson does well to leave active politics alone.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

FOUR VOLUMES OF VERSE.

In Divers Tones. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) Canada has not been prolific of poets. One might be inclined to say that the people were too young to turn to the arts, the country too large for its population, its aspects too grandiose for easy delineation in words, were it not that the same excuses might be urged on behalf of Australian poetry; yet, as is well known, there have been, and are, many reputable, and a few really noteworthy, singers under the Southern Cross. Moreover, did not Longfellow find a subject to his heart in the chronicles of that sea-swept northern Acadia? The history of Canada is full of thrilling incidents, and many noble personages figure in her records. Her natural aspects are wondrously seductive, particularly the vast snow-wastes and leagues of frozen waterways of her winters; while there are as sharp contrasts and delightful idiosyncracies among the people themselves—every here and there of pure French or Gaelic blood, but mostly of mixed English, Franco-Scottish, and Franco-American elements. Yet the fact remains that, save for the world-famed poem by an alien, Canada is still among the silent nations. Even Mr. Roberts, whom we take leave to call her foremost native poet, is more occupied with extraneous than with national matters; although, as the following lines witness, he at least foresees "a good time coming," when God shall "of our scant people mould a mighty state":

"O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow—

"How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To trample the world alone!

"The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage.

"I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the maple-wreath;
Thy swift keel furrows round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath.

"On soft Pacific slopes—beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call.

"But thou, my country, dream not thou
Wake, and behold how night is done—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Burns the uprising sun!"

In his first book, *Orion, and other Poems*, Mr. Roberts proved that he had a voice of sweet and searching, if moderate, compass. In his new volume he reaches higher notes, and evolves a subtler music from the same reeds wherewith he formerly piped in his northern Aradady. In the dedicatory lines he alludes to the contents of *In Divers Tones* as "a medley of song." As we all know, medleys are apt to be short-lived; and it seems to us that in the cultivation of promiscuous dexterity lies Mr. Roberts's danger. It may be very well to be able to hymn Canadian greatness one moment, and the next to turn off a ballade or a rondeau upon some trivial theme; but in this facility there is something ominous for the hymn. English readers are perhaps unjust to colonial poets in their expectancy that the latter will always confine themselves to local scenes and themes. The tables were turned upon us lately when an American critic marvelled at London poets dallying with the blithe ballade and the simpering triolet when Modern Babylon was ringing with anarchic tumult, and a distraught and rebellious portion of the kingdom spent its days and nights in demanding justice. Thus it generally is with the dwellers in glass-houses who indulge in stone-throwing at their neighbours. But assuredly Mr. Roberts is at his best when he is most local. He has an exceptionally quick and exact eye for the varied aspects of nature, and the faculty of direct and vivid expression. Take, for example:

"Sharp drives the rain, sharp drives the endless rain.

The rain-winds wake and wander, lift and blow

The slow smoke-wreaths of vapour to and fro.
Weave, and unweave, and gather and build again

Over the far grey reaches of the plain."

Or this:

"A brown sad-coloured hill-side, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil."

There is so much of culture, such refined taste and literary excellence in Mr. Roberts's latest book, that it seems ungracious to complain of his not being more Canadian than he is. Perhaps his next forthcoming "Tones" will be less divers, and more attuned to native strains. To conclude, here is an admirable sonnet, not only fine in itself, but interesting as an example of the capability of the sonnet to convey a variety of details within its narrow limits.

"THE POTATO HARVEST."

"A high bare field, brown from the plough, and borne

Aslant from sunset; amber wastes of sky
Washing the ridge; a clamour of crows that fly

In from the wide flats where the spent tides mourn

To yon their rocking roosts in pines, wind-torn;
A line of gray snake-fence, that zigzags by
A pond, and cattle; from the homestead nigh
The long, deep summonings of the supper horn.

"Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,
A cart, and stoop-necked oxen; ranged beside,
Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest folk,

Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
With hollow thunders; down the dusk hill-side

Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like smoke."

Lays of the Highlands and Islands. By John Stuart Blackie. (Walter Scott.) The years that have made Prof. Blackie's hair to gleam with more brilliant silver, and chiselled his

lips into more delicate lines, have failed to abate his mental force, or to dull his zest in living and in all the sights and sensations that living brings. He has reached a "good old age, as grand men use"; but for him the "splendour" still glorifies the grass, and the interest has not faded away from the numberless on-goings of human existence. His joy in nature, and his keen concern in all the problems of life, bubble up fresh and spontaneous, imperiously demanding immediate expression; and what form this expression shall take seems to be guided, a good deal, by careless chance. It may be a sonnet, or a letter to the *Scotsman*; or it may, possibly, be a combination of the two. The present book is meant to find a place in the knapsack of the tourist in Scotland—to serve as a kind of poetical guide to the natural beauties and the human memories of the Scottish highlands and islands. It was written, as its author states, in the prefatory "Talk with the Tourist,"

"for you—not, indeed, consciously written for you—composed rather with no conscious purpose at all, but merely to pour forth the spontaneous happy moods of my own soul, as they came upon me during many years' rambling among the bens and glens of my Scottish fatherland; but, as it has turned out, it is a book well suited to your migratory needs and vagabond habits."

The professor proceeds to sketch out a pleasant Highland route, starting from Glasgow, including Staffa, Iona, Loch Awe, and Skye, extending to Kirkwall, Lerwick, and the "memorable house of John de Groat"; then southward to Braemar, Rannoch, and Loch Lomond, when our guide takes leave of the imaginary party whom he has conducted. The verses that follow are less valuable for their poetic qualities than as a revelation of their genial and kindly author—a man full of simple love for nature, of scorn for wrong, and of reverence for all things truly venerable. The poems that deal with the voyage and the death of St. Columba drag a little; and we should prefer that the beautiful story had been rendered in the vigorous prose which is at the author's command, and of which he has given us many a touch in his preface. The liberties that he takes with the sonnet are particularly daring. For him the sonnet is no sacred cloistered inclosure, such as Wordsworth held it—dedicated to gravest, purest, most high-pitched thought, rendered in most straitly sifted words. He casts into it, too frequently, the slang and trivialities of the passing hour. He uses the sonnet-form to tell us of the

"Stout stomach lined with ham and eggs
The moorland breakfast orthodox, which no
Wise man omits."

Again, his views on the subject of rhyme are astoundingly original. In a single poem—"The Ruined Olachan"—he rhymes "pursuing" with "ruin," "warm" with "storm," "pennies" with "guineas," "need them" with "freedom," "clannish" with "replenish," and finally, for a good ending, "civil" with "devil." All throughout, the poems bear the most obvious traces of hasty workmanship. They impress us as the productions of a man working far beneath his best; they want the deliberate care, the conscientious finish, which is needed for high poetic accomplishment. They may be read with interest, and we doubt not with profit, by him who runs the tourist's race; and they will serve to turn the wanderer's thoughts into fitting channels as he contemplates scenes radiant with natural beauty, or localities charged with pathetic human memories. But they are destitute of the exquisiteness of phrase, that union of deep visionary insight with its absolutely fitting embodiment in words, which would be needed to entitle them to a lasting place in our literature.

With Double Pipe. By Owen Seaman. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) "The first thing I look for in a volume of verses," said Southey, "is to see whether the author be a mocking-bird, or if he has a note of his own." If we may apply the same method to Owen Seaman's verse (and we believe that under this pseudonym there lurks a name which is beginning to be much better known in literature), we must own that the "mocking-bird" note is far too prominent in this volume, though—it is only fair to add—much more in the pieces of "deeper" than in those of this pipe's "lighter mode." Owen Seaman has a very considerable facility in handling his instrument, greater indeed than it has been our luck to find among many of the new writers of to-day; and it is perhaps not to be regretted that he should have made (as he evidently has) so close a study of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, &c. We could have wished indeed that he had taken other writers for his models—Dante, for instance, or Milton—rather than these, but he himself has elected otherwise. It is odd, after what we have said, that on reperusing the pages before us, we should find little or nothing that is worth the quoting out of all these twenty-one pieces—for there are no more. The verses "in lighter mode" are, we think, unworthy of the writer. Those "in deeper mode" do not do him justice. It is paying him a high compliment when we say that he has succeeded most in his blank-verse essays. We will select some lines from his "Morning on Lake Constance," and from "Night on the Shore of Ammersee":

"And through the waters ran a thrill of joy,
Tremulous, as of one that sees his hope.
The ripples sighed toward the shore and sank
Like hopeless kisses upon lips athirst.

And far away, more felt than seen, the Alps
Stand with their burden of enduring snow."

We are glad to see an attempted translation of that celebrated lyric of Novalis which begins

"Was passt das muns sich rüden,"

but the attempt is unfortunately not a success. Can it be that no adequate translation has yet been made of this wonderful poem? None at least can the present writer remember to have seen. But to return to Owen Seaman. It has been a pleasure to read his volume of poems; but only because they seem to give promise of better to follow. And though "Oedipus the Wreck," of which he wrote the letter-press, is distinctly happy, we cannot but counsel him, in anything he may do in the future, to treat his Muse with more respect than he has done in the present volume.

Songs of a Revolutionary Epoch. By J. L. Joynes. (Foulger.) This volume, as a whole, is not nearly so interesting as the individual poems which compose it. The cry of insurgence, we all know, may be a highly poetic cry; but a collection of a vast number of German insurgent poems, and their translation into English by one hand, can only produce a sense of monotony. They are good haters, these German revolutionists: there is a fiery sincerity about them. Freiligrath's "Song of Death" (pp. 62, 3) is a splendid trumpet blast, but a volume of trumpet blasts deafens like a cannonade. On the whole, we like Mr. Joynes best when he is translating Herwegh. "New Year's Day" (pp. 87, 8) is certainly a very fine poem, and its conclusion has a visionary touch that lifts one above the weeping and gnashing of teeth that abound through the volume.

"Yes, thou hast heard. I lift mine eyes,
New stars shed heavenly healing;
I see new temples round me rise:
Free nations there are kneeling.
Deep thunder greets the dawning day;
I hear a harp's refrain—
Hush! now the angels strike away
The last link of the chain."

Next to this one, we think Freiligrath's "Whispering Wind" (pp. 17-19) is the most attractive thing in the book. The versions of Heine, with one exception—the "Return Home" (pp. 113-15)—seem less good. Yet how full of Heine is the last verse of "A Warning" (p. 118):

"My worthy friend, thou art but lost;
Long arms have Princes, it appears;
Long tongues the Clergy, to thy cost;
And all the People long, long ears."

Perhaps, for English readers, Freiligrath's "Hamlet" (pp. 53-5) is the most sadly expressive of them all. Mr. Joynes seems to us better skilled in the more ordinary metres than in those lengthier measures which he affects at the beginning.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It is announced that Sir Morell Mackenzie is now writing his answer to the allegations of the German physicians. The work will not only form a personal defence, but will also contain a full history of the emperor's illness, and will be illustrated with facsimiles of his handwriting and other sketches. Proof-sheets of every page will be submitted to the Queen. The book will be issued simultaneously in English and in German. The publishers are Messrs. Sampson Low.

No edition has hitherto existed of the remnants of the Italic dialects (Oscan, Umbrian, &c.) except in the valuable, but costly, commentaries of Zvettaeff, Bréal or Bücheler; and none of these comprises the whole of the material. Messrs. Trübner & Co. will shortly issue a full text of all the inscriptions in an inexpensive form, with a dialect map, edited and arranged, with full references to the authorities, by Mr. R. S. Conway of Caius College, Cambridge, author of *Verner's Law in Italy*.

MESSRS. ABBOTT AND MATHESON have in preparation the second volume of their edition of the Philippic Orations of Demosthenes, which is now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press. This volume will contain the speeches delivered by Demosthenes against Philip between the peace of Philocrates and the Battle of Chaeronea (346-338)—i.e., the *De Pace*, the second and third *Philippics* and the *De Chersoneso*. An introduction will give a sketch of the history of the period, and more especially of the events which led to the delivery of the speeches. The text will be that of Bekker's Leipzig edition, with a collation of Oxford and Zürich editions at the foot of the page. An analysis of each speech will precede the notes upon it, but a brief outline of the arguments will appear in the text.

A NEW story of South American adventure, by Mr. William Westall, entitled *Nigel Fortescue*; or, *The Hunted Man*, will be published in September by Messrs. Ward & Downey in one-volume form, similar to the same author's "Phantom City," &c. It will be issued simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Appleton, and also in Canada.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new novel, in three volumes, by Mr. D. Christie Murray, entitled *The Weaker Vessel*.

MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN's new three-volume novel, *The Man with a Shadow*, will be ready at the libraries next week.

MR. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's new book, *The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean*, will be published in September by Messrs. Ward & Downey in two volumes.

THE new novel which Miss Mabel Collins is about to publish, *The Blossom and the Fruit*, has been unavoidably delayed owing to the severe illness of the author.

THE fourth volume of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" will be published by Messrs. Blackie & Son early in the ensuing month.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be a selection of Southey's Poems, edited by Mr. Sidney R. Thompson.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication *Practical Elements of Construction*: a Reference-book for Engineers and Builders, by Percy L. Addison.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have in the press a new edition of Mr. Charles J. Dunphy's collection of essays entitled *The Chameleon*.

The Story of Langhorne's Creek; or, *A True Colonial Tale*, is promised shortly at Melbourne, by Mr. H. Stonehewer Cooper, author of "Coral Lands," and other works of travel. It will deal with the leading facts in the romantic career of a well-known vigneron and landowner in South Australia, whose fortune it was to see the British flag hoisted at two places in New Holland—at Freemantle, West Australia, in 1829, and near Adelaide, South Australia, in 1836.

MR. HUGH McCULLOCH, secretary of the treasury under the three presidencies of Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur, has written for the September number of *Scribner's Magazine* a paper, entitled "Memories of some Contemporaries." Among the other contents will be an article on "Cyprus," by Mr. W. H. Mallock, illustrated with photographs taken by the author during a recent visit to the island; and "A Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to Embrace the Career of Art," by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who says:

"If you adopt an art to be your trade, weed your mind at the outset of all desire for money. What you may decently expect if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output. Nor have you the right to look for more. In the wages of the life, not in the wages of the trade, lies your reward; the work is here the wages."

AMONG the contents of the September number of *Cassell's Magazine* will be "An Australian Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mr. Thomas B. Clegg, who has lately returned from Queensland; and an article entitled "How Ships are Spoken at Sea."

THE three following volumes will be issued by the Palestine Pilgrim's Text Society before the end of the present year: (1) *The Norman-French Description of Jerusalem and Country*, translated by Capt. C. R. Conder; (2) *The Travels of Nazir-i-Khusrau*, translated by Mr. Guy Le Strange; (3) *Arculfus de Locis Sanctis*, translated by the Rev. R. Macpherson.

THE Rev. H. A. James—some time headmaster at Rossall, and now Dean of St. Asaph—has been appointed to the headmastership of Cheltenham School, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Kynaston.

MR. JAMES THIN, publisher to the university of Edinburgh, has issued a neat little volume containing an account of the octocentenary festival at Bologna. The bulk of it consists of a reprint of letters written at the time to the *Scotsman* by Prof. Kirkpatrick. To this is added a special account of the students' festivities, Prof. Panzacchi's ode, both in Italian and English, and a translation of Prof. Carducci's famous address.

OBITUARY.

EMILE HENNEQUIN.

THE sudden death of one of the most brilliant writers of "jeune France," M. Emile Hennequin, will be painful news to many in England, as well

as in his own country. M. Hennequin, though he had accomplished so much, was only thirty years old. More completely than any of his contemporaries, he knew English life and manners and ways of thought, and spoke the language with a thoroughness which at first deceived even natives. He was, indeed, English in appearance—tall, blond, and of a distinctly aristocratic type. He was extremely popular in all literary circles in Paris, and was hailed as one of the foremost critics of the day not only by the younger men but by the elder, including M. Taine, who from the first recognised in the young writer a man of rare insight and literary skill.

A week or two ago M. Hennequin went to visit his artist friend, Odilon Redon, at Samois, near Fontainebleau. While bathing, he was overtaken by a severe congestion of the chest (always his weak part), as the result of the cold shock, and in a few minutes he succumbed. He leaves a young widow and a one-year-old daughter—now, alas, almost destitute!

Although of Franco-Swiss parentage, Emile Hennequin was born at Palermo. At the age of seventeen he spoke with equal facility French, German, and English; and he was scarcely of age ere he obtained an important position on the *Agence Havas*. Within the last few years he became one of the chief political writers on the staff of *Le Temps*. He also contributed literary articles to the *Journal des Débats*, and was partly responsible for the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue*. His critical articles in the last named, and in the *Revue Indépendante* and the *Revue Contemporaine*, invariably attracted widespread attention. If they lacked the delicate finish of the critiques of his friend Paul Bourget, they had a scientific method and a swift concision all their own. The most important outcome of his scientific theory of criticism is to be found in the volume which appeared only a couple of days before his death, *La Critique Scientifique*; but this will not detract from the interest of the two volumes of his collected miscellaneous writings, which will shortly be published.

W. S.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

RETROSPECTION.

As clouds float softly o'er a summer sky,
As boats drift idly down a quiet stream,
So did the hours of childhood hasten by
As in a happy dream.

Then fields and meadows, flowers and leafy trees;
The lark's swift showering song of ecstasy;
The willow rushes whispering in the breeze—
Those were the world to me.

But now, as on the bridge of years I stand,
Fond memories of the happy past flit by,
Like phantoms in a strange and distant land,
Mocking my misery.

Farewell! thrice happy, happy hours, farewell!
Your light was never darkened by the past,
Nor troubled by the future. Who can tell?
Shall I find rest at last!

HERBERT GRANT.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE second number of the *Eccelesiologist* opens with an article on the Latin hymn "De Contemptu Mundi," or "Cur Mundus," which is commonly attributed—though with little authority—to Saint Bernard. Besides a Latin text, based on MS. sources, and a notice of the early printed editions, there is also given an English version by the late Canon Oakley. Next follow the first instalment of an elaborate description of the Liturgical MSS. in the Bodleian; and a continuation of the bibliography of Breviaries, arranged in the alphabetical

order of dioceses. Among the shorter notes we may mention those on the festival of Angels Guardian, and on the history of the "Ave Maria." This magazine is published by Mr. T. Weale, 2, Orange Street, Red Lion Square.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* for July, Doña E. Pardo Bazan introduces us to a new Gallegan poet, Eduardo Pondal, an imitator of Ossian and the Fenian bards, whose origin he ascribes to Galicia. Another writer highly praises the Catalan novels of Oller, and especially his last collection of tales, "De Tots Colors." "The Psicología del Amor" of Gonzalez Serrano is an expansion of articles in the *Encyclopaedia of Barcelona*; another essay of like kind is "El Sueño," by Mariano Amador. Félix Rozariski begins a "Summary Account of the Codices and MSS. in the Escorial" which promises to be very useful. The important study of Catalina Garcia on "Britwega and its Fuero" is concluded this month. The continuations are those of Fernandez Merino on the "Etymologies in the Dictionary of the Academy," wherein he makes the almost incredible charge that the Academy has confused "Germania" (thieves' slang) with "Romany," the language of the Gypsies; of Gonzalez del Valle on "Coffee and its Properties"; of Lorenzo d'Ayot on "The Aristocracy in the Middle Ages"; and Accero y Abad's reprint from the Zaragoza edition of Ginés Pérez de Hita.

THE *Bo'tin* of the Real Academia de la Historia for June reports the recent discovery that Cervantes was mace-bearer to the Royal Council of Naples from January to July 1572, at a salary of two ducats per month. The baptismal registry of Ercilla has also been found in the Church of San Nicolás, Madrid, dated August 11, 1533. The principal articles are a description of the ruins of the Keltiberian and the Roman town of Termancia, by Nicolás Rabal; a notice of Lazaro del Valle, royal chronicler under Philip IV.; and notices of the Moorish families of the Hammudies of Malaga, and the Tochibies of Aragon, by Francisco Codera. In the latter he marks the variations of Dozy in the different editions of his *Recherches*, and corrects and supplements them with the help of MSS. lately discovered in Tunis.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ADAM, M^{me}. Juliette. *Un rêve sur le divin*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 5 fr.

AMÉLIEAU, E. *Contes et romans de l'Egypte chrétienne*. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.

BÉLANGER-FERDAND, L. J. B. *Les légendes de la Provence*. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.

BRUCHMANN, A. V. *Den griechischen Grabreliefs*. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 20 Pf.

COBDEL, O. *Führer durch die Schachtheorie*. Berlin: Springer. 9 M.

HOUTEN, S. van. *Das Causalitäts-Gesetz in der Socialwissenschaft*. Haarlem: Willink. 1 M. 50 Pf.

STUDIER, bibliographische, zur Buchdruckergeschichte Deutschlands. Hrg. v. K. Schorbach u. M. Spitzhals. Strassburg: Trübner. 40 M.

TAMIZZY DE LAROCQUE, Ph. *Lettres inédites de Ph. Fortin de la Hoguette*. Paris: Picard. 10 fr.

THIBAUT, F. *Marguerite d'Autriche et Jehan Lemaire de Belges: ou, de la littérature et des arts aux Pays-Bas sous Marguerite d'Autriche*. Paris: Leroux. 5 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

CORPUS reformatorum. Vol. 65. J. Calvini opera quae supersunt omnia. Vol. 37. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 12 M.

GENEIS, die. Mit kaiserlicher Unterscheidg. der Quellschriften. Uebers. v. E. Kautsch u. A. Socin. Freiburg i. B.: Mohr. 3 M.

STRECK, K. *Der Galaterbrief nach seiner Echtheit untersucht*. Berlin: Reimer. 5 M.

TRIEBHOFF, L. J. *Les origines de l'église d'Edesse et la légende d'Abgar*. Paris: Maisonneuve. 5 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

BOOR, C. de. *Vita Euthymii. Ein Anekdota zur Geschichte Leo's d. Weisen a. 896-912*. Berlin: Reimer. 5 M.

CHASSAING, Aug. *Cartulaire des Hospitaliers au Velay*. Paris: Picard. 8 fr.

DE LA NOË, G. *Principes de la fortification antique, depuis les temps préhistoriques jusqu'aux croisades*. 1^{re} Fasc. Paris: Leroux. 3 fr. 50 c.

MITTHEILUNGEN aus dem Stadtarhiv v. Köln, hrg. v. K. Hühns. 15. Hft. Köln: Du Mont-Schauberg. 2 M. 80 Pf.

ROCHER-MONTAIG, A. de. *La Maison de Granle. Etude sur la vie et les œuvres des convers de Oiteaux en Auvergne au moyen âge*. Paris: Picard. 5 fr.

ZIMMER, H. R. V. *Erzählung Carl u. Pries Hohenlobe-Kirchberg*. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARY, A. de. *Beiträge zur Morphologie u. Physiologie der Pilze*. 1. Reihe. 2. Abdr. Basel: Schwabe. 8 M.

BRUNNER v. WATTENWYL, C. *Monographie der Stenopelmaitiden u. Gryllacriden*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M.

ETTINGSHAUSEN, O. Frh. v. *Die fossile Flora v. Leoben in Steiermark*. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 5 M. 40 Pf.

OPPOLZER, Th. Ritter v. *Zum Entwurf e. Mondtheorie gehörende Entwicklung der Differentialquotienten*. Leipzig: Freytag. 10 M.

SCHAUB, R. v. *Üb. die Anatomie v. Hydrodroma (O. L. Koch)*. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 50 Pf.

TSCHUDI ZU SCHMIDHOFFEN, V. Ritter v. *Die Verbreitung u. der Zug d. Tannenhebers (Nudifraga caryocatactes L.)*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

AARS, J. *Das Gedicht d. Simonides in Platons Protagoras*. Christiania: Dybwad. 70 Pf.

BRUNER, O. de. *Études égyptiennes*. Paris: Maisonneuve. 2 fr. 50 c.

BROCKE, R. *Sophocles quemadmodum sui temporis res publicas ad describendam herodiam aetatem adhibuerit*. Pars I. Gießen: Ricker. 2 M.

BÜHLER, G. u. Th. ZACHARIAS. *Üb. das Navasahascharita d. Padmes Gupta od. Parimala*. Leipzig: Freytag. 80 Pf.

BUNSON, A. *Die Sage v. Max auf der Martinswand u. ihre Entstehung*. Leipzig: Freytag. 80 Pf.

CHATELAIN, E. *Paléographie des classiques latins*. 6^e Livr. Hachette. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.

DELBROCK, B. *Syntaktische Forschungen*. 5. Bd. Altindische Syntax. Halle: Waisenhause. 15 M.

FRANKE, C. *Grundzüge der Schriftsprache Luthers*. Götting: Remer. 4 M.

GEIGER, W. *Elementarbuch der Sanskrit-Sprache*. München: Kaiser. 6 M.

GOMPERZ, Th. *Zu Aristoteles' Poetik. Ein Beitrag zur Kritik u. Erklärung der Capitel I.-VI.* Leipzig: Freytag. 70 Pf.

MÜLLER, M. *De Apollinaris Siconii latinitate*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

VIČAKHADATTA. *Moudrālakshana*. Traduit par Victor Henry. Paris: Maisonneuve. 5 fr.

ZIMMER, H. *Declamatio in Ludum Sergium Catinum*. Nach e. Münchener Handschrift d. XV. Jahrh. 1. Thl. München: Buchholz. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPRINTS OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

The Granville, Ramsgate: August 18, 1888.

THE *Athenaeum* for August 4, 1888, informs us that another "abridgment" of The Nights has been issued by M. M. Warne & Co. They have reprinted the old version (not even a recension of Galland's), by Dr. Jonathan Scott, LL.D., whose six volumes reduced to five, thus omitting the only novel portion, were republished by M. M. Nimmo Bain & Co., in 1883. Dr. Scott began with the brave design of retranslating bodily from the Arabic; but his knowledge being unequal to the task, he contented himself with slightly altering the "vulgar version." I have already noticed the non-sens of Mr. Townsend's description of his work as "less elevated, difficult, and abstruse than that of Lane." To a critical reader this has no meaning. Some, like Torrens, attempted a literal version from the Arabic, which Scott did not. "The persistently fascinating character of the book" will not fully explain the recurrence of these reprints. I have given to the public, under my wife's superintendence, the pure unadulterated article. But the tastes of civilisation ever incline to the worked-up, which has the advantage of art applied to nature. At Trieste, we often offer our English friends a *petit verre* of right Geneva distilled from the juniper-berry, and now unprocureable at home; and we enjoy the wry mouths made by those who are accustomed to Hollands and Old Tom.

The main difficulty, however, is to erase the popular impression that The Nights is a book

for babes, a "classic for children"; whereas its lofty morality, its fine character-painting, its artful development of the story, and its original snatches of rare poetry, fit it for the reading of men and women, and these, too, of no puerile or vulgar wit. In fact, its prime default is that it flies too high.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

London: Aug. 15, 1888.

Prof. Holland accuses me of a *petitio principii*. He will, I trust, forgive me if I indulge in the luxury of a *tu quoque*, and point out that when he declares *ex cathedra* that there is "reliable evidence that lectures were delivered in Oxford . . . on Roman law to large audiences in 1149," he is assuming the very point in controversy. There is evidence that Vacarius taught Roman law at Oxford unquestionably; but, whether the unsupported statement of Gervase of Canterbury is reliable evidence is precisely the question at issue between us. I must not trespass on your space by reproducing my argument, I can only repeat that when John of Salisbury mentions the introduction of the Roman law by the household of Theobald, and then in the same sentence adds that the possession of the books was forbidden, and "silence imposed on our Vacarius," the inference is to me irresistible that there existed in John of Salisbury's mind some connexion between the two statements. If the first clause merely means that the household of Theobald imported a cargo of Roman law-books, what has the imposition of silence on "our Vacarius" got to do with the matter? When we know independently that the archbishop's "domus" was the scene of regular lectures in other faculties, and of regular academic disputations upon law as well as upon other subjects, the conclusion seems to me irresistible that the "introduction" of the Roman law means its teaching at Canterbury, and that this teaching was given by Vacarius. I must add that the large Oxford audiences attributed to Vacarius by Prof. Holland upon "reliable evidence" are the creatures of that historical imagination to whose employment he so emphatically objects. Gervase says absolutely nothing about large audiences. The passage which Prof. Holland has in his mind occurs in Robert de Monte, who tells us nothing about the place of Vacarius's lectures beyond the fact that they were in England.

For the rest, I must leave my argument where it stands. But, in justice to myself, I must ask leave to correct two not unimportant misrepresentations of my case into which Prof. Holland has unwittingly fallen:

(1) He attributes to me the statement that Gervase was a "twelfth-century writer." What I said was that Gervase "wrote in the thirteenth century." According to Bishop Stubbs, all Gervase's minor works, including the *Actus Pontificum* from which the passage comes, were begun after 1199.

(2) Prof. Holland declares that

"we know nothing of the nationality of the students who were expelled from France in 1167. We do not know where they had been studying, or whither they betook themselves. For all we are told, they may have gone to Bologna."

I must remind your readers that in my letter of June 2, I cited an edict of Henry II., recalling beneficed clerks to England "as they loved their revenues," and forbidding all clerks "transfretare" without leave. Unquestionably some English masters and scholars at Paris must have been beneficed in England, and the majority of them, no doubt, loved those benefices, and returned to England. Whether these are or are not the scholars referred to in the statement about the expul-

sion of clerks from Paris, they were, at least, English subjects. Moreover, Becket distinctly states that the king "vult etiam ut omnes scholares repatriare cogantur aut beneficiis suis priventur." If these scholars were not English, the king's wish, or rather will, must have been a singularly idle one. It would take me too long to demonstrate that the majority of English scholars in France studied at Paris and that we do know what they were studying. As to the possibility of their going to Bologna, it is obvious that this would not have satisfied the king's edict. If they returned to England, is it more probable that they went to Oxford, where we shortly afterwards hear of a body of scholars, or to some other place as to which we have no such information?

I have only space to add that, when Prof. Holland concludes that "we have no means of saying how much earlier" than 1187 the state of things depicted by Giraldus existed, he ignores the not inconsiderable amount of evidence which I gave in my first letter for supposing that we can trace back the existence of a considerable studium at Oxford to close upon the date of the migration which my theory postulates. If Prof. Holland would honour me by criticising instead of ignoring that evidence and the inferences I have drawn from it, he would be doing me even greater service than he has done by giving me the opportunity of clearing up points in my argument which other readers besides himself may have found obscure or unconvincing.

Since my last letter on this subject a valuable suggestion has been most kindly made to me by Mr. Shadwell, of Oriel, of which I should like to give your readers the benefit. He suggests that the passage in Giraldus does not necessarily imply that Vacarius taught at Oxford circa 1149, before the edict of Stephen against the Roman Law-books. Vacarius may have taught in Archbishop Theobald's household in 1149 and at Oxford at any time after 1167. It seems to me just possible that this may be Gervase's meaning; and, whatever be Gervase's meaning, this may very well have been the actual fact. And in that case, even if Gervase did antedate the Oxford teaching, his error is both minimised and still further explained.

H. RASHDALL.

ST. PATRICK'S DOCTRINES.

Oxford: August 14, 1888.

There is nothing new in the Rev. Prof. Stokes's last letter, except an assertion and an insinuation, each of which he must know to be groundless. He asserts (in the *ACADEMY* for August 11, 1888, p. 88, col. 3) that I contend "that the Celtic Church accepted Papal supremacy." I said (see the *ACADEMY* for July 28, 1888, p. 55, col. 1), and I say, the direct contrary. He insinuates that I have read nothing but the headings of Columbanus's epistles to the Popes Boniface IV. and Gregory the Great. The readers of the *ACADEMY* have better memories than Prof. Stokes supposes. They will remember that I quoted, not only the heading of the letter to Boniface IV., but the passage "Nos enim . . . clara," and the passage "Propter Christi geminos apostolos vos prope caelestes estis," &c. These are in the body of the letter, at p. 142, col. 1, of Fleming's *Collectanea*. I also referred to two passages in the body of the letter to Gregory the Great: one, as to the celebration of Easter; the other, as to holding communion with simoniacal clergy. The second of these passages I will now quote verbatim, as showing the kind of questions referred by Columbanus to Rome, and the mode of making the reference:

"Sed hæc de Pascha sufficient. Caeterum de episcopis illis quid iudicas, interrogo, qui contra Canones ordinantur, id est, quæcunq; simoniacis

[MS., -cos] et Gillas author pætes scripserit.* Nunquid cum illis communicandum est? Quia, quod gravius est, multi in hac Provincia tales esse noscuntur: aut de aliis, qui in Diocanatu violati, postea ad Episcoporum gradum eliguntur?" (*Collectanea*, p. 159, col. 1.)

To return to the issue—namely, whether the canon ascribed to St. Patrick and directing certain questions to be referred to Rome is authentic—it is true that Cummián does not mention it in his letter to Segéna. But the argument from silence, always dangerous, is particularly so in dealing with the documentary evidence relating to the early Irish Church. Cummián's letter may possibly have contained a passage referring to the canon, which passage the scribe omitted, just as the scribe of the Book of Armagh certainly left out numerous passages in the *Confessio* of Patrick himself. Or Cummián, knowing that the direction of a single bishop, however eminent, has not the binding force of a synodical decree, may have been content to rest the appellate jurisdiction of Rome solely on the decrees of Sardica. However this may be, two facts remain: (1) the canon is contained in the *Hibernensis*, which I have shown to have been compiled by Cú-chuimne; and (2) if the canon were forged in the interest of Rome, the forger would have gone much farther, and made it a clear recognition of papal supremacy, not a mere direction to refer disputed questions to the arbitration of the Roman ecclesiastics.

Let me conclude this letter (and with it my share in the controversy) by quoting a passage which I found yesterday in a little book on the Church history of Ireland, by the Rev. Robert King (2nd ed., p. 48). He, it is right to premise, suspects the genuineness of the canon in question. But he says, very sensibly, that even if it be genuine,

"it contains nothing which may not be readily admitted—namely, that if any cause were found difficult to decide at home, the foreign Church to which recourse would be most naturally had for advice was that established in the largest and most important Christian city, which, from its position and circumstances at that period, and the constant intercourse then existing between it and all parts of the world, was most calculated to become naturally a centre of unity and a place to which all Christians everywhere might look for counsel and direction, the result of experience not to be had elsewhere."

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF GEORGIA.

London: August 8, 1888.

In his interesting communication on "The Languages and Literature of Georgia" (*ACADEMY*, July 21), Mr. W. R. Morfill suggests that the group of languages of which the Georgian, or Kartvli, is the chief representative, and which in comparative philology is generally called the South Caucasian group, might with advantage be denominated "Iberian." And at the same time he states, in support of this suggestion, that the Georgian and Basque have in common an incorporative structure of the verb.

I beg to remark that the suggested name would rather cause confusion; and that the peculiarity of structure in Georgian and Basque is not so close as to prove the relationship which the statement would imply.

The proposed denomination of "Iberian" is by itself insufficient, and I do not see why Mr. Morfill has not simply proposed to revive the more suitable term "Ibero-Caucasic," which was put forth by Schleicher. "Iberian" leads directly to the assumption of a kinship, hitherto

* Something seems omitted here. At all events I do not understand the words which I have italicised.

† MS., gradare leguntur.

improved and apparently unprovable, with the Iberians of Southern Europe, whose representatives, curiously enough in the present case, are probably not the modern Euskarians or Basques. And though the revival of an old term, known with reference to the Georgians since the Greek and Roman writers, and still preserved in the provincial name of "Imerithi," would not be without advantage, the balance of convenience makes such a revival undesirable.

Pronominal incorporation exists indeed, but with differences, in both Georgian and Basque. But this is far from being so uncommon a phenomenon in the morphology of languages as to justify any suggestion of kinship on so slender a ground. It is met with far and wide in languages of many groups and families, as shown by Dr. Raoul de la Grasserie in his recent paper *De la Conjugaison objective*.

The *Etudes linguistiques sur les Langues de la Famille Georgienne* of the late M. J. R. Gatteyrias are the most scientific papers ever written on these languages. So far as regards recent publications in this country, a geographical survey of the Caucasian languages, with a map, was published, by Dr. R. N. Cust, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1885 (vol. xvii., pp. 145-162), and "Original Vocabularies of Five West Caucasian Languages" (i.e., 225 words and sentences in Georgian, Mingrelian, Laz, Swanetic, and Abkhazian), collected by Mr. Peacock, British Vice-consul at Batum, appeared in the same periodical for 1887 (vol. xix., pp. 145-156).

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

"IL VECCHIO ALARDO" IN THE "INFERNO."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Aug. 9, 1888.

In a short account I gave in the ACADEMY (Aug. 4) of Alardo, or Erard de Valéry, I alluded to the high character of him given by Rutebeuf in *La Complainte du Roi de Navarre*. I may add a passage from another poem of Rutebeuf's which, as well as the passage in the *Inferno* (xxviii. 18), shows in what high estimation as a warrior Erard was held by his contemporaries:

"Mes sire Erard, Diex vos mantengne
Et en bone vie vos teneigne
Qu'il est bon mestiers en la terre!
Que s'il avient que tost vos preigne,
Je doï il pais ne remaigne
En grant dolor et en grant guerre."

(*La Complainte du Conte Huide de Nevers*, vv. 109-114.)

This poem was written in 1267 (Count Eudes having died in August of that year), the year before the battle of Tagliacozzo, to Erard's share in which Dante alludes in the passage referred to above.

PAGET TOYNBER.

"EGROMANCY."

London: August 14, 1888.

In Sir Richard Burton's *Arabian Nights* there are several instances of the use of this word as a name for some kind of divination or magic. I have a strong impression that I have met with the word in some earlier writer, and that the context gave reason for supposing that it was a corruption of "necromancy"; but it does not seem to be in Malory, or in any of the other books in which I had expected to find it. I should be glad to be furnished with any earlier instances of the word, and with any evidence bearing on its derivation.

HENRY BRADLEY.

A PROVENCAL FOLK-SONG.

Schliedern, Vinteburgan: Aug. 6, 1888.

It would be interesting to know the age of the Provencal folk-song translated by M. R. Weld in the ACADEMY of August 4.

It will have occurred to most of your readers that the *motif* is the same as that of the well-known ballad "Oh, Our Guedman Came Hame One Night;" and that the treatment is very similar.

H. F. BROWN.

[At the time of sending the "Provencal Folk-Song"—from India—Mr. Weld wrote that he had translated part of it from Alphonse Daudet's *Numa Roumestan*, c. x.—ED. ACADEMY.]

SCIENCE.

AN INDIAN MATERIA MEDICA.

The Bombay Materia Medica and their Therapeutics. By Rustomjee Naserwanjee Khory, M.D. Bruz. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

It is rare to find an Indian who, after obtaining medical qualifications in Europe, returns to his country with kind feeling towards its system of medicine. Too often there is an entire break with the past of his country, socially and intellectually, which unfits him for any more influence on it than would be the case were he an Englishman; indeed, perhaps less. It is, therefore, pleasant to find a Parsee physician putting his European medical education at the service of the Indian system of medicine, recognising that, however weak that system may be in its scientific basis—the knowledge of the human body in health and disease—yet, when the question is one of remedying disease, long empirical observation may counterbalance scientific defect and handle skilfully the therapeutic agents common to Eastern and to Western medicine. For however scientific the basis of medicine may be, its means of cure are, with few exceptions, based on the experience of very unscientific people—old women and savages. One might count on the five fingers all the indispensable medicines which modern chemistry has placed at the disposition of the medical art; and, notwithstanding the pharmacological ideal of purely chemical materia medica evolved by synthesis on the indication of the physician, there is always an eager inquiry into the properties of the drugs brought home by the explorer of uncivilised countries. And as it is the tendency of modern medical instruction, especially in England, to carry the student over the wide extent of modern medical knowledge, to the neglect of its history and development, there is a frequent process of scientific forgetfulness, making the physician ignore or despise those to whom he owes the means of cure at his disposal. Notwithstanding the encouragement given by the Indian Government to medical botany and to works which bring the Indian materia medica to the notice of medical officers, the results have hitherto been disappointing, and both the Indian Pharmacopoeia and its appendix too often lie mouldering in neglect on the hospital book-shelf.

Dr. Rustomjee's work now under notice addresses itself to the Indian public, aiming at giving his countrymen an insight into their own materia medica by the light of Western science. None but indigenous or long-established drugs are noticed; even quinine and the cinchona of Darjeeling and the Nilgiris are omitted. As a matter of fact, quinine is not indispensable to the natives of India. Doubtless they use it, especially when

it can be obtained gratis; but the periodical fevers which are common in many parts of India can in most cases be perfectly well treated without the Peruvian bark or its alkaloid. Dr. Rustomjee's work abounds in prescriptions for malarial fevers containing only indigenous drugs. Even Goa powder, which might have been thought to have established itself by this time in the Bombay materia medica, is excluded. The natives of India do not suffer much from the troublesome "Burmese ringworm," which sometimes afflicts Europeans very severely. Thirty years ago the Englishman suffering from this most irritating disease might, in mild cases, get relief from the usual native remedies, the leaves of the *Cassia alata* or the flowers of *Thespesia populnea*, both common in the moist climates of India, where the disease is most prevalent. But for severe cases the English surgeon could offer no remedy; and the sufferer led a miserable life, perhaps even (as in cases I know) being invalided to England, while all the time there was a remedy sold in the bazaars of Bombay which could cure the most inveterate case in a few days. This drug, the Goa powder, imported thither by the Portuguese under the name of *Foh di Bahia*, was at last brought to notice by a druggist of Bombay. In 1868 the Indian Pharmacopoeia alluded to it in a note as "a nostrum." It found its way to England, where it was eagerly welcomed by skin-specialists. Chemistry has extracted from it an active principle called chrysophanic acid, and the British Pharmacopoeia has at last recognised it.

Turning to the notices of the above-mentioned plants, we find their respective orders given a synonym familiar to Indians. Thus, the *Leguminosae* are the "Aghathia and Babula order," these being typical examples. The first name recalls the *Agati grandiflora* (the use of which in skin disease is, however, not mentioned); and the relation of the *Cassia alata* to this type is seen in its Malayalam name, *Shimo-agati*. *Cassia alata* itself is not given. Can this be for the same reason as in the case of Goa powder, its being a naturalised plant from the West Indies? *Cassia occidentalis*, however, seems to have acquired citizenship in the Bombay materia medica, and it has very similar properties. The second name of the leguminous order refers to the type of the *babul*, the *Acacia arabica*, the correct pronunciation of which is preserved in the *Abakid* of the Arabic tongue. Turning to *Thespesia populnea* it is found among the *Malvaceae* "the Rhinda order." The Indian synonym refers to the typical *bhinda-kai*, the well-known mucilaginous vegetable. The *Thespesia* itself appears to be called *bhinda* in Bombay dialect, but its general Indian name of *Payasa* has been corrupted among the English into the "Persian tree"—a corruption not given with "Portia" in Col. Yule's Anglo-Indian Glossary. Neither do I find in that delightful treasury of word-lore the marking-nut, *Semecarpus anaquardium*, which deserved a place as much as its cousin the cashew nut. I shall never forget my own introduction to the medicinal properties of the marking-nut, fortunately a vicarious one. A battery of artillerymen had just arrived from England; and for the first week there was furnishing of accoutrements, black-

ing of boots, and all the last exuberance of home energy, the last flare of it before the "cleaning-boy" found his way into the barracks and relieved the white soldiers of menial work. One morning several men came to hospital with various parts of their bodies enormously swollen. The head of one was the size of a pumpkin, the legs of another seemed in the last stage of dropsey, others appeared afflicted with the various forms of elephantiasis. My apothecary, a Eurasian sage, utterly devoid of medical science, but well endowed with what was far more valuable—thirty years of hospital experience, relieved my astonishment by suggesting to me that the men had recently been served out with their white clothing. They had—and had been marking it themselves with the juice of the marking-nut; but, unaware of the volatile poison in the juice, they had worn the garments before having them washed. However, the swellings soon subsided under simple treatment.

Of course the marking nut is included in the work under review, irritant medicines being necessarily of great therapeutical power. Among these the *Mucuna pruriens* is not forgotten, nor the derivation of its English name "cowhage" from the Hindi *kavaacha*; the intermediate name "coughage" is however omitted. A similar etymological omission occurs in the notice of the *Poinciana pulcherrima*—a tree the name of which (commemorating M. de Poincy) denotes its being an immigrant into India, though that name, sometimes *P. pulcherrima*, generally *P. regia*, appears threatened with extinction by the tree being merged into the *Cassalpinia* genus. Dr. Rustomjee gives its Arabic name *gula-mohara* (peacock flower), but not the English corruption into "gold-mohur" tree. Yet he adds a remark that the French call it the flower of paradise; *la flamboyante* would be more accurate. He seems to have acquired some not very correct notions of the French language and pharmacopeia when passing his examination at Brussels; for instance, he says that "in France a kind of wine known as Malaga wine is used as a febrifuge; it is prepared from *kasundi bija*." But as he also says of the *kasundi* (*Cassia occidentalis*), "the whole plant is a purgative," there may be some reasonable doubt whether the Malaga, which takes the place in France of our antepandrial glass of sherry, be really prepared from the seeds of this very medicinal plant. Has some hospitable recommendation of Malaga as *un vin apéritif* led him to misapprehend the properties of that wine?

Dr. Rustomjee notices that curious remnant of mediæval trade to the East, the *teriak-faruka*, but gives no history of it. Col. Yule's Anglo-Indian Glossary also omits it, I observe. It has altogether disappeared from England. The ancient *hieria piara* survives in the "hicory-picory" still asked for occasionally in druggist's shops; but *theriaca* has left no trace except in its debased form as "treacle." Yet *theriague* is not altogether unknown on the continent; and the confection of opium still lingers in our pharmacopeia, sadly shorn of most of its original sixty-one ingredients, as the representative of *Theriaca andromachi*, the "Venice treacle" of the London pharmacopeia of 1746. This is the *teriak farouk*, till exported from Venice to the East, soon,

perhaps, to be superseded by the less venerable products of the advertising English patent-medicine vendor.

The notice of the animal section of *materia medica* also recalls what some of our own works were and even are. The use of *Cimex lectularius* in India as a remedy for quartan ague corresponds with the old English use, in the same disease, of the little myriapod whose power of rolling himself into a five-grain pill obviously indicates a medicinal purpose which none but a freethinker could dispute. The notice of the use of snake-poison in Hindu medicine is modestly confined to a couple of lines. An English physician has recently written a volume of 360 pages (now before me) on the homoeopathic applications of the venom of a single species of snake.

EDWARD NICHOLSON.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

The Nervous System and the Mind. A Treatise on the Dynamics of the Human Organism. By Charles Mercier. (Macmillan.) Dr. Mercier is well known among the younger alienists who, influenced largely by the example of Dr. Hughlings Jackson, have made a serious study of psychology, and who hold that the study of mental aberrations must be based on a knowledge of the laws of normal mental action. In the present volume, which is made up partly of reprints of articles and partly of unpublished matter, he seeks to bring together yet more closely the two orders of facts. It is divided into three parts. In the first the author discusses the functions of the nervous system as physical and physiological processes without reference to the environment. In the second the same actions are viewed as correlated with the environment—as adjustments of the organism to its environment. This part is called—after the example of Mr. Herbert Spencer, of whom the author is an ardent disciple—psychological. The third part treats of the subjective concomitants of nervous action, and more particularly of the relation between cognition and feeling and the classification of the feelings. The work has thus a certain degree of systematic completeness. At the same time the reader is made to feel, more particularly in part iii., that only certain parts of the subject are handled. Dr. Mercier writes well and clearly, and shows himself a careful psychologist as well as a trained neurologist. His classification of the feelings is a bold and ingenious attempt to connect in a thoroughgoing way all varieties of feeling with the interaction between the organism and the environment. As the form of this interaction varies—e.g., as setting out in the environment or in the organism—so will the feelings vary. This principle of classification is made to yield good results, and the whole chapter may be regarded as a valuable supplement to Mr. Spencer's account of psychical activity. At the same time it may be doubted whether this way of dealing with the subject is satisfactory from another point of view—viz., that which aims at grouping together those varieties of feeling which resemble one another most nearly as psychical states. Perhaps the most valuable portions of the volume are those which attempt by the aid of hypothesis to make clear the nature of nervous action. Dr. Mercier is often particularly happy in the selection of analogies, as where he estimates the points of resemblance between the control of the higher nerve-centres over the lower and the control of an army by its heads (p. 133 *et. seq.*) The volume will be found highly suggestive to neurologist and psychologist alike.

The Logic of Chance. By John Venn. Third edition, re-written and enlarged. (Macmillan.) Dr. Venn's essay having been already reviewed in the ACADEMY, and being well known to students of philosophy, we may confine ourselves to noticing the re-statements and enlargements contained in the third edition. The new chapter on "The Conception of Randomness" forms a considerable addition. There must be a uniform distribution over some assigned magnitude; as of raindrops over an area. But the selection of the magnitude is often difficult, and even arbitrary. It must in general be finite. Otherwise, the probability reduces to zero, and the problem to absurdity. The important theory is illustrated by a pretty example: a "random line," which may be described as the course of one who at every step "tosses up" in what direction he is to move. Dr. Venn gives a diagram of a line actually constructed on this principle. As might be expected, one does not get "much forrader" by moving along this line. It ends—where Jevons said bimetallic controversy was apt to end—very much where it began. Dr. Venn reproduces his polemic against the view that the calculus furnishes a sort of meter of belief, with the significant comment—"I must admit that, if I were writing it entirely afresh, I should endeavour to express myself with less emphasis." We notice a tone of concession with respect to another species of psychometry—the theory of "moral fortune," or "law of diminishing utility." The paragraphs headed "Doubtful Nature of these Assumptions" have disappeared. And the author appears to admit that the law may have momentous applications. The added chapters on "The Theory of Averages" are peculiarly valuable. If the "general reader," or rather, the "generally educated man" (not the same persons) were to ask where the best exposition of this intricate subject could be obtained, our answer would be unhesitatingly: Here. Nowhere else are the various methods of averaging, and the distinct purposes to which they are adapted, so fully enumerated and clearly defined; nowhere else are the philosophy and technique of the subject so happily combined. On one or two points indeed, the mathematical purist might take exception. For example, Dr. Venn—with that taste for curious varieties and rare exotics which makes his collection of species so valuable—has instanced the curve or law of error which is such that an average of several observations is less likely to be accurate than a single observation. But in labelling this species he conveys the impression that its symbolical designation is a simple algebraical formula. The real expression is of a compound and implicit character *quod versus dicere non est*. While welcoming so many valuable additions to this work, we regret one omission, that of certain sections on the logic of induction. We have always regarded Dr. Venn's analysis of "Causation" and the "Uniformity of Nature" as among the most important contributions after Mill's which have been made to inductive logic. We are consoled by the promise of "a regular work on that subject."

Philosophie des Schönen. Von Edward von Hartmann. Zweiter systematischer Theil der Aesthetik. (Berlin: Duncker.) Herr von Hartmann is the despair of the critic. His philosophical works succeed one another so rapidly that it is as much as a busy reader can do to keep abreast of him. After giving to the world ponderous systematic treatises on ethics and religion, he now further enriches it with a complete treatise, historical and dogmatic, on aesthetics. Readers of the *Philosophie des Unbewussten* will remember that the author there shows a considerable familiarity with art and its processes, and in the introduction to the

present work he insists on such familiarity as a necessary qualification of the philosophical "Aesthetiker." At the same time, he assures us that he is here contenting himself with laying down the philosophic ground-work of the subject. He lays no claim to be an innovator in the sense that he is constructing aesthetics *de novo*. The fact that he prepares the way for his system by a historical sketch of the chief German Aesthetiker indicates his intention to follow in the traditional lines. At the same time he considers that he has materially improved on his predecessors in many and important respects. Thus he supposes that he is here following that inductive method of treatment which he defined in his first principal treatise. It may surprise the reader after this to learn that the work is divided into two books, the first of which deals with the concept of the beautiful; the second with the existence of the beautiful—i.e., with actual presentations of the beautiful in nature and art. The root-conception of the work is that beauty is no quality of things, has no real existence, but is pure appearance (*ästhetischer Schein*) or subjective manifestation (*Erscheinung*). The argument by which this complete abstraction of beauty from objects is supposed to be effected is curious. The author thinks that if the beauty of visible colours and forms and of sounds is real, it must be an attribute of the vibrations of æther or atmosphere which science tells us are the external causes of the sensations. Herr von Hartmann does not attempt to explain how it is that we necessarily come to qualify objects as beautiful, or the opposite. Indeed, his line of reasoning appears to leave no place for any common standard of beauty. The theory of the beautiful reduces itself to an analysis of a particular variety of psychical process. Having defined beauty in the abstract, he goes on to trace the successive grades of its concretion in the agreeable impressions of sense, formal relations of space and time, adaptations of living organisms, and so forth. Then we have an account of the opposites of beauty, and of its modifications, both those which give rise to no conflict (the sublime, graceful, &c.), and those which involve conflict (the pathetic, tragic, comic, &c.). Then follows a chapter on the place of beauty in the human mind and the universe, in which, among other points, the writer discusses the relations of beauty to morality and religion. The second book deals with natural beauty, historical beauty, and artistic beauty. The processes of artistic creation are very fully examined, and an attempt is made to improve on the many previous classifications of the fine arts. Throughout Herr von Hartmann displays his well-known characteristics—love of systematisation, facility in coining new technical language, and a desire to reconcile and embody in some new conception the opposing views of his predecessors. Valuable and suggestive as are many parts of the work, it may be doubted whether it constitutes so considerable an advance on previous systems as the author seems disposed to think.

VOLAPÜK AS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

IN March of the present year, the American Philosophical Society, whose headquarters are at Philadelphia, addressed a letter to several learned bodies in England or elsewhere,

"asking their co-operation in perfecting a language for learned and commercial purposes, based on the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms; and to that end proposing an international congress, the first meeting of which shall be held in London or Paris."

This letter, again, was the result of the report

of a committee (consisting of Mr. D. G. Brinton and two others), which had been appointed to enquire into the scientific value of Volapük as a universal language. That report, which is printed at length in *Nature* for August 9, condemns Volapük, mainly on the ground that it is in "absolute opposition to the evolutionary tendencies of the Aryan tongues."

At the meeting of the Philological Society of London on June 15, a paper was read, in reference to this proposal, by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, on "The Conditions of a Universal Language," which has now been issued in advance of the annual volume of the *Transactions* of the society. After an elaborate study not only of Volapük and its rivals, but also of the phonetical principles involved, Mr. Ellis formulated the following conclusions:

"A careful examination of Volapük leads me to the conclusion that it is well adapted for the purposes for which it was intended, and displays great ingenuity in its construction. At the same time Spelling seems to me simpler, easier, and more adapted for speech. We have at any rate two universal languages, both on a non-Aryan basis, both highly ingenious, both eminently suited for their purpose, both having the characters of living tongues, thoroughly compact and organic, without the slightest indication of patching or break-down. Whereas such proposals as are avowedly formed on an Aryan (generally a Latin or Romance) basis have the appearance of mere makeshifts, or of jargons so dear to the hearts of the reporters. But Volapük alone has at present the ear of the public, and is in possession of a vast organisation highly interested in propagating it and making it become as its name implies 'the language of the world.' Volapük, therefore, has the chief claim on our attention; and all those who desire the insubstantiation of that 'phantom of a universal language' which has flitted before so many minds, from the days of the Tower of Babel, should, I think, add their voice to the many thousands who are ready to exclaim *lïfom-ös Volapük*, 'long live Volapük.'

"Hence I recommend the Philological Society not to accept the invitation of the American Philosophical Society to take part in their proposed congress, for reasons which may be thus summarised:

"(1) Because the subject is not one which can be properly dealt with in a congress, even if a complete programme were laid before it for consideration.

"(2) Because the invitation is one-sided; and, while it is by no means clear from the reports what is meant by 'the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms,' it is also by no means clear, *a priori*, that an Aryan basis is desirable, and this would be conceded by acceptance.

"(3) Because there already exists a universal language, Volapük, which has a large number of adherents in all countries of the world, and which is completely elaborated in grammar and vocabulary, but has been formed entirely without reference to Aryanism.

"And lastly, because the whole value of a universal language consists in its general acceptance, while the attempt to form an opposition scheme by the aid of all learned societies, upon an incompatible basis, would, if in any respect successful, materially impede the progress of Volapük, and would probably altogether defeat its object.

"I therefore beg leave to move:—'That our hon. sec., Dr. Furnivall, be instructed politely to acknowledge the invitation of the American Philosophical Society, and to say that the Philological Society of London, having duly considered the invitation and the reports sent with it, have resolved to take no action in the matter.'

This resolution was seconded by Prof. Rieu, and supported by Dr. Furnivall, and the chairman, Mr. Henry Bradley, and passed unanimously.

Mr. Ellis's paper forms a pamphlet of about thirty-eight pages, and is printed by Messrs. Stephen Austin & Sons, of Hertford.

OBITUARY.

W. H. BAILEY.

WE hear with regret that Mr. William Hellier Bailey, the well-known palaeontologist of the Geological Survey of Ireland, died at Rathmines on August 6. Originally attached to the British Museum, he became connected with the Geological Survey in 1844, and worked in London as assistant naturalist, first under Edward Forbes, and afterwards under Prof. Huxley. In 1857 he was transferred to the Survey of Ireland, and some years afterwards became demonstrator in palaeontology in the Royal College of Science in Dublin. Mr. Bailey was not only an acute naturalist and the author of a large number of scientific papers and lists of fossils, but he was an admirable draughtsman, skilled in lithographic work. It is to be regretted that his *Characteristic British Fossils*—an amply illustrated work of great use to the student—was never completed, in consequence of his limited pecuniary resources forbidding the necessary expenditure. Mr. Bailey had reached his sixty-ninth year at the time of his decease.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONTRACT-TABLET OF THE TENTH YEAR OF DARIUS.

London: August 7, 1889.

Having been for some time past on the look-out for Babylonian and other names compounded with the word *Aa* or *Ya*, with its various modifications, I had the good fortune to come across the interesting names *Banāwa* = *Banāwa* (בַּנְיָוָה), and *Natunu-yāma* = *Natanu-yāwa* (נַטְנֻיָּוָה); and this discovery putting me still more on the alert, I was again fortunate enough to find a word of the same class, namely, *Gamar-yāma Gamar-yāwa* = (גַּמְרֻיָּוָה), on a fragment of a contract dated in the tenth year of Darius, recording the sale of a slave. Apart from this interesting name, however, the text did not give much that was of value, as none of the lines were complete.

But the fragment in question proved to be of much greater value than I at first thought; for, next day, I came across another small piece which joined it, completing the first four and last three lines. The fifth line, also, received an addition which enabled me to complete it, so that the first sentence of the text, which reaches as far as the sixth line, can be read with tolerable certainty, though it contains a gap which cannot, at present, be filled out completely. As the missing part, however, would have given only the amount of money paid for the slave, it is of but secondary importance. The following is a transcription of the complete portion of the text:

"Sha-Nabû-duppu, ābli-shu sha Nabû-shar-ūsur, ina khud libbi-shu, Nanā-khushi, gallat-su Bakh-taru'iti, sha khamlita mikhkhiluta sha Khupiri, ina eli dur-shu, sha imni-shu u shitta-shu ana shumu sha Tibtā, marat-su sha Sin-ēdir shafirta, ana [... mana ... shiqli kaspi], sha ina eshtin shiqli bitqa, nakhutū, sha lā ginnu, ana shimi gam-rūtu, ana] Ishshar-taribi, ābli-shu sha Mur-ēpus, iddin."

"Sha-Nabû-duppu, son of Nabû-shar-ūsur, in the cheerfulness of his heart, has sold Nanā-khushi, his Bactrian slave (from the fifth battle of the Khupiri, concerning his fortress), whose right side and hand are inscribed with the name of Tibtā, daughter of Sin-ēdir, for [... mana ... shekels of silver], which is by the one shekel piece, coined, not standard, for the price complete, to Ishshar-taribi, son of Mur-ēpus."

In this extract there is but one phrase, namely,

* Compare the Rev. O. J. Ball's letter in the ACADEMY for July 21.

ina lli dur-shu, "concerning his fortress," of which the signification is doubtful; but the meaning of the rest is probably not affected thereby. The historical fact which we get is that the troops of Darius, before his tenth year, had apparently had five conflicts with a Bactrian tribe—for such the Khupiri probably were—and that a portion of this tribe, of which the slave-woman Nanâ-khushi, was one, were carried into slavery to Babylon. The word *Bakhtarû'iti* is a feminine form, the masculine of which would be *Bakhtaruaa*, or, better, *Bakhtarâa*, "Bactrian." The old Persian form, *Bakhtarish*, "Bactria" agrees very closely with the form given by the text now under our notice. Spiegel, in his excellent *Altpersischen Keil-inschriften*, regarded, on account of the later forms, the reading *Bakhtish* as the more probable; but our new text seems to favour the rejected *Bakhtari*. It is but right to remark, however, that such a combination of consonants as *khir* is, from the syllabic nature of Assyrian writing, impossible, and that the form *Bakhtarû'iti* (for a possible *Bakhtû'iti*) may, therefore, arise from that fact.

THEO. G. PINCHES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE organising committees of Sections A and G of the British Association have arranged a joint discussion on "Lightning Conductors," to be held at the Bath meeting in the first week of September. Mr. W. H. Preece, president of Section G, will open the discussion, and Prof. Oliver J. Lodge will defend the position he laid down this year before the Society of Arts. We may also mention here the titles of some of the papers to be read in Section H (anthropology): "Social Regulations in Melanesia," by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington; "The Early Races of Western Asia," by Capt. C. R. Conder; "Funeral Rites and Ceremonies of the Nicobarese," by Mr. E. H. Man; "The Physique of the Swiss as influenced by Race and by Media," by Dr. John Beddoe; "Observations made in the Anthropometric Laboratory at Manchester," by Mr. G. W. Bloxam and Dr. J. G. Garson; "The Ancient Stronghold of Worlebury at Weston-super-Mare," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins; and "Grecian Sun-Worship," by Mr. Theodore Bent.

THE Rolleston Memorial Prize at Oxford, awarded for the first time this year, has been divided between Mr. Bateson and Mr. Gardiner, who both happen to be fellows of Cambridge colleges.

THE Rev. Dr. Dallinger has resigned the headship of the Wesley College, Sheffield, in order to devote himself to scientific work in London. On Tuesday last, August 25, he and his wife were presented with valuable testimonials on leaving Sheffield.

THE fourth part of the first volume of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner) gives what seems a double measure of both text and plates. First comes a description—in English—by Prof. G. Schlegel, of Leiden, of the "Singapore Street-Scene," which was modelled for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. But the most notable contribution is that in which Dr. C. Snouck Hargronje, also of Leiden, gives an account of the articles of domestic use which he brought back from his visit to Mecca. This is illustrated with no less than four plates, which are themselves admirable examples of chromo-lithography. We may also mention a review, by Prof. H. Kern, of a paper on "Bow and Arrows," by Prof. Anuchin, of Moscow, reprinted from the *Transactions of the Tiflis Archaeological Congress*. This deserves to be studied in connexion with Mr. Morse's paper on "Ancient and Modern Methods of Arrow-Release." It is illustrated

with two woodcuts—no less excellent in execution than the chromo-lithographs—one of which, from a Greek vase in the Hermitage—represents a Scythian bracing his bow. Altogether, this new magazine more than fulfils—in quality as well as in quantity—the promise held out in the first number.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have received from Messrs. Williams & Norgate a second instalment of the new *Orientalische Bibliographie*, edited by Prof. A. Müller, of Königsberg, and published by Reuther at Berlin. It consists of ninety-six closely-printed pages, enumerating no less than 1620 publications (not including reviews of these), which are classified under an almost bewildering number of titles and sub-titles. So far as we can judge, the work has been carried out with extraordinary accuracy; and it deserves the support of all scholars. We venture to suggest that the congress of orientalists, to be held next year at Stockholm, should be invited to give its official support to this undertaking.

THE *Proceedings* of the meeting of the American Oriental Society at Boston in May contains summaries of the following articles: (1) "An Inquiry into the Conditions of Civilisation in the Hindu Middle Age, from the Point of View of the Warrior Caste," by Prof. E. W. Hopkins, of Bryn Maur College; "A Nestorian Liturgical MS. from the last Nestorian Church in Jerusalem," now in private possession at New York, by Prof. Isaac H. Hall, of the New York Metropolitan Museum; a full description, with facsimile, of a Syriac geographical chart in a MS. at Berlin, by Prof. R. Gottheil, of Columbia College; "The Grammatical Works of Abu Zakariyyâ Yahyâ ben Dawûd Hayyûg," a Jew of Cordova, who may be said to have revolutionised the study of Hebrew grammar in the tenth century, by Prof. Morris Jastrow, jun., of Pennsylvania; a tentative bibliography of the work of the late Dr. Edward Hincks, the Assyriologist, by Dr. Cyrus Adler, of Johns Hopkins; "The Collection of Oriental Antiquities in the National Museum at Washington," consisting for the most part of facsimiles and casts of Assyrian objects preserved elsewhere in the country, by Dr. Cyrus Adler; "Some Babylonian Cylinders supposed to represent Human Sacrifices," by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Ward, of New York, who disputes the interpretation of M. Menant; and "A New Theory of the Nature of the so-called Emphatic Consonants in the Semitic Languages," by Prof. G. F. Moore, of Andover, contesting the view of a "glottal catch" propounded by Prof. Haupt and Mr. Edgar P. Allen.

FINE ART.

A NEW "RAPHAEL."

La Petite Sainte-Famille du Louvre et le Tableau original de la Petite Sainte-Famille, par Raphael. (Paris: Dumoulin.)

STUDENTS of the work of Raphael will be glad to have their attention called to this charmingly printed and illustrated monograph. Its object is to prove that the Louvre picture, probably enough painted by Giulio Romano, was not done merely for Raphael and under his direction, but was copied from an original painted and finished by Raphael himself. This original, according to the author's contention, is the version now in the possession of M. Roussel at Chateau de l'Isle Adam, near Paris. We may say at once that, having ourselves seen the picture

in question, we hold it to be undoubtedly finer than the Louvre version. The earliest mention of the Louvre picture is to be found in Félibien's *Entretiens sur les vies et sur les ouvrages des plus excellents peintres*, of 1666 (p. 291). There it is stated that the picture, then in the "Cabinet du Roy" at the Louvre, had recently been bought by Louis XIV. from the Abbé Brienne, to whom it had come from the Maison de Boisy, where it had been left by Adrien Gouffier, Cardinal de Boisy, who was sent as legate to France by Leo X. in 1519. The *Entretiens* are written in the form of a dialogue; and at this point the other party to the conversation enquires whether it is not the picture he once saw chez M. le duc de Rohan (a member of the family De Boisy), and which was said to be a copy of an unfinished original by Raphael, the property of Cardinal Mazarin. His suggestion is promptly snubbed; and he is told that the Marquis de Fontenay bought Mazarin's picture, on the recommendation of the Chevalier del Pozzo, at Rome while he was ambassador to Pope Urban VIII. (1641-44). Félibien finally explains that in his opinion Raphael made a design, which he caused two of his pupils (Giulio Romano and another) to carry out in separate pictures, that then he took the best of them, which was Giulio's, and finished it, and that he left the other as it was. It is pointed out that at this time Félibien was "conservateur des antiquités du cabinet du Roy"; and that, therefore, he would be inclined to judge a picture which was in the king's collection with a certain courtly partiality. It may be noticed, as an indication of the small value of his judgment, that he considers the Louvre St. Margaret to be not only by Raphael, but *de sa bonne manière*.

Félibien's statements have been repeated with small alteration by all later writers. Mariette (in 1729) calls attention to Caraglio's engraving, which represents the same group of figures, but in front of a ruined wall instead of a landscape; and he deduces from this the inference that the engraving was made by Marcantonio's pupil from Raphael's original design—an inference which the circumstance does not warrant. Passavant mentions having seen a fine old copy belonging to Mr. George Morant, and another not so good at a dealer's, both in London. He also records a copy at Cologne, which belonged to Prof. Katz, and is on copper. It appears to be the work of a Flemish artist. A good copy on wood, likewise Flemish, is mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. It belonged to Prof. Kolbe and is now in the collection of Herr Schreiner of Düsseldorf. None of these copies can be the same as Mazarin's picture, for in the catalogue of 1653 (No. 103) it is stated with reference to that picture, "Ce tableau n'est pas achevé." Passavant records a drawing of the same group in bistre heightened with white, once in the collection of the Duc de Tallard, but now lost. It doubtless was not an original. The picture in the Roussel collection has no pedigree, and is probably not identical with any of the preceding copies. It is in perfect preservation. The claim made for it is based upon internal evidence alone.

The monograph is illustrated by four permanent photographs from Caraglio's engraving

and the Düsseldorf, Louvre, and Roussel versions of the picture.

W. M. CONWAY.

NATIONAL HISTORICAL PORTRAITS AT DUBLIN.

WE quote from the *Dublin Daily Express* the following account of several pictures which have recently been added to the historical portrait section of the National Gallery of Ireland:

"The first in importance is undoubtedly the full-length portrait of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland at the time of the Union. This fine picture, which was recently purchased from the Fitzgibbon family, was at the sale erroneously attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds; but it is, no doubt, the work of Hugh Hamilton, who was, at the time it was painted, in the full enjoyment of his popularity as the chief portrait painter of Dublin. The face, which is very vigorously painted, fully realises the conception of Clare's determined character, and one feels satisfied that the likeness can be relied on. He is represented standing, in the Chancellor's robes; and he holds the official purse in his right hand, and appears to be speaking somewhat energetically about a paper on the table beside him, to which he points. For a collection of this kind the picture is an acquisition of the very first importance, the subject being a prominent figure in Irish history, and the portrait having the qualities of thorough authenticity and artistic excellence, the latter also exemplifying the native talent of the time.

"The portrait which after this will attract most notice is really the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, if not so important, will by some be thought more interesting. It represents Richard Burke, the only son of Edmund Burke, whose premature death at the age of thirty-six, just when he was about to take an important place in public life as chief secretary for Ireland during Lord Fitzwilliam's viceroyalty, brought his father's career to an end and broke his heart. This picture, which was sold at Christie's early in the season under a wrong name, represents a young man of almost effeminate beauty. As a painting it somewhat lacks finish; and it was, probably, commenced and put aside, as is the way with artists when not quite satisfied, to make way for the one which is now in the possession of Earl Spencer, and which is painted with greater force and certainty of touch. An engraving made from it for Burke by James Ward gave him so much satisfaction that, after receiving a few impressions for his own use, he returned the plate to the engraver as a gift. A good impression of this engraving from the Chalonier Smith sale is placed near for comparison. Until the picture appeared at Christie's it was not known to exist, and is likely to be the only other portrait of young Burke, except a replica of Lord Spencer's one in the possession of Lord Fitzwilliam.

"A very interesting portrait is that of William III. when a boy of about nine or ten years of age. In the long and rather pensive young face some of the characteristics of the mature man are already to be found. It has always been attributed to Cornelius Janssen, but the actual execution is hardly strong enough for him. It is more likely an old copy of his original which has been engraved. It comes from the Hardwicke collection, and was probably brought to England by one of the family, who was Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague early in the last century. Near this will be found a portrait of Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester—a characteristic head, which is allowed to add interest and picturesque to the collection in virtue of his having been appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland in the year of his death.

"In another part of the room attention will be arrested by a striking pastel drawing of Philip Earl of Chesterfield, who takes his place here with stronger claims as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from January 1745 to October 1746. It is the work of William Hoare, commonly called Hoare of Bath, where he flourished in the days of its

glory, and was famous for his crayon or pastel portraits. This is probably one of his best. Its force, vividness, and freshness are astonishing, considering that it is more than 150 years since it was drawn. Oil portraits of the brilliant Lord Carteret and of the Marquis Camden have also been added to the list of viceroys represented in the collection. The former was painted by Hudson, the master of Reynolds, and comes from the Hanbury Williams Collection; the latter—who succeeded the Lord Fitzwilliam above alluded to—is by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is a fair specimen of his average work. Another portrait, however, lately hung in the same room, shows Lawrence at his very best. This is the likeness of John Wilson Croker, and has always been looked upon as one of the painter's masterpieces. Nothing can exceed the beautiful drawing and subtle character of the face. This picture came from Lord Lonsdale's collection, and has been beautifully engraved in mezzotint by Samuel Cousins.

"Illustrating another phase of Irish genius will be found the portrait of Quin, the Irish actor, in his famous part of Falstaff, in a group from a scene in the play of 'Henry IV.,' Part II. It was painted by Francis Hayman, a contemporary of Hogarth, who, as will be seen from this picture, was gifted with a share of the humour of that great master. In the same category is the masterly little head of Macklin in the character of Shylock, by Zoffany."

CORRESPONDENCE.

KING RAIAN OR KHIAN.

Bromley, Kent: Aug. 11, 1888.

The recent find at Bubastis of a statue of king Raian, and the attribution of a lion in the British Museum to the same king, though valuable historically, are by no means the first intimation of him that we possess. The smaller historical documents are unhappily neglected, or despised, and there is a strange unwillingness on the part of Egyptologists to attend to anything less than a tablet or a statue. Among that long list of kings recorded to us only by their scarabs and cylinders, Raian has been known to exist for years past to those who chose to make themselves acquainted with such remains. The one main new fact shown by the statue is that Ra-sesuser-n and Raian or Khian are the throne and personal names of one king. But there are, on the other hand, some facts shown by the small monuments which we cannot learn from the large. On a scarab in Mr. Loftie's collection is one reading Ra-sesuser. The same name occurs on a barbarous-looking cowroid in my collection, and apparently the same on other scarabs in the British Museum and in the Louvre. The omission of the *n* on these is amply accounted for by the contracted style of such inscriptions. The personal name is known on two curious cylinders—one in the Pantechnikon at Athens, and one in Prof. Lanzzone's collection. They are both of the barbarous style of the Hyksos period, but the blunders of the engraver can be well eliminated by comparing the cartouches which are repeated twice on each. They both record a "*Hak* (or Prince), of the hills, Kh-i-a-n." From these then we learn that he was not a regular Egyptian king, but a chieftain of the Sinaitic desert who conquered some part of the Delta, and left Egyptian monuments, thus agreeing to the Hyksos theory. Also it is unmistakable that the first sign in his name in the Lanzzone cylinder is Kh, and not R. On the statue it is ambiguous, for the sign of difference is there omitted, as it often is. The connexion with the Rayan of Arab tradition is therefore almost impossible; and the difficulty of a personal name compounded with Ra disappears. So much the neglected scarabs and cylinders have to teach us in this case.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that an influential committee is being formed in England with the object of promoting the preservation of the monuments of ancient Egypt—a subject to which attention has repeatedly been called in the ACADEMY by Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

THE trustees of the British Museum will issue immediately an illustrated catalogue of the engraved gems in the national collection, edited by Mr. A. S. Murray, keeper of the department of Greek and Roman antiquities.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY announce the re-issue in serial form of their recent volumes on the cathedrals, abbeys, and churches of England and Wales, with about 300 original illustrations. The first monthly part will be ready on August 27.

MR. FRANCIS HARVEY, of St. James's Street, has now on view an "extra illustrated" copy of Mr. Tuer's *Bartolozzi and his Works* (1884). The original two volumes have been increased to five large quarto, and bound in morocco by Bedford. The additional illustrations number 397, many of which are in proof state. They include not only portraits and subjects by Bartolozzi, his school, and his contemporaries, but also several original drawings in colours. In addition, there are more than seventy autograph letters, &c., bound up in the work.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects has issued in a revised and enlarged form two papers originally drawn up in 1864, dealing with the conservation of ancient buildings. One is addressed to those who may be concerned in restoration, such as owners or clergymen; the other to workmen, &c., engaged on repairs. From the latter we quote the concluding paragraph, as applicable to both classes alike:

"Never forget that the repa ration of an ancient church, or other remnant of ancient architecture, however humble, is a work to be entered upon with totally different feelings from a new work, or from the repairs of a modern building. The object is not simply to put the work in good repair, but to *preserve* and *perpetuate* an authentic specimen of the ancient arts of our country. Every ancient building has historical value; and though you may feel that its state of repair would at first sight suggest its renewal, or that you could execute the work better anew, never forget that all its value is gone when its authenticity is destroyed, and that your duty is not its *removal* but its *preservation*. Be careful, therefore, never lightly to condemn an ancient work as being too far gone to be preserved, as every such object destroyed is a national loss."

These papers may be obtained from the office of the Institute, 9 Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

PROF. HAUSER, while engaged on superintending the excavation of the Roman station of Carnutum, on the Danube, near Vienna, has discovered in a cornfield the site of an amphitheatre, which is apparently in a good state of preservation.

MESSRS. PLON, NOURBIT & Co., of Paris, have just issued, on account of the Ministry of Fine Art, a new volume of the series called "*Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France*." It is the second dealing with the churches of Paris; and it gives exhaustive catalogues of the artistic contents of twenty-six churches, including Saint-Roch, Saint-Vincent de Paul, Notre-Dame des Victoires, Notre-Dame de Lorette, and the synagogues of the Rue de la Victoire and the Rue des Tournelles. These catalogues are compiled by MM. Michaux, Darcel, Guiffrey, and De Lajohais. At the end is a copious index of names, &c., which alone occupies seventy-two pages in double columns.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Narcissus. Dramatic Cantata. Words written and Music composed by Samuel Butler and Henry Festing Jones. (Weekes.) *Narcissus*, a shepherd, and *Amaryllis*, a shepherdess, lose by speculation on the Stock Exchange the hundred pounds upon which they had intended to marry. But the shepherd's godmother dies and leaves him a large sum of money. He invests it in Consols, and marries *Amaryllis*. Such is the matter-of-fact story which the authors have set to music. They have taken Handel as their model, and, in the choruses, show no little skill in fugal writing. The comic element, too, is not wanting. The absconding broker's flight is depicted in very realistic fashion. The "news of her lamented end was wired from Yorkshire" sings, in Handelian cadence, the messenger, in reference to the godmother; and contrast between words and tones is quite funny. So, too, in the last chorus, when the basses lead off a solid fugue subject to the words "Consolidated Three per cent. Annuities paid quarterly." The whole thing is a clever musical joke; and a good performance of it would, no doubt, be very amusing.

Six Violin Pieces. By A. C. Mackenzie. (Novello.) The composer has here given us six short pieces which, if they do not add to his reputation, will surely win for him many friends from the ever-increasing number of violin players. That the music is well and cleverly written may be taken for granted, but in some of the numbers there is considerable charm. The Gavotte does not particularly strike us, and the triplet passage seems out of place in such a piece; but the Berceuse, with its plaintive Schumannian theme and charming cradle accompaniment, is a little gem. The "Benedictus" gives scope to the player. The "Zingaresca" is delightfully fresh and piquant. No. 5 is a lively Saltarello, and No. 6 a simple theme gracefully varied.

Postludum, by Algernon Ashton, and *Postlude*, by Dr. C. S. Heap, for Organ. (Novello.) Mr. Ashton's piece begins well. The opening theme is pleasing and skilfully developed. In the matter of tonality the piece is disappointing. There is too much of the key of F. And, again, after an interesting passage which appears to be one of transition towards the dominant, an abrupt return is made to the first key. During the whole of the middle section, and, indeed, during the whole of the piece, the key of the dominant is entirely avoided. This middle section, too, is less attractive than the first. Dr. Heap's *Postlude* is cleverly written, and contains many interesting passages. Its weak points are a tendency to diffuseness and want of rhythmic variety. The thematic material is good, and the approach to the recapitulation section cleverly managed. The coda, too, is effective.

Short Setting of the Office for Holy Communion. (Novello.) These settings are intended for "parochial and general use," and are therefore easy of execution, and moderate in compass. But, even with such restrictions, the composer has managed to provide interesting music. Mr. G. J. Bennett has shown taste, skill and discretion. The "Incarnatus" section of the "Credo" is very fine. The same, too, may be said of the "Agnus Dei." In both these short movements the meaning of the words is brought out with earnestness and musical power.

Thème et Variations. For Pianoforte. By Margaret de Pachmann. (Novello.) The theme in G minor is one of great simplicity and of mournful character. The clever variations—eight in number—show great variety of treatment; they are difficult, but in the hands of

a first-rate pianist—as both the composer and her husband have proved—effective.

Ten two-part Songs. By Franz Abt. (Methven Simpson.) This composer needs no line of introduction. The smoothness and elegance of his music are universally appreciated. These vocal duets, in the cheap form before us, will be welcome to many—especially to teachers.

A Morning, Evening and Communion Service. By Dr. E. T. Chipp. (Weekes.) The music is simple and devotional. Dr. Chipp was a skilled writer; and, although there is no great show of learning, the part-writing shows a practised pen. The harmonies are always chaste and effective.

Concone's Twenty-five Lessons. Edited by Alberto Randegger. (Novello.) There is no need to say a word in praise of Concone's "Lessons." It will be sufficient to call attention to this edition, which has been prepared by a teacher himself of great experience. Mr. Randegger has tried to make it more correct and more complete than previous issues.

There is a Shadow. By M. W. Balfe. (Novello.) This ballad, composed expressly for M^{rs}. Christine Nilsson, will, by its simplicity and tunefulness, appeal to a large circle of singers.

Lord Ullin's Daughter: Ballad. By Mr. Hamish MacCunn. (Novello.) This clever composition has been translated into Tonic Sol-fa notation by Mr. W. G. McNaught. This will serve to make it known far and wide.

Sleep. By Mrs. J. E. Vernham. (Woolhouse.) A simple, but by no means ineffective song for mezzo-soprano voice.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

History of Agriculture and Prices in England.

By J. E. Thorold Rogers. Vols. V. and VI., 1583-1703. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE students of our economical history will receive with gratitude another large instalment of Prof. Rogers's history of agriculture and prices. The volumes now published deal with the eventful period between the closing years of the sixteenth century and the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne. "There is no part of English history on which so much has been written, no part on which so much should have been written"; and Prof. Rogers claims that his contribution towards the difficult subject is, at any rate, different from that of anyone who has hitherto dealt with the subject. Complaints have often been made, both before and after Mr. Hallam drew attention to the matter, that no consecutive chronicle of prices appears to have ever been compiled. Information has been scantily yielded by the annals of a monastery or the history of a parish; and Sir F. Eden did the best he could towards writing a history of the poor from imperfect and unpromising materials. As regards the period covered by these volumes, it may be, as Prof. Rogers has suggested, that the times were too stirring for the keeping of such chronicles of small beer, though in any case we should have expected detailed accounts of the grievous famine and dearth which occurred in the middle of the seventeenth century. Whatever may have been the reason for this apathy about domestic affairs, the inconvenience has certainly existed, and has been deplored by all our modern historians; and the author of these volumes hardly seems to put his case too high when he claims to be dealing with facts "which have been utterly neglected by those who lived through those times, and have been undiscovered by those who have treated the circumstances of those times."

Prof. Rogers begins his work with a careful summary of the chief economical features of the period, which ought to be studied with attention before the tables of prices are used for purposes of reference. First, of course, is the abiding effect on rents and prices generally of the flow of the precious metals into Europe, which followed the Spanish conquests in America. Prof. Rogers considers that this operation was completed about the middle of the seventeenth century, when a new movement began, a strong demand for a gold currency leading in the case of one of the precious metals to an inevitable "appreciation," or rise of the trade-price over the mint-price. The next important fact is the great rise of rents for arable land. It must be remembered that in the sixteenth cen-

tury the great complaint had been that tillage was being superseded by sheep-farming and stock-raising, owing to the great demand for English wool and hides on the continent. Either the movement had been carried so far as to provoke a great reaction, or, as seems more likely, arable land had acquired a new value from the breaking-up of the common-fields and the substitution of enclosed farms favourable for mixed husbandry. At any rate, it appears that in the first years of the seventeenth century "the rent of arable land had generally increased nine-fold over the old rent," understanding by that term the old-fashioned rents of which we hear so much in Latimer's sermon on the plough. Prof. Rogers adds evidence, derived from information supplied by Lord Leicester, that no fresh increase of rent took place during that century: "the rental of the Coke estate is almost unchanged from the days of the great Chief Justice in 1629 to those of John Coke in 1706." This elevation of rent he attributes almost entirely to the rise in the price of agricultural produce, the other cause of high rents, which arises from "economy of production and improvements in the art of agriculture" not yet having come into operation. During the next century, however, the last-named factor became extremely important, when the great landowners had become enthusiasts in agriculture, and "the boldest experimentalists in new methods of culture." Next in importance among the economical facts with which the author deals is the great increase of the population, partly due no doubt to the foundation of new industries and the steady influx of foreigners, but chiefly to the settlement and filling up of the northern counties, which were in a special degree the seat of the new manufactures:

"At the time of the Revolution, as we can see by the returns of the Hearth Tax, the northern counties were nearly as fully peopled as the southern, certain differences of soil and climate being taken into account."

The great change was already coming about which turned England from a poor agricultural country into a mart of commerce and manufactures. This result was helped by the great development of our maritime enterprise in the East Indies, and the foundation of our colonies across the Atlantic. Among other facts which have to be taken into account, Prof. Rogers notes the mass of social legislation which this period "witnessed, permitted, or endured," the introduction of the joint-stock principle into commerce in the cases of the chartered companies and of the Bank of England, and above all the long struggle between employers and workmen, the earlier phases of which have been described in earlier volumes of the same work, "not without indignation perhaps, but with no conscious unfairness."

Among the many interesting tables of facts which are here recorded and analysed, perhaps the most important are those which deal with the price of grain. For wheat, malt, and oats the series of prices is continuous throughout the period in question. The record for barley is imperfect; and there are a few years in which the rates for wheatmeal and oatmeal are wanting. The prices of peas are more often noticed than those of beans. "Rye, though occasionally

recorded in the earlier accounts, almost disappears as time goes on." Rye, as the author observes, was not consumed by the class whose expenditure forms the chief material for his work. But it must not be supposed that its price was unimportant, because the high average price of wheat throughout the period must have been the cause of the change in the food of the northern labourer from wheat-bread to bread made of rye, barley, and oats; and this, it may be observed, affords an example of the great care which is required in drawing deductions as to the condition of the whole country from the records of the income and expenses of land-owning colleges and corporations.

The system of corn-returns must have been established in very ancient times, if we may judge from the minute regulations of the Assize of Bread and Ale. The returns used in these volumes are of a later date, the prices chiefly coming from Winchester and Eton and the two great Universities, and the necessity for the records being due in part to the practice of paying rents in bread and beer, and partly to the system established by the Act of 1576, whereby it was provided that the rents of those educational bodies might be paid to them in wheat or malt (to which oats were added in the case of Winchester), or in money "at the highest price of the several markets of the towns in which the rents became due." The Cambridge colleges, we are told, preferred the older system of calling on their tenants to supply them with farm produce "at fictitious but ancient average prices." The colleges seem to have had a good many rent days:

"They knew," says Prof. Rogers, "that wheat was cheapest in the first quarter of the agricultural year, 25 per cent. dearer from January to April, and 12 per cent. dearer still from April to July, when a fair estimate would be made of the coming harvest."

None of them, except King's College, fixed a rent day later than the first of August. The agricultural year, as is here pointed out, should be taken from September to September, if a test of produce prices is desired.

In framing records of grain prices, as well as those relating to stock and meat, the author is materially helped by the Collections for Husbandry and Trade, which were published in Houghton's weekly paper between 1692 and 1703. It is worthy of observation that the prices given by Houghton on the authority of his numerous staff of correspondents differ very little from those contained in the college accounts on which Prof. Rogers places his principal reliance, and we are thus enabled to feel greater confidence in the accounts of prices for that part of the period under discussion which is not covered by Houghton's evidence.

It would be impossible to summarise even the heads of the statistical information contained in these volumes. The tables deal with the values of all kinds of agricultural produce, besides recording the prices of fuel and lights, fish, and salt, wool hides and bark (oddly included in one chapter), building materials, textile fabrics, and labour and wages. There are also interesting chapters on the state of prices generally between the years 1583 and 1702, the distribution of wealth and the purchasing power of wages,

and the condition of the tenant-farmer during the same period, all of which merit an attentive perusal. A chapter on the agriculture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which follows the introductory essay, contains a valuable analysis of some of the rarer works upon the husbandry of that age. From this we learn the details of the farmer's life, supposing him to begin work in earnest on Plough Monday. He must rise at four to look after the cattle and clean the harness. By seven he will be off with the oxen to the plough, and will keep at the work till two or three in the afternoon. Oxen are preferred to horses—eight, six, or four in a plough, according to the nature of the soil and the number of times that the land has to be ploughed. The farmer goes back to his cattle after his four o'clock dinner, and afterwards makes ready their next day's food in the barn. He has supper at six, and must then "by the fire-side, mend shoes for himself and his family, or beat and knock hemp and flax, or pitch and stamp apples or crabs for cider or verjuice, or else grind malt, pick candle-rushes or do some husbandry office, till it be full eight o'clock," when he will visit the cattle once more and then with all his household go to bed. The same early authority describes the Silos of the Azores, and the ways of storing corn in Ireland "where war wageth." Hartlip, another writer of the seventeenth century, describes the vintage on Sir Peter Riccaud's estate in Kent, and notices the extraordinary nuisance arising from the multitude of dove-houses. Norden, whose works are analysed in the same chapter, describes the pease bread of the midland counties. He commends the barbarous practice of paring and burning or "denahiring" the land, and is enthusiastic over the agriculture of the western counties. At Taunton Deane, which he calls "the Paradise of England," the landowner, farmer, and labourer were "all equally diligent" in an admirable system of cultivation. "Sometimes," he says, "the produce of this land rises to four, five, six, eight, even ten quarters of wheat to the acre." The whole work is full of details which will amuse and instruct the student of agriculture, as well as the political economist and the historian.

The two volumes now published are worthy in every way of the instalments which preceded their appearance; and the public will look forward with interest to the publication of the two remaining volumes, in which the author's task is to be completed.

CHARLES ELTON.

"Great Writers" Series.—*Life of William Congreve*. By Edmund Gosse. (Walter Scott.)

Mr. Gosse is perhaps wrong in supposing that the literary world cares so very much for a correct biography of Congreve, the playwright, and a correct statement, with dates and full titles, of his own works and of the works that have been written about him. Whether it has wanted these two things or not, certain it is it has got them now at Mr. Gosse's hands; and it has got, too, a good deal besides. William Congreve was on the

whole, the brightest wit among English writers, the deftest handler of comedy dialogue. He was a sound and ingenious critic, a literary craftsman of the first order, and a scholarly and accomplished poet. That his position in these various respects should be carefully examined and defined for us, and the causes of his great repute and of his influence on English letters interpreted by one who is himself a poet, a critic and, to use the word in its old sense, a "wit" of this later Victorian age—that is what the literary world has long wanted, and now has got.

There are three points of paramount literary interest in Congreve's life. First, the startling fact that he, a young man of twenty-four, who had produced only a few copies of fair verse and one successful comedy, who had just written a second play that had narrowly escaped utter damnation, should have drawn from the first critic and poet of his age the most splendid panegyric that has ever been addressed to a writer since literature was an art and men of letters formed a guild.

A second point of interest is why Congreve's "Way of the World," the wittiest of English plays and, as some maintain, the finest comedy that ever was written, failed to please an audience on its first night, and has never pleased one since.

The third question is how it came to pass that Voltaire, who speaks so highly and justly of Congreve as one who had raised the glory of comedy to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time, should have administered that famous rebuke to the playwright in his old age—a reprimand which is perhaps more generally known to Congreve's disfavour than any circumstance in his life. Mr. Gosse ingeniously and, I think, fairly shows that the snub was wholly undeserved.

As to the non-success of the "Way of the World," the biographer clearly explains why this play—a miracle of humorous and witty dialogue—full as it is of shrewd observation and knowledge of the world and of "the town," is yet intrinsically a dull play, lacking dramatic movement and dramatic incident, though it contains, among other excellent characters, that admirable one of Millamant—the most airy, graceful, fantastic fine lady and truest woman that ever was put upon our or any other stage.

As to Dryden's superlative praise of his youthful contemporary, we know well enough now that it travels beyond generosity into extravagance and even into absurdity; for who can patiently hear it said of William Congreve's endowments that

"Heaven that but once was prodigal before
To Shakspeare gave as much, she could not give
him more"?

The solution to the enigma of this famous eulogium, that has so astonished its later readers, from the hands of so great a master of prose and verse is, perhaps, partly to be found in the conviction there was in Dryden's mind that thought and the language that interprets thought are not two things but one thing. Dryden had before him very clearly the fact that the English language was in a transition state, that it was passing, rapidly indeed—but that still there was room for improvement in rapidity and thoroughness—from a barbaric amplitude and redundancy

and obscurity to being the serviceable instrument we moderns use, or should use. Dryden himself had greatly helped on the change. He could look a little way back, and see thought too often hindered and darkened and confused by clumsy phraseology, not interpenetrated by language, and kindling with it and lightened by it. When, therefore, in his old age, tired with his long struggle against dulness and darkness, tired, yet triumphant, he heard the young poet

"Speak so sweetly and so well,"

he could look hopefully to the future on which his heart was set; and it is no great wonder that his generous admiration was stirred beyond the bounds of sound criticism. Dryden, living at a point of time when the old longwindedness met the new and as yet hardly settled briefer and clearer utterance, could, no doubt, see better than we how can, to whom these improved methods of speech have come as a second nature, that we of this slow-pacing and, at times, rather vaguely cerebrating semi-Teutonic race do, more than other people, need the faculty of vivid, forcible, and lucid expression. Dryden must have perceived that only at rare moments in our literary history, when there is a concurrence of superlative genius in writers with some great crisis in affairs and in men's thoughts and emotions (as happened under Elizabeth), does the passionate force of genius break through the trammels of faulty style and make men eloquent. In ordinary humdrum days, when genius sleeps or dozes, then especially does it behove us Englishmen to use our utmost art to clothe our thought withal, so that we may set the essential problems of life clearly before each other, and so state them as that we may be enabled to think out thoroughly what is incumbent upon us to think out, and be moved strongly and unanimously (not as dwellers in a Babel of confounded and confusing counsel) to right and becoming action.

Now, if this be so, and if, as I believe, Dryden thought thus, it is not greatly to be wondered at that he should have given a warm welcome to the young poet whose language, as a later and cooler critic says of it, is "resplendent with wit and eloquence"; and that, seeing this champion in the cause he himself had fought for, ready as he supposed to take the torch now dropping from his own hand and carry it onward in the race, he praised him overweeningly.

No new light is thrown in this biography on the famous controversy between the playwrights and the Puritans, in which Churchmen of all sects ranged themselves with the Puritans—the polemic which taught the comic muse of England a necessary lesson in decency and virtually deposed her for sixty years. But Mr. Gosse states the points at issue calmly and well.

Mr. Gosse has succeeded in rescuing the character of Congreve from the pillory in which it had pleased previous writers to set this honest man of letters, as an unamiable, heartless, cynical fine gentleman, contemptuous of his own great profession and of the arts by which he had risen to fame; whereas he is clearly shown to have been nothing of all this, but a somewhat self-contained, kindly, and courteous English gentleman,

much beloved by the best and most prominent men and women of his day.

What comes out very strongly in this book, what comes home strongly to any one who has at all dipped into our New English comedy, is how the English comic playwrights all follow each other in a sequence and stand in a concatenation one with another. Each borrows some grace or strength from his predecessor, and each adds some new quality of his own, till the sequence ends and the true comedy voice is silent. First Etherege, employing some of the fine comic essence of Molière, but himself thin in his wit and frivolous in his dramatic purpose. Then Wycherley, with larger scope of wit and humour and greater strength, but gross and brutal. After him Vanbrugh, blending the lighter touch of Etherege with the wit of Wycherley, as gross nearly as him, but more natural and humorous than either playwright. Then Congreve, borrowing from all three and improving on them all, with his consummate mastery of expression, his delicate touch on the springs of laughter, his fertility in lively satire, his ease and constant felicity of wit. Then Captain Farquhar, who gathering to himself some of all these previous qualities, (though he never equals the wit of the greater master, and falls far short of him in delicacy of touch) adds to them all a fuller fancy, better plots, a broader if rather a rollicking humour, and truer character drawing. After a very long interval comes Sheridan, who borrows freely from all his predecessors, and from Molière, their master, and has left us the two most perfect comedies in the language.

Mr. Goosse has written an admirable and most interesting biography of a man of letters who is of particular interest to other men of letters. In the art we practise he was, by consent of all good critics, supreme. He was, his biographer justly says, a classic to his own contemporaries; and so he has continued to be held by all who are capable of judging, from Voltaire to Lamb, Hazlitt, Macaulay, and George Meredith.

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

"Diocesan Histories."—*Hereford*, by the Rev. Canon Phillott; *St. Asaph*, by the Ven. Archdeacon Thomas; *St. David's*, by the Rev. Canon W. L. Bevan. (S.P.C.K.)

THESE volumes, relating to contiguous dioceses whose annals are largely intermixed, reflect credit upon their able and industrious editors. If the last of them is also the most interesting, it must be borne in mind that St. David's diocese is by far the most extensive in area and that its history reaches back to a very remote past. Canon Bevan, however, combats the popular opinion that Caerleon was the diocesan cradle and that the Saxon conquest of England extended the borders of the see westward. His account of the origin and growth of the diocese is very different, and certainly recommends itself by its intrinsic probability. The church of St. David's preceded the diocese of St. David's. It was a monastic church, planted in a spot admirably adapted for its original purposes, however inconvenient it may have proved in the altered conditions of later times. From being a purely monastic church it was changed,

probably by a gradual process, into a diocesan church, with the principality of Dyfed, *sc.* Pembrokeshire and parts of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire, as its area. This was the nucleus of the diocese which grew with the principality until it attained even larger dimensions than those which now belong to it. What may have been its early relations with Caerleon (if we are right in crediting that place with a duly organised Romano-British church) it is impossible to say; but, in Canon Bevan's opinion, its origin was wholly independent of it and due rather to the missionary enterprise of the Gallican church. He thinks there is little evidence in favour of the view that the bishops of St. David's exercised any metropolitan authority; and no stress can be laid on the mere use of the term archbishop, which is a title very loosely applied in early chronicles. On the whole, it seems probable that there was no more ecclesiastical union than there was civil union among the principalities of Wales, nor is there any good reason to believe that among the bishops there was combined synodical action. In the absence of metropolitan jurisdiction, the Church in Wales could not well have had a general territorial title.

"It was a fragment, and only a fragment, of the Church of Britain: it had, therefore, lost all right to such a territorial title as the 'Church of Britain.' Nor could it have had exclusive right to the title of the Church of the *Cymru* (the land) or *Cymry* (the people). There were other branches of this people north of Wales in Cumbria, and south of Wales in Cornwall. We rightly apply the term 'British' to all these branches, but in an *ethnic* rather than in a territorial sense. . . . Our belief is that there was no collective name. To those who object to the present Church in Wales that it has no specific title, our reply would be that it retains the only titles which were known to our British forefathers, and that these titles furnish evidence of its historical continuity."

Canon Bevan describes this condition of things as the "Period of Isolation," and applies the term, "Period of Fusion," to the three centuries which intervened between the acceptance of the Roman Easter and the appointment of Bernard, the first Norman bishop, to the see of St. David's in 1115. The process of absorption was a gradual one, and must have advanced some way before the close of the tenth century when more than one bishop of St. David's had been consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury; but yet it could not have been very firmly established, for Bernard himself threw off his allegiance to Canterbury, and claimed an independent position on the strength of the traditional metropolitanship. The contention ceased with his death, only to be renewed by Giraldus, who had accompanied Archbishop Baldwin in his visit to Wales, and thus acknowledged his authority over the church there. After much dispute, the Pope quietly settled the matter by assuming in his Interdict in 1207 that the Welsh sees were subject to Canterbury; and St. David's accordingly sank to the same position as Bangor, Llandaff, and St. Asaph. But the past could not wholly be forgotten. We find that Thomas Beck (brother of the more illustrious Antony) protested against Archbishop Peckham's visitation of the diocese in 1284, but based his protest upon grounds which are hard to understand.

In quite another way the importance of the see became lessened. It came to be treated as a stepping stone to higher preferment, and in the list of bishops we find the names of not a few whose association with the diocese was of the briefest duration and most nominal character. It is not as Bishop of St. David's that we remember Thoresby, and Chicheley, and Laud; and the episcopal register in the eighteenth century is little more than a catalogue of translations. The result of such a system is still painfully evident in spite of the efforts made—and not without success—by Bishop Burgess, Bishop Thirlwall, and the present occupant of the see. The bilingual difficulty remains, and is likely to remain; the financial difficulty has been aggravated rather than ameliorated. There are, indeed, some signs of quickened life and increased unity; but "it is easier to scatter the flock than to gather it again," and the spirit of impatience that is rife is a serious obstacle to solid and substantial progress.

The annals of St. Asaph (or Llanellwyl, as it was at first called) are briefer and less interesting. Archdeacon Thomas has a good deal to say about the British Church; and, if space permitted, it might be well to compare his view with that of Canon Bevan. But we are more concerned with the history of the diocese, which, for many centuries, is decidedly obscure. Nor can it be said to have ever emerged into any particular prominence, though some of its bishops attained more than diocesan repute. Among these may be ranked Reginald Peacock, whose defence of the Church against the Lollards earned him his promotion (though his courage and consistency fell far short of his learning and ability); Isaac Barrow, whose own fame is eclipsed by that of the namesake and nephew whom he himself had largely trained; William Beveridge, whose only ambition was to be a faithful and diligent shepherd of souls; William Fleetwood, his successor in the see, and scarcely his inferior in piety and zeal. Later on the names become less illustrious, and the interest of the bishops in their diocese largely waned. "From 1750 to 1795, a half-century of momentous importance to the welfare of the Welsh Church, not one of the bishops of St. Asaph resided within his diocese for more than a month or two in the summer of each year." Pluralities abounded and nepotism flourished; and, in the lethargy and corruption of the Church, Nonconformity found its opportunity.

Turning from the Welsh dioceses to the border diocese of Hereford, we find another and, on the whole, a happier record. The see of Hereford does not appear to have had any separate existence until the eighth century; and it may be said that the blood of Ethelbert, slain by Offa in 793, was the seed from which the cathedral church sprang. It rapidly grew in wealth and influence, for the martyr's tomb attracted hosts of pilgrims, whose offerings enriched the church. What sort of building then stood upon the site of the existing cathedral we have no certain knowledge. No part of the present structure is of earlier date than the episcopate of Bishop Lozing (1079-1095), who took as his model Charlemagne's church at Aix-la-Chapelle. Its subsequent alterations, additions, and so-called restorations are carefully described by Canon

Phillott, whose history of the diocese exhibits on every page abundant evidences of wide research and scrupulous accuracy. Many subjects of special interest come within its scope. Thus, two chapters are appropriately devoted to the spread of Lollardism, and the means taken to suppress it. Sir John Oldcastle was a native of the county, as also was Nicholas de Hereford; and it was in the seclusion of Deerfold Forest that Swynderby, after his inhibition, took up his abode. Mr. Phillott illustrates the history of this period by frequent references to the episcopal registers, which, with other local and diocesan records, have supplied him with much valuable information. The "Mappa Mundi" and the "Hereford Use" are amply noticed; and, so far as our knowledge extends, no point of interest in connexion with the see has been passed over. In a word, Canon Phillott's task has been performed in no perfunctory manner, but with the zeal of an industrious antiquary and the skill of an accomplished scholar.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

The Victory of the Cross. By Brooke Foss Westcott. (Macmillan.)

Six sermons, preached in Hereford Cathedral during the Holy Week of 1888, are contained in this volume. Canon Westcott himself defines their subject and scope:

"In the following Sermons I have endeavoured to give an outline of the view of the Atonement which frequent study has led me to regard with more and more confidence as both Scriptural and, in the highest sense of the word, natural, since I had first occasion to work at the subject in 1858."

Canon Westcott adds that he owes acknowledgment of obligation to Dr. Macleod Campbell's and Dr. Dale's Essays on the Atonement, to M. Bersier's *La Solidarité*, to Mr. R. W. Monse's *The Religion of Redemption*, and, finally, to Dr. Mulford's *Republic of God*, "which well repays the labour required for the interpretation of its oracular sentences." This statement will prepare us to find the sermons complementary to the author's *Christus Consummator* and *Social Aspects of Christianity*; teaching which is distributed about these discourses, or implied in their argument, is in *The Victory of the Cross* collected together and fully expounded.

The first sermon on "The Natural Fellowship of Man," and the third on "The Unity of Humanity in Christ" remind us of the first part of the *Social Aspects of Christianity*—their general object is the same. They aim at detecting in the most obvious and vital facts of life a clear preparation of mankind for the mission and message of Christ; but formerly Canon Westcott was dealing with Christ's announcement of the Fatherhood of God, now he is concerned with the necessity and the power of sacrifice. Canon Westcott holds that "the Victory of the Cross is revealed to us with fresh glory by thoughts which are characteristic of our own age." He has already demonstrated how completely Positivism is in accord with certain essential principles of the teaching of Christ. Now he asks us to notice an equally striking accord between the teaching of the

New Testament as to the meaning and power of Christ's suffering for us, and the teaching of the facts of life as to the means of social redemption. As soon as we are seriously troubled about the condition of the mass of mankind, and earnestly endeavour to raise it, we shall find the necessity of sacrifice. The enlightened few, if they remember their fellows and try to help them, will themselves perish in the effort. This is a truth which the most pronounced enemies of revealed religion must be the first to admit; it is a truth which history impresses upon us with persistent iteration; it is a truth, suggests Canon Westcott, most strikingly illustrated by Christ's life and death, and, he goes on, tolerable only if His Gospel be accepted. This is the substance of Canon Westcott's argument. Of course he has to be allowed to give his own statement of the doctrine of the Atonement before he can show it to be in accord with the teaching of life; but he insists that his statement is definitely Scriptural, and on this point no man can speak with greater authority. It will be useful in dealing with certain popular views on the subject to be able to quote Canon Westcott's words: "I do not know any passage in the New Testament in which Christ is said to have delivered men from future suffering or from 'the penal consequences of sins.'" Why sacrifice is necessary—so necessary, indeed, that God must suffer for man's salvation—Canon Westcott declines to explain; on such a point he is content to be an agnostic. But sacrifice is voluntary suffering; and Sermons ii., iv. and v., after insisting with rare earnestness and fulness on the power of such suffering to elevate nations and individuals, point out how it "became" Christ to be made "perfect through suffering," and ask us to reconcile ourselves, as He reconciled Himself, to doing the Father's will. But nevertheless

"there is no value in suffering as suffering; all the sufferings of man accumulated since the world began could in themselves work no deliverance. Self-chosen, self-inflicted suffering, where it is not a wise discipline, is ingratitude to God, or rather it is a partial suicide."

The last sermon on "Christ reigning from the Cross," is a protest against the teaching which neglects Christ's triumph and dwells only on His suffering, so that "the crucifix with the dead Christ" obscures our faith.

Bishop Butler's method was to point out to the doubter that revealed religion contains no difficulties which have not to be faced by the believer in natural religion. Canon Westcott's is analogous, but much more convincing. He takes the facts of life as they are stated by the ardent Positivist, or bitter Socialist, and shows that Christ's teaching dealt directly with them—as directly as the teaching of Comte, or Karl Marx. This demonstration is necessary because professing Christians have unhappily succeeded in hiding Christ behind theology; so that His teaching, when stated in conventional terms, seems remote from any bearing on the problems and difficulties of modern life. But Canon Westcott does not stop at this point. Christ did not only find the same difficulties in life which Comte did; He faced those difficulties, both in practice and theory, as no other son of man can claim to have faced them. This

is Canon Westcott's method of apology for Christianity.

The sermons before us are charged with concentrated and passionate eloquence, but yet they are never intolerant. They are passionate, not to hide weakness of argument, but because the riddle of the painful earth must be wrestled with, not merely argued about, by the human spirit if a solution, however partial, is to be hoped for. No preacher, indeed, has more wisdom than Canon Westcott. A striking instance is his confession: "I know how perilous it is to intrude upon the unseen, to seek to give distinctness to the spiritual order which awaits us." How rarely do we meet with a mystic aware of this truth! We may note, in conclusion, the charm and interest of the notes, of which only too few are appended to the sermons; and that Canon Westcott continues to honour Mr. Browning by frequent quotation. RONALD BAYNE.

THE LITERATURE OF MEDIAEVAL FRANCE.

La Littérature Française au Moyen Âge. Par Gaston Paris. (Paris: Hachette.)

THE combination of circumstances in which M. Gaston Paris has written this little book is rare, if not unique, in literary history. Of all the branches of that history there is hardly one which is of such entirely modern growth, and at the same time of such vast extent, as the history of the literary products of mediæval France. Despite the random efforts of a few scattered students, it may be said that the whole subject was ignored till about sixty years ago, and that the sixty years since have been occupied with constant and strenuous researches into the treasures so long neglected and misunderstood. Whether these researches have always been prosecuted in the wisest way, and whether the uncertain, arbitrary, and barren mazes of philology have not been too much preferred to the fruitful and pleasant fields of scholarship and literary study proper, is a question into which we need not enter very fully. It is sufficient to say that M. Gaston Paris has inherited from his father and displayed himself long ago in the well-known regretted *Histoire Poétique*, a real faculty of scholarship proper as opposed to mere word-lore and form-lore; while as a student both of the language and the literature he stands in a rank shared only by his friend and colleague M. Paul Meyer, who has himself given somewhat less attention to the strictly literary side. Yet even M. Paris avows, not with the false humility but with the frankness of a man of letters, that, after his own thirty years of study, and after the thirty years of study which went before and has been continued since by others, there must be "des lacunes," "des insuffisances" in his work. It would ill become anyone, especially anyone who can merely pretend to have covered in the *parerga* of a few years part of the field in which M. Paris has been unweariedly and undistractedly working for a generation, to attempt to pick the holes and seek for the insufficiencies. But so far as the present writer's knowledge extends, which goes some little way, and so far as his experience of histories of other literatures and other histories of this literature extends, which goes some little farther, the book may be

spoken of with almost unqualified admiration. The amount of the information contained, the precision and certainty with which it is set forth, and its excellent arrangement, can hardly be too highly spoken of; and the arrangement of the bibliographical notes—not the least valuable, though the least apparently succulent portion of the work—exhibits that absolute familiarity with the subject which is almost impossible to obtain unless as a fruit of constant attention and of exceptionally full opportunities of knowing all fresh work on it as it appears.

We could, indeed, wish that M. Paris had slightly expanded his work. Double the number of pages would still have made a handy volume enough; and in double the number of pages there would have been room, not for elaborate discussions of single works or for fine writing, but for some amplification of the critical remarks, often pregnant and suggestive, which M. Paris has actually given, and for the substitution, in some cases, of a full description for a mere list. The other point is a rather more delicate one. M. Gaston Paris seems to us sometimes to have laid down the law a little too absolutely. In certain matters it is not so much the case that something different is known, as that from the facts nothing can be known at all. Thus, while acknowledging the great authority with which M. Paris speaks on the subject, we cannot help demurring a little to his positive and repeated assertion that the "Romans Bretons" and the great cycle of Arthur generally "reposit sur les récits des chanteurs et des conteurs gallois qui n'ont nullement passé par le Latin"; that is to say by Geoffrey. "Issus des lais et des contes Bretons," he says again of the Arthurian poems, and he calls them "issus des contes" yet elsewhere. It may be so generally: it pretty certainly is so in the case of *Tristan* and a few others. But we must own that we have never seen the slightest proof brought forward for it in the case of the chief Arthurian romances; and that we should be disposed, as matter of general comparative literary criticism (and in such a case the authority of general comparative literary criticism is large), to assign the elaboration of the great Arthurian structure to the literary excitement and the literary ingenuity of the writers, known and unknown, at the end of the twelfth century, working upon and embroidering in the well-known mediaeval manner the story which Geoffrey of Monmouth had made so popular. But we should not lay this down positively; and M. Paris, as we understand him, does lay things down positively on the other side. After all, it may be said that if anybody is to speak dogmatically on the subject he is the man; and with this acknowledgment we may close a brief notice of a book which ought to take its place as the standard primer of its subject and division.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Highways and Horses. By Athol Maudslay. (Chapman & Hall.)

Few subjects so interest the country lover as the working of that system which has passed away for ever—the conveyance of letters and passengers by Her Majesty's Mails. As soon as railroads established themselves coaches

were taken off the road almost before their admirers had realised that they were in danger. The pleasures of the coach alone live in memory—the cheery morning gallop through a smiling country, the exhilarating effect of the guard's horn, the regular cadences of the horses' hoofs, the rattling chains and circling wheels; while the manifold inconveniences—the cramped seat, the cold wet nights,

"When on his seat the nodding coachman snores,"

rheumatism and catarrhs—are fortunately forgotten. The Coaching Club and the amateur coaches are devices to bring back the fascination of those old coaching days, and these institutions maintain a precarious vitality throughout the season. People who are in earnest about their travelling prefer a hansom and the express.

Mr. Athol Maudslay here attempts to reproduce for us the reality of coach travelling as it flourished in our fathers' days, and begins *ab ovo* with the roads. In order to be exhaustive, he inserts many pages on Greek and Roman roads, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and even American roads, which would have been better sought in encyclopædias. He claims, however, on these and on every point connected with horses to be heard with deference, "being a coach and horse man of many years' standing, and having made a careful study of these subjects." Readers may well, therefore, grumble at Charles Dickens being invoked as an authority herein, still more when he is called "the greatest English novelist," and most of all at the introduction of no less than nine pages on American coaches from his once celebrated "Notes." Mr. Maudslay has brought together in his own pages a store of valuable and amusing facts; the time consumed in different journeys, the coachmen, guards and their duties, the turnpikes, inns, horses, and expenses of the coaching system are carefully detailed. No one who reads of the many disagreeable consequences in coach travelling and the accidents which frequently resulted from racing or pushing on to make up lost time will regret the disappearance of coaches from the great roads of the kingdom, however much is lost in the picturesque aspect of the country. There is a good chapter on Irish cars and their drivers; but here, too, eleven pages from Miss Croker, full though they be of humour, overload it. Hackney coaches and cabs are next considered, with a lucid account of the laws and police supervision connected with them. Postboys, highwaymen, and the fashionable coaches of modern society succeed. Mr. Maudslay says enough, and not too much, on all these divisions of his subject.

Turning to the practical part of coaching, the author fully describes the different styles of coaches, together with the mode in which each pattern is built. There is a chapter, too, on harness, which will interest every lover of a horse. This is followed by another, which was hardly wanted, on the horns and whips which are most serviceable with a coach and four. The chief fault of the book is its diffuseness. This is carried to absurd lengths when, in the chapter which relates Dick Turpin's misdeeds on the road, an account is inserted of a jade being ducked in

the "stool" reserved for scolds and drunkards, merely, it seems, because this anecdote was contained in the chapbook which details the highwayman's adventures. While it is needless to tell the derivation of "omnibus," it is worth putting on record that of "tramcar," which is said to be from the inventor's name, one Outram, in 1800. Many people, however, will persevere in regarding the word as coming from *traho*. The classical lore (which is most of it secondhand) might well have been omitted.

Thus this book is, first, a collection of noteworthy facts relating to coaches; and next, a didactic work, illustrated with figures, on coach-building and harness-making. The author promises a second volume, which will, it may be hoped, contain a good index to both. A book of this kind is useless as an authority without it. These reminiscences will please many lovers of horseflesh; and, although several books have been written on Mr. Maudslay's subject of late years, his work forms a pleasant *résumé* of the system. The author has an eye to diminish cruelty or even suffering to horses, and writes avowedly in the interest of this animal. The average period of a horse's service in a coach was, he tells us, four years; and this is a proof of the severity with which regular running in a coach pressed upon a horse. The names of two well-known sportsmen of a past generation are given as men who refused even when railways were established to travel in any vehicle save a stage coach; but every one's memory will supply him with instances of men and women who, even in the present day, prefer the road and a carriage to the train. Such people will grieve over the author's words: "I anticipate a very great future for electric motive power in its application to carriages on common roads." At present the rage for bicycling has given fresh life to many roadside inns, and benefited the dwellers in the country by causing the erection of duly painted sign-posts at many cross roads. Perhaps a new life is in store for many of our great roads, originally constructed by the Romans, on which all the swift traffic of the kingdom passed until the days of steam—roads now abandoned for the most part to grass and drovers and a few country gentlemen. It may be taken for granted, however, that the romance and picturesque side of the old coaching times will never again gladden merry England.

Some of the views of coaches stopped by snow or represented in difficulties of divers kinds, taken by the Automatic Engraving Company for this book, are valuable as mementoes of the dress and fashion of the past, and, therefore, form genuine illustrations of the text. But the woodcuts of hansoms and coaches ill harmonise with them, and were hardly required. As adding, however, to the thoroughness of the book they may be commendable. Mr. Maudslay's volume ought to interest every one who remembers England before railroads, and is indispensable to younger men who would fain reproduce for themselves the pleasures as well as the miseries of the old coaches.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

Hush. By Curtis Yorke. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Leal Lass. By Richard Ashe King. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Tracked Out. By Arthur W. A'Beckett. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Thoth. (Blackwood.)

Jack Dudley's Wife. By E. M. Davy. (Walter Scott.)

A Virginia Inheritance. By Edmund Pendleton. (New York: Appleton.)

ALTHOUGH the root idea of *Hush* is not new, the story is worked out with considerable power and originality. The author's main purpose is to show how a man of generous impulses and spotless integrity may be overcome by some sudden temptation to commit a base action which is altogether contradictory to the general tenor of his life. When we first meet with Marmaduke Power and his sister Edith it is amid surroundings of the most sordid poverty. Marmaduke is writing for the press, but his health fails and his literary work suffers in consequence, so that it is rejected on all hands; and what with the failure of his plans, his own illness, and the fading away of his sister—who is dearer to him than his own life—he falls into despair. He has one relative—a cousin, Vivian Power, the owner of an ancestral estate worth £20,000 a year; but the poor writer is too proud to accept his bounty, though pressed to do so by his sister. Just when things reach their climax, and Marmaduke is desperate, he happens to be staying with his cousin. They are hunting together when Vivian is placed in a position of great peril. Marmaduke flies to his assistance, and extends a helping hand to prevent him from falling into an abyss and thereby incurring certain death, when a horrible temptation assails him. Thinking of his beloved sister, and not of himself, he is not strong enough to resist it, and withdraws his hand. Vivian Power is killed, and Marmaduke inherits his position and wealth. Henceforth "Macbeth has murdered sleep." The supplanter is seized with brain fever, and in his delirium accuses himself of the crime of actual murder. One Caverson hears him, and resolves to trade upon the secret. When he recovers, Marmaduke is obliged to lead an existence which is a living lie. He engages to pay Caverson £1000 a year as hush money, and takes to morphia drinking in large quantities. He marries a woman who worships the very ground he walks upon, and she, to some extent, reclaims him. For a long time he does not dare to entrust her with his secret; eventually, however, he does so. The account of his expiation is extremely pathetic. He gives his own life to save that of the woman to whom his dead cousin was betrothed. The gloomy nature of the narrative is relieved by touches of humour connected with an old Scotch servant named Dawson, and an *enfant terrible*, Johnnie. When Dawson is charged with having used bad language by his mistress, he replies:

"Hoots! I'll no deny I may ha' said a bit damn or twa. It's vera likely; for the laddie drives me clean daft, whiles. But ye said language, Miss Joan—language, ye'll mind! Ah,

weel, ah weel! If ye're spared, ye'll may be sorry for what ye've said the day!" Altogether, *Hush* is a novel of decided merit.

A Leal Lass is a very bright and readable story of a woman's devotion, which we only wish had been lavished on a worthier object. May Beresford is a charming English girl, the daughter of a country vicar, who deliberately sacrifices her own interests, and almost life itself, for a scapegrace brother. At the university this reckless youth is guilty of more than the usual follies, and commits forgery in order to save himself from irreparable disgrace. The way in which he sells his sister to a wealthy suitor to save himself is infamous, and much worse to our mind than the act of forgery into which he is hurried in an unthinking moment. The old vicar is one of the best characters, having much in common with his immortal prototype in the pages of Oliver Goldsmith. Our readers must discover for themselves how matters are finally adjusted without the sacrifice of May Beresford. Con O'Neil, who furnishes the humour of the story, is a rattling Irishman, whose sayings are most quaint and amusing. Mr. King may be congratulated on writing a novel which in this dull season, and for seaside readers especially, can fairly be looked upon in the light of a godsend.

Mr. A'Beckett's *Tracked Out* is a gruesome story; but no one who buys it can say that he does not get (sensationally) his money's worth for his shilling. It is a tale of the guillotine, and is very powerfully told. The head of a criminal who had been guillotined is taken away from the scaffold, and after being subjected to transfusion the brain is made to get to work again temporarily, when the lips utter the secret of an undiscovered murder. What more could the jaded novel-reader require? And how insipid seem such stories as *Called Back*, which we once thought so highly spiced!

Thoth is a weird and mysterious romance, manifesting unusual literary skill, and displaying no small amount of imagination. From the early chapters we anticipated some concealed allegorical purpose; but no such purpose is unfolded, and the close of the story is not equal to the opening and middle portions. But the descriptions of Egyptian and Greek character are very striking; and the whole sketch exhibits peculiar grace of style.

The secret of *Jack Dudley's Wife* is well maintained down to the closing page. The whole circumstances of Dudley's meeting with his wife, their courtship and brief married life, are of an extraordinary character, and the wretched husband is at length made aware that he has married a beautiful dipsomaniac. In that moment, however, his difficulties are also ended by the tragic suicide of Mrs. Dudley. The reader's interest is strongly enlisted all through.

A thoroughly American story is *A Virginia Inheritance*—American in character, incidents, and local colour. We prefer it on this ground to many stories written by authors unfamiliar with the peoples and countries which they profess to describe. Anything that strongly

savours of the indigenous possesses one claim at least upon the reader—that of authority. From the literary point of view, also, Mr. Pendleton's sketch may be perused with enjoyment. The style is agreeable, and the incidents are unhackneyed. Failing absolute genius, this is about as much as the critic has any right to expect.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS." — *Assyria*: from the Rise of the Empire to the Fall of Nineveh. By Zenaide A. Ragozin. (Fisher Unwin.) M^{rs}. Ragozin's *Assyria* certainly quite fulfils, if it does not even surpass, the favourable anticipations which were excited by her previous volume on Chaldaea. The materials with which she has had to deal in the present work are more copious and more trustworthy than those which relate to the history of the older Mesopotamian empire; but it has required no ordinary degree of historical imagination and of literary skill to work them up into so coherent and picturesque a narrative as the one before us. The difficulty of telling the story satisfactorily is much increased by the fact that for ordinary readers the interest of Assyrian history is almost exclusively concentrated on the small portion of it which is connected with the history of Israel. M^{rs}. Ragozin has succeeded admirably in satisfying the popular demand for information relating to the points in which the monuments of Nineveh illustrate the Bible, while at the same time clearly indicating the relative insignificance of these episodes considered as parts of Assyrian history. There are a few indications (such as the frequent inconsistencies and errors in the transcription of proper names) that the author is not familiar with the Semitic languages, but she shows intelligent acquaintance with the results of modern scholarship in the criticism of the Old Testament history. Her novel explanation of the legend of Jonah, however (p. 209), would have been better omitted. The illustrations, about eighty in number, are well chosen, though some of them are not quite satisfactory in execution.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS." — *Turkey*. By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. (Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Lane-Poole has special qualifications for writing on certain portions of Turkish history; and he has had the advantage of being assisted by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, whose eminent acquaintance with Turkish literature is well known. He also acknowledges help in special departments from Mr. Howorth and Mr. Morfill. The book contains much that is valuable; but it is scarcely so successful in a literary sense as some of the other volumes of the series, or as some of Mr. Lane-Poole's own writings. The reader unacquainted with the subject will find it difficult to derive from this book any clear impression of the general course of the history, or of the characteristics of the Turkish nation in the various stages of its career. About fifteen pages of the volume are filled with verbatim quotations from Gibbon; and there are copious extracts from various other writers, including a whole page, absurdly given in black letter, from Lord Berners's translation of Froissart. The chapters on "Turkish Literature," "Stambul," and "Turkish Administration," which are due to Mr. Gibb, are of great interest. The two maps—one of the Turkish Empire in the sixteenth century, and the other of the Balkan peninsula in 1887—are well executed; and some of the illustrations are good, though others seem to have suffered in the process of reduction from originals on a much larger scale.

HISTORIC TOWNS: Colchester. By the Rev. E. L. Cutts. (Longmans.) This is a serviceable little book, the work of one who has evidently not only studied the local history he has undertaken to write, but is sufficiently acquainted with the general current of events to see the affairs of Colchester in their due proportions. It is not uncommon to find those who undertake to write the history of towns, or even obscure villages, treating the small matters which they have undertaken to narrate as if they were the most important national concerns. There is not a trace of this folly in Mr. Cutts's pages: if, indeed, he errs at all, it is in the opposite direction. We think that during the Roman time Colchester held relatively to other towns in the south of the island a higher status than he has given to it. His remarks on Roman Christianity are very sensible. We have good reason for believing that many of the settlers in England and the Romanised Britons were members of the Christian Church, but the evidence for it so far as material relics are concerned is singularly small. Colchester is a place exceptionally rich in Roman remains. Wherever the soil is broken some fragment telling of the world's conquerors is sure to be turned up; yet, with the exception of one pin with a cruciform head, absolutely nothing has been found there which goes in any way to show that the faith in Christ was known to the dwellers in Roman Colchester. The account of the ecclesiastical foundations of the middle ages is creditable, so far as it goes, but is too highly condensed. Colchester was once rich in churches and monastic houses. We had hoped that Mr. Cutts would have told us far more about them than he has done. He has, however, in some degree made up for this by giving a lucid account of the memorable siege during the parliamentary wars. This has been for years a subject which ignorant people have been content to blunder over, and a kind of text which political partizans have taken as a peg on which to hang foolish jangling. Mr. Cutts has tried to find out what really did take place by a conscientious study of the original documents.

Hildebrand and his Times, by W. B. W. Stephens (Longmans), is a volume of the "Epochs of Church History" series, edited by Prof. Creighton. It is a good, sound monograph, clearly written, and with some measure of sympathy with the great man with whom it deals in its main portion. Mr. Stephens takes in the whole period from the pontificate of Benedict IX. in 1033 till that of Calixtus II., the closing scene of the book being the ratification of the Concordat of Worms in the Lateran Council of 1125; and he prefaces his narrative with a survey of the political and ecclesiastical position from the fall of the Western Empire to the date at which his especial subject begins. He has consulted all the really important authorities—from the contemporary records of Wibert, Bruno of Segni, and Adam of Bremen, down to the most recent German publications of last year—and has used them intelligently and helpfully. He recognises the noble ideal, the unselfish aims, and the indomitable courage of Hildebrand; and, in chronicling his serious mistakes, he does not fail to point out that they were rather the fault of the era than of the individual, and that much of what he did sorely needed to be done, and led to results which furthered civilisation.

Echoes from Old Calcutta. By H. E. Busteed. Second Edition. (Calcutta: Thacker.) There is always a pleasant attraction about old colonial history, especially when the social habits of the founders of Greater Britain are treated with spirit and accuracy. Accordingly, when the first edition of Dr. Busteed's work on

Old Calcutta appeared, it was welcomed by the ACADEMY; and for the like reason we take advantage of the appearance of a second edition to renew to our readers the recommendation which we then offered. We observed on that occasion that the author had "done useful service in communicating to the public the exceptional knowledge he possesses, derived from many years of study and patient research." Since those words were recorded the work has "been submitted to thorough revision, which has resulted in the greater part of it being rewritten." It is further enriched by many curious and important illustrations, comprising views of the old Fort William and "the Black Hole" of tragic memory, a spirited caricature of Sir Philip Francis, and portraits of the beautiful M^{de}. Grand, who—after being the subject of a divorce case in the Supreme Court—lived to be the wife of Tallyrand, Ex-Bishop of Autun and Prince of Benevento. The contents make ten chapters, of which the first is a description of the Black Hole; the second an account of the imprisonment of Mr. Holwell and his followers there in 1756; the third an account of Sir P. Francis, including a new proof of his being the author of the "Junius" letters; the fourth devoted to Nuncomar and a general acceptance of Sir James Stephen's views of the trial and execution of that celebrated personage; the fifth recounts in all its details the duel between Francis and Warren Hastings; the sixth deals with the domestic and social life of the settlement; the seventh is devoted to Mr. Hicky and his scurrilous *Bengal Gazette*, the earliest of Anglo-Indian newspapers; the eighth is on M^{de}. Grand and her remarkable career; the ninth is filled with letters from Hastings to his wife, and a few letters from the lady; while the last treats of the premature death and grave of Rose Aylmer, the subject of one of Landor's youthful lyrics. There is also an appendix of important documents. In spite of Dr. Busteed's modest disclaimers, the book has more than an antiquarian value, being written in a very attractive though unambitious style. The only fault that can be reasonably found is that it has no index, which is a serious defect in a book so crowded with original and valuable matter. The writer justly claims to have gathered his materials by close personal research, and to have spared no effort to make his work historically accurate, even to the most trivial details. It is this, indeed, which gives the work its peculiar value for students, while it also adds a special point to the absence of an index. On the other hand, those who take up the volume for mere pastime will assuredly not be disappointed.

The Sieges of Pontefract Castle, 1644-1648. Edited by Richard Holmes. (Pontefract.) This volume is the product of local enthusiasm and local liberality. The editor has brought to bear upon the work an amount of minute knowledge which could have been gained only by a resident greatly interested in the subject, and he has found among his neighbours a public-spirited antiquary who has borne the cost of publication. Both facts are creditable to Pontefract. It is easy to understand—at least, it is easy for an Englishman to understand—the pride which the natives of an old place take in its association with the great events of national history. If the present age be dull and prosaic, they can go back to an earlier and more stirring time when their ancestors bore their part, and that an active one, in shaping the destiny of their country. They can transmit in their turn to their own children the tales of their forefathers' deeds which they themselves had received. Among the Drakes of Pontefract (three of whom were successively vicars in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) there must have been

many stories current of what had taken place in the Great Rebellion; but there was also preserved what is of infinitely greater worth—a record of events kept by one of the family, Nathan Drake, in the form of a minute and circumstantial diary. This chronicle begins with the statement that

"Upon Christmas day, 25th December, 1644, Pontefract Castle was besieged, & the town taken that day by the besiegers, and the besieged played 3 cannon against them. The 26th and 27th, 16 cannon. The 28th, being Saturday, the besiegers took the low church about 7 of the clock in the morning, wherein was 11 men & boys; that day the besieged made 3 sallies down to the low church with loss of 3 men being killed in the church yard and 11 men more wounded, whereof are dead since Captin Waterhouse of Netherton and 3 other men."

Later on, a graphic account is given of the battle in the Ohequer field, which continued from twilight on March 1 till ten or eleven at night. Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who led the Royalist forces, succeeded in defeating the besieging force, although largely outnumbered; but the relief was only of a temporary character. The siege was resumed on March 11; and from that day forward the diarist records every incident with great particularity, and his editor, by his judicious comments, makes everything clear. It was not until the middle of July that the garrison was forced to capitulate, both parties being glad to terminate the investment, as the the besiegers had the plague among them, and the besieged were reduced to semi-starvation. The castle fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, and for nearly three years was held by them. Then it was taken by surprise under circumstances of romantic interest, and was again beleaguered by the army of the Commonwealth, under Major-General Lambert. The third siege began December 4, 1648, and three months afterwards the castle was surrendered and its demolition determined. There are probably few places in England which can boast of having sustained three sieges in four years; there are none which possess so interesting a record as Pontefract has been able to preserve. Mr. Holmes has re-edited it with loving care, and the illustrations—photographic and descriptive—make the narrative unusually vivid.

Newcastle and Gateshead (vol. iii). Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Edited by Richard Welford. (Walter Scott.) This well-printed volume consists of extracts from the corporation records, the State papers, wills, and other authentic sources bearing upon the history of Newcastle between the years 1581 and 1641. Together with the volumes which have preceded it, it forms a storehouse of valuable information as to the trade of Tyneside, and the municipal and social life of an important town. The arrangement of the history is in years, so that the exact date of each occurrence is readily seen.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE second volume of the *Anglo-Indian Codes*, which Mr. Whitley Stokes is preparing for the Clarendon Press, is nearly ready for publication. It treats of Adjective Law, and includes the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Code of Civil Procedure, the Evidence Act, 1872, the Oath Act, the Limitation Act, and other statutes. The work is fully furnished with notes and appendices, and forms a thick octavo volume of more than 1200 pages.

THE late General Philip H. Sheridan had completed his memoirs before his death; and they will be published in December by subscription, through Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co., of New York, who issued Grant's memoirs

in the same way. An article by General Sheridan, describing his experiences of the Franco-Prussian war—when he accompanied the German army—will also appear in the November number of *Scribner's*.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish very shortly *The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*, by Mr. Walter Besant.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of a new and cheaper edition of the most popular writings of Charles Kingsley, to be issued in twelve monthly volumes, beginning with *Westward Ho!* on October 1. Besides the novels and the poems, this series will include *The Heroes*, *The Water Babies*, *Madam How and Lady Why*, *Prose Idylls*, and *At Last*.

AT the same time, Messrs. Macmillan will issue a cheap uniform edition of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's novels, with all the original illustrations, most of which are by Mr. W. J. Henessy. This series will consist of twenty-seven volumes, which will appear at the rate of two volumes a month, beginning with *The Heir of Redcliffe and Heartsease*. Both of these, we may add, were illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway.

READERS of Mr. C. H. Hinton's "Scientific Romances" will be interested in a new book by that author which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein announce for the coming autumn. *A New Era of Thought* deals in a serious spirit with the question of the existence of beings of a higher organisation than any known in three-dimensional space. Mr. Hinton endeavours to lead the mind by a series of practical experiments to a true appreciation of space and space relations, and then discusses questions of metaphysics and ethics from the point of view thus gained.

Foreign Visitors in England and what they have thought of us, being some Notes on their Books and their Notions during the Last Three Centuries, by Mr. Edward Smith, will be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE REV. J. R. BOYLE is preparing for the Surtees Society a volume on the Guilds of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A SECOND collection of "Americanisms" is announced, to be issued only for private circulation in a limited edition. The compiler is Mr. John S. Farmer, author of "Ex Oriente Lux." The character of the work may be gathered from the full title, which is as follows: *Americanisms—Old and New: a Dictionary of Words, Phrases, and Colloquialisms used in the United States, British America, the West Indies, &c., their Meanings, Derivation, and Applications, together with Anecdotal, Historical, and Explanatory Notes, and a Literary Introduction*. Subscribers should apply to Messrs. Poulter & Sons, 6 Arthur Street West, E.C.

MESSRS. HUGHES & SON, of Wrexham, will issue immediately a translation of a novel entitled *Rhys Lewis*, which, in its original Welsh, has had a remarkable success. It professes to be the autobiography of a Calvinistic Methodist minister. Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are the London publishers, the translator being Mr. James Harris, of Cardiff, late editor of the *Red Dragon* magazine.

Saint Margaret is the title of a story by Mr. William Tirebuck, which Messrs. W. P. Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell, of Edinburgh, have in the press for immediate publication.

THE next issue of *North Country Poets* will contain notes of Arthur Hugh Clough, by Mr. J. A. Noble, John Richardson (the Cumberland dialect poet), and others.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, president of the Hull Literary Club, is writing a newspaper serial under the title of "Old Time Papers."

THE Queen has been pleased, on the occasion of her visit to Glasgow, to accept a copy of the new bourgeois edition of the "Oxford Bible for Teachers," as representing the work of the University Press exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition. The book is printed upon India paper and bound in "garter blue" polished morocco, with the letters V. R. I. surmounted by the imperial crown emblazoned upon its covers. It is enclosed in a blue morocco case with a gold lock, and contains an appropriate inscription.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Christopher Marlowe—a scheme which originated with the Elizabethan Literary Society of Toynbee Hall. Among its members are Robert Browning, A. H. Bullen, Lord Coleridge, Prof. Edward Dowden, W. J. Evelyn, Havelock Ellis, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Edmund Gosse, the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Prof. Hales, Henry Irving, Joseph Knight, James Russell Lowell, and Algernon C. Swinburne. No decision has yet been arrived at as to the form the memorial will take. Marlowe was buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Deptford; but the place of his grave is unknown, and doubts have been expressed as to the appropriateness of a memorial in a church. All suggestions will, however, be carefully considered at a meeting of sympathisers with the scheme, which will be called some time in October. Communications respecting the memorial should be addressed to the hon. secs., Mr. F. Rogers, 62, Nicholas Street, E., or Mr. J. E. Baker, 165, Asylum Road, Hatcham.

WE are asked to state that Lambeth Palace Library will be closed for the recess, for six weeks, from August 30.

TOGETHER with the August number of the *Alpine Journal* (Longmans) is issued a Catalogue of Books in the Library of the Alpine Club, compiled by Prof. F. Pollock, the hon. librarian of the club. In form, this is a revision of the catalogue prepared in 1880 by Mr. C. C. Tucker; but besides bringing the alphabetical catalogue down to date, Prof. Pollock has added an index of subjects, which is undoubtedly most useful for such a special collection. The whole forms a pamphlet of 111 pages.

Corrections.—In the ACADEMY of last week, in Sir R. F. Burton's letter on "Reprints of *The Arabian Nights*," p. 103, col. 3, l. 17 from bottom, for "Some" read "Lane"; and also in Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter on "St. Patrick's Doctrines," p. 104, col. 3, l. 4, for "Diocanatu" read "Diaconatu."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE September number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will contain the concluding chapters of "The Patagonia," by Mr. Henry James, and of Prof. Minto's historical novel "The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet." There will also be illustrated articles on "The Polish Carpathians," "Hampton Court," and "Studies in the London Streets," in the last of which will be found portrait sketches of several characters well known to Londoners. The yearly volume of this magazine, which is now complete, will be issued in a day or two, as will also a prospectus announcing several new features for the coming year.

THE *Century* for September will contain the following articles: "Uppingham: an Ancient School worked on Modern Ideas," by George R. Parkin; "The Industrial Idea in Education," by C. M. Carter; "A Mexican Campaign," II., by T. A. Janvier; "Sideral Astronomy, Old and New," II., by E. S. Holden; "The White Cow," by J. L. Allen.

THE September part of *Art and Letters* will contain an article on "Orchardson and his Work," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, and a short novel by Ouida.

In the *Welcome* for September will appear the first instalment of "A Mosaic of Memories," by Eleanor E. Christian, the daughter of Andrew Pickens, whose "Dominie's Legacy" and "Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland" had considerably popularity half a century ago. He was intimate with all the literary notabilities of his time, and he assisted his daughter in keeping a diary, in which she entered an account of meetings and events of which she was a spectator. Her reminiscences include her impressions of, and conversations with, Paganini, Lytton Bulwer, Benjamin Disraeli, James Hogg, William Godwin, Wentworth Dilke, Barry Cornwall, Thomas Hood, Edward Irving, the elder Rothschild, Louis Haghe, Sir James Clark, Sir Benjamin Brodie, the "Great Duke," Charles Dickens, and other celebrities. Other contents of this number will be two serial stories by Jennie Chappell and Mrs. Garnett; "A Kentish Spa," by W. J. Lacey; "Prejevalsky in Thibet," by Dr. A. H. Japp; "Curiosities of Wills," by W. E. Doubleday; "The Parable of the Children in the Market Place," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould; "The Silent Bell and its Relations," by H. M. J. Underhill; "Cornish Customs of To-day," by Fannie Goddard; "North Sea Yarns," by Robert Cochrane; "Student Life at Oxford"; "A Remarkable Orchid," by James Weston; "Life and Explorations in New Guinea," by James Chalmers; and "Impromptu Music," by Hamilton Robinson.

St. Nicholas for September includes: "Some Stories about 'The California Lion,'" by the late E. P. Roe; "What Dora Did: A True Story of a Dakota Blizzard"; "The Mischievous Knix," by L. E. Mitchell; "Bill of Fare for September"; "What to do with Old Corks," by Charles G. Leland.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

HELEN.

WHILE time shall last, one thing remains to me;
The tale of Troy fades not; the hearts of men
Shall beat more quickly when my name they hear—
A name that lives for ever. I gained that,
Though all else perished. Lover, friends, and foe,
Alike died fighting for me, that the name
Of Helen might have fitting pyre whereon to blaze
Through all succeeding time, and beacon-like
To glow across the darkness of the unborn years.
Forever will the light from those that fought
Before the walls of Troy show Helen standing there.

Oh! to be again back on those walls, to hear the
clang of arms,
And see Hector and Priam in the van of strife,
'Mid that great host which leaguered Troy for
years.

Heroes and Gods fought side by side for me,
And I was worthy prize. The bravest there
Could meet no fitter death than thus to fall
For me, whose beauty will the world still daze
When Troy shall be forgot; but to the end of
time

My name will sound a trumpet blast to men.

F. P.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HUME.

DR. G. BIRKBECK HILL has in the press a series of more than eighty unpublished letters written by David Hume to William Strahan, the King's printer and member of parliament, the friend of Johnson. The earliest letter is dated November 30, 1756, and the latest August 12, 1776—just a fortnight before Hume's death. Strahan, who was, as Hume calls him, both "a speculative politician and a practical one," used to send his friend long letters on public affairs.

Hume in his answers expresses his own opinion with great freedom. Writing as he does to a brother-Scotchman he shows without any concealment the bitterness of his feelings towards England, and his hatred of "that wicked madman," "that out-throat," the Earl of Chatham. He very early saw the folly of the war with America, and exposes it in the most vigorous language.

Among the additional correspondence included in this series is an interesting letter by Adam Smith; and two most curious ones by Hutton the Moravian, which show that that religious enthusiast, shortly after Hume's death, borrowed from Strahan some of the letters, and laid them before the king. From one of them George III. learnt how hopeless had the American War seemed to his favourite Tory historian:

"I must, before we part, have a little Stroke of Politics with you, notwithstanding my Resolution to the contrary. We hear that some of the Ministers have propos'd in Council that both Fleet and Army be withdrawn from America, and these Colonists be left entirely to themselves. I wish I had been a member of His Majesty's Cabinet Council, that I might have seconded this Opinion. I should have said that this Measure only anticipates the necessary Course of Events a few Years; that a forced and every day more precarious Monopoly of about six or seven hundred thousand Pounds a year of Manufactures, was not worth contending for; that we should preserve the greater part of this trade even if the Ports of America were open to all Nations; that it was very likely, in our method of proceeding, that we should be disappointed in our Scheme of conquering the Colonies; and that we ought to think beforehand how we were to govern them, after they were conquer'd. Arbitrary Power can extend its oppressive Arm to the Antipodes; but a limited Government can never long be upheld at a distance, even where no Disgusts have intervened: Much less, where such violent Antipathies have taken place. We must, therefore, annul all the Charters; abolish every democratical Power in every colony; repeal the Habeas Corpus Act with regard to them; invest every Governor with full discretionary or arbitrary Powers; confiscate the Estates of all the chief Planters; and hang three-fourths of their Clergy. To execute such Acts of destructive Violence twenty thousand Men would not be sufficient; nor thirty thousand to maintain them, in so wide and disjointed a Territory. And who are to pay so great an Army? The Colonists cannot at any time, much less after reducing them to such a State of Desolation: We ought not, and indeed cannot, in the over-loaded or rather overwhelm'd and totally ruin'd State of our finances. Let us, therefore, lay aside all Anger; shake hands, and part Friends. Or if we retain any anger, let it only be against ourselves for our past Folly; and against that wicked Madman, Pitt; who has reduced us to our present Condition. *Disi.*"

The correspondence deals largely also with matters connected with the publication and revision of Hume's works, and shows the untiring industry with which, as long as life lasted, he sought to render them as perfect as possible. It treats moreover of the quarrel with Rousseau, the famous "Suppressed Essays," the publication of the *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, and many matters of personal interest.

THE SAXON LAND CHARTERS.

THE Clarendon Press will publish immediately *A Handbook to the Land Charters and other Saxon Documents*, by Prof. Karle. It is the aim of this handbook to facilitate the critical study of the Saxon legal documents, which were collected by Kemble in his *Codes Diplomaticus*, and which are now being republished by Mr. de Gray Birch in his *Cartularium Saxonum*. In these collections there is a larger quantity of spurious than of genuine material. One object of the present work is

to institute a process of sifting which shall commend itself to the reader, and shall initiate the student in the methods of discrimination. This is done in two ways. First, by a graduated arrangement of the selected specimens, which provides a series of types. Secondly, by indications given in the introduction. Two of the three sections of the introduction are occupied either directly or indirectly with the elements of criticism; the first section dealing with the structural analysis of the legal document of conveyance of land, and the third section with the languages, Latin and English, which are employed in them, with a special view to those peculiarities of form and expression which were induced by the effort of artificial or fraudulent imitation.

To the student who wishes to understand early English history, these documents are indispensable. For they, with the West Saxon Laws, compose the extant body of constitutional evidence prior to Domesday; and these with Domesday constitute one whole and continuous study. If they receive light from Domesday, not less is that which they shed upon it. For Domesday, and the whole body of post-conquestal records, are the work of foreigners, who often understood but imperfectly our domestic institutions, which they described in alien terms of their own legal vocabulary; and they were still more liable to error when they employed the terms of English constitutional law. In many important points the test and touchstone of Norman records is to be found in the Saxon laws and land charters. The study of these latter is moreover a study of native originals; the Norman texts, so far as they affect old English institutions, are just those second-hand products which naturally appear after a great confluence of races.

The great desideratum of early English history is an elementary outline of the first plantation of the country after the Saxon conquest. The idea that a free, that is, a republican village community, constituted the political unit, and that there were no manorial lords, was advanced by Kemble, and has been generally followed by later writers, though not without symptoms of misgiving. This theory has made it necessary to assume, as Kemble did, and others after him have done, that at some date unknown a tyrant rose in every village and founded the royalty of the lord of the manor. The second section of the introduction to the land-charters is devoted to this question and others that branch out of it—with the conclusion that the manors in their essential elements were constituted at the first settlement as they have remained to modern times, and that an unlorded village community never existed at all in this country. The advantage of this proof, if proof it is, will be that our earliest history will be able to put itself in harmony with the constitutional conditions of historical times. Another advantage is, that this conclusion provides a home for the British population. The conquered people became the unfree tenants of the lord's domain in each village; thus both the unfree population is accounted for, and the conquered people are disposed of in a manner that is obvious and natural. The English lord of the manor had stepped into the place of the Roman proprietor, and became master of his *villa* and *villani*. Thus, at every point the continuity of history is shown as the natural result of data which are in our possession, and there is no need to borrow the aid of a violent hypothesis.

The texts themselves are replete not only with valuable information and stimulating suggestion, but also with a variety of curious antiquities. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing they range from the seventh to the fifteenth century, containing something of every epoch. The genuine charters form a continuous

series from the seventh to the eleventh century; and after that for the whole mediæval period they are transcribed or improved or imitated with such endless modifications as might be expected. The study of them is fascinating, and very useful for the cultivation of the critical faculty. The legal diction is valuable as lying at the root of much that is still current rather than understood; and a list of about 2500 words has been collected and glossed, with references not only to the specimens in the book itself, but also to the pages of other authors, with a view to comprise all the words of mark in the compass of this diplomatic literature. The book seeks to fulfil the function of a handbook, both by the typical nature of its arrangement, and by its references to all standard works bearing on the subject.

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BAYOT, Jean. Voyage en Sénégambie, 1880-1883. Paris: Baudouin. 6 fr.
HOUSSEY, Arsène. Rodolphe et Cynthia. Bibliothèque Océanographique. 3 fr. 50 c.
HETTINGER, F. Dante's Geistesgang. Köln: Bachem. 2 M. 25 Pf.
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HISTORY.

- CORRESPONDENZ, politische, Karl Friedrichs v. Baden. 1784-1804. Herausg. v. B. Erdmannsdorfer. 1 Bd. 1783-1791. Heidelberg: Winter. 16 M.
PAJOL, le Comte. Les Guerres sous Louis XV. T. VI. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 13 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- WINTER, E. Der biblische Simson der ägyptische Horus-Ba. Eine neue Erklärung. su Jud. 13-16. Wittenberg: Wunschmann. 1 M. 40 Pf.

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- DE LA NIX, G. Les germes du terrain. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
KLEMPER, R. Geschichte der Geometrie. Stuttgart: Maier. 8 M.
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LIE, S. Theorie der Transformationsgruppen. 1. Abschnitt. Leipzig: Teubner. 18 M.
STADTHAGEN, H. Ueb. die Genauigkeit logarithmischer Berechnungen. Berlin: Dümmler. 2 M. 50 Pf.
UNGEB, F. Die Methodik der praktischen Arithmetik in historischer Entwicklung vom Anfange d. Mittelalters bis auf die Gegenwart. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ALLOTTE, L. "Primordialité de l'écriture dans la genèse du langage humain. Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr.
BRECKE, R. Sophocles quemadmodum sui temporis publicus ad describendum heroicam aetatem adhibuit. Pars I. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
COMMENTATIONES philologicae quibus O. Ribbeckio, praecceptorii illustri, sexagenarium aetatis, magistrarii Lipsiensis decimum annum exactum congratulantur discipuli Lipsienses. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M.
CORPUS glossariorum latinorum. Vol. 2. Glossae latino-graecae et graeco-latinae. Ediderunt G. Goetz et G. Gundermann. Leipzig: Teubner. 20 M.
CORPUSCULUM poesis epicae graecae ludibundae. Fasc. I. continens parodias epicae graecae et archestrati reliquias a P. Brandt editas. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.
DANKHEIMER, E. Studien zu Jean de Malret's Leben u. Wirken. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
DE LA GRASSE, Raoul. Etudes de grammaire comparée. Des divisions de la linguistique. Paris: Maisonneuve. 6 fr.
DICTIONNAIRE de la langue française. T. IV. Livr. 1 et 2. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 9 fr.
DINARCHI orationes adiectis Demadisi qui fertur fragmentis scriptis rjjs δεδωκεν iterum ed. F. Blass. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M.
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HUBB, J. J. Der demotische Roman v. Stur Ha-m-us. Text, Uebersetzung, Commentar u. Glossar. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 14 M.

- KUEZ, E. Ueb. den Octavius d. Minucius Felix. m. dem Texte v. Capitel 20-26 incl.—Die Persius-Scholien nach den Bernerhandschriften. II. Die Scholien zu Sat. II u. III., nebst dem Text v. Sat. II u. III., nach Cod. Bern. 257. Burgdorf: Langlois. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- MARCOU, Ph. Der historische Infinitiv im Französischen. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 80 Pf.
- MONTAIGLON, A. de. L'amant rendu corderiel à l'ob-servance d'amours: poème attribué à Martial d'Auvergne. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
- PLUTARCHUS Onaeronensis moralis recognovit G. N. Bernadakis. Vol. I. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.
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- VIERECK, P. Sermo graecus quo senatus populusque romanus magistratusque populi romani usque ad Tiberii Caesaris aetatem in scriptis publicis vel sunt examinatur. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 8 M.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO GLOSSARIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

London: July 17, 1888.

Although the two Latin glossaries, the subject of this note, have been long before the public, no one, so far as I know, has hitherto recognised their essential identity.

One (hereinafter called A.) is contained in MS. Cotton, Julius A. ii., and has been published by Wright and Wilcker, *Anglo-Saxon and Old-English Vocabularies* (1st ed., pp. 70-86, 2nd ed., cols. 304-337). Here the Latin words are explained in Anglo-Saxon.

The other (hereinafter denoted by B.) is contained in MS. Cotton, Vesp. A. 14, and has been published by Zeuss and Ebel in the *Grammatica Celtica*, 1st ed., pp. 1100-1124, 2nd ed., pp. 1065-1081, and by Edwin Norris in his *Cornish Drama*, ii., pp. 319-423. Here the Latin words are explained in Cornish. This copy is not quite complete, breaking off with *Sella diler = sella sadol, oðde setl*, A. col. 332, 8. There are also some omissions in the body of the glossary.*

A. was written in the eleventh century, B. in the thirteenth. B. was transcribed and translated from a copy of A. This is shown by the following article:

Clissemus 1. mus 1. sorex, *logoden* (G. C. 1075, l. 6).

Here A. (320, 29, 30) has
Glis, sisemus.

Mus, uel sorex, mus.

The Cornishman (probably a descendant of the giant Blunderbore) has obviously made up his Latin "clissemus" out of *Glis* "dormouse," and its Anglo-Saxon gloss *sisemus*. So in B. *Wulva* (i.e., *Vulva*) G. C. 1067, l. 1, corresponds with the *Pulpa* of A. 307, 23, obviously because the translator of B was misled by the similarity of *p* to the Anglo-Saxon sign for *w*. Moreover, some of the Cornish expressions in B. are nothing but literal versions of the Anglo-Saxon. For example, *pobel tiagou* (gl. *uulgus*) = *ceorlfote*; *luu listri* (gl. *classis*) = *sciphere*; *guisc-ti* (gl. *vestiarium*) = *regehlus*; *ofer-gugol* (gl. *casula*) = *maeschacelle*; *geuel hoern* (gl. *munctorium*) = *isentang*; *golou-lester* (gl. *lampas*) = *leohfæt*; *guan a scient* (gl. *energuminus*) = *gewit-seoc*; *lewen-ki* (gl. *cinomia*) = *hundes lus*; and the same mistakes (e.g., *theolenarius* for *telonarius*, *enula* for *paenula*) are made in both documents.

Intercomparison of A. and B. enables one to correct some other errors. Thus in A. 314, 13, we have, among a number of words

* Such, for example, as the names for the fingers (*Pollex, Index, Medius, Medicus, Auricularius*), and *Diocesis, Subdiaconus, Archidiaconus, Coniugium, Leuplex, Ingiger, Graffium, Disciplina, Doctrina*, &c. On the other hand, A. omits *Collum* after 306, 15; *Basium* after 309, 8; *Malus* after 312, 4; *Lefala* (i.e., *lepista, λεπιστα*) after 326, 20; *Twinea, Camisia, Femoralla, Calcias, Botularae, Outellum, Vagina*.

relating to writing, and between *Diploma* and *Pergamentum*,

Enula, pearl, and Prof. Wilcker, thinking of *perle*, pearl, suggests that *enula* is an error for *gemmula*. But the corresponding entry in B is

Enula, baiol, where *enula* is for *paenula* (litterarum) and *baiol* is borrowed from the Latin *baiulus*. There can, therefore, be little doubt that here the supposed Anglo-Saxon "perl" is a mere scribe's misreading of some Anglo-Saxon loan-word like *baiol*.

Other instances in which A., as published by Wright and Wilcker, may be corrected by B. are:

306, 27, *Iata* ðearmas, leg. *Eata*, which is the reading of both MSS.

310, 40, *Ara*, craft, leg. *cræft* = the *crest* (leg. *creft*) of B.

311, 3, *Amus*, angel, leg. *Hamus*.

329, 32, *Litio*, brand, leg. *Titio* (B. has *Ticio*).

330, 35, 36, *Anfora, Languena*, leg. *Amphora* (*Amfora*, B.), *Lagena*.

331, 33, *Sollitus*, leg. *Sollicitus*, as in B.

320, 26, *Murilegutus* read *murilegus*.

323, 31, *Rafanu* read *Raphanum*.

325, 41, *Gurgens* read *Gurges*.

326, 10, *Altera* read *Altare*.

327, 10, *Lichinus blacarn*. In B. this is *Lichinus lugarn*, "a lamp"; and *Lichinus* is obviously a corruption of *lychnus* *λῡχνος*, not, as Prof. Wilckersupposes, *licinium*.

329, 15, *Manuterium* read *Manutergium*.

330, 1, *Fascinula awel* read *Fuscinula* (B. has *Ficinula*).

331, 3, *Supplex* read *Suppellex*.

But the instances in which B. may be corrected or explained by A. are, as may be supposed, far more numerous. For example, in the *Grammatica Celtica*:

P. 1068, l. 1, *Victricus, altrou*, read *Vitricus*.

1069, l. 2, *Emptius caid prinid*, read *Empticius*.

1069, l. 9, *Ofinitina, gofail*, read *Officina*.

1070, l. 1, *Ramus cor*, read *Nanus*.

1070, l. 5, *Linthus tollcorn*, read *Lituus*.

1071, l. 11, *Cutulus guiden*.

Here A. (314, 2) has *Circus, uel circulus* wiððe. It seems probable, therefore, that *Cutulus* is a scribal error for *Circulus* (compare, however, the Low-Latin *catulum la centura* cited by Ducange from a Latin-Italian glossary), and that *guiden* is a loan from wiððe.

P. 1071, l. 13, *Plano, disclien*.

Here A. (314, 11) has "*Planta* spelt," where *Planta* means *tabula plana*, asser (Ducange), and *spelt* should apparently be *spelc*, as in Bosworth. B. should therefore be *Planta, disc lien discus legendi*.

P. 1074, l. 5, *Turtur troet*.

The corresponding gloss in A. is *Turduh ster*.

Here both A. and B. are wrong. For *Turtur, Turduh*, read *Sturnus*. The Corn. *troet* is the Bret. *tret*, Welsh *y drudwy*.

P. 1074, l. 7, *Noctualis stix, hule*.

The corresponding gloss in A. (318, 27) is:

Noctua uel strinx ule, which is correct, save that *strinx* should be *strix*.

P. 1076, l. 11, *tilodosa, goitkenin*.

This in A. is *tidolosa crawanleac*. Here *tidolosa* is *titulosa* (Cockayne, *Leechdoms*, i. 376), and *goitkenin* seems for *goic-kenin* "crowleek" (**goic* = Ir. *fiach*).

P. 1078, l. 12, *Vigila melhyonen*, read *Viola*.

1077, l. 1, *Fraxus onnen*, read *Fraxinus*.

1079, l. 8, *Globus pellen*, read *Gloimus*.

1080, l. 8, *Fructus trech*.

This in A. is *Frustrum stycoe*. Read *Fractus trech* and *Frustum stycoe*.

P. 1080, l. 12, Fer, *guthot*.

The corresponding gloss in A. (330, 34) is:

Fex droma.

Read, therefore, in B., *Fæx guthot*, where *guthot* is = Welsh *gwaddod* "dregs."

Other Cornish words in B. which have puzzled Ebel are loans from the Anglo-Saxon. Thus *vilecur* (gl. *parasitus*), G. C. 1071, 2, is borrowed from Anglo-Saxon *blucere* "flatterer"; *stut* (gl. *culex*), 1074, 11, from Anglo-Saxon *stut*; *sant* (gl. *dap[e]s*), 1080, l. 6, from Anglo-Saxon *sand*. Four Irish loan-words hitherto unrecognised as such are *bleda* = Anglo-Saxon *bledu* (gl. *patera*), A. 329, 21, *mangair* = Anglo-Saxon *mangere* (gl. *mercator vel negotiator*), A. 311, 34, *cine* = Anglo-Saxon *cine* (gl. *quaternio*), and the Old-Irish *ael* (gl. *fusina*, Eg. 37b, 15, gl. *fusina* tridens, Carlsruhe Pr. 14b, 2) = Anglo-Saxon *awel* (gl. *fuscinula*, A. 330), which also glosses *arpage*.

Another loan-word which has puzzled Irish scholars since the twelfth century is *gual* in the phrase *ól nguala*, LU. 121b = *ól gualat*, LL. 254, b. 29. This is nothing but the Anglo-Saxon *geol* "Yule"; and *ól nguala* means "Yule-drinking," the Old-Norse *jóla-drykktja*, and, in a secondary sense, the brazen cauldron containing the ale brewed at Yule, the *jóla-ól*, as the Norsemen said. So the Irish phrase *ól ind iernguali*, LU. 121b, means "drinking the after-Yule" (Anglo-Saxon *aftera geola*, a name for January); and Prof. Zimmer's recent rendering in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xxx. 54, of *ól nguala* by "Kohlen-trinkelage" is one of his many mistranslations. See, also, Mr. Sullivan's introduction to O'Curry's *Manners and Customs*, i. cccxxi, where that learned writer states that "beer is called *ól nguala*," and that "*iernguali* means probably [the] coalhouse or house where the wort was boiled."

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF GEORGIA.

Oxford: August 18, 1888.

Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, whom I thank for his communication, has put a little more into my mouth than I meant to say.

I fancied I had protected myself sufficiently from the supposition that I held Basque and Georgian to belong to the same family of languages by stating that their vocabularies had nothing in common. I used Iberian of the Caucasian languages only, and thought the similarity of structure a curious coincidence and no more.

I have not seen the work of M. Gutteyras, which seems also to have escaped the notice of my Georgian friends, not being mentioned even in Tsagarelli's work on the *Grammatical Literature of the Georgian Language*. I am sorry, too, to have been ignorant of the vocabularies published by Mr. Peacock, who has travelled over so much of the country and whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at Batoum. Abkhasian, as having nothing to do with Georgian and its congeners, would of course be of no use to me; and "Karthweli" has passed out of the stage of vocabularies, boasting as it does of the fine Lexicon of Chubinov, a native of the country (Georgian-Russian-French, St. Petersburg, 1840; Russian-Georgian, St. Petersburg, 1846; and a new edition *ibidem* 1886, all in small folio). The two first of these have long been in my hands, and the last I bought on its appearance.

I must also thank Mr. Webster for his communication in a previous number of the ACADEMY.

W. B. MORRILL.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE IN FINLAND.

Helsingfors: August 10, 1888.

My attention has just been called to a sentence in the ACADEMY of April 21 (p. 271); and, though so very late in the day, I hope that you will still find it possible to insert these few lines.

The sentence in question is contained in a critique on the book *Slav or Saxon*, by W. D. Foulke, and runs as follows:

"In the schools of Finland and Poland no language is permitted to be talked save the language of St. Petersburg and Moscow."

Not having seen a copy of the above-mentioned work, I am unable to say whether these words are a quotation from the book itself, or whether they merely represent the reviewer's deduction; but in either case they are decidedly wrong, so far as Finland is concerned. The Russian language is not, and never has been, taught in the popular schools of the Grand Duchy; and a mere modicum of Russian is required from the pupils in some of the higher educational establishments, while at the University of Helsingfors Russian is not obligatory, and is practically an unknown tongue.

Though education in Finland is universal, the difficulties encountered in the shape of two native languages—i.e., Swedish and Finnish—are sufficiently great without the introduction of a third; and it is much to be hoped that the day is far distant when any attempt will be made to impose on the youth of Scandinavian Finland an additional burden in the shape of the Russian tongue.

A BRITISH RESIDENT IN FINLAND.

"BABIO-BABIA."

Ickwell-Bury, Biggleswade: Aug. 14, 1888.

Can any of your correspondents suggest the explanation of *babio-babia*, used in North Italy to denote toads and frogs—if my memory serves me right—in their tadpole state, or at least when small? The same appellative is playfully or seriously applied to children by country people, in the sense that "rogue" is used in English.

T. GONINO.

SCIENCE.

TIELE'S HISTORY OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA.

Babylonisch-assyrische Geschichte. Vol. II. By C. P. Tiele. (Gotha: Perthes.)

PROF. TIELE has now published the second and concluding volume of his history of *Babylonia and Assyria*. It embraces the period between the accession of Sennacherib and the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. It is needless to say that it exhibits all the qualities that characterised the first volume—a careful weighing of authorities and evidence, dispassionate criticism, and an almost exhaustive acquaintance with previous literature on the subject.

This is the first critical history of the kingdoms of the Tigris and Euphrates which has yet appeared. The reader who desires a brilliant narrative or a popular exposition must look for it elsewhere. The object of the author is to give a complete account of the materials we possess at present for reconstructing the history of *Babylonia and Assyria*, and a critical estimate of them.

He has had an easier task before him in the second volume than he had in the first. His materials have naturally been more abundant; and recent discoveries, like that of the so-

called *Babylonian Chronicle*, have enabled him to check the assertions of the Assyrian kings by those of their enemies in the southern kingdom. The victory which is claimed for himself by Sennacherib is given to the Babylonians by the compiler of the *Chronicle*.

The very abundance of the materials, however, in this later portion of Assyrian history has brought with it new difficulties. How, for example, can we reconcile the statement of a contract-tablet, that it was written in the eleventh year of the reign of Kambyses, with the traditional chronology of the period? Or how, again, are we to interpret the inscriptions of Nabonidos and Cyrus, which make Cyrus and his immediate predecessors kings of Anzan in Elam, and not of Persia? As regards the last question, Prof. Tiele comes to the same conclusion as myself. Teispes the Persian must have conquered Anzan, his descendants dividing into two branches according to the testimony of Darius on the rock of Behistun, one branch reigning in Anzan while the other governed in Persia.

I am rejoiced to find that on another point also Prof. Tiele is in agreement with myself. This concerns Herodotos. An examination of the Greek writer's references to *Babylonia* and the temple of Belos makes him

"strongly incline to the belief that Herodotos never visited the country, and that it would accordingly be safest not to attach too much faith to his description of the arrangement of the temple and the topography of the city."

Among the new suggestions put forward by Prof. Tiele is one which may possibly explain the misstatement of Berossos that Nabonidos, instead of being put to death by Cyrus, was sent into *Karmania* as governor. Prof. Tiele suggests that Nabonidos has been confounded with his son Belshazzar. This would also explain the further misstatement of Berossos that Nabonidos was besieged and captured in Borsippa, the suburb of Babylon, whereas Babylon really opened its gates to the invading army, and Nabonidos was taken while hiding there. But it must be remembered that the account given by Berossos has reached us only at second or third hand; and the dynastic list of Babylonian kings discovered by Mr. Pinches has shown that the chronological scheme of early Babylonian history, said to have been derived from him, is utterly untrustworthy.

Prof. Tiele rejects the identification of Sarakos, the last king of Nineveh, according to the Greek accounts, with a certain Esarhaddon who has left us inscriptions commemorating the invasion of Assyria by Medes and Kimmerians from the east. He may be right in doing so, but until some light is thrown by contemporaneous documents on the closing period of Assyrian history it is rash to pronounce a decisive opinion on the matter. The contract tablets of *Babylonia* have already shown that the king whose name was supposed to be Bel-sum-iskun was really called Sin-sar-iskun, and we may expect before long to receive further information from the same quarter. It is even possible that Sarakos is a corruption of the latter part of Sin-sar-iskun's name.

I cannot part from Prof. Tiele's book without drawing attention to his able chapters on Babylonian religion. It is with especial gratification that I observe that his conclusions are

in the main the same as those arrived at in my own Hibbert Lectures. Prof. Tiele has been so long known as one of the highest of living authorities on the history of comparative religion, and has made the study of Semitic religion so peculiarly his own, that his independent testimony is the best proof possible of the correctness of the results at which we have both arrived.

A. H. SAYCE.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS.

Tales of the Birds. By W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan.) All who know that delightful book, *A Year with the Birds*, will naturally turn with much interest to another volume by this careful student of our garden friends. It consists of eight stories told in light and pleasant language, and characterised by the same power of insight and sympathy which is so apparent in all this ornithologist's work. No new facts in bird life are here to be expected; no theories on migration, distribution, or descent. Taking the sparrow, the peregrine, the rook, and others—birds which any careful observer will know well—Mr. Fowler endeavours to show us something of their instincts and feelings. To do this more effectually he scruples not, like all fabulists, to make them speak to each other if need be. Thus the birds of common life are seen to be influenced by curiosity, pity, and the moral sentiments generally. Mr. Fowler's tales, therefore, much resemble that sweetest of all the late Mrs. Gatty's apologues of nature, in which the robin and the tortoise converse at the beginning and again at the close of a severe winter. Science may sternly lay down that birds are only impelled by appetites and instincts, certainly not by moral perceptions. The fabulist, however, is quite at liberty to assume the latter theory, if he can thereby the better interest and call out the affections of his audience for the birds. This Mr. Fowler has eminently succeeded in effecting, and his book ought, like the *Bird Acts* and the *Selborne Society*, to become a powerful auxiliary on the side of all who would protect our native birds. The debate of the birds in an orchard overflows with quiet humour, and ends with the swallow's remark:

"I'm glad I didn't hear the speeches. We swallows trust in man and he loves us; but we cannot understand him, nor he us. We live all our lives by love and trust; as for understanding, that must wait."

"The Falcon's Nest" is an idyll full of human interests; while in "The Winter's Tale" the apparently capricious presence or absence of field-fares in a district during severe weather is very well explained, and gives the thoughtful the true key to the history of bird-migration in general. "A Tragedy in Rook-life" pleasantly satirises revolutionary thinkers, and shows how advanced ideas are promptly stamped out among our humbler brethren—the birds and beasts. The other stories abound in pathos, proving that Mr. Fowler has succeeded in placing himself *en rapport* with his clients. Few and of slender construction as are these stories, no one will regret having read them. At the same time, every one will long for some more original work from the author's pen.

The Birds of Dorsetshire: a Contribution to the Natural History of the County. By J. C. Mansel-Pleydell. (Dorchester: Case; London: Porter.) Gilbert White's aspiration that some day every district and county should have its own monographer seems likely soon to be realised, so far at least as birds are concerned. Almost every year the history or a list of the birds of some fresh county is issued from the

press; although, perhaps, the standard attained in each case is not equally high. The present volume is full of a most interesting collection of facts, and it seems to have exhausted the subject. It is, however, written too much on the old lines; and it lacks a good deal of the precision which the advance of science is daily making more necessary. For instance, it is not always easy to tell whether the author's remarks are intended to apply solely to the county of Dorset, or to Great Britain generally. "The misel-thrush, although now so common, was extremely scarce at the end of the last century; so much so, that Bewick had some difficulty in procuring a specimen. His description in the edition of 1804 [why not 1797?] is without a figure."

That is all that Mr. Mansel-Pleydell has to say about such an important species. But has he any evidence to show that the bird was rarer in Dorsetshire at the time to which he refers than it is now? We have the authority of Macgillivray for knowing that, in 1839, the species was rapidly increasing in numbers near Edinburgh, being then common in localities where fifteen years before it was hardly to be seen at all. Does that well-known observation as to the south of Scotland apply equally to Dorsetshire? Proof should assuredly have been given in a local fauna. Now that there are so many excellent accounts of British birds, the history of those of a single county may well be confined within the prescribed limits. Mr. Mansel-Pleydell's description of the famous swannery at Abbotsbury is an excellent example of what we chiefly look for in such a work as his. Purchasers of *The Birds of Dorsetshire* might, however, have been spared the expense of the frontispiece, with its silhouette of the man with the pail; a similar number of swans photographed instantaneously anywhere else would have been equally characteristic. Nor can the woodcuts be regarded as any particular embellishment: one almost pities the poor bearded titmouse, if he ever felt so ill as his figure (on p. 36) represents him. The introduction contains a good summary of the peculiarities of the Dorsetshire avifauna, but the author's meaning is not always very clearly expressed. Either reed-beds are very small in that county, or herons build astonishingly large nests there on some occasions; for we read of "a heron's nest built on the united summits of a reed-bed." Such blemishes do not detract from the scientific value of the book, but they are rather irritating to the reader. A bibliography, moreover, would have been a useful addition, and one obviously within the author's reach. One notices deficiencies where so much is done so well.

Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands. Issued by Lord Lilford. (Porter.) In the present state of colour printing nothing more lifelike and artistic can be imagined than these plates of British birds, half-a-dozen numbers of which now lie before us. The opprobrium of all coloured plates of British birds hitherto has been an excessive brightness of the tints, that exaggeration which has killed the delicate hues and soft gradations of nature. If anyone desires to test the accuracy and lifelike fidelity of these points in Lord Lilford's plates, he may be referred to the grey-blue tints in the plates of the fieldfare and the red-backed shrike. They shade into each other with the graceful tenderness of real life instead of, as in so many other coloured manuals, consisting of too harsh and palpably separate pigments. The wheatear is another favourable example of colour-printing. The reed warbler (*Acrocephalus streperus*) and marsh warbler (*A. palustris*) are perhaps discriminated insufficiently; but this is excusable in the face of the confusion respecting these birds which exists at present in the minds of even the most scientific ornitholo-

gists. The hawks, as might be expected in Lord Lilford's case, will evidently be most carefully treated. There are, for example, no less than four plates of the sparrow hawk, representing an adult and a yearling male and female respectively. Each part contains a dozen plates, and it is marvellous how these can be produced at the very moderate charge made for them. Anyone who wishes to identify British birds without instituting comparisons between long descriptions of plumage and the like will find exactly what he requires. In the case of the warblers here represented, the subtle shadowing of their breasts and necks is another test of the value of these beautiful plates.

Pallas's Sand Grouse. Its Natural History, with a Plea for its Preservation. By W. B. Tegetmeier. (Cox.) The great feature of the ornithological year has been the sudden influx of *Syrhaptes paradoxus*, Pallas's sand grouse, into England this summer. Bird lovers will remember that the same event happened last in 1863. For the sake of contributing to the identification of this bird when observed (three were shot and two eaten this June by a little boy who was keeping birds off corn in Lincolnshire before their value was found out!), and in the hope that these birds may be tempted to settle and form an addition to our game birds, Mr. Tegetmeier has put together the above excellent monograph. The coloured plate, by Keulemans, which accompanies it is worth the price of the whole pamphlet. All that is already known of the history of this illustrious visitor from the Mongolian steppes is here collected, and a bibliography is appended of the books which bear on the history and past appearances of the bird in Great Britain. It is superfluous to commend this little book to all who are interested in our avifauna. Its purchase may secure indemnity and a safe home to some of the most curious birds which have ever visited England.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

T. Maccii Plauti Comoediae. Ed. I. L. Ussing. Vol. iii. 2. Casinam et Cistellariam continens. (Copenhagen.) This volume completes Prof. Ussing's edition of Plautus. The first part of it was published eight years ago, and the conclusion has been delayed by the editor's desire to wait till Studemund's *Cistellaria* should appear and Studemund's collations be available for the constitution of the text. After all, however, he has had to issue the book without them. The volume differs, of course, very little from the preceding ones. The readings of E. and J. are quoted more freely, and Prof. Ussing takes occasion to remark in his preface that these two MSS. "non ex ipso B sed ex codice plane gemino derivatos esse." He uses a new collation of E, made by Joergensen, but quotes only "quae prima manu scripta sunt aut saltem ab eodem librario emendata videntur." In general, however, one can only say of this, as of the editor's preceding volumes of Plautus, that, though Prof. Ussing's work is very useful, he has not produced a first-class edition of his author.

Une Grammaire Latine inédite du XIII^e Siècle. Par Ch. Fierville. (Paris: A. Picard.) Of late years our knowledge of the Latin grammarians has greatly increased. Prof. Nettleship in England and other scholars abroad have made us familiar with Priscian and Donatus and their predecessors and followers. But, as a general rule, little has been done to trace the history of grammar into the middle ages. We are content with saying—what is true enough, so far as it goes—that modern Latin grammars go back through their mediaeval

predecessors to Priscian or Donatus. The book before us is a contribution to the less known period of medieval scholarship. It is a Latin grammar based on Priscian more than on any other one source, compiled in or before the thirteenth century, and apparently at one time popular, for several MSS. of it have been discovered and collated by M. Fierville. In itself, its interest is rather limited. It belongs, as its editor points out, to a time when the *Declinal* of Alexander de Villa Dei (Villedieu, near Avranches) was becoming, what it was in the fourteenth century, the recognised Latin grammar in Europe, the "Public School Latin Primer" of mediaeval students. But this newly edited grammar is not French, as most of the contemporary grammars were, but Italian; and it represents a different line of grammatical theory from that adopted by Alexander. Who the writer was is unknown the MSS. call him *Cesar*, and M. Fierville assumes that this was his real name. The assumption is perhaps a little bold. The Balliol Glossary at Oxford is entitled, in the MS., a glossary of S. Jerome; but no one would venture to suggest that it had anything to do with the saint. The editing of the text seems careful and scholarly.

Crinagorae Mytilenaei Epigrammata. Ed. M. Rubensohn. (Berlin: Mayer.) Herr Rubensohn has picked out of the Anthology the epigrams of Crinagoras, and edited them separately with prolegomena, critical notes, and index—the whole a small pamphlet of 120 pages. The main value of the book is that the editor has been able to use some new collations of MSS., made by a scholar who is intending to edit the whole Anthology. The critical notes are tolerably full, and include new conjectures, one or two of which can hardly be right. The index is useful, and should be consulted by lexicographers. Crinagoras has a good many words which are wanting in the last edition of Liddell and Scott.

Programma Scholastico di Paleografia Latina. By C. Paoli. (Firenze: Sansoni.) This pamphlet is a new edition of an introduction to Latin Palaeography, first used by Prof. Paoli for his lectures, and then thought worthy by Prof. Lohmeyer of being translated into German. The one fault of the book is the want of plates. There are a few cuts to show the characteristic letters of the various schools of handwriting, but that is all. Of course, a book of this size and price cannot very well provide expensive plates; but without something of the sort palaeography can hardly be learnt. Prof. Paoli should issue a companion volume, something like the excellent selection made by Mr. Ellis not long ago for his Oxford lectures.

We have received from Messrs. Freytag (Leipzig) and Tempsey (Vienna) a new text of the elder Seneca: *L. Annaei Senecae Oratorum & Rhetorum Sententiae Divisiones Colores*, editio H. J. Müller, with an index of proper names and an *apparatus criticus*. The preface gives some account of the labours on the text of Haase, Bursian, and Kiepling, "qui viri vero verbo sospitatores Senecae vocandi sunt."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDO-GREEK KINGS STRATON AND HIPPOSTRATUS.

London August 21, 1888.

In the *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for April, 1888, Dr. Hoernle has published a notice of the Indo-Greek Princes Straton and Hippostratus, in which he proposes to read the Indian transliterations of their names as "Thratasa" and "Hippothrata." He bases his reading on the opinion that the com-

pound *st* or *str* "was always unpronounceable to the vernacular tongues of India"; and he quotes the fact that the Sanskrit *nāsti* becomes *nahe* in Pali, and that it is so written in the Kāsi version of Asoka's edicts. Granted; but in the Gīṇar version *nāsti* is written unchanged in every place; so also is *viśa*. I conclude, therefore, that in Western India and the Punjab the compounds *st* and *str* were not changed to *th* and *thr*. I note that Alexander's historians give the name of "Astes," and not "Athes," to the Prince of Penkalaotis.

In the same paper Dr. Hoernle, misled by the late Edward Thomas, attributes the coins of Sallakshuma Pāla and Madana Pāla to Mahoba. But the rajās of Mahoba were Varmmas, as may be seen by referring to my account of the coins of the Chandela rajās in vol. x. of the *Archaeological Survey of India*. The two Pālas were rajās of Delhi.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following arrangements have been made for the London meeting of the International Geological Congress, which will be held from September 17 to 22. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the University of London, Burlington Gardens. The opening meeting will take place on Monday, September 17, at 8 p.m., when the council will be appointed, and the general order of business for the session will be determined. The ordinary meetings will be held at 10 a.m. In the afternoons there will be visits to museums, or to places of interest in the neighbourhood of London. The ordinary business of the congress will include the discussion of questions not considered at Berlin, or adjourned thence for fuller discussion at the London meeting. Among these are: "The Geological Map of Europe"; "The Classification of the Cambrian and Silurian Rocks, and of the Tertiary Strata"; and "Some Points of Nomenclature," &c., referred to the Congress by the International Commission. A special evening sitting will be devoted to a discussion on the "Crystalline Schists," illustrated with lantern-slides. Excursions will take place in the week after the meeting (September 24 to 30). Those at present suggested are: (1) The Isle of Wight, visiting the Ordnance Survey Office at Southampton on the way; (2) North Wales; (3) East Yorkshire; (4) Norfolk and Suffolk; (5) Central England (Jurassic Rocks); (6) West Yorkshire. Descriptions of the districts to be visited in these excursions have been prepared, with coloured geological maps, sections, &c. The *Compte Rendu* of the London meeting will be issued soon after the close of the session. It will contain, in addition to reports of the ordinary business of the congress, the report of the American committee on "Nomenclature" (220 pp.); the memoirs on "The Crystalline Schists" (about 150 pp.); and reports of discussion on the same.

THE committee appointed by the North of England Institute of Engineers to enquire into the connexion (if any) between earth tremors and the issue of gas in collieries, has just published a preliminary report. The instrument which they recommend is Prof. Ewing's duplex pendulum seismograph, as used in Japan, which would record the motion upon a plate of smoked glass. Mr. Walton Brown has communicated to the committee some observations made with a rudier seismograph at Marsden Colliery, and Prof. Herschel has described in the report an improved form of seismoscope. No general conclusions have yet been reached, and it still remains uncertain whether any relation subsists between the movements of the earth and the issue of fire-damp.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. HABIB ANTHONY SALMONÉ, lecturer in Arabic at University College, London, will publish shortly, with Messrs. Trübner, an Arabic-English Dictionary, based upon a new system devised to economise space, and thus bring the price within a reasonable sum. Instead of specifying under each root-word the various derivations in succession, and the several broken plurals after the singulars to which they belong, references are given by figures for every one of the seventy most common derivative forms to a table, in which the consonants and vowel points characteristic of each derivative form are printed in red, so as to be readily distinguishable from the radical letters. By this means about 120,000 Arabic words are compressed in a comparatively small space, while an index gives the references for nearly 50,000 English words.

DR. G. H. BALG, of Wisconsin, the translator of Braune's *Gotische Grammatik*, is now engaged upon a Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language. His object is to show the relation (where possible) of every surviving Gothic word to the other Germanic languages, and also to Sanskrit, Greek and Latin. The work is dedicated to Prof. F. A. March, of Lafayette College, and it has received the support of Profs. Whitney, Max Müller, and Skeat. It will be issued in eight parts, of sixty-four pages royal octavo. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Trübner.

PROF. GUSTAV OPPERT, of Madras, has reprinted from the *Madras Journal of Literature and Science* a paper on "The Original Inhabitants of Bharatavarsa or India." These original inhabitants he finds in the Dravidians of the South, whom he traces not only in the Deccan, but also in the North-east and North-west of the peninsula. Much that is generally considered Aryan he tries to prove to be Dravidian in its origin. The Dravidian element, again, he sub-divides into (1) the Dravidian proper, recognised by the use of the word *mala* = mountain, for a tribal name; and (2) the Ganda, including the Kois, Khonds, Gonds, Kuruvās, &c., all derived from *ko* = mountain.

IT is with much regret that we record the death of M. Abel Bergaigne, professor of Sanskrit at the Sorbonne, and perhaps the best known of the younger school of French "Indianists." His most important work was an examination of the religion of ancient India, from the materials supplied by the *Rig Veda* (3 vols, 1878 to 1883), in which he enounced views of a very novel character. Latterly he had devoted much attention to the decipherment of the inscriptions from Cambodia. In 1885 he was elected a member of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. M. Bergaigne was born in 1838, at Vinay, Pas-de-Calais; he died on August 9, at La Grave, Hautes-Alpes, from an accident on a mountain excursion.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery. By C. J. Fi. (W. H. Allen.) Except that there are not enough illustrations, this is an ideal handbook. Every picture of importance in the gallery is described very carefully, with its size and its pedigree; every artist has his short biography, and the subjects of the pictures are further explained by the addition of the legends or myths relating to them. There are critical notes also; and, to put it shortly, every kind of information which can be of use or interest to the visitor or student is given in the shortest and clearest manner. The compiler has evidently consulted all the later

authorities, especially Signor Morelli, of whose critical sagacity this book is a sort of monument. There is scarcely a page which does not tell of some ancient error of ascription which has been exploded by him, as in the case of the famous "Reading Magdalene," so long accepted as a Correggio; or of some picture which has been restored to its rightful author, like Giorgione's "Venus" or Cossa's "Annunciation." The book supplies a real want, and we hope that the author will find sufficient encouragement to induce her to extend the sphere of her useful and careful labour.

The Italian Masters. By Henry Attwell. (Sampson Low.) This book is meant to be a guide to Italian painting in general, and especially to the pictures in the National Gallery. It gives a short account of all the principal artists and their works, divided into centuries, with special sections on the artists of Venice. It is a simple compilation of facts, with a few opinions by Mr. Ruskin inserted. We do not quite understand for whose benefit it has been written. As a short summary of existing knowledge it would have been more valuable if it had been more accurate; but Mr. Attwell's knowledge is not up to date, for he still thinks the portrait of Dante in the Bargello is by Giotto, that Guido of Siena's "Madonna" was painted in 1221, and that the paternity of Filippino Lippi is doubtful, not to mention many other instances in which Sir Henry Layard's new edition of Kugler would have set him right. Yet this new edition of Kugler is one of the books which are enumerated at the end of his work as those "chiefly consulted."

The Land of Rubens. Translated by Albert D. Vandam from the Dutch of Conrad Busken Huet. (Sampson Low.) It is a bold essay for anyone to translate a book into a language which is not his own; and in our preliminary dippings into this volume here and there we came across so many passages which reminded us forcibly of "English as she is spoke" that we were not disposed to regard the work in a very serious spirit. But further dippings led us to change our mind. The translator is not quite perfect in his English, but he evidently understands his author thoroughly, and is able to represent his meaning and much of his spirit—despite his peculiar views as to the sense of certain English words and the proper manner to arrange them. The book itself is well worth translating—full of interesting information and admirable criticism of paintings and architecture, ancient and modern. The author gives also pictures of the history and social state of the Netherlands from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, which aid the reader in realising the conditions under which the different phases of art were developed. If Mr. Vandam would get some English friend to revise his text and add an index, he would make it a really useful handbook for English visitors to Belgium.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition. Part 10. (Bell.) The improvement in the editing of this dictionary still continues. The present part contains several important articles—Tintoretto (under Robusti), Raphael (under Sanzio), Rubens, Signorelli, and of Englishmen, Romney and Rossetti; and they are all ably done, carefully avoiding controversy, and stating the facts plainly and with adequate fullness. Of course, there are omissions, like Hugh Robinson; misproportions, like the space allotted to Ary Scheffer; and errors of fact, like the statement that Raphael's "Madonna dei Candelabri" is in the possession of Mr. Butler-Johnson (*sic*). It was once in the possession of Mr. Butler-Johnstone; but it was sold after his death, and is now in America.

Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunst-sammlungen. No European school of painters has hitherto received so little attention as the Portuguese; and the appearance of Herr Justi's study of the Portuguese painters of the sixteenth century, commenced in the current part of the *Jahrbuch*, is an event of much interest to art scholars. It is illustrated by woodcuts from pictures by Frey Carlos, the master of San Bento, and Velasco, all of which betray a strong Flemish or German influence. The part also contains photographs of a wonderfully spirited drawing by Rembrandt of a woman engaged in a struggle with a passionate child, and of a remarkable wooden statue of a Madonna and Child executed by Presbyter Martinus in the year 1199.

**THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR
THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART, AND
ITS APPLICATION TO INDUSTRY.**

THE first annual meeting of this association will be held in Liverpool, towards the end of November, or the beginning of December 1888. The president, Sir Frederick Leighton, has promised to deliver the opening address on the first day of meeting. Among the vice-presidents are the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Wharfedale, Lord Ronald Gower, Viscount Hardinge, Lord Dorchester, Sir A. H. Layard, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Sir John Everett Millais, and Mr. R. S. Holford. The hon. treasurer is Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter; and the hon. secretary, Prof. W. M. Conway. The central committee includes the names of Mr. Edmund Gosse, Prof. Herkomer, Mr. George Howard, Mr. C. Leland, the Rev. W. J. Loftie, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. P. H. Rathbone, Mr. George Scharf, Mr. H. H. Statham, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and Mr. T. Humphry Ward.

The congress will be divided in six sections; and each president will give an address:—(a) Painting; president, Mr. L. Alma Tadema. (b) Sculpture; president, Mr. Alfred Gilbert. (c) Architecture; president, Prof. Aitchison. (d) Applied Art; president, Mr. Walter Crane. (e) Art History and Museums; president, Mr. Sidney Colvin. (f) National and Municipal Encouragement of Art; president, Mr. A. J. Mundella.

We quote in full the prospectus of the Association:

"This association has been formed for the purpose of holding an annual congress, in the principal manufacturing towns of the kingdom in rotation, to discuss problems of a practical nature connected with the welfare of the arts, fine and applied.

"It is widely felt in the great manufacturing centres—and the feeling has found expression in Liverpool—that the present conditions, both of art and industry, offer many problems which stand in pressing need of discussion. Machinery, by making less immediate the contact of the artisan with the object of manufacture, and by its tendency to specialise the artisan's work, has rendered obsolete, so far as many industries are concerned, the old traditions of design, and these have not as yet been replaced by new. Machinery has, moreover, been suffered to annihilate many minor handicrafts, the place of which has not been supplied in any adequate fashion. The adaptation, therefore, of artistic design to modern methods of manufacture, and the cherishing, or rehabilitation, of many crafts which are independent of machinery, and in which the individuality of the workman's touch is an essential feature, are matters of high importance at the present time.

"The welfare of the masses of our people largely depends upon the commercial superiority of England. That commercial superiority cannot be maintained by the fact of bygone priority or exclusive possession of labour-saving inventions. In the face of hostile tariffs and narrowing margins of profits all over the world, it is by excellence of make and superiority of artistic design that the

products of manufacture of any country will henceforward attain prestige and command markets. But the artistic quality of a nation's manufactures, and its prosperity through the applied arts, depend upon its high level of excellence in the fine arts. The education of artists and artisans, the maintenance and development of museums of all kinds, the steps taken to elevate the taste of the people, the amount and intimacy of the contact between the higher and lower orders of artists and craftsmen, the encouragement which governments and municipalities, in the mere exercise of their ordinary functions, may be able to give to the forces of artistic production—these, and like questions, are thus involved in the industrial problems placed before us by the inexorable progress of events.

"The demand for pictures, which has existed for some half-century past, tends apparently to decrease. The magnitude and long continuance of that demand have produced an over-supply of painters, an increasing number of whom will be forced into the ranks of the unemployed, unless they consider their position betimes and discover new areas for the exercise of their skill. Changed conditions are involving the overthrow and re-erection of large parts of our hastily built towns. Architects have thus an opportunity before them, of which they can only take full advantage if they call in the help of craftsmen trained in the schools of painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS KHIAN.

British Museum: August 30, 1888.

The cylinders quoted by Mr. Petrie, in last week's *ACADEMY* (p. 109), are most suggestive.

The Raian theory is now dead. The inscription on the statue itself, as I now see it in an excellent photograph taken by M. Naville, clearly distinguishes the *Rā* in the two groups where it occurs from the plain *Kh*. This was overlooked by me on the original.

A few weeks ago I disinterred my copy of the Athenian cylinder made in 1885 and read clearly the *Kh* upon it marked with cross lines. The title is meaningless, *heq nefer-u*. Now *nefer* is a very suspicious hieroglyph on these small monuments. If a sign displeased the ignorant engraver, the first substitute which he thought of was *nefer*, single or doubled.

The *Lankone* cylinder, quoted by Mr. Petrie, proves what the original sign was, namely, the *mountain* (Mr. Petrie assures me of this). Here we have the very title for which I have been searching (*ACADEMY*, June 2, 1888). The reading is probably *Heq Khaskhet-u*, possibly *Heq Khasu* or *Heq Setu*. The personal name of the king was Khian. As governor or chief shēkh of the foreigners in Egypt (either invaders or half naturalised shepherds), he was termed *Heq Khaskhet*, "the Hyksos" Khian. Assuming royal dignity, he had his name and title placed in a cartouche as on the cylinders. Later on he cast off the title Hyksos, and assumed the usual style of the Egyptian kings with "standard" name and prenominal, the nomen alone remaining as it was.

It would thus seem probable that Khian, whose name cannot be identified with certainty in the corrupt forms of Josephus's history, was the first of the Hyksos to adopt the religious titles of Egyptian royalty, although the cylinder titles might conceivably be interpreted otherwise—for instance, as belonging to the Hyksos crown prince. The title Hyksos was revived in the latest times of Egyptian independence.

F. LL. GRIFFITH.

Bromley, Kent: Aug. 23, 1888.

I have received the following remarks from some friends, which will, I hope, be amplified by them at some other time.

Prof. Sayce suggests that the *kh* being

reduced to a mere aspirate in Greek transliteration, the name Iaias, the last Hyksos king but one, is probably the representative of Khian.

An apparently equivalent name, Hiani, occurs in the ninth century B.C., as Mr. Tomkins informs me. It is the name of a king on the Euphrates, and of another in the extreme North of Syria. Both of these therefore might well have been of the Hyksos stem, as I have pointed out that the exact type of the Hyksos sphinxes is found in certain heads of North Syrian peoples sculptured at Thebes by Ramessu II.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

"TAPESTRY AND EMBROIDERY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON."

Boulogne-sur-Mer: Aug. 15, 1888.

Will you allow me to offer one or two remarks upon the notice, which appeared in the *ACADEMY* of August 11, of my *Descriptive Catalogue of the Collections of Tapestry and Embroidery in the South Kensington Museum*? The Catalogue is published by the Stationery Office, and not by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, as stated in the notice.

The notice contains three quotations from the introduction to the Embroideries Section. Now this introduction is separated into divisions, each division having a separate title. The first quotation is taken from the division headed "Ornament expressed in Needlework" (p. 117); the second is from the division headed "Skill in Embroidery" (p. 118); and the third is from the division headed "Analysis of Ornament" (p. 128). But the writer's views of my "teaching on general principles of art" are surely confused, since to support them he brings these three extracts together, although, as I have shown, they refer to different matters. His use of the word "[sic]" after "ingenuous" suggests that he does not recognise the distinction between "ingenuous and conventional."

Under "Plan of Catalogue," the opening sentence runs as follows:

"The Catalogue of Embroideries has been compiled in two distinct sections, the first relating to embroideries applied to costume, the second relating to embroideries applied to articles of use other than costume."

But the writer of the notice says that "the classification of the collection is anything but intelligible." He states that the South Kensington Museum possesses only one pair of trousers; notwithstanding that under the word "Trousers" (p. 232) is a note (see also Nakhe, p. 192): "Of Nakshes there are over forty specimens."

As regards his opinion that the objects are not arranged "historically or chronologically, or technically or artistically," may I ask what is an historical arrangement? Is it one according to historic periods or nations, or is it an arrangement of diverse objects notable for historic interest, such as that of the Syon Cope, the Bayeux tapestry, Charles I.'s military scarf, or the Queen of Abyssinia's robe? And how would a classification, governed by such chance, and often imaginary, associations, conduce to instruction in respect of the art of embroidery? Then, as to a chronological plan, what intelligible use would there be in compiling an *omnium gatherum* of objects made at different times, when one knows that for one specimen of eleventh-century there are hundreds of sixteenth-century work. How would the writer sub-classify the latter? Again, as to technical arrangement, what does the writer mean by "technical"? Does he mean that particular kinds of embroidering processes or methods should govern the classification? And, if so, how would he deal with specimens in which many varieties of methods are employed.

The suggestion that the objects might be arranged "artistically" is equally perplexing; and neither this (when it is defined) nor the other suggested arrangements would meet the wants of a "student of ecclesiastical embroidery," on whose behalf the writer pleads.

The Catalogue is intended for consumers and producers of embroidery. The descriptions of the objects are classified according to the purposes the objects were made for. The student of ecclesiastical embroidery, of Italian, of Spanish, of French, of German, of Oriental embroideries, of embroideries made at different periods, &c., can readily turn to the particular descriptions he may want to consult by means of the general index (p. 413), which the writer of the notice does not mention.

ALAN S. COLE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE council of the Royal Academy are considering the question of opening their exhibitions to the public on Saturday evenings.

MR. F. LL. GRIFFITH is preparing a memoir on the tomb-inscriptions of Siout and Rifa (nine miles south of Siout). In case any Egyptologist intends during the coming season to work at these tombs, Mr. Griffith can supply proofs of his plates (twenty) for 7s. They will be ready in November. Application should be made to him at the British Museum. Students should bear in mind that no serious work can be done at these tombs without a ladder, which should be at least twenty-five feet high, light, and in three joints.

SOME little while ago it was reported that the famous cottage at Barbizon, in which the painter Millet used to live and work, was destined to destruction. We are glad to hear that funds have now been provided by which it will be converted into a museum, open to the public.

MR. PATRICK GEDDES, who published last year a little pamphlet on the Manchester Exhibition called *Every Man his own Art Critic*, has just issued another, with the same title, on the Glasgow Exhibition (Edinburgh: William Brown), which we commend to all who are seriously interested in the tendencies of modern art.

M. CH. RAVAISSON-MOLLIEN has published (Paris: Quantin) the third volume of his monumental edition of the MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, consisting of facsimiles, a literal transcription, and a translation into French. The MSS. comprised in this volume have to do chiefly with the scientific subjects—optics, hydraulics, mathematics, anatomy, &c.—in which Leonardo arrived at such extraordinary anticipations of modern research.

THE American School of Classical Studies at Athens has issued in the course of the present year three volumes of *Papers*, making up their arrears of publication for 1883-84, 1884-85, and 1885-86. Two of these—Dr. Sterrett's account of the Wolfe expedition to Asia Minor in 1885, and a collection of essays by various writers—have already been noticed in the ACADEMY (May 26 and August 4). The third volume, which is earliest in date though last to appear, is a companion volume to the first mentioned, being an account by Dr. Sterrett of an epigraphical journey in Asia Minor in the summer of 1884. This journey extended from Smyrna to the Euphrates via Isparta and Ak Serai, and back from the Euphrates to Angora. As far as Isparta, Dr. Sterrett had for companion Prof. W. M. Ramsay, who undertook the geographical results for that portion. But this volume contains the inscriptions for the whole journey, and Dr. Sterrett's road-notes for the remaining

portion, together with two maps constructed by Prof. Kispert, of Berlin, from those road-notes. The total number of inscriptions here reproduced is 397, of which by far the greater number were before unknown. It is impossible to praise too highly the enthusiasm which Dr. Sterrett has devoted to a comparatively thankless task. The copying of inscriptions, like the collation of MSS., must always be a matter of drudgery; but it involves also physical hardships, from which the collator of MSS. is free. The work has to be done in the open air, usually at the end of a hard day's ride. In addition, Dr. Sterrett was exploring a region almost unknown to Europeans. He was on more than one occasion in imminent peril from robbers—though, by the way, he speaks well of the Circassian colonies; and he was once prostrated by fever. The rewards of so much toil are not of a sensational character. One of his most important discoveries was the identification, by means of a milestone, of the much-disputed site of the station of Tavium, which was the starting-point of no less than seven roads mentioned in the itineraries. Of scarcely less interest is a set of Greek hexameters, cut in huge letters on the living rock, which record the escape of a girl from a bear. But the great majority of the inscriptions, it must be confessed, are of interest only to the professional epigraphist. The volumes, we should add, are published by Messrs. Darnell & Upham, of Boston.

MUSIC.

THE NOVELTIES FOR THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Judith, or the Regeneration of Manasseh. Oratorio by Dr. C. H. H. Parry. (Novello.) This work, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival, will be produced during the coming week. Meanwhile we may say a word or two about the book, and about the general character of the music. The title "*Judith*" is not new. Defesch wrote an oratorio of that name. Dr. Arne's "*Judith*" was produced in 1764. His libretto must have been somewhat curious, for it contains a song beginning "Hail, immortal Bacchus!" Mr. H. Lealie wrote a biblical cantata "*Judith*"; and quite recently an oratorio of that name by Dr. Bradford was produced at St. James's Hall.

Dr. Parry, in a short preface, tells us how the story of Manasseh first attracted him, and how he afterwards became acquainted with Dean Prideaux's speculation—worked out in his *Connection of the Old and New Testaments*—that the exploit of Judith occurred in the reign of that king. How far the dean may be an authority, we know not; but we believe we are correct in stating that his theory is not even mentioned in the learned preface by the Rev. C. J. Ball to the book of Judith in the recent edition of the Apocrypha. From the brief yet suggestive story of Manasseh as recorded in the Old Testament, and the daring deed of Judith as related in the book bearing her name, Dr. Parry has constructed an excellent libretto, consisting of blank and other verse, and texts—or at times paraphrases—from the Bible and the Apocrypha.

The argument is as follows. The priests of Moloch demand the children of the king for sacrifice. Manasseh, who has forsaken the God of his fathers, consents. The priests go to the palace to take the children from their mother, Meshullemeth, and bring them to the valley of Hinnom for sacrifice. Judith appears, and tries to save them. The Assyrian host lays Jerusalem in ruins, and Manasseh is carried off to Babylon. In captivity the king repents, and is allowed to return to Jerusalem. He

expresses his repentance in verses, four of which are taken from the book of Micah, and only the last from the Apocryphal "*Prayer of Manasseh*." It seems somewhat strange that Dr. Parry did not make his selection of verses entirely from the latter. Then Holofernes arrives demanding tribute and submission to his king. Judith makes her way to the camp of the Assyrians, and returns with the head of Holofernes. The enemy is defeated, and Manasseh and his people sing praises to the God of Israel. The Oratorio is divided—after the manner of Handel—into acts: of these there are two, and between them is, as intermezzo, Manasseh's Song of Repentance.

To those who are acquainted with Dr. Parry's "*Prometheus*" this work will come somewhat as a surprise—and to many as an agreeable surprise. It has already been announced that he has recanted all previous heresies, and has consented to write in the style of "*Elijah*." Dr. Parry has no heresy to recant. His admiration of the "modern" school may have caused him in former days to be extravagant; but we do not think that he intends to renounce that school. There are indications in "*Judith*" of adherence to modern teaching, the stronger and the truer in that they are less emphasised. There is also much of the style of "*Elijah*" in "*Judith*," but that style is a good one. Dr. Parry is no mere imitator of Mendelssohn, but, like that great artist, has studied the works of the founders of oratorio. We fully admit that the phraseology of Bach and Handel—the sequences, the fugal character of much of the choral music, and the prevailing diatonic harmonies, and in some of the solos an old English manner—give to Dr. Parry's oratorio a somewhat old-fashioned appearance, and that often the smooth and polished writing has a Mendelssohnian flavour; but this clinging to the past may enable the composer to advance more firmly in the future. It is a good foundation.

We shall only judge "*Judith*" after performance. For the present we may safely say that it is a work of great earnestness, charm, and learning. So far as the public is concerned, we believe it will be a success.

Callirhoë: a Dramatic Cantata. By Dr. Bridge. (Novello.) Three years ago the organist of Westminster Abbey wrote his "*Book of Ages*" for Birmingham, and its success was such as to secure for him a commission to write again for this year's festival. He has attempted something on a larger scale; and, so far as one can judge from a vocal score, he appears to have done it well.

Mr. Barclay Squire has provided him with an effective libretto. The story is the legend of Callirhoë, and the book follows closely the tale as told by Pausanias in his "*Itinerary of Greece*." Coreos, priest of Bacchus, is in love with the maiden Callirhoë; but, as his love is not returned, he prays to Bacchus, who sends a pestilence on the inhabitants of Calydon. The Dodona Oracle declares that the anger of Bacchus can only be appeased by the sacrifice of Callirhoë, or of someone willing to die in her stead. She is led to the altar of the god, but Coreos plunges the sacrificial knife into his own breast. Callirhoë, suddenly feeling the power of love, also kills herself. A stream rises from the altar; Nereids and Tritons appear, and Callirhoë and Coreos are transformed into river gods. Of representative themes Dr. Bridge has made moderate but ingenious use. The most important is the one assigned to the ill-fated maiden, and next to that one in connexion with the Dodonian decree. In themselves they are characteristic and melodious. They are introduced at suitable moments, and not in a stiff, formal manner. The composer has caught the

spirit of the Wagner device. Those who know how excellent and accomplished a musician Dr. Bridge is will naturally expect from him skilful writing, and they will not, we think, be disappointed. But there is something more in this Cantata. There is a great freshness about the music, variety of rhythm, and, at times, evidence of dramatic power. As examples of the light and graceful we may name the opening chorus—"Before the silver-footed dawn"—when the messengers of Coresos go to meet Callirhoe, and the final number—"Rejoice! ye men of Calydon"; this latter is, however, from a musical point of view, far more important. Another good specimen is the duet (soprano and tenor)—"Despise not love." The concluding chorus of the first part—"Oh horror"—is bold and vigorous, and, merely from reading, we venture to predict that it will prove effective in performance. The scene in the sacred grove of Dodona reads well. The composer imitates the sound of the brazen vessels of divination, suspended from the boughs of a mighty oak, when stirred by the wind, by means of a new instrument composed of small gongs. Of the effect produced we shall be able to speak next week. Another feature of this scene is the bold manner in which Dr. Bridge makes use of consecutive fifths. Who knows the rule forbidding them, may venture to break it. The scene before the altar in the third part appears highly dramatic, but here again we reserve judgment. The Cantata has no instrumental overture. There is a march in the third part of Wagnerian structure; it is based upon the Callirhoe and Oracle motives.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Chants of Labour: a Song Book of the People. With Music. Edited by Edward Carpenter. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Carpenter, the author of a strange volume of poetry, written in the style of Whitman, called *Towards Democracy*, and of a striking book which appeared last year under the title of *England's Ideal*, has given us indeed "a new song" in *Chants of Labour*. He is a man who looks forward to the new social order of a life which shall be rational and honest—when

"man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that"—

and he has here taken upon himself the responsibility of refitting nearly all the most popular melodies with new words suitable to that good time. Thus Shelley's ode "To Liberty" is to take the place of "God save the Queen," and to be sung to its music; "Down among the Dead Men" is to be sung to fitting words written by Mr. William Morris; the "March of the Men of Harlech" becomes the musical accompaniment to a "new song" by Mr. H. S. Salt; "Rule Britannia," "The Death of Nelson," the "British Grenadiers," "Hearts of Oak," "The Vicar of Bray," "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," are—according to the new order—to be recognised merely through their music and to acquire changed associations in harmony with the new faith. Mr. Carpenter has gone yet wider afield, and made a bold attempt to nationalise the "Wacht am Rhein," "Zu Mantua in Banden," and "Partant pour la Syrie"—besides, of course, the "Marseillaise." Not content with this, Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—in true "Ancient and Modern" fashion—have been pressed into the service. "My heart ever faithful" becomes an extraordinary hymn with the original title of "Christ-Country"; and Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest" goes, not ungracefully, to some words by Mr. F. Henderson. Sometimes Mr. Carpenter and the editors of hymn-books have, naturally, fallen on common prey;

and it must be conceded that the latter have the best of it. But perhaps the things most likely to provoke smiles among the Philistines are the arrangements of two poems by Walt Whitman, which, as they could not be set otherwise, are here treated as recitatives; while, of the new music, Mr. Carpenter's own setting of Kingsley's grand lyric, "The Day of the Lord is at hand," is that which strikes us the most. We are a little surprised that the editor has not been able to secure another of Kingsley's songs—that in *Alton Locke*—for his collection. It was set very powerfully some years ago, if we mistake not, by the late Sir George Macfarren. Of the book as a whole it is hard to speak. We cannot, of course, say what opening there is for such experiments in socialistic circles, but certainly Mr. Carpenter has very carefully carried out his scheme as he conceived it should be done. Our own opinion is that "the working man" is not so ready to accept new lamps for old as Mr. Carpenter thinks. When socialism carries the day it will bring its own song; and we are surprised that so far-sighted a man as the editor of these *Chants of Labour* should not have seen this also. It has always seemed to us a desecration to take phrases and movements from classical music, and to adapt them for chants and hymns (the most flagrant example being the adaptation of the slow movement in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony). It is no less a desecration to attempt to recast those *Volkslieder* in which the English nation is so peculiarly rich.

MUSIC NOTES.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will issue shortly a translation of Mariz Hauptmann's *Nature of Harmony and Metre*—a book which holds a high place among its class on the Continent. The first part considers the evolution of harmony from acoustics, taking as a basis the Hegelian theory of sound. In the second part the author discusses metre and rhythm, which are respectively analogous to harmony and melody. The last part is concerned with the union of metre and harmony, that is, harmony and melody in concrete combination with metre and rhythm.

We must be content this week merely to record the death of Mr. William Chappell, F.S.A., which took place on Tuesday last, August 20, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

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LITERATURE.

Prince Eugene of Savoy. By Col. G. R. Malleon. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS book ought to remind Englishmen that a void exists in the national annals. Three men—we might add a fourth, Berwick—stand in the foremost rank as military chiefs throughout the great War of the Spanish Succession. The Memoirs of Villars, being now published in a genuine form for the first time, show how marvellous were the gifts of that warrior, despite faults of temper and judgment. But, except the poor performance of the late Sir A. Alison, we possess nothing like an adequate account of Marlborough's transcendent exploits in the field, though Lord Wolseley, it is said, has undertaken the task; and there is a tendency to underrate our renowned countryman owing to Macanlay's arts of detraction. Eugene of Savoy was the third of these chiefs; and in Col. Malleon—one of the best of the writers who have taken the operations of war in hand—the Austrian hero has found a chronicler not unworthy of his far-famed achievements. This is a small but an excellent and interesting book; and, though we dissent from some of the author's views, it forms a military narrative of a high order, illustrated by judicious criticism. Col. Malleon's industry deserves the greatest praise. He has gathered information from a hundred sources, and his descriptions of some of Eugene's campaigns add largely to what was already known, and are remarkable for their clearness and insight. His conclusions too, as a rule, are just, if occasionally warped by overpowering sympathy; and he has usually seized and faithfully portrayed the distinctive qualities of the illustrious man who stands out on his well-filled canvas. The book, however, has unquestionable faults. The narrative is of unequal merit, and especially fails, more than once, to bring out the shortcomings and faults of Eugene; and, on the whole, it abounds too much in details, and is somewhat deficient in breadth and outline. Col. Malleon, too, has not avoided the error common to most biographers. His estimate of Eugene is, we think, too high; and, as was to be expected, he has not been wholly just to the great colleague of the prince, Marlborough, whose genius in war we scarcely recognise in two or three of the author's chapters. We wish, moreover, that we had been furnished with the authorities on certain parts of the book, especially as regards the campaign of Blenheim; and the maps, we should add, contained in the volume are exceedingly bad, and unworthy of it.

We shall not attempt to follow in detail the splendid but chequered career of Eugene. Two passages in it—the one most brilliant,

the other marked by defeat and disaster—attract at once the true student of war. Col. Malleon has described with remarkable skill, and with real and complete knowledge, Eugene's great campaign of 1706 in the region between the Adige and Piedmont; and he justly observes that it pre-figures the wonderful campaign of 1796, and may even stand beside that immortal contest. Undoubtedly it does not reveal instances of such extraordinary resource and genius as the sudden raising of the siege of Mantua, the astonishing pursuit and destruction of Würmser, the exquisite art and the heroic energy displayed along the dykes of Arcola, and the movements that led to the crowning day of Rivoli. But Eugene's march from the Po to Turin—a "prodigy of daring" in Napoleon's phrase—may fitly compare with the rapid advance of Napoleon himself from the spurs of the Alps to Mantua. Turin was even a more decisive victory than any single battle of 1796, and was a masterpiece of insight and skill; and Eugene turned the Adige to as good account, as a screen to cover a bold offensive, as Bonaparte used it as a line of defence, each chief reading, so to speak, the theatre with the intelligence that belongs to great captains alone.

Eugene's campaign of 1712 is less fully described in this work—Col. Malleon does not like the subject; but, though unfortunate in all respects, it does not the less deserve attention. The prince had, it is believed, disapproved of Marlborough's plan of invading France by the seaboard and the line of the Somme, after first reducing the frontier fortresses; and, when he was in sole command in 1712, he resolved on operations of a different kind, which, he calculated, would be quick and decisive. Holding Douay, Bouchain, and Le Quesnoy, strong places covering his front and flank, he sat down to besiege Landreçies; and his purpose was, when the fortresses had fallen, to march down the open valley of the Oise, and to finish the war by an attack on Paris, which was known to be incapable of resisting an enemy. The project was marked by daring genius, and was feasible in the exhausted condition of France; but Eugene had committed a single mistake, fraught in its results with a great catastrophe. Owing, it is said, to the timidity of the Dutch, he had not advanced his base of supplies. He reckoned, too, that Villars who, for many months, had stood on the defensive in neighbouring lines, would remain inactive, happen what might; and his line of operations, long drawn out and weak, extended from near the edge of the frontier, at Marchiennes, by Denain, to Landreçies. This faulty disposition proved fatal in the presence of an adversary who, in the great moves of war, combined, almost in the highest degree, the genius that conceives and the skill that executes. Villars, issuing as from his lair, near Cambray, and masking his purpose with consummate art, advanced as if to the relief of Landreçies; and then, countermarching with the greatest possible speed, he fell on the centre of Eugene at Denain, crushed the detachments sent to arrest his progress, and, having easily won a decisive battle and rent asunder the communications of his foe, made the intended invasion of France impossible. The results of Denain were almost magical.

The siege of Landreçies was soon raised; the captured fortresses fell, one by one, into the hands of the exulting French, and the standards of Villars had quickly reached the course of the Sambre and the edge of Flanders. France had been saved by one of her greatest soldiers through an inspiration of genius in war.

We must pass over, with scarcely a comment, the many other campaigns of Eugene. It was his fortune, like that of Napoleon, to have been the only great chief of that age—Charles of Lorraine hardly deserves the title—who fought against Islam, and triumphed in Christendom; and his victories over the hordes of the Turk saved the empire, and caused the cross to rise, in permanent lustre, over the crescent. His capacity in the field was revealed at Zenta, where he was in supreme command for the first time; and his daring and vigour were grandly displayed round Belgrade in almost his last campaign. From the first moment, in his campaigns in Italy, he perceived how the Adige could be made an avenue for a great offensive movement; and his march from Roveredo over mountain ranges never traversed before, perhaps, by an army—a march which completely surprised Catinat—was not unworthy of the great chief of Marengo. In his early Italian campaigns, however, he found a foeman worthy of his steel in Vendôme; and had that able, but untrustworthy, leader commanded the French in 1709 there would have been no disaster like that of Turin. The career of Eugene is crossed and blended with that of Marlborough in the Low Countries; but Col. Malleon evidently inclines to favour too much the hero of his work, and he does not even allude to Marlborough's exploit in turning the celebrated lines of Villars. It may fairly be said that Eugene and Marlborough divide the honours in the campaign of Oudenarde. Their success, in fact, was, in the main, due to the jealousies and bickerings of the French generals; and here history should again note the genius occasionally seen in Vendôme. Col. Malleon describes, with an impartial pen, the terrible and indecisive day of Malplaquet; and he is almost the only English writer who has done justice to the remarkable skill of Villars in his arrangements for the defence, and in his conduct of the battle itself—his fall by a wound having, perhaps, wrested victory from his heroic and far weaker army. A word or two on the great campaign of Blenheim. Col. Malleon has given it special care; but we should like to see the original sources on several points of his thoughtful narrative. We question if he is correct in saying that in 1704 the court of Versailles was intent on carrying out the magnificent project devised by Villars a year before—the marching down the Danube upon Vienna. The Memoirs of Villars, being now published, directly contradict a supposition of the kind. Col. Malleon asserts, and he may be right in this, that the original conception of Marlborough's march from the Meuse to the Danube was due to Eugene; but this does not detract from the skill displayed by the great Englishman in carrying out the plan. And if Col. Malleon truly points out that Eugene's movement to join Me-
deceiving as it did the worth-
was the combination of a re-

scarcely makes enough of this fine stroke of genius. As for the battle of Blenheim, Col. Malleon does full justice to the loyalty of Eugene in sending aid to his hard-pressed colleague; but he does not bring out in sufficient relief the admirable judgment and skill of Marlborough, and he is more French than any French writer in asserting that, at one critical moment, Tallard might have gained a complete victory.

Col. Malleon's estimate of Eugene of Savoy coincides with our own in many respects. The prince stands on the list of masters of war made by Napoleon in his commentaries on the art; and he certainly possessed some of the distinctive gifts and qualities of the modern Hannibal. He was daring to a fault, like the renowned Corsican; and to this many of his triumphs are due. But he was overconfident, too, like Napoleon. He had not Marlborough's unerring judgment; and the result was seen in the catastrophe of Denain. He had one of Napoleon's highest faculties—the power of understanding a theatre of war, and making its peculiarities serve his ends; and he had, though in a less degree, another of Napoleon's special merits—the power of vigorously pressing on a defeated foe. He was thus a strategist of a very high order—bold, scientific, and brilliant in the extreme; and, as his *coup d'œil* in the field was excellent, he was, in every sense, a great leader in war. We think, however, that in pure strategy he was, on the whole, inferior to Villars. No conception of Eugene can compare with that of the march upon Vienna, projected by Villars in 1703, and capable of accomplishment with ease in that year; or with that of the invasion of Germany made in 1713-14. And Eugene did not surpass Villars in the conduct of troops on the field of battle; indeed, he was repeatedly beaten by him. Col. Malleon is just to the great French warrior, the true precursor of the Napoleon of Ulm, and of the memorable campaign that ended at Wagram; but, as we have said, he is unfair to Marlborough in several parts of this valuable work. Marlborough has been scarcely equalled as a leader of troops—neither Eugene nor Villars can show a Ramillies, a victory won by a stroke of tactics; and, even as a strategist, we see that Marlborough had always sound and even striking views, and would have accomplished more than he did had he not been hampered by Dutch deputies and by the jealousies of ill-assorted allies. In one respect, however, Eugene certainly towers over his great colleague and his illustrious foe. He was one of the most loyal and noble-minded of men. The fine parts of Villars were largely marred by arrogance and unwise vanity; and whatever excuses may be made for him, there are "damned spots" upon Marlborough's fame.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Departmental Ditties, and other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. Third Edition. (Thacker.)

MR. KIPLING'S ditties have well earned the honours of a third edition. They possess the one quality which entitles *vers de société* to live. For they reflect with light gaiety the thoughts and feelings of actual men and women, and are true as well as clever.

Neither wit nor sparkling epigram, nor the laboriously laughable rhyme, but this element of truth alone can save the poet of a set from oblivion.

As Pope admits us to a real belle's toilette in the reign of Queen Anne and allows us to look over her hand at ombre; or as Præd preserves alive the political coterie-life of half a century ago; or as Bret Harte, in his sadder way, places us down among the saloon-gamblers of the West with their stray gleams of compunction and tenderness—so Mr. Kipling achieves the feat of making Anglo-Indian society flirt and intrigue visibly before our eyes. It is not, as he discloses it, a very attractive society. Its flirtations will seem rather childish to a London coquette, its intrigues very small to a parliamentary wire-puller. But, if Mr. Kipling makes his little Simla folk rather silly, he also makes them very real. The Mayfair matron, accustomed to calmly play her musical pawns at her matinées, will indeed marvel that any woman should take the trouble which the Simla lady took to capture one singing subaltern. The "Legend of the Indian Foreign Office" may seem to the diplomatic youth whose windows look out on Downing Street to be better suited to the civic parlour of some small pushing mayor. Although, however, Mr. Kipling's stage is a narrow one, his players are very much alive, and they go through their pranks in quite fresh dresses, and with all the accessories of true tears and ogles, audible sighs and laughter.

It is a curious little world to which he introduces us. The few English men of letters who have passed a portion of their lives in India, from Philip Francis to Macaulay, and the still rarer stray scholar from foreign parts, like Csoma de Körös, who has sojourned there, seem to have found Anglo-Indian society sometimes bizarre, and more often intolerably dull. It is this weariness of uncongenial social surroundings which gives to Sir Alfred Lyall's poems their note of peculiar pathos. In spite of the brilliance of his own career, India is ever to him the Land of Regrets. The merry little people who flirt through Mr. Kipling's ditties look out on the scene with altogether different eyes. They may detest the country and dislike the natives, but they find their own small lives vastly amusing. Their personal tastes and their code of public morals are equally simple. Their highest ideal of enjoyment would seem, according to Mr. Kipling, to be a stringed band and a smooth floor. Their most serious aim in life, we learn from the same observer, is "an appointment"—signifying thereby not an opportunity for doing work, but a device for drawing pay. This great object of existence in the ditties is apparently best to be achieved by flirting, fibbing, and conjugal collusion. Thus Mr. Potiphar Gulbins, the hero of one poem, gets hoisted over the heads of his brother engineers by the fascinations of his wife—an attractive and a complaisant young person who, for reasons of her own, has married Potiphar, although "coarse as a chimpanzee." Another piece relates how Mr. Sleary, an impecunious subaltern secretly engaged to a lady in England, obtains an appointment by proposing to the daughter of an Indian official. Having secured the post, he frightens his fiancée Number

Two out of the engagement by pretending to have epileptic fits, then nobly marries fiancée Number One, and lives with her happily ever after on the produce of his fraud. In the ditty of Delilah, a veteran Simla charmer wheedles a State secret out of an aged Councillor and betrays it to a younger admirer, who, in turn, promptly betrays it to the press. In the story of Uriah, an officer is despatched to Quetta and dies there, in order that his wife may more freely amuse herself at Simla with the senior who got him sent out of the way. A private secretaryship is the well-earned reward of a young gentleman who receives a kiss by mistake at a masked ball, and who has the extraordinary chivalry or prudence not to publish the lady's name. These little *contes*, with various duller, if more decorous, jobs like that of the Chatham colonel, may seem poor stuff for verse. But Mr. Kipling handles each situation with a light touch and a gay malice, which make it difficult to be quite sure whether he sincerely admires his pretty marionettes, or whether he is not inwardly chafing and raging at the people among whom he is condemned to live. He very calmly expounds the scheme of attention in his curious Anglo-India world:

"We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
Prehistoric India:
Whose drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

"'Dowb,' the first of all his race,
Met the mammoth face to face,
On the lake or in the cave:
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew.
Died—and took the finest grave.

"When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist—then
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
Through the toll of other men.

"Who shall doubt 'the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid'
Was that the contractor 'did'
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On Pharaoh's swart Civilians?"

If this were Mr. Kipling's highest flight his poems would scarcely have reached a third edition. But in the midst of much flippancy and cynicism come notes of a pathetic loneliness and a not ignoble discontent with himself, which have something very like the ring of genius. Making verses, however clever, for the mess-room and the lawn-tennis club cannot be an altogether satisfying life-work. To Mr. Kipling, as to Sir Alfred Lyall in our own time, or to poor Leyden in the past, and, indeed, to every man of the true literary temperament who has had to spend his years in India, that country is still the "sultry and sombre Noverca—the Land of Regrets." There are many stanzas and not a few poems in this little volume which go straight to the heart of all who have suffered, or are now suffering, the long pain of tropical exile. For besides the silly little world which disports itself throughout most of the ditties, there is another Anglo-Indian world which for high aims, and a certain steadfastness in effort after the personal interest in

effort is well nigh dead, has never had an equal in history. Some day a writer will arise—perhaps this young poet is the destined man—who will make that nobler Anglo-Indian world known as it really is. It will then be seen by what a hard discipline of endurance our countrymen and countrywomen in India are trained to do England's greatest work on the earth. Heat, solitude, anxiety, ill-health, the never-ending pain of separation from wife and child, these are not the experiences which make men amusing in after life. But these are the stern teachers who have schooled one generation of Anglo-Indian administrators after another to go on quietly and resolutely, if not hopefully, with their appointed task. Of this realistic side of Anglo-Indian life Mr. Kipling also gives glimpses. His serious poems seem to me the ones most full of promise. Taken as a whole, his book gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the east. An almost virgin field of literary labour there awaits some man of genius. The hand which wrote "The Last Department" in this little volume is surely reserved for higher work than breaking those poor pretty Simla butterflies on the wheel. W. W. HUNTER.

"Badminton Library."—*Boating*. By W. B. Woodgate. (Longmans.)

MR. WOODGATE is a man of the sixties; he won the Oxford Sculls in '61, the Wingfield Sculls (London) in '62 and '64, and lost the latter in '65, '66, and '68. He and his partners won the Oxford pairs in '60 and the Henley pairs in '61, '62, '63, and '66. He was bow of the winning Oxford eight in April, '62, and four in the winning eight of '63. A rare good record this, entitling a man to have an opinion on sculls and oars, and how to use them. And, undoubtedly, there is much of interest and value to boating men in Mr. Woodgate's book, though it leaves on one the impression that the writer has not kept up his sculling and rowing, and that he has treated his subject rather as paddling than racing, has not put his muscles into it in the way he did on the river when he had the satisfaction of so often contemplating the backs of the men he beat: a cheering sight that—few landscapes come up to it.

Of the 340 pages of this book, ninety-five are taken up with lists of crews and races, club rules, the amateur definition, and the Conservancy Act. Twenty-five pages go to Dr. Warre's introduction on biomes, aphraets, kataphraets, &c.; and seventeen pages to Mr. Mason's chapter on rowing at Eton. Thus, Mr. Woodgate's writing in the book comes down to about two hundred pages; and, with the many topics he has to treat in this small space, he is obliged to do little more than mention the rowing at Westminster, Bedford, Radley, Dublin, the Tyne, &c.—places on which other Mr. Masons might well have given us a few pages each. Cambridge naturally gets somewhat less attention than Oxford. Mr. Woodgate does not give us credit for the introduction of narrow boats which followed on Newell's beating Clasper in January, 1846—the only time Clasper ever was beaten—in a wager-boat he could just sit in, built on the lines of the boat I put together

(with Beasley, of John's) in the Long Vacation of 1845. He has nothing about the change of the racing course and the division of the classes into upper and lower boats; and he does not discuss Mr. Muttelbury's latest modification of the doctrine of "slide" to which the Third-Trinity men attribute our Varsity win last March, namely, that there should be no holding up of the slide, no pause in the move-back, but very gradual retrocession, swing and slide always ending together. (I doubt the wisdom of this change, and should like to hear Mr. Muttelbury's reasons for it.) No word either has Mr. Woodgate of the reform which has already begun, and must prevail when young rowing men follow commonsense instead of tradition and prejudice, in the instruments for propelling pairs, fours, and eights—that is, the substitution of the superior sculls for the inferior oars. To any eye accustomed to a well-sculled pair or four, the wrench and twist of even the best oar-pairs and fours this year at Henley was a painful sight. The boats seemed to protest against the palpable absurdity of men sitting on opposite sides of them instead of in their middle, and applying the driving power at separated points on alternate sides instead of equally at opposite points on each side, while the wrenching and unsteady oars give one-third less fulcrum space than the steady sculls for driving the boat forward, besides preventing the two sides of the body being equally developed. Mr. Woodgate's failure to notice the practical proofs of the superiority of sculls to oars which the trials by the London, Thames, and Maurice clubs have given is a serious blemish in his book; but, obstinate as the Toryism of rowing-men young and old is, the Reform party of sculls is bound to win in the long run.

But though Mr. Woodgate says nothing of double-sculls, or sculling-fours or eights, he treats single-sculls and wager-boats fairly, though so much behind time is he that he does not mention or picture a swivel once in his book. Still, grumble as one does, and ought to, at certain of Mr. Woodgate's shortcomings, his book is a very valuable one, which all oar- and scull-men will be thankful for. It does enable anybody to learn to row and scull properly himself, and teach others how to do so. It gives him model rules for any club he wishes to form; and it has the latest directions for the right steering of the course from Putney to Hammersmith. The illustrations from photographs are valuable, and the "Windsor," on p. 200, is charming. Artists sometimes ridicule photographs as ruinous to art; the blessing of them is that they give us facts. Let anyone who knows how racing-boats start, contrast the fact as represented by the photograph at Oxford, opposite p. 170, all the oars flat on the water, ready to start at the gun, with the artist's fancy at Henley (the old course), opposite p. 40, where the oars are all in the water, as if the eights had started, and yet five in the Berks boat is quietly contemplating the inside of his uplifted left hand, as if he had a bad blister on it. This cut should really be cancelled by a photographic substitute in the second edition, which *Boating* will surely reach.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Mary Stewart. A Brief Statement of the Principal Charges which have been brought against her, together with the Answers to the same. By the late John Hosack. (Blackwood.)

THE character of Mary of Scotland has been the battle-ground of theological partisans for upwards of three centuries, and there seems to be little reason for hoping that the seal of her enemies and admirers will be diverted into more profitable channels. The party of attack have had, of late years, so far as England is concerned, much the advantage. A popular writer on the history of the sixteenth century, whose word-pictures it is impossible to forget, has painted Mary with consummate art as one of the vilest of the human race.

The late Mr. Hosack knew far more of the events of her reign than any other person who has in recent days written on Scottish history. His *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers*, published in 1869 and 1874, was held by many persons to be a triumphant reply to all the damaging assertions which affect her personal honour. Hosack was a learned student, but his book never became popular. It suffered from the two volumes of which it consists being issued at intervals wide apart, and from the fact that a defence can never be made so entertaining as an attack; and also from the need he knew there to be of clearing the ground so that the reader might be in a position to know how the case really stood, very much dry detail had to be mastered, of a kind most unwelcome to anyone but the antiquarian student.

Mr. Hosack's former volumes, though invaluable as a store of well-arranged facts, required supplementing by a popular work, which should present the facts of the case in the shortest and clearest possible form. On this Mr. Hosack was engaged when he died. His representatives have exercised a wise discretion in publishing the manuscript as he left it. Though the book is imperfect, all those parts are complete which deal with the graver charges which affect the minds of the men of our generation.

In our opinion Mr. Hosack has thoroughly proved his case. We cannot believe, if it were not a subject with which theological passion is blended, that anyone would now accept the evidence of documents which are so evidently forgeries. It can no more be to the interest of Protestantism that these calumnious fabrications should be accepted than it is for the welfare of those who accept the old religion that they should continue to receive the False Decretals as the product of the age to which they profess to belong. A fierce controversy has long raged as to the genuineness of the Casket Letters. If they were witnesses to truth, those who advocate Mary's innocence would certainly have no case whatever. It is useless now to consider the evidence external and internal which has been held to prove that they were manufactured for the purpose of bringing about the death of an innocent victim. However the case may have stood formerly, Mr. Hosack succeeded in discovering a fact, which—unless it can be explained away, and of that there seems no chance—must render all the evidence produced by the Scotch plotters and their literary abettors absolutely worthless in the eyes of anyone who knows how to weigh

evidence. We will give the facts in Mr. Hosack's own words:

"On his return to Scotland, Murray was appointed Regent, and the first judicial account of the evidence against the Queen is contained in a pretended copy of an Act of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated 4th December, 1567. It is printed in Haynes . . . from the collections at Hatfield, and was no doubt sent to Cecil by Murray to justify the deposition and imprisonment of the Queen. This paper states, among other matters, that 'by divers her privie letters, written and subscrivit with her own hand, it is most certain that the Queen was privie to the murder of the king.'"

This document professes to be signed by a large number of the Scottish nobility, so many of them that it has always appeared to those most thoroughly convinced of the queen's innocence that the Scottish Privy Council must have had before them some documents written by Mary which seemed to bear out this foul charge. Mr. Hosack, however, undertook to investigate the whole case thoroughly, and, not content with the Hatfield transcript, endeavoured to find the original of which it professes to be a copy. The Privy Council books are still preserved in the Edinburgh Register House. The result of his search was that he discovered that the original record

"contains no such Act as that printed in Haynes, and stated to be a true copy of the original. No original exists, and no original ever existed. There is not the remotest reference to be found in the Register Book relating to the alleged letters of the Queen."

It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Hosack's discovery. It opens out to us a terrible picture of the earnestness of these desperate men. Mr. Hosack was a most careful and accurate investigator. It is most improbable that he should have made a mistake on a point so vital. The Register Office in Edinburgh is, like our own Record Office, open to all. Everyone who is interested in the matter, and who can read the handwriting of the sixteenth-century scribes, can verify his statement for themselves. We have personally never seen the volume for 1567, but we have examined those of a few years earlier, and from the way in which the books have been made up we are quite sure that sheets cannot have been abstracted without leaving marks of mutilation. This is a matter of the deepest interest, not so much in its relations to the captive queen as in its general bearing on the history of the period. That Mr. Hosack was accurate in his statement does not admit of doubt. Since his book was published, a friend has inspected the volume on our behalf, and his report is that

"Mr. Hosack is correct in saying that the minute of the Privy Council of December 4, 1567, printed by Haynes from a copy at Hatfield, is not in the Privy Council Register."

If it be really true that Murray and those who worked with him were willing for their own purposes to forge important documents for the sake of deceiving Elizabeth's ministers, what amount of trust can we place on a vast number of other papers which exist and are received as materials for Scottish history and whose general truthfulness has hitherto been admitted by all investigators?

Mr. Hosack was of opinion that Mary's having granted a pension out of her French dowry to Hamilton, the Scottish gentleman

who shot the regent, Murray, as he rode down the street of Linlithgow was an act "which cannot be justified." It is a trivial question. At this distance of time it is hardly worth considering whether this kind of almsgiving was right or wrong, or whether any words of praise or blame can be made to apply to such a matter. The whole time, so far as Scotland is concerned, reeks with murder. Hardly one of the leading men can be pointed out who had not been the active agent or participator in deeds which all right-thinking men, could they happen now, would brand as murders. Hamilton was certainly not worse than many others whom the partisan historians are in the habit of praising. It is quite possible that Mary may have considered his act a meritorious one. Whatever we may think now, at that time such a belief would certainly have been what writers on morals have called a "probable opinion." EDWARD PEACOCK.

Tuscan Studies and Sketches. By Leader Scott. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS book is divided into two parts: the first deals with subjects artistic and historical; the second takes us out of the town into the country as far as Viareggio, Siena, and Volterra.

The opening study gives us the history of three famous blocks of marble—"potential blocks," Leader Scott calls them—which afterwards became the three famous colossi of Florence: Michel Angelo's "David," Bandinelli's "Hercules," and Ammannati's "Neptune." The story is well enough told; but it only rises to a point of high interest when that headlong devil-may-care artist Cellini appears upon the scene and endeavours to secure for himself the "povero malfortunato marmo," which was about to fall into the hands of Bandinelli. Leader Scott's aesthetic perceptions frequently give us pause; for instance, she talks of the "fresh boyish expression" on the face of the David. Surely no remark could be less just. David's face is that of a full-grown man—heavily weighted with the care of a great resolve. Again (p. 272), we are told that "to see the frescoes [of Belcaro] after Sodoma's grand religious inspirations is to read Byron after Milton"—a remark which seems to us to miss the luscious sweetness which there surely is in Bazzi's work and to do an injustice to the great strength of Byron.

In the second study we have a very fair account of the way in which the Laurentian Library was formed, and of the many vicissitudes and dangers through which the priceless MSS. passed before they found their final rest and safety chained to the desks of Michel Angelo's noble hall. It is interesting to note that the reason why the works of such writers as Alexander of Hales, Albertus Magnus, and Antonino of Florence, appear so frequently among the earliest monuments of the printing press is because those authors formed part of the ideal library proposed by Nicholas V., thus affording another proof of the intimate connexion between early printing and MS. By the way, Leader Scott is a little unjust to bookworms when she accuses them at large of being unwilling to lend their treasures. We have only to remember "*Maioli et amicorum*," "*Jo. Grolieri et amicorum*,"

"*sibi et amicis*" of many a priceless volume, to see that this judgment requires modification.

Perhaps the most interesting study in the volume is that on "Old Italian Organs." It contains a great deal of curious information. The author observes that an organ was usually spoken of as *un paio d'organi*. She does not explain the exact import of this, but we may notice that the Scotch speak of a pair of bagpipes. On p. 83 *sumphonia* is printed for *symphonia*; and on p. 87 occurs the very common mistake of "Cassiodorus" for "Cassiodorus." In the study on Florentine mosaics Leader Scott prints a valuable list of the stones used in that art. This study is followed by a charming description of an ideal cinquecento palace, built by the old Florentine merchant, Salvi Borgherini, with its wealth of chairs, *cassoni*, carved chimney-pieces, the work of such masters as Andrea del Sarto, Granacci, and Pontorno. While the last study but one gives us the history of the "Cenacolo" on Monte Olivetto, the work of Bazzi, cut and hacked about, but still standing there to show what "the wronged great soul of an ancient master" has had to suffer.

The "Sketches," which form the second part of the volume, are pleasantly written; though less interesting because less fresh, less learned than the "Studies." We have a description of a vintage, drawn from life, with the usual talk about *pergolas*, *bigonoe*, *tini*, *podere*, *stornelli*, &c.; a good chapter on Tuscan mushrooms and fungi—Leader Scott is really learned upon edibles, as anyone may see who reads her account of the Florentine marketplace—and a rather amusing description of Italian company at the baths. One sketch alone rises above mediocrity—that is the account of a *Giostra* at a small village in the hills, with its brilliant and interesting analysis of the play of "Semiramide," as written for and interpreted by the rustic Tuscans. We cannot agree with the note on p. 226, claiming for Rinuccini the founding of the opera in 1594 by the composition of his "Daphne"; for earlier than that, in 1472, Poliziano in his "Orfeo" had really sown the seeds of the opera, the tragedy, and the pastoral play, as Leader Scott will see if she refers to Mr. Symonds's *Sketches and Studies in Italy* (p. 226 and the note).

H. F. BROWN.

Goethe und Karl August. Von H. Düntzer. (Leipzig: Dyk'sche Buchhandlung.)

IN 1859 Prof. Düntzer finished his book on Goethe and Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar "during the first fifteen years of their connexion." I think that this was published first in 1860 by Kirbach. If so, it was very soon taken over by Dyk of Leipzig and sent out with a title-page dated 1861. In 1865 appeared a continuation on Goethe and Karl August from 1790 to 1805. A third part coming down to 1828, the year of the duke's death, was eagerly desired by all who wished to study with thoroughness the texture of Goethe's life. But Prof. Düntzer found himself hindered by the pressure of other work, and by the lack of materials which, though known to exist, were not published. Now, in 1888, a second edition

of the two first parts is set before us, conjoined with the valuable third part—the chronicle from 1805 to 1828. The whole is a neat volume of nearly 1000 pages, clearly printed on fairly good paper, and made complete by an excellent index.

The substance of this volume is an exact, laborious chronicle of Goethe and his duke for the space of fifty-three years. At the top of each right-hand page you find month and year. Is there a question as to any detail of Goethe's life, you can, by reference to these pages, fix its place in the sequence. You can see what went before and what followed, and thus in some measure gauge its importance, while you also perceive what further references will serve your purpose. If you are reading other books about Goethe or his correspondence or diaries, this book, by its peculiar nature, will constantly serve, as though it were a body of notes. It is a valuable precursor of a true Life of Goethe—a work still unwritten.

This is not properly a second edition of parts 1 and 2; for, after so many years, and such a development of Goethe study, Prof. Düntzer considered it best to rewrite rather than revise. The present book accords more precisely with its title. It does not treat with so wide a scope of those parts of Goethe's life and action where the contact of Karl August is not felt. The reader will, however, be sorry that Prof. Düntzer has omitted all foot-notes. These, in the first edition, were very numerous, and of much interest and value. However, their author brought their work down, and had in mind some difference in the design of his book. Though a chronicle, this is not a mere chronicle. The reader is in contact with the actual life of two powerful men; and as for the author, even should you sometimes fail to see with his eyes, you must feel that he writes as a master of the subject, one in whom strong ardour has never been tired by difficulty nor stifled by a vast knowledge.

T. W. LYSER.

NEW NOVELS.

Paid in His Own Coin. By E. J. Goodman.
In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

All or Nothing. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
(Spencer Blackett.)

Maiwa's Revenge. By H. Rider Haggard.
(Longmans.)

Blodisloe. By Ada M. Trotter. (Alexander Gardner.)

Police-sergeant O. 21. By Reginald Barnett.
(Walter Scott.)

The Paradox Club. By Edward Garnett.
(Fisher Unwin.)

MR. GOODMAN'S new story is, in directness of style and ingenuity of plot, a decided advance upon *Too Curious*. One is, indeed, almost tempted to regret that a writer who is capable of drawing such an admirable compound of feminine strength and tenderness as Helen Musgrave should have devoted himself to the task of hunting down so commonplace a scoundrel as Abel Wynd. Not that the hunt is not skilfully planned and carried out. In the end, it is true, Mr. Goodman spoils his own creation, Oliver Crayke, by converting

him from a connoisseur in murders, or amateur Leococq, into a raving maniac. But in recent English fiction at all events there is nothing at all comparable to the serpentine cleverness with which Crayke worms himself into the confidence and the secrets of the poisoner Wynd, who, on being tried, has been found not guilty of the murder of his father-in-law simply for want of evidence, tracks him down, and finally destroys him without being actually guilty of murder himself. One can even forgive Crayke, before he degenerates into a sort of Hyde, for experimenting with Wynd's poison on Matthew Musgrave, the father of Helen, for so foolish a creature deserved to be brought within an inch of the grave for his self-indulgent egotism, even more than for his literary criminality in inflicting bad verse upon the public. Musgrave is a very good caricature of the weakly vain poetaster, although, perhaps, the plot to obtain for him a favourable newspaper notice of his execrable epic is too grotesquely improbable. Musgrave reminds one of Harold Skimpole just a little, and, indeed, the chief difference between the two is that the one is an unconscious and the other a conscious humbug. Skimpole's daughters were, however, clearly of his flesh and blood, whereas Helen Musgrave, the heroine of *Paid in His Own Coin*, and a sufficiently strong-minded and strong-willed young woman to be the good genius of all the weaker characters in the story, seems to have none of her father in her at all. Helen's lover, Mark Elliot, a young doctor, who is at once the foil to and the rival of Abel Wynd, resembles her far more than does her father; the resemblance, in fact, is such as to suggest that they ought to have been brother and sister. Mr. Goodman is not particularly successful in his evolution of the story of Helen and Elliot, which he has obviously thought it necessary to bring into his book as a relief to the plotting of Wynd and the counter-plotting of Crayke. His introduction of Mrs. Fleming, an effusive widow who flings herself at Elliot's head, is too much of a *tour de force*, and is too transparently a device to make Helen jealous. Mr. Goodman's errors are, however, only the errors of a beginner in fiction. *Paid in His Own Coin* is greatly superior to ordinary novels in those respects in which ordinary novels are strong. Nor has the author any reason whatever to dread a comparison between it and rivals of the extraordinary order to which it properly belongs.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey is one of the few lady novelists of the day who write far too little, but who, when they do write, write as if they respected themselves and their public equally. *All or Nothing* appears opportunely enough, therefore, inasmuch as it reminds us of this fact. It is, in all points, one of Mrs. Cashel Hoey's best books; thus, although it is inferior in plot-interest to *A Stern Chase*, which appeared a few years ago, it is very much superior to it as a study of character. It is, in fact, a study of four couples, Edward Dunstan and Janet Monro, Robert Thornton and Laura Chumleigh, John Sandilands and Julia Carmichael, Wilfrid Esdaile and Amabel Ainslie, who are in the habit of jostling each other in country houses, more particularly in Scotland, as folks who do not require to work

for their living are apt to do. It is to the credit of Mrs. Hoey that only one of these couples—Esdaile and Miss Ainslie—becomes uninteresting before the end of the story is reached. Mrs. Hoey has devoted an especial amount of pains to her portraits of Laura Chumleigh, Julia Carmichael, and Janet Monro. Janet is, perhaps, the best character she has ever drawn; and in her conscientiousness, her devotion to her ideals, her generosity, and her unpretentious unselfishness is one of the most attractive and the least conventional of girls to be found in recent fiction. But was it quite necessary that Mrs. Hoey should have hinted in her last chapter at a marriage between Laura and Dunstan, the most selfish people in her story, after the one has become a widow and the other a widower? Ought she not rather to have allowed them to have so far benefited by their unions with persons morally above them as to have the grace to live apart, content with the memory of lost companionship?

Maiwa's Revenge will not take rank with Mr. Rider Haggard's more ambitious efforts. It is only one of the everlasting Allan Quatermain's after-dinner yarns, and a short one for him. It tells how Quatermain shot some very big game, and how he aided a South African amazon to avenge the death of her child on its murderer, who is her husband and its father. The first part of the story decidedly flags. One gets tired of Allan's rounds with elephants. M. Jules Verne would have managed these Munchausenish combats much better, and would have infused a good deal more humour into the telling of them. When, however, Mr. Haggard comes to narrate how Maiwa, with the help of her father Nala's braves, and Quatermain's bullets and strategy, punishes her husband Wambe for killing her child by means of "the thing that bites"—in other words, a lion-trap—he is seen to more advantage. He gives some spirited battle scenes and perhaps a superabundance of carnage, while Maiwa makes a more than passable Boadicea.

Although Miss Trotter has sought too strenuously, perhaps, to gratify a craze of the hour—for which the popularity of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is mainly responsible—by giving *Blodisloe* an "international" character, she has, nevertheless, produced a very readable and a very pleasant book. "Aunt Pen's American nieces" do not seem peculiarly American, but they are charmingly vivacious girls, and so justify their creation. The contrast between them and their English cousins, although that is not quite the same as the contrast between the United States and England, is very prettily brought out. Of these cousins the gruff lawyer Kent Beresford is perhaps a trifle too abrupt in speech, although in other respects he is the best character in the story. Miss Trotter's account of the emancipation of poor Martin Gwynne, the "mad squire," from the fetters of a life of morbid library seclusion by the sprightly Sylvie, although it can scarcely be said to be altogether original, is nevertheless told in a way that will greatly please readers who are yet in their teens. The central tragedy of *Blodisloe* seems, however, to be unnecessarily painful. No doubt there

are selfish self-indulgent fathers who are willing, like the Rev. Russel Somers, to sell their daughters to old men as a means of escape from their financial embarrassments. But would it not have been more in harmony with the general brightness of *Bledisloe* had the luckless Effie's champion, Irwine, who is hot-headed enough in all conscience, put in an appearance in the character of young Lochinvar, and carried her off from the "nabob" at the church door?

Mr. Reginald Barnett deserves a word of hearty commendation if only for his conscientiousness. His book, as its title implies, is one of those shilling mysteries which are believed—though, perhaps, erroneously—to be in great demand at this season; and undoubtedly Mr. Barnett gives his readers full value for their money. His volume consists of 305 closely printed pages. It begins with a murder to which there appears to be no clue. The right man is apprehended at the wrong time, and is set free, while another person, who is perfectly innocent, is arrested with what appear to be convincing proofs of her guilt in her possession. Then the murderer is found to be mixed up with the early life of the man who apprehends him. Add to these complications the now familiar melodramatic "business" of a competition between metropolitan and local talent in detective work, and it must be allowed that Mr. Barnett does not spare himself any more than he spares his readers. But beyond all question he has produced an excellent work of its class—cleverly constructed, carefully written, full of incident, and thoroughly healthy in tone.

There is some smartness in *The Paradox Club*, which is a skit upon some of the enthusiasms and fads of the time rather than a story, in spite of the marriage between Patrick and Nina Lindon which is foreshadowed in the penultimate page. The Paradox Club is composed of more or less "emancipated" men and women—including one or two boys and girls—who meet together (on one occasion on London Bridge at midnight) and discuss socialism, "the woman question," poetry, realistic novels, and, in fact, every thing that is debated in the smoking-rooms of ordinary clubs. Surely, however, the talk of the members of the Paradox Club occasionally becomes risky, as when Lofthouse, the poet, affirms that "Sterne first taught the English to refine coarseness and enjoy indelicacy," in the presence of ladies, one of whom, the girl Nina, admits to having read Zola, although "Maupassant disgusts me." Smartness apart, there is nothing very notable in *The Paradox Club*. There is a good deal of straining after effect of the kind that Peacock was partial to. But the conversations in *The Paradox Club* are not nearly so brilliant as Peacock's. Mr. Garnett would have done well, too, to have studied Peacock's Scotchmen before drawing the miserable McWhirter, who seems to be good only for declaring that certain ideas have not yet reached Edinburgh. The author of *The Paradox Club* is obviously a very young man, who has skimmed the surface of most of the leading controversies of the time. But this first effort supplies no data for judging whether he will or will not do anything important in literature.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME ECONOMICAL BOOKS.

How the Peasant Owner lives in Parts of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia. By Lady Verney. (Macmillan.) This is one more volume of reprinted magazine articles, all intended to show how much superior the lot of the English agricultural labourer is to that of the Continental peasant proprietor. The information collected is in a way authentic; and, of course, the author does not intentionally misrepresent its bearing; but the articles are too short to give more than a very small selection from the facts available; and as those selected are all taken from the evidence on one side, they are, at least, as likely to mislead as to instruct. There are, happily, in all the countries she refers to, reformers interested in the welfare of the poorest cultivators who call attention to the evils from which they suffer; and from such sources it is easy to draw up an indictment against any of the existing systems of cultivation or land tenure. But it does not follow that, because the serious writers of one nation are dissatisfied with the conditions of their own peasantry, the best way of improving it would be to copy some different system with different drawbacks, but not necessarily superior advantages. Lady Verney makes no attempt to weigh the *pros* and *cons* on either side—to consider how far the unceasing toil of the French peasant is lightened to him by the pride of ownership, and the consciousness that all the profits of his industry will be his own; or to balance the anxieties of the proprietor, who sees the fate of his crop hang upon the chances of the season, with those of the labourer, liable to be thrown out of work by equally uncontrollable and remoter chances, and unable, save by the rarest combination of good luck, to escape the prospect of the workhouse in old age. She does not even compare, as it would be useful to do, item by item, the lodging, food, clothing, and the other expenses and possessions of English and other villagers. She notes in remote French villages what strikes the British tourist as lamentable examples of dirt and discomfort; and, setting these down to the discredit of peasant proprietorship, she contrasts them with the ideal English cottage home which she supposes to be naturally associated with large farms. And she ascribes to the same cause the higher average return per acre obtained in England or Scotland as compared with France. Of course, the fact is that, comparing the average English and French peasant and farmer, large or small, one with another, we should find in England a higher standard of cleanliness, comfort, and corn-growing. But, taking the national average of the rewards of labour, it can scarcely be maintained that the French peasant owner is badly off as compared with the men of his own standing and education in other callings; and at the same rate of comparison it cannot be said that the English agricultural labourer is well off. The English tenant farmer is often taken from a class with a higher standard of living than the small French proprietor; but in a land of small proprietors we find many families, worse off than prosperous farmers and yet better off than mere labourers, who would have been labourers in a land of large proprietors. There may be little to choose between the life of the poorest farmer and the most thriving labourer; but granting there were no objective difference at all, the ordinary countryman all the world over would prefer the name of farmer, and would stand higher in his own esteem and his neighbours for enjoying it. *Payean* in France is a sort of title—a rank its owner may be proud of—in spite of the number of persons entitled to claim it, as in England the few men who "farm their own land" see a boast in that mere description. It is a curious

example how entirely Lady Verney is at the mercy of her fixed idea about small proprietors that she quotes Arthur Young as an author still bearing on the condition of the French peasantry, as if the one class which had its position really revolutionised a century ago were still suffering from the evils he describes when rural France was more like contemporary Russia than its modern self; and, as if it were true now as then, that the danger of revolution were greatest in the country districts. In several other respects the articles are scarcely up to date. French peasants do buy *rentes*, and, therefore, do not buy land for want of other investments; and Lord Fortescue, who is quoted against large allotments, only the other day described how some men who had excellently cultivated small plots applied for more land (and got it) on the ground that it was something to live on when they were out of work. The little volume, in spite of its shortcomings, may be read with interest by those who are quite ignorant on the subject of peasant ownership, and can trust themselves to remember that Lady Verney is only partially informed.

The Land System of Ireland. By William O'Connor Morris. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) This is a reprint of two articles from the *Lancet Quarterly Review*, which are now offered to the general public. As for the qualifications of the author, it will be enough to quote his own words:

"Fresh from the recollections of the famine of 1846, I considered the subject in the 'Oxford Essays'; and in 1869-70 I devoted some months, at the instance of the proprietors of the *Times*, to an examination of Irish land tenure. I may add that I am an Irish landlord, but that as a scion of an ancient Irish house, nearly overwhelmed by confiscation and conquest, I certainly have no historical sympathy with the existing settlement of the land of Ireland; and as a county court judge in the most disturbed and revolutionary part of the south of Ireland, I have had special opportunities, during many years, of observing all that is most peccant and dangerous in the Irish land system."

The first article of the two is devoted entirely to a rapid sketch of the history of the question, in which the author finds ample explanation of the existing state of affairs, without having recourse to any extraordinary wickedness on the part of either landlord or tenant. The present is the product of the past; and the past should be studied, not to apportion praise or blame, but to understand the present. The second article boldly attacks the pressing problem—What should now be done? After forcibly protesting against any scheme of compulsory purchase, as unjust alike to the imperial taxpayer and to the Irish landlord, Judge O'Connor Morris contents himself with recommending a slight modification of the settlement of 1881. He accepts dual ownership as final; but he would extend the present term of fifteen years' rent to perpetuity, and he would simplify and cheapen the process for fixing fair rents. Above all, he would abolish altogether the right of eviction, leaving to the landlord as his sole remedy the power of selling up the tenant's interest. In compensation for the privileges thus taken from the landlord, the author would allow him a moderate compassionate allowance from the imperial exchequer, and also some relief in the reduction of mortgages.

The Economic Crisis. By Moreton Frewen. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This is a difficult book to review, and one on which equally competent critics might give very different verdicts. It is said that at examinations, where the subject is one about which every one may be expected to know something, it is the practice of some examiners to allow no marks for that minimum of proficiency which

is attainable by the light of nature and without any special study. But other examiners may assign considerable weight to undisciplined ability. There are in fact two scales, related somewhat as Centigrade and Fahrenheit, in that the zero point of one scale is pretty high up on the other. It is only on the Fahrenheit principle that we could assign a high figure to the work before us. According to Mr. Frewen, the economic crisis is mainly due to the demonetisation of silver; the remonetisation of that metal is the simple remedy. The character of his reasoning may be exemplified by the following passage, which relates to the effect of the depreciation in silver upon the export of wheat from India: "Let us avoid misleading jargon about international trade being international barter." Now, the theory which our author thus summarily dismisses is one which has long been received by the highest authorities. Prof. Alfred Marshall, when lately asked, in the course of his examination before the Commission on the Precious Metals, whether he accepted this Ricardian theory as bearing upon the exports from India, replied, "I accept it without qualification." We are no bigoted adherents of *a priori* reasoning. We are quite prepared to find that the general idea and first approximation afforded by theory requires filling in and correction. But we protest against our author's habitual assumption that the reasoning of "the professors" is, of course, absurd. His "method of mind," to use one of his own phrases, does not seem to us appropriate to the subject. The nature of economic phenomena is more subtle than he seems to suppose. He rushes in where specialists fear to tread. Thus, he affirms "that the rapid diminution of the stock of gold in currency in England would of itself account for the present fall of prices; that whereas ten years since we had 140 millions of sovereigns, to-day we have scarcely more than 100 millions." A similar confidence of assertion and blindness to objections characterises the chapter on socialism—a subject which is connected with currency by the suggestion that the existing monetary regulations are framed in the interest of the "Gold Bugs," in order to build up great fortunes at the expense of the community. "The state having proved itself such an efficient middleman in distributing letters and telegrams," Mr. Frewen concludes straight off that railways ought to be purchased by the state. It does not occur to him that there may be some material imperfections in the analogy between the post office and the railway system, that some difficulties have been pointed out by writers not unworthy of attention, such as Jevons and Prof. Sidgwick. Mr. Frewen may be right in all his contentions, but we shall not believe because he has told us. We do not think that the economic crisis can be dealt with so trenchantly. "Non tali auxilio . . . tempus eget." At the same time we fully admit that the book contains many striking facts and useful suggestions. The criticism of Mr. David Wells's recent papers seems especially worthy of attention.

Political Economy: an Elementary Text-book of the Economics of Commerce. By E. C. K. Gonner. (Sutton.) A good text-book of political economy, fuller than Jevons's *Scientific Primer*, and less difficult than Prof. Marshall's *Economics of Industry*, has been for some time a desideratum. Prof. Gonner appears to us to attain this ideal, as it were hitting between wind and water. Deriving from the freshest sources—Jevons and Profs. Marshall and Walker—he supersedes the text-books founded exclusively on Mill. We are not of those who affect to regard Mill as obsolete. Indeed, our opinion of Prof. Gonner's judgment is heightened by his respectful reference to his great predecessor. However, it is to be admitted that on

the theory of value Mill left something for Jevons to do. Again, as Prof. Sidgwick, the most impartial of judges, has pointed out, the most imperfectly conceived the relation between cost of production and the law of supply-and-demand as regulators of value. In dealing with these subjects Prof. Gonner evinces a firm grasp of first principles combined with a happy power of exposition. He restates, free from technicalities, Jevons's theory of final utility. Imagining an island with only two inhabitants, who deal with each other in coco-nuts and venison, he enables us to analyse the play of economic forces *in vacuo* as it were. It is a good exercise thus to abstract the atmosphere of market in which we live and have our being. Such ideal illustrations are particularly safe and useful in the hands of one who, like Prof. Gonner, is intimately conversant with the concrete facts of modern commerce.

The Modern Distributive Process. By John B. Clark and Franklin H. Giddings. (Boston: Ginn; London: Trübner.) This little volume contains four essays, by two authors, on competition with special reference to wages and profits. The method may be described as neo-Ricardian—novel in so far as it takes account of tendencies, like combination, which were not familiar to the older economists; taking after Ricardo in its character of middle axiom, and in that it rarely condescends to particulars. Mr. Clark leads off with a study on "The Limits of Competition." He well distinguishes the equation of net advantages (to use Prof. Marshall's term) in different occupations from the more active competition which prevails between producers of the same article. He analyses and exemplifies the conditions favourable to the formation of unions. It is fortunate that agriculturists cannot readily combine; otherwise they might "force the members of other industrial departments to pay double or quadruple prices for the means of living." Mr. Giddings follows, demonstrating "The Persistence of Competition," in spite of combinations. The special virtue of combination is to prevent not the healthy normal competition which Ricardo contemplated, but "predatory" competition "below the solvency line," which is carried on temporarily at a loss with the object of ousting the less wealthy competitors. At present it is usual to restrain the members of combination from such practices by inflicting a forfeit. Mr. Giddings makes the striking suggestion that the forfeit might be made recoverable by the party paying it, if he demonstrated his ability to maintain his terms permanently. There would thus be an efficient check against predatory under-selling, while the healthy influence of genuine competition would not cease to act. In the next essay we have an analysis of "Profits under Modern Conditions," by Mr. Clark. He distinguishes from the wages of management and from interest the "pure profit" which "accrues to him who simply extends the aegis of his civil rights over the elements of a product and then withdraws it in order that the product may pass into other hands." The reasoning is subtle and original; yet we doubt whether its advantage over the "traditional analysis" is so great as the preface announces. What we have found most helpful is the author's contrast between rent and profits. It is a useful set-off against the identification of those principles which a great writer has recently made fashionable. The last essay on "The Natural Rate of Wages" is important, but difficult. We have not fully seized the author's conception of the natural or ethical rate of wages. "The rule of ideal distribution is to each according to the full natural value of his work." Are we mistaken in identifying this principle with Mr. Herbert Spencer's teaching on the same subject? If not, we would ask, Is it possible to determine how

much each of several co-operating parties—such as operatives and manager virtually form—has contributed to the joint result. It is like determining which blade of a pair of scissors is most useful. We recommend the writer to supplement his philosophic reading by a study of Prof. Sidgwick's analysis of "desert." A little less Spencerian metaphysics, a little more mathematical reasoning, appear to us all that is required to make these essays an important contribution to what Jevons called the *Mechanics of Industry*.

Taxation, its Principles and Methods. Translated from the "Scienza delle Finanze" of Dr. Luigi Cossa, with an Introduction and Notes by Horace White. (New York and London: Putnam.) Dr. Luigi Cossa is already well known as the author of a *Guide to the Study of Political Economy* which Jevons introduced to the English public in a highly commendatory preface. The qualities which Jevons notices, the "polyglot learning," "the extraordinary extent and accuracy of Dr. Cossa's knowledge of the economic literature of almost all nations," are not wanting in the work before us. They are conspicuous in the section on the historical data of the science, and in the appended bibliography whose logically framed compartments are stored with copious materials gathered from every literature. However, history forms but a small part of the present work. It is in the main an independent and original treatise. The subject is one of those about which, as Disraeli says, the author is much more likely to be well informed than the critic. Only a specialist, and a specially good one, could without presumption enter into a detailed criticism of Dr. Cossa's *Science of Finances*. It is safe to say that the English language does not contain a work on the same subject of equally serviceable dimensions that is at once so learned and well reasoned. The value of the translation is enhanced, especially for American readers, by the notes and appendixes relating for the most part to the finances of the United States.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Mr. Swinburne has sent to press a new volume of poems.

MR. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS expects to complete Part V. of his great work on "Early English Pronunciation" for the Philological, Early English Text, and Chaucer Societies by next Easter. It will deal with our modern dialects. His chief helper, Mr. Thomas Hallam, has made many journeys and local studies specially for this work.

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE has written a new novel, *The Countess Eve*, which will be published before the end of the year by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. ANDREW LANG has two new volumes in the press: *Grass of Parnassus*, a selection of verses from various sources; and *Letters on Literature*, consisting of a reprint of papers that have appeared in the *New York Independent*.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly, in a small volume, the studies of *Bible Characters* which Charles Reade wrote for a magazine a little while before his death.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in preparation a new edition of the *Ballads of Hans Breitmann*, revised by the author, containing also a number of new Anglo-German poems, which it is believed will be found fully equal to any of the old favourites. The greatest pains will be taken to render this edition as perfect as possible.

MR. GERALD MASSEY has rewritten his work on *Shakespeare and the Sonnets*, with much new

matter; and it will be published immediately by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., under the title of "The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets: a New Work on Old Lines."

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in October the *Life of the Earl of Godolphin*, Lord High Treasurer under Queen Anne, by the Hon. Hugh Elliot, who has made use of unpublished MSS. in the British Museum and the Record Office as well as at Hatfield.

LAST Christmas was published a handsome volume, *The Pioneers of the Alps*, containing portraits in photogravure of Swiss guides. We are now promised a companion work giving permanent photographs of Swiss scenery, to be called *The Alpine Portfolio*. The enterprise is undertaken by Mr. Oscar Eckenstein and Mr. August Lorria, who have secured the assistance of several of the best-known climbers, including (notably) Mr. H. F. Donkin. It is proposed to begin with the Pennine Alps, from the Simplon to the Great St. Bernard. This will form a portfolio of at least one hundred views, with descriptive letterpress. The views will all be photographs, some expressly taken for the work and others hitherto unpublished, printed by the heliotype process on thick plate card, about 12½ by 16 inches. Only a limited number of copies will be issued; and there will also be a special edition on Japanese paper. Subscribers should address themselves to Mr. O. Eckenstein, 62 Basinghall Street, E.C.

EARLY in October will be published *Juvenile Literature as it is*, by Mr. Edward Salmon, whose name will be known in connexion with articles in the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century* on boys' and girls' books. The interest taken in those articles has induced him to go more thoroughly into the subject, and to endeavour to give a general account of the books and magazines produced for the young. The work of individual writers has been carefully considered. The first chapter is made up of statistics and remarks by young people on the books they like best, the material for which was placed at Mr. Salmon's disposal by Mr. Charles Welsh.

A NEW series of cheap and attractive reprints is announced by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Though other forms of literature than fiction will be included, the general character of the series will consist of novels by well-known writers, and original talks and sketches, so that it has been decided to give to it the name of "Unwin's Novel Series." The first volume to be issued will be Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's *Gladys Fane*, now in its fifth edition; and this will be followed by Mrs. Clifford's *Mrs. Keith's Crime*.

WITH the October number, beginning a new volume, the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be increased in size to seventy pages; and the frontispiece will hereafter be printed separately on thick paper, so as to do fuller justice to the engraver's art. Two new serial novels will be commenced—"Sant' Ilario," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; and "The House of the Wolf," by Mr. J. Stanley Weyman—while each number will also have a short story. Among the other promises of the prospectus are a series of drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson suggested by the "Complete Angler"; illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur," by Mr. Henry Rylands; "A Suburban Garden," by Mr. J. E. Hodgson; "John Hoppner," by Mr. Walter Armstrong; "With the Cannibals of New Guinea," by Mr. Hume Nisbet; and a continuation of the series on "Old English Homes," by Miss Elizabeth Balch.

ONE of the earliest novels of the autumn season will be one from the pen of Mrs. Spender, entitled *Kept Secret*. It will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The same

publishers announce a new novel by the Earl of Desart, entitled *Herne Lodge*, which deals with mysterious experiences in a haunted house.

THE authors of "Three in Norway" went further afield last year—to British Columbia, which they will describe in a book to be published by Messrs. Longmans, with numerous illustrations from their own photographs and sketches.

THE Cambridge University Press will shortly publish an *Elementary Commercial Geography*, by Dr. H. R. Mill, lecturer in the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, written on a new plan. The first part deals with the materials of commerce, the geographical distribution of commodities, and the means of transport; the second takes up the geography, products, and trade of the countries of the world, and more particularly of the United Kingdom and British possessions, the United States, France, and Germany. The characteristic resources, chief towns, and main traffic routes of each region are described in relation to its physical geography.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be a selection from *Chaucer*, edited by Mr. Frederick Noel Paton.

THE question of a free and open church, which is just now attracting so much attention through the *Canterbury Encyclical*, is dealt with in a story, entitled *The Keys of Saint Martin's*, which will be published next week by Messrs. Houlston & Sons.

A NEW volume of verse, entitled *The Silver Cord*, by Frances Dawe, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS's volume on *Holland*, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series, will be published on September 5, and not on October 31, as was previously announced.

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN will contribute a serial story of Yorkshire life to the new volume of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, commencing with the number published on September 26.

THE Queen has been pleased to accept the dedication of *Berkshire Grammar, Folklore, and Glossary*, by Major B. Lowesley, published for the English Dialect Society.

THE fund raised for the benefit of the widow and two children of the late Richard Jefferies amounts in all to £1,514 10s. 5d., which has been invested in the names of three trustees—Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Alfred Buckley (New Hall, Salisbury), and Mr. C. J. Longman.

MR. SIDNEY L. LEE will read a paper on "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama" before the Elizabethan Literary Society, on Wednesday next, September 5.

DR. MAX KALUZA has, at the request of Dr. Furnivall, undertaken to edit for the Chaucer Society a parallel text of the *English Romaunt of the Rose*, formerly attributed by mistake to Chaucer, and its original, the French *Roman de la Rose*. The middle part of the French text, which the fifteenth-century Englisher did not touch, will be given in a supplement. The Chaucer Society issue for 1887 is still in arrear, but three Parts are nearly ready for it.

DR. K. D. BUELBING is editing for the Early English Text Society William of Shoreham's metrical version of the Psalms, from the MSS. in the British Museum and Trinity College, Dublin.

M. O. CAMBIER, Justice de la Paix, Pâturages, Belgium, has published a new translation of the first part of Mr. G. J. Holyoake's *History of the Rochdale Pioneers*. Of the five French translations which have now appeared this is the most complete.

HERR HÄNTSCHKE has just issued (Leipzig and Berlin: Klinkhardt) the first translation into German of the same book. This translation is of the complete work, with appendix, statistics, and preface by F. Schenck; and it also contains illustrations of the original store in Toad Lane and of the central stores at Rochdale.

PROF. PAUL MEYER has written an article in a late number of the *Revue Critique*, criticising rather severely the French papers in the Modern Language Tripos examination at Cambridge.

QUITE distinct from the International Copyright Bill, which is hung up indefinitely in the House of Representatives, there is another proposal affecting literature now under consideration in the American Congress. This is a clause in what is known as the Mills Tariff Bill, which, as it passed the House of Representatives, places upon the free list

"Bibles, books, and pamphlets printed in other languages than English, and books and pamphlets, and all publications of foreign governments, and publications of foreign societies, historical or scientific, printed for gratuitous distribution."

As this clause will certainly suffer modification in the Senate, even if any part of it be accepted by that body, it would be premature to discuss its somewhat curious wording and punctuation.

DR. FURNIVALL has lately seen in the aisle of Ashford Church, near Bakewell, in Derbyshire, five of the "virgin crantes," or "maidens' garlands," which the priests allowed Ophelia's corpse—with other rites—by "great command," instead of the suicide's "shards, flints, and pebbles." The custom of carrying a garland or crant before a girl's coffin was abandoned at Ashford only in 1820; and Dr. Furnivall has appealed to the rector, Mr. Luxmore, to try and revive the custom, for Shakspeare's sake. Oddly enough, the Derbyshire garland has not hitherto been identified with Ophelia's crant by any writer on the subject known to Mr. Luxmore.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SICILY.

(Imitated from *Heredia*.)

On Etna, still, the ripened grapes did play—
As to Theocritus—their red and gold,
But they whose graces in his song were told
Are sought in vain by singers of to-day.

Destined, by turns, to conquer and obey,
Poor Arethusa, vulgarised and cold,
Blends with the Greek blood in her veins that
rolled

The Saracen rapine and the Norman sway.

All dies, or changes; stone its shape will lose;
Ruined is Agrigentum; Syracuse

Under her sky's blue pall supinely sleeps;
Yet Love, before his delicate sculpture fades,
On silver shining medals freshly keeps
The deathless beauty of Sicilian maids.)

H. G. KEENE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Expositor* for September, Prof. Milligan continues his thoughtful study of the Biblical ideas of priesthood; Mr. W. H. Simcox contributes well- sifted material to the investigation of the Pauline Antilegomena; Dr. Monro Gibson points out the important differences between "Wisdom Personified and Love Incarnate," incidentally showing the necessity of studying the Hagiographa; Mr. Rendall continues his notes on Acts; Dr. Cheyne gives "Two Thoughts from Abroad"; "E." continues his warning against Friedrich Delitzsch's *Assyrisches Wörterbuch*; and Dr. Lansing, of Cairo, furnishes

Egyptian data for discussing portions of the Pentateuch. This last article requires to be read with considerable caution by those not versed in critical questions. The author thinks that Job was probably written by Moses, that Isaiah had certainly visited Egypt, and that "Daniel took many words from the Assyrians among whom he lived." He also maintains, appealing (but surely by mistake) to Gesenius, that "shibboleth" does not mean "ear," but "stalk." The article, in its unrevised state (see footnote) must, indeed, have been wonderful. How different is Ebers's well-known but, alas, unfinished work, *Aegypten und die Bücher Moses!*

NOTES ON BULLEN'S OLD PLAYS, 1882-1885.

I HAVE ventured to put these few remarks together entirely on account of my love for and interest in the subject, and my desire to render any slight help I can to the better appreciation of these valuable volumes Mr. Bullen has bequeathed to us. Nothing is farther from my thoughts than any intention of fault-finding or criticism of the editor's work. The pleasure I have derived in their perusal and in the search for explanation of obscurities in these plays leaves me no feelings except those of gratitude for the exquisitely brought-out and excellently edited series under consideration.

HENRY CHICHESTER HART.

VOL. I.

"TRAGEDY OF NERO."

P. 38:

"We seeke not now (as in the happy dayes
Oth' Commonwealth they did) for libertie;
O yon deere ashes, Cassius and Brutus,
That was with you entomb'd, their let it rest."

Obviously "their" in the last line should be *there*. The meaning is "Let liberty rest there—in the tomb of Cassius and Brutus." In the quarto of 1633, it is printed correctly *there*.

P. 41:

"Not so:

Rufus, the captaine of the Guard, 's with us,
And divers others oth' *Prætorian* band
Already made" (named?)

The suggested "named" is quite unnecessary. "Made," with the meaning "prepared for the business," or, as we would say, "posted," is common in the dramatists. Ben Jonson has "Come, let's before and *make* the justice, captain" ("Every Man in his Humour, iv. 9), and in "Sejanus," ii. 1, "were Lygdus *made*, that's done." In the "Fox" also, the same author has the expression several times.

P. 46: Another favourite Jonsonianism occurs in the line—

"And now on wished shore hath *armed* his foot."

A Latinism which occurs three times in Ben Jonson's works in the sense of "settled," "established," "confirmed." It is used more recently by Dryden.

P. 55:

"O should the Parthian heare these miseries
He would (his low and native hate apart)
Sit downe with us and lend an enemies teare
To grace the funerall fires of ending Rome."

Mr. Bullen considers "low hate" nonsense, and after mentioning "*long native hate*," and "*bow and arrow laid apart*," gives it up. I imagine the letter "b" has dropped out and we should read "blow," the Parthian blow or stroke being a common classical allusion: "he would, setting apart his natural hate and mode of assault," &c.

"THE MAID'S METAMORPHOSIS."

P. 114:

"And when the sun steales downward to the
west
We leave our chat and *whistle* in the *fat*,
Which is a signal to our stragling flooke."

I have not met this expression elsewhere except in Drayton's "Shepherd's Garland," Ed. 8—

"He leerd (lured?) his sheepe as he him list
When he would *whistle* in his *fat*
To feede about him round."

It would appear that the shepherds of this time (1593-1600) had not the assistance of dogs in all cases. In Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe" (1614), however, "shepherd's dogs, good dogs," are spoken of.

P. 117: Instances of the word "legeritie" (alacrity) will be found in "Every Man out of his Humour," ii. 1; and in "Dr. Doddipol," edited by Mr. Bullen, as well as in the passage cited by him from Shakspeare's "Henry V."

P. 147:

"Maister be contented; this is leape yeare—
Women weare breeches, *petticoats* are deare."

The reason petticoats are dear in leap year is, I presume, that knaves wear smocks then. "This is leap year and then, as you know well, knaves wear smocks" (*Treatise against Judicial Astrology* (1601), quoted by Dyce in notes to Middleton's "Michaelmas Term" ii. 1.). Dyce, in the passage from Middleton, explains "I think he wears a smock," to be equivalent to "I think he is a knave," in reference to the proverbial expression. Mr. Bullen, in his notes to Middleton, disagrees.

P. 151: "Sib"—akin, is in common use in the north-eastern counties of Ulster as well as in Scotland and northern England. A few lines lower down another northern expression occurs—"Cold comfort shall you finde." This phrase is not uncommonly used, but its full force is much stronger than appears. "Cold" is absolutely *bad* in northern phraseology. "Cold comfort" does not mean merely comfort of an unsatisfactory sort, but direct and antagonistic discomfort. I asked a bailiff in Donegal how much rent he got at a certain rent-day? "Not a could shilling I got, and won't," was his somewhat puzzling reply. "Not as much as a bad shilling." In Heywood's "If you know not," &c. (Pearson, ii. 293) we meet with "cold news," meaning the worst of news, and in Day's "Blind Beggar" (1600) occur "a couple of cold words," and "three or four cold words in hugger-mugger," where the meaning is "disagreeable news." Shakspeare uses "cold" in the sense of disagreeable several times.

"THE MARTYRED SOULDIER."

P. 185:

"The patten that he holds his office by."

"Patten," as a corrupted form of "patent," occurs occasionally. In "The Trial of Chevalry," 1605 (Bullen, iii. 329)—"I think he has a *patten* to take up all the shields i' th' country"; and in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour"—"I might have been joined *patten* with one of the seven wise masters."

P. 205:

"The Boare . . . but that he [Cosmo] fell behinde
an Oake
Of admirable greatnesse (had) torne out his
bowels;
His very tuakes, striking into the tree,
Made the old *champion* shake."

Does not "champion" here naturally mean the oak "of admirable greatness"? In a footnote I find it explained "champain," i.e., the country.

P. 207:

"I can tell you in some countries they are held
no small fooles that goe in *Chaines*."

I suppose an allusion to Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, where jewels or gold ornaments were held in direct contempt.

P. 219:

"*Avices* and also Rabby Roses."

The latter is, as Mr. Bullen explains, a corruption of Averroes mentioned in Chaucer, but probably *avices* is merely a misprint for "Avicen."

P. 232:

"Recantation is—a toy,
To lose the *portage* in these sacred pleasures
That knows no end."

In a footnote a passage from "Pericles" is quoted:

"Even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy *portage* quit
With all thou canst find here."

Mr. Bullen adopts Steevens's explanation of "portage"—thy safe arrival at the port of life—for the passage in "Pericles," and leaves us in doubt how to explain the present lines. In Bailey's Dictionary I find "*Portage*, money paid for carriage of goods, &c.," and in Howell's Cotgrave, "*Portage*: Portage, carriage, or a carrying; also the custom, toll, freight, fare, or fee paid for carriage." In this latter meaning, which is also Bailey's only one, the sense is, perhaps, to be found of both passages. In "Pericles," "Thou has paid more portage in thy loss (of thy mother on the journey) than all thou canst find here will requite thee for"; and a similar interpretation might apply to the present instance. But on p. 234 Victoria warns Belisarius against losing "thy *portion* laid up for thee yonder"; and if we are at liberty to suppose the passage corrupt, this is strong corroboration of Mr. Bullen's suggestion in favour of that reading.

P. 236:

Stavesacre (larkspur) is probably a misprint for "Stavesacre." I have never met with the word except terminated by "aker" or "acre."

P. 243:

"First a Varlet, then a Bumbailly," to which a note "Varlet—the Sergeant-at-mace to the city counters was so called"—Halliwell [who, however, gives no instance of this use]. Halliwell probably relied upon the dictum of the learned Gifford. See Gifford's note to the "Fox," act v., sc. iv., where he says that "This term, in Jonson's time, was commonly applied to sergeants-at-mace."

P. 245:

"He shall be well shod for *strovelling*, I warrant you."

Strommell is an old northern form for "stumble," and is probably the word which was meant here.

In my judgment this play is spoken of too slightly by Mr. Bullen—as much so as "Nero" appears to me too highly praised. Let the reader turn to p. 181 and read Henricke's description of a battle. There is the "true ring" about it:

"It was this man's sword

Hew'd ways to danger; and when danger met him
He charmed it thence, and when it grew agen
He drove it back agen, till at the length
It lost the field."

The scene, too, where Victoria meets the King (pp. 229, 230, 1, 2, 3, 4) contains some admirable and well-sustained writing.

"THE NOBLE SPANISH SOULDIER."

P. 269:

The superstition that poison placed in a crystal glass will fracture it is, I believe, handed

down to us by Pliny. Crystal had also the power of staunching blood.

P. 272:

"The song of *Broom-men* and the murdering vulgar."

In the days when London streets were rendered picturesquely hideous by street cries, that of the Broom-men, who supplied heather for the only kind of brushes then in use for household work, was one of the most conspicuous. The first character in the old farce, "The London Chanticleers," was "Heath, the Broom-man," and it opens with his sing-song cry of a dozen verses or so. In "Law Tricke," by Day, they are mentioned thus: "Now fyte like Broom-men in the street."

P. 276:

"Drawing upon my Lordship's Courtly calfs Payres of Imbroydered things whose golden *clockes* Strike deeper," &c.

I call attention to this early allusion to these decorations on stockings because of a note in *Notes and Queries* (March 10, 1888, p. 188), where an individual is quoted as having introduced the "Cloeke and Stockes" who was alive in 1770. The present play appeared in print in 1634. Webster quotes Swift as a first authority. But I find an earlier instance in my notes:

"And on each silver stook
Work such a *clock*
With twisted coloured thread, as not a swaine
Of all the downes can show the like againe."
(Browne, "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614).

And a still earlier instance occurs in Webster's "Northward Ho!" 1607.

P. 276:

"Thou God of good Apparell, what strange fellows
Are bound to do thee honour . . .
These pide-winged Butterflies; . . .
Another *flye boat*?"

In this passage, where Baltazar sneers at and is slighted by Dons in gay apparel, a new comer "of the same kidney" (Don Roderigo) is compared to a "flye-boat." The editor comments upon this: "In the text I suspect we should read 'fly-about' for 'flye-boat.'" Fly boats (Spanish *fibotes*) were fast-sailing vessels; and the term is used twice, at least, in Heywood's plays as a nickname in company with such terms as "pink" and "pinnacle." But in Marston's "Antonio and Mellida," act v., occurs an exact parallel—

"Here's such a company of fibotes, hulling about
The galleasse of greatnesse."

The term was readily suggested to the writer's mind by his previous metaphor of "pide-winged butterflies."

P. 277:

"I am no *care-picker*
To sound his hearing that way.
Bal. Are you of Court, Sir?
Cock. Yes, the King's Barber."

This portion of the barber's avocation, like that of chirurgery, is either defunct or devolved into the hands of other professors. In Day's "Parliament of Bees" (1641), this scene is a good deal reproduced; and perhaps Day was the borrower, as in the same performance he undoubtedly lays himself under obligations to Dekker. Dates of publication are no *criteria* as to time of appearance or composition among old plays. One does not often meet with allusions to the professional ear-picker; but here is another:

"Your instruments are sharp as mine, Sir Barber,
And you can pick more out of your Lord's ears
Than I take from his garments with my sheers." (Brome's "Love-Sick Court," iv. 1.)

Times are greatly changed since the eera-

cutter's was a familiar London street cry, and "Kindheart," the mountebank, cured the toothache. But the abolition of the barber's function with instruments in reference to the ears is a Heaven-sent improvement.

P. 277:

"You *yellow-hammer*! why, shaver."

This contemptuous term will be met with again in the same series—in the "Tryal of Chevalrie," vol. iii., p. 289. It is applied still to any wretched-looking whip-stock of humanity in the north of Ireland. A correspondent in Ulster* phraseology has often heard it in Innishowen, co. Donegal, and instances a remark—"You *puir-looking yellow yoldrick*" (northern form of the bird's name). The yellow-hammer with its plaintive ditty on a lonely hill-side is certainly not a cheerful-looking object, however sentimentally attractive.

P. 286:

"Shall I bee that *Germane fencer* and beat all the knocking boys before me? Shall I kill him?"

This has all the appearance of a cotemporary allusion, and brings back the date of the play nearly thirty years from that of its publication (1634). In Dekker's "Knights Conjuring" (1607)—"At sword and buckler little Davy was nobody to him, and as for rapier and dagger, the *Germane* may be his journeyman." And in the "Seven Deadly Sins" (1606), by the same author—"The challenge of the *Germane* against all the masters of noble science would not bring in a quarter of the money." Another allusion, quoted by Bullen from "The Owl's Almanacke," by the same author, puts the date of that composition to about 1606, which was probably the time when this celebrated German challenged our much-vaunted masters. *The Owl's Almanacke* was printed in 1618. The passage under consideration may, however, have been interpolated as a player's gag in "The Noble Soldier," but other evidence could be produced as to its early date.

P. 290:

"The mother of the maids and some worne ladies," &c.

This soubriquet for one of the dames of court (mistress of the robes?) occurs elsewhere—"She might ha' been mother of the maids, as well, to my seeming; or a matron to have trained up the best Ladies' Daughters in the Countrey" (Brome, "Northern Lasse," i. 4); and in "Elvira" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xv. 46)—"An aunt of mine being mother of the maids." Evidently this was the functionary whose special privilege was that of chaperoning and disciplining the maids of honour of the day. Ben Jonson's "Miscellany Madam" in "Cynthia's Revels" was a female power at court of a similar but somewhat lower grade.

P. 302:

"A chimney-sweeper with the Irish."

Irish beggars; Irish lice; Irish coostermongers; rank Irish butter; valuable Irish horses; Irish witches; Irish dissemblers; Irish wolves, toads, and merchants; the Irish ring and bay (dances); Irish saffron and salutations; Irish earth and timber; Irish footboys, lackeys, and ratcatchers; Irish hand, Fury, and Revenge; Irish Spaniards, Judas, jacket, flux, and harp—all of these I find more or less unflatteringly referred to by the Elizabethan dramatists or their cotemporaries; but I have not elsewhere found the trade of chimney-sweeping identified with the Emerald Isle at so early a period. There is a living votary of the art who designates himself "professor of chimney-sweeping to the Trinity College." This pardonable vanity becomes

* Miss Honoria Galway, who has rendered me valuable assistance in collecting the folklore and provincialisms of Ulster.

honourable pride if we can believe it to be hereditary.

P. 307:

"Least some *choake-pears* of State-policy
Shoo'd stop my throat and spoil my drinking-pipe."

The allusion here is not so much to the "wild sour peare" of that name as to the gag which was christened from it. Grose says: "Choke-pear. Figurately an unanswerable objection: also a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers; it was of iron, shaped like a pear," &c. See also Fairbairn's note to Lyly's "Midas," iv. 3. In "Dicke of Devonshire," vol. ii. of this series, p. 68—"Hee will give you a choke-pear will spoyle your spitting"—alludes to hanging, an undoubted way of spoiling the drinking-pipe.

P. 307:

"I ever knew thee honest, and the marke
Stands still upon thy forehead."

This test of loyalty or chasteness, openness or honesty, is continually alluded to by earlier writers, and so abundantly prevalent was the belief in the proverbial saying that it amounted to an aphorism. It is very strange that even as an allusion it appears to be entirely obsolete. Some passages in Shakspeare are not sufficiently forcible to the reader who is unacquainted with the phrase. It occurs in "Gamer Gurton's Needle" (printed in 1575). "I am as true, I would thou knew, as skin between thy brows" (v. 2). A good clear space between the eyebrows was held to be a requisite for female beauty. It is one of the thirty points of a dame's beauty in Sir J. Harrington's *Epigram* 15, ed. 1633; and in "Sir Gyles Goosecap" (1606)—"A passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happy distance between the eyebrows" (Bullen, iii., p. 32).

In the fifth act of "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus" (Clarendon Press), the converse occurs—"Thou hast a prettie furrowed forehead, and a fine leacherous eye," &c. In Shakspeare's "Much Ado"—"As honest as the skin between his brows"; and that the brow was held to be the touchstone of honesty is illustrated in "Hamlet"—"The chaste unsmirched brows of my true mother." In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon" (1599, Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vii. 307) "truth" is evidenced by the same character. And in the "Comedy of Errors" the converse again occurs—"And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow."

Chapman, in his continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," introduces the thought in exquisite poetry:

"As far from any spot
Of light demeanour as the very skin
Twixt Cynthia's brows." (Sect. iv. 325.)

Ben Jonson uses the phrase proverbially in "Cynthia's Revels," "Every Man out of his Humour," and in "Bartholomew Fair." He varies it to "magnanimous," "clear," "plain" or "open," and uses sometimes "eyes," sometimes "brows." It occurs also in "The Ordinary," by Cartwright, and many other writers of the time make use of it. I do not find it enumerated in any of the various collections of proverbs.

P. 312:

"Tell her the hole in her coat shall be mended."

This proverbial expression is well known in Burn's "Captain Grose's Peregrinations":

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye tent it."

Patch up your reputations as soon as may be. "Bounce Buckram" in the next line is also a proverbial phrase. "Bounce Buckram, Christmas's near, and when it comes it brings good cheer." A longer variant is given in Ray. The

rest of the gibberish in this dialogue between Cornego and Baltazar is an instance of a kind of humour frequent enough in old plays. It seems to us to be devoid of anything except dulness, and from the nature of it there is little room for topical allusions. A mere string of cross-fires, consisting of tags of ballads, sections of proverbs, and very wretched plays upon words with a reference to a popular romance or two, is the usual characteristic of what we should term padding, but no doubt was often mere player's impromptu inserted in the stage copy and printed without authority. To any true antiquary, however, these scraps of bygone chaff are fascinating sources of conjecture. "Dyall of good days" in this passage, points to a meaning of "dial," quasi diary, or almanack, in the sense in which "Ephemerides" was used, that I have not elsewhere found.

P. 313:

"Bel. Woo't not trust an almanacke?"

"Cor. Nor a Coranta neither, though it were sealed with Butter."

"Sealed with Butter" is an ancient proverb. "As sure as if it was sealed with butter" is to be found in Heywood. It occurs in page 148 of Mr. Julian Sharman's admirable reprint of the edition of 1546. But it is seldom met with, and the only other instance I know of occurs in "Look about you" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vii. 405), a play printed in 1600. It occurs there in the form—"As sure as an obligation sealed with batter." "Batter" is no doubt erroneous for *butter*.

P. 313:

"Bel. Away Otterhound."

"Cor. Dancing Beare, Ime gone."

Ben Jonson mentions the otterhound in his "Discoveries"; and in "The Silent Woman," Captain Otter, "Tom Otter," appears to keep otterhounds at Ratcliffe on the Thames. He is also concerned with dancing bears at Paris Garden. Possibly we have here an allusion to "one of the best comedies we have extant," as Gerald Langbaine said of "The Silent Woman" in 1691. On the previous page, among the gibberish already spoken of, the words about "the Fox with a fur night cap" lying "sick of the mulligrubs," and the three sheepskins, reminded me of Volpone and his three dupes in Ben's "best production." The whole passage, however, bears a strained connexion with the current action of the play itself.

P. 313:

"Beauty was turned into a watching candle that went out stinking."

Compare "Juncus laevis, mariscus, . . . The smooth rushe: the rushe whereof watching candles are made: the marish rush," *Nomenclator*, 1585. In "Albumazar," ii. 9, it is mentioned "Why should I twine my arms to cables, and sigh my soul to air: sit up all night like a watching candle," &c. In Shakspeare's "Richard III.," v. iii. 63, "watch" signifies a watching candle "marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time burning" (Schmidt).

P. 317:

"Med. Why doe you barke and snap at my Narcissus as if I were de Frenshe doag?"

In the old play of "Narcissus" a fox was let loose in the court and pursued by dogs. This was shown by the chapel children on Twelfth Night in 1571 (*Collier's Annals of the Stage*, i. 196-7), and perhaps it was revived. I have not seen this play or mask, and can only guess that this obscure passage may be an allusion to it. In the line immediately above we have the old form of *sarsaparilla*, "Salsaparilla"—our word is the Spanish equivalent for the French "*Salsaparilla*" as given by Cotgrave. Bailey gives both "*Salsaparilla*, the rough bind-

weed of Peru," and "*Sarsaparilla*, a plant of Peru and Virginia, a Sudorific of great Efficacy in the Gout and Venereal Distempers." The latter property is that to which Baltazar alludes in his abusive language. (See my note on vol. iv., p. 157, in this series *post*.)

P. 318:

"Toot," in a passage which will not bear quotation, is explained in a note, "to pry into." It is not a common word, but is used by Taylor, the water-poet. In Heywood—"On my maydes he is ever tooting" (Sharman's *Heywood*, p. 122). The meaning is rather, to stare at eagerly.

P. 327:

"Henbane and Poppey, and that magicale weed, Which Hags at midnight watch to catch the seed."

Undoubtedly the fern seed. I should not have thought this required a note, except that the editor has asserted it to be "hemlock," and adduced an irrelevant passage from Ben Jonson in support of this interpretation. Properly speaking fern seed should be gathered at midnight on St. John's Eve, and the folklore on the subject throughout Europe is copious. See Britten's *European Ferns*, Friend's *Flower and Folk-Lore*, &c. It is generally suggested that the fern seed may have derived its supposed power of conferring invisibility from the extreme minuteness of the spore-dust or seed. Another origin, somewhat on the plan of the "Doctrine of Signatures," has occurred to me. Fern ash was largely used at one period in the manufacture of glass, from the strong percentage of silica in its composition. Chaucer wrote:

"But natheless som seiden that it was
Wonder thing to mak of fern alschen glas."
(*Squire's Tale*.)

And in Harrison's *England*, ii. 6, more about fern-ash glass will be found. If the fern ash has the wonderful power of making transparent glass, invisibility is not very far away. But no doubt some one will at once be able to prove that the superstition is far older than the manufacture.

P. 329:

"Of this day? 'Why, as of a new play, if it end's well all's well.'"

Here is a reference to Shakspeare's play, I should suppose, and apparently a reference to it as a "new play." I have not Mr. Ingleby's *Centuri of Prayse* by me, so possibly I have been anticipated.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE AND MR.
S. LANE-POOLE.

London: Aug. 26, 1888.

Will you kindly spare me space for a few lines touching matters personal?

I am again the victim (*Athenaeum*, August 25) of that everlasting *réclame*. Mr. S. Lane-Poole (I allow him the hyphen!) has contracted to "do" a life of Lord Stratford, and, *ergo*, he condemns me, in magisterial tone and a style of uncalled-for impertinence, to act as his "adv't." In relating how, by order of the late General Beatson, then commanding Bash-buzuks (*Bashi-bazuk* is the advertiser's own property), I volunteered to relieve Kars, how I laid the project before the "Great Eltchee," how it was received with the roughest language, and how my first plan was thoroughly "frustrated," I have told a true tale and no more. "A strange perversion of facts," cries the sapient criticaster, with that normal amenity which has won for him such honour and troops of unfriends—when his name was proposed as secretary to the R.A.S. all prophesied the speediest dissolution of that infirm body.

I am aware that Constantinople is not geographically "out of Europe." But when Mr. S. Lane-Poole shall have travelled a trifle more he may learn that ethnologically it is. In fact, most of South-Eastern Europe holds itself more or less non-European; and when a Montenegrin marries a Frenchwoman or a German, his family will tell you that he has wedded "a European."

"No one knows better than Sir R. Burton by what queer methods reputation may be annexed." Heavens, what English! And what may the man mean? But perhaps he alludes in his own silly, saltless, sneering way to my *Thousand Nights and a Night*, which has shown what the "uncle and master's" work should have been. Some two generations of *poules mouillées* have reprinted and republished Lane's "Arabian Notes" without having the simple honesty to correct a single *bévue*, or to abate one blunder; while they looked upon the *Arabian Nights* as their own especial rotten borough. But more of this in my tractate, "The Reviewer Reviewed," about to be printed as an appendix to my Supplemental Volume, No. vi.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

BYZANTINE INFLUENCE IN IRELAND.

Oxford: Aug. 20, 1888.

Can I enlist the help of any of the Irish scholars who have made so many valuable contributions to your pages in unravelling a clue which seems to promise results of no little interest and importance?

In his account of a group of MSS. in the library of the University of Würzburg (*Die ältesten Evangelienhandschriften der Würzburger Universitätsbibliothek*, Würzburg, 1887) Dr. G. Schepss mentions one, which he designates "J," and describes as written in Anglo-Saxon (? Irish) characters of the eighth century, with a commentary which he considers to be written not much later, in the ninth. This MS. contains the following remarkable note:

"Mosinu Maccumin scriba et abbas Bennuir (= Bangor, the well-known monastery on the coast of Down) primus Hebernensium compotem (i. computum, i.e., rule for finding Easter) a greco quodam sapiente memorialiter dedit (i. didicit). Deinde Maccuros Maccumin Semon, quem Romani doctorem totius mundi nominabant alumnusque praefati scribae in insula quae dicitur Crannach Duinlethglaise, hanc scientiam literis fixit, ne memoria laboretur (Schepss, *ut sup.*, p. 27)."

Those who are concerned with early Irish history and palaeography will be at once struck by this mention of the Greek; but its importance depends upon the identification of the two persons with whom he is connected. To begin with the second, I strongly suspect that he is to be identified with the subject of two quotations in a note by Dr. Reeves (*Adamnan*, p. 85, ed. 1857):

"Cuaranus, sapiens, in Desilis Momoniae, est qui et Cronanus filius Nethsemonis dicitur" (*Mar. Gorm.*, February 9).

"Mochuarcus Sapiens in regione Deslorum quiescit: qui et Cronanus filius Nethsemonis dicitur. Vocatur Mochuarcus de Nona, ideo quod ait primus qui curavit celebrationem Missae fieri seorsim, quae cum media Nona apud antiquos celebrabatur" (*Colg. Act. SS.* p. 302.)

We may compare with this an entry in the *Calendar of the Saints of Ireland*, February 9, p. 43 (ed. Todd and Reeves) "Cuaran the wise, in Deisi Mumhan (=in Desilis, Decies). His name was Cronan Mac Nethseman." To which is appended a note: "The later hand has added in the margin, 'he is called Mochuarcus in the Felire of Aengus.' Mochuarcus is the devotional form of the name signifying 'my little Quar or Cuaran.'" If this identification holds good, Colgan must be wrong in supposing the Cuaran, or Cronan, in question to be the same who visited St. Columba in Iona, as Bangor was at that date still under its first abbot, Comgall. The island called "Crannach Duinlethglaise," on the strength of a note in O'Donovan's *Annals of the Four Masters* (p. 298), I take to mean "a wooded island of Downpatrick"—probably one of the many islands at the south end of Strangford Lough, or is it possibly the modern parish of Inch? This is a point on which an Irish scholar would soon set one right. Another would be as to the connexion of "filius Nethsemonis" with the "Semon" of our extract. It will be seen that Cuaran is located at the time of his death in the district of Decies, in the county of Waterford; but that would not interfere with his having at an earlier period settled in the North, and Downpatrick is within easy reach of Bangor. The fact that both teacher and pupil bear the name "Maccumin" would seem to show that they were related to each other, and so would be naturally brought together.

The most plausible identification for the elder of the two relatives would seem to be with St. Sillan, son of Caimin, or Cummin, third Abbot of Bangor, who succeeded St. Beoghna in 605, and died February 28, 606. These are the dates in the *Annals of the Four Masters*; for the death of St. Sillan the *Chronicon Scotorum* (ed. Hennessy) and Tighernach (whose dates, however, I understand to be put in conjecturally by O'Connor) give 610, the *Annals of Ulster* 609. Again, I should be glad to know if any connexion can be established between the names "Mosinu" and "Sillan." I gather that "Mo-

is only a prefix. There does not appear to be any other "Maccumin" among the abbots of Bangor.

It has often been pointed out that there are traces of a Byzantine influence in the antiquities of Ireland and in the work of the Irish scribes, who, besides their illuminations, are fond of introducing a kind of bastard Greek character into their MSS. (Book of Mulling, Book of Armagh, MS. of Adamnan at Schaffhausen, &c.); but it has always been a perplexing question how that influence got there. Perhaps we have at last found one of the channels by which it was introduced. The time would suit well with what we know of its after ramifications.

W. SANDAY.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

Youghal: Aug. 2, 1888.

In the *ACADEMY*, No. 816, the Rolls' edition of the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick must prove, I said, a notable addition to Irish hagiography. How far my forecast has been verified, the following additional * batches of curiosities will testify.

With regard to the *apparatus criticus*, two MSS., R(awlinson) and E(gerton), supply the text of the Tripartite. Whether they are of identical or different origin; and what is their critical worth, independently and by comparison, you will seek in vain through the introduction or elsewhere in this book. The Life in R. begins fol. 5, and ends fol. 30. Fol. 6 concludes with the first syllable of one word, fol. 7 commences with the last of another. Here is a lacuna which the editor fills up with ten pages from Colgan, and as many more from E. Have leaves been removed from the Oxford Codex; or did the scribe copy right on, unconscious of the hiatus? You can satisfy your curiosity in the Bodleian.

In philology, there is a lengthy synopsis of grammatical forms to prove the recent date of the composition. Its candour upon crucial points is beyond cavil. For instance, rather than admit *n*=pron. infix. pl. 3, *rolluic*=*ro-n-luic* (92), *rollasat*=*ro-n-lasat* (142), and *ronnig*=*ro-n-nig* (144) are not given under infix pronouns. Nay more, *ronnig* is divided *ro-nnig*, and classed a reduplicated preterite! (lxxxv.) Furthermore, *dothlúgim* is printed (lxxvii.) *do-thlúgim*, although *loichtho* (gl. inpe-trandi) of the Milan Codex (62a) establishes that the *t* cannot be radical.

In literature, "Cod. 914" mentioned at third hand (xvi.) is a myth. The MS. is 904, the well-known *Priscian* of Zeuss. Of a piece is the statement from the same reliable authority that St. Patrick is named patron of Ireland in the St. Gall liturgical fragment. The Stowe Missal it is assumed (clxxxv.) has sixty-six folios. The baptismal rubric, *Discendit etc.*, is referred to fol. 56b, and *aspergitur* given as the reading (clxxxiii.). The *Canon Missae* is not placed among the documentary proofs, though Mr. Whitley Stokes, for whose authority the editor ought to have some respect, thought the writing of the part containing Patrick's name was as old as the eighth century (Kuhn's *Zeit.* xxvi. 498).

In liturgy, we find Adamnan's *consuetudo deprecatio*=prayer for the dead (xciv.), genuflexions=prostrations (xcv.), *eylogia*=hal-lowed bread broken up for the Eucharist (clxxxv.), and, perhaps to show the inveteracy of error, *cursus*=the Mass (cxix.).

In theology and scripture, polygamy prevailed, we learn (clxviii.), because St. Patrick followed 1 Tim. iii. 2 in requiring a husband of one wife for bishop. Ps. lxxiii. 19, *ne tradas bestias animas confitentes tibi* is noted: "Ps. xxi.

12, or perhaps xxiv. 17" (36). *Ecce surgat Deus, &c.*, with the editorial emendation [sic] after *fumus*, is given "Ps. lxxviii." in one place (46), and "Ps. lxxvii." in another (281). *Hii in curribus et hii in equis, nos autem in nomine Domini Dei nostri magni* is annotated "Ps. xx. 8" (44). Hereon there is a correction, "for magni, read magni [scabimur], as in the Roman Psalter" (670). Elsewhere (280) the same excerpt is given, with *magni* replaced by *ambulabimus*. Then we find at foot "Ps. xix. 8, where for *ambulabimus* the Vulgate has *recordabimus*, the Gallican Psalter *invocabimus*, the Roman Psalter *magnificabimur*." The endings, namely, of v. 6 and v. 8 of Ps. xix. got mixed up in the editor's mind; but that we can pardon for the brilliant discovery of the active verb *recordare*!

Under "food" (cxlvii.), we have "dough (foes, p. 458)." The passage is: "*coimlet toes cum[asc]tha fuil imotchend*—let them rub dough mixed with blood about thy head." For drollery, this bears the palm. To begin with, there is no Irish for "with." Secondly, *toes*, like *tordan*=do ordan, *tatrechus*=do airechus, *thorcelal*=do thorcelal (252; cf. Z., 336-7), is=do oes, tua aelus! Thirdly, *cum[asc]tha*, minus the intruded letters, is gen. sg. of *cumad* (lvi), *cumaid* (436 bis), companionship. The same case is found in three other places (54, 220, 436). Fourthly, the collective sb. *oes* with gen. is a living idiom: *oes oifrin*=mass-folk (120), *oes tedma*=sick people, *oes graid*=ordained persons (214), *oes ciuil*=musicians. The meaning, accordingly, is simply: "Let thy companions (*oes cumtha*) rub blood around thy head." Verily, a doughty disputant!

Under "carriage" (cxlviii.), the *carreine* is given as being drawn. The reference is as follows: "*Suidighther dochorp hi carreine forru*—let thy body be put into a little car behind them" (p. 252). *Forru*, however, means not behind them, but upon them. This proves that the vehicle in question was borne, not drawn.

Under "relics" (cxliii.), *martra sruithe* is translated "ancient relics." But *sruithe* is in the primary sense (*sruithiu*, gl. antiquior, MI. 59d) is pointless as applied to relics. The secondary signification, "holy, venerable," is that required. This is shown by collation of the Würzburg gloss on Heb. vi. 13, *neminem habuit per quem iuraret maiorem* and the Milan gloss on the comment upon Ps. lix. 8, [per] *sancitatem maiestatemque suam . . . iurando*. *Ni robe nech bad huatiliu*—there was not anybody that was nobler (Wb. 33d). *Nimbot ni bed sruithiu*—there was not a thing that was more holy (MI. 78a).

Connected herewith is a rendering too instructive to be passed over. "*Foracaisb Martin sruithi occu*—he left with them Martin, an elder" (468-9). *Martin*, no doubt, is found in *Leabar Brecc* (28a, l. 26), that orthodox standard which Mr. Stokes referred to for the decision of eighth-century declensional forms. The true reading—some disdain arises at having to do such drudgery—is given in R.: *martraí sruithi*—venerable relics (194).

Before dealing with the text of the Tripartite, it will be of advantage to set down some contrasts taken at random. They illustrate the editor's wonted consistent accuracy in translation and citation.

MR. STOKES	versus	MR. STOKES.
Pp. 36-7, <i>nomiash ngla-noll</i> —a heavenly home, pure, great.		Pp. 450-1, <i>noemish ngla-noll</i> —the all pure habitation.
" 56-7, <i>dar mo debroth</i> —by my God's doom.		" 460-1, <i>dar mo debroth</i> —by my God of judgment.
" 155-6, <i>saigid doib for coek telaiq</i> —they shall attack every hill.		" 480-1, <i>saigid doib for coek telaiq</i> —power(?) to them over every hearth.

* See *ACADEMY*, No. 843.

MR. STOKES	versus	MR. STOKES.
p. 214-5, <i>feib doemneat</i> <i>nech dib dialailiu</i> —as if each of them would outstrip the other.		Pp. 226-7, <i>feib dous crah</i> <i>dib dialailiu</i> —as each of them delivered him to another.
" 284, <i>nolo ego ad in-</i> <i>dicium</i> . Ar. 5 a 2.		" 460, <i>nolo ego in in-</i> <i>dicium</i> . Ar. 5 a 1.
" 300, in <i>caacuminibus</i> <i>Seirts</i> .		" 302, in <i>caacuminibus</i> <i>montis Seirts</i> .
" 310, <i>non minus quam</i> .		" 372, <i>non minimum</i> <i>quam</i> .

In the next letter I shall examine the text and subjects connected therewith.

B. MACCARTHY.

"BABIO-BABIA" IN NORTH ITALY.

London: August 25, 1888.

According to Mr. T. Gonino (see the number of the ACADEMY of to-day's date, p. 121), *babio-babia* is a collective name used in North Italy for tadpoles or even for small toads and frogs. Although I have never heard myself such an expression, I know that "toad" is *baggiu* in Genoese, *pabbi* or *babbi* in Milanese, *babi* in Piedmontese and Mentonese (see my "Names of European Reptiles in the living Neo-Latin Languages," printed in the *Transactions* of the Philological Society, 1882-3-4, pp. 312-354).

It seems that the word *babio*, followed by its singular feminine, or, if one prefers, plural neuter form in -a (see my "On Neuter Neo-Latin Substantives," printed in the same *Transactions*, 1880-1, Appendix iii., pp. 47-66), means an aggregation of toads. And, if *babio-babia* is really used for "tadpoles" or "young and small toads and frogs," it is almost impossible not to think of the English words "baby, babe," and their plural "babies, babes," used for very young individuals of the human species (infant, young children), just as *babio-babia* is used for the young of the batrachian and salamander divisions belonging to the class of the amphibia.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

London: August 28, 1888.

In reference to the query contained in the last number of the ACADEMY it may be interesting to know that a common name for frog in South Lombardy is the Illyric *zaba*, a word evidently introduced by the Croatian soldiers who garrisoned for so many years the towns of Mantua and Cremona, and whose superstitious dread of frogs is well known. It is still used in vulgar parlance to express the idea that no one is listening to a conversation—"Canta zaba che villan dormo" (frog you may croak (sing) while peasant are asleep).

I never heard the form *babio-babia* used in Lombardy. It may possibly belong to the Piedmontese dialects.

F. SACCHI.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, September 5, 8 p.m. Elizabethan Literary Society: "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee.

SCIENCE.

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By Sir J. William Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS work consists of nine chapters, in which, among other matters, the subjects of the haunts and habits of primitive man in Bible and other lands, early man in Genesis, Egyptian stones and their teachings, Egypt and Israel, the topography of the Exodus, Palestine—its structure and history, and the resources and prospects of Bible lands are discussed. There is also a useful appendix on the

geology of the Nile Valley, Egyptian rocks, the modern deposits of the Nile, the geology of Palestine, and Egyptian flint implements.

The special object of the book, the author tells, us is "to notice the light which the scientific explorations of the countries of the Bible may throw on the character and statements of the book." His point of view is that of

"a geological observer, and his conclusions on matters of that kind," he says, "may be received as those of an expert; other departments, whether of science, history, or biblical interpretation and criticism, must occupy a subordinate position as not being specialties of the writer, and as consequently demanding in many cases dependence on the labours of others, verified, however, by his own reading and study of monuments and objects of art."

As a geological observer, Sir J. W. Dawson's opinions and explanations, when restricted to scientific matters, will doubtless meet with the respect and attention which they merit; but how far his Biblical interpretations of words and sentences will recommend themselves to philological readers is quite another question. He seems to be deeply impressed with the wonderful accuracy of the Bible.

"One can scarcely read," he writes, "a page of any ordinary poem or literary work, ancient or modern, without finding incorrect statements as to natural facts, or false hypothetical views, or quaint imaginative superstitions. The Bible is notably free from such peculiarities; and independently of its claims to inspiration, this property gives it a high degree of estimation in the eyes of a naturalist who is able to follow accurately its statements as to the world in which its writers moved."

Again—

"It is not too much to say that any plain man reading and pondering the history of the development of the creative plan in Genesis may obtain clearer and more correct views as to the origin and history of animal life* than it would be possible to reach by any amount of study of our modern popular evolutionary philosophy."

Sir J. W. Dawson is, as is well known, a very decided anti-evolutionist. The use of the word evolution by the school of Spencer and Darwin is characterised as being "a scientific sleight-of-hand or jugglery"—an expression with which he is evidently pleased, as he has used it elsewhere, but which deserves strong reprobation in the opinion of more modest men.

With regard to the Bible and science, there are mainly two methods of attempting to reconcile Scriptural statements with the ascertained facts of modern science, when they seem to be antagonistic. The "orthodox" man of science interprets the plain meaning of the Hebrew words so as to make them square with natural fact. The words are twisted from their obvious meaning to meet difficulties. The orthodox philologist, who is no scientist, accepts the plain and literal meaning of the Hebrew word, or expression. He repudiates with a most decided emphasis all attempts to put a forced construction on words; but he does not believe in the scientific

* A naturalist will probably doubt these "clearer and more correct views" of the Biblical writers on animal life when he remembers that the hare and the hyrax are erroneously placed among true ruminants.

facts, which he designates as "so-called inductions of natural science."

With regard to the "days" of creation, Sir J. W. Dawson says that

"the great antiquity of the earth and its preparation for long ages in the interest of man is an idea as old as the oldest literary monuments of our race, and in placing this in the definite form of creative days, the Old Testament is not deviating from the uniform tradition of antiquity. What," he asks, "if the writer in Genesis intended, and his successors in Hebrew literature understood, that the creative days are days of God, or Divine ages—Olamim, as they are elsewhere called—or which amounts to the same thing, that they represent such periods of time?"

The references adduced in proof of the above assertion are singularly unhappy. "The creative days," we are told, "are the antiquities of the earth spoken of in Proverbs viii."; presumably verse 23 is intended, where Wisdom says of herself, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was, when there were no depths," &c. The *'olamim* here are not creative periods; the word refers to time before the creation of the world, the silent ages of eternity. The translation of the Authorised Version and Revised Version in Psalm xc. 2 (*mēōlām ad-'olām*), "from everlasting to everlasting," is, we are told, "unmeaning." It would, I imagine, be difficult to find a better rendering. At any rate, the time denoted is "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world." We are also informed that the Apostolic Church had the same view of the creative days and the Creator's rest, the words *aiōn* and *aiōnios* "referring to God's ages of working." In the passages quoted in support of this view (1 Cor. ii. 7; Eph. iii. 9; 1 Tim. i. 17; John i. 2, &c.; Heb. i. 2, iv. 4-12) there is nothing whatever to lead us to suppose that the creative *days* of Genesis were understood by the New Testament writers to mean creative *periods*. The fact is that no one ever thought of interpreting the days in Genesis to mean epochs and not literal days of twenty-four hours until geology cropped up its head; and it is not true that the idea of long creative periods having been obscured is "one of the lamentable inheritances of the middle ages."

Sometimes Sir J. W. Dawson introduces us to some very startling methods of interpretation. Thus we are told that the Hebrew word *deshe* does not mean "grass" as in the Authorised Version (and Revised Version), but the humbler cryptogams. There is no doubt about *deshe*, it means "young sprouting grass or vegetation." But *wherefore* the Dawsonian rendering? It will be seen that in Gen. i. 12, the *deshe* appeared on the third day, whereas existing vegetation, according to geology and the author's table of the "Physical and Biblical History of the Earth," did not appear till the sixth day, consequently *deshe* cannot mean "grass" but "cryptogams."* If this is not a bold twist indeed, I know not what is. "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath cryptogams?" The answer is that he probably would. For

* Equally surprising are some other explanations of Hebrew words, such as *badolakh*, by "wampum"; *El* (God) is interjectional, expressing awe or wonder; *oreis* (earth) indicates the sound of sand or soil when disturbed by digging.

"the great sea monsters" of the Revised Version (Gen. i. 21) "there is less warrant" than for the "great whales" of the Authorised Version. The *tannimim* must be either crocodiles or large serpents or creatures resembling them; and thus our author does not overlook the "age of reptiles." The *tannimim* certainly do mean crocodiles and serpents; but as some great sea monster is evidently meant by the Leviathan of "this great and wide sea" (Psalm civ. 25, 26), the Mediterranean, so the large extended *tannimim* of Gen. i. 21 may also well be great sea monsters, and the rendering of the Revised Version cannot, I imagine, be better given. Sir J. W. Dawson's restriction of the Hebrew word to mean crocodiles or reptiles of some kind is with a view to make the work of the fifth day harmonise with the palaeontological age of reptiles. "Great sea monsters" would include cetacea and aquatic mammals, which are not wanted here, as they did not appear till the Kainozoic period, the author's sixth creative day.

We are informed that the three terms used to denote mammalian quadrupeds are translated, even in the Revised Version, "by the notably incorrect words, 'cattle, creeping things, and beasts of the earth.'" The translation of the Authorised Version and Revised Version is quite correct: *behémah*, in Gen. i. 24, denotes "domestic cattle," in contradistinction to the *khayyoth-shorot*, "wild beasts," whether carnivorous or otherwise; *remes* signifies "creeping things," such as lizards, snakes, worms, &c., and there is no authority whatever for restricting it in this passage to "the smaller quadrupeds of the land." The LXX. explain the Hebrew word by *ἐπετά*, the Vulgate by *reptilia*. The alteration is made to suit the palaeontological order of succession. The *remes*, according to Genesis, appeared on the sixth day; according to geology, reptiles appeared on the fifth creative period, and therefore *remes* must not mean reptiles. "It requires no special scholarship," we are told, "but only the industry to use a Hebrew concordance to discover the simple and familiar use of these words in the Old Testament." *Remes* evidently here denotes the "creeping things of the earth," as opposed to *shorot*, "the swarming things of the waters," otherwise the reptiles, &c., of the land are entirely unrepresented. The Hebrew verbs, *bārā* and *ādāh*, are adduced as an instance of the "strangely unerring instinct" with which the writer of Genesis "seizes the relative importance of different kinds of creative work." The distinction between *bārā* and *ādāh* is fanciful, as has been often shown; both verbs are used promiscuously, and are regarded as synonyms (see Gen. i. 7, 16, 21, 26, 27; and ii. 3, 4). In Isa. xlv. 18, *bārā*, *ādāh*, and *yātsar*, as applied to divine acts, are clearly synonyms; while, in v. 7, "this great word" *bārā* is applied to God's creation of darkness and evil. As an instance of "ignorant misconception leading to a gratuitous correction," Sir J. W. Dawson adduces the conjectural reading of "wild beasts of the earth," instead of "the earth," in Gen. i. 26.

"The writer having in view the fact stated later, that man in Eden was placed with a peculiar and select group of animals, probably limits these words intentionally and implies

that man's dominion at first did not extend over the larger carnivora with which it may be inferred that in Eden he had no acquaintance."

Why must we suppose that Adam's dominion was at first thus limited, and that large carnivora were absent from Eden? In Gen. ii. 20, we read that "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field" (*lecol khayyath hassaddah*); and if we look at Lev. xxvi. 22, we shall find that the "beasts of the field" include large carnivora destructive to cattle. There may be no valid reason for supposing that *khayyath* has fallen out of the text (Gen. i. 26); but the conjectural reading has the support of the Syriac version, and there is here neither ignorant misconception nor gratuitous correction. One has generally supposed that Adam, created after God's own image, was created at the very first as gifted with language; but this, it appears, is one of our ignorant misconceptions, for "the narrative in Genesis," we are told, "represents man at first as destitute of speech. He was alone, and so had no need of speech, and is introduced to this gift in anticipation of having a partner. His first lesson in speech is in naming the animals, which he did by imitating their sounds."

Where in Genesis, or elsewhere, is Adam represented as at first destitute of speech? On Eve's expression on the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man from the Lord" i.e., most probably "by the help of the Lord," we read (p. 239)—

"Eve herself seems to have regarded her first-born as the promised seed. She calls him Cain (= geneos), because she had got or produced him (Kanaḥ), and she connects him with Jahveh in a manner suited to her undeveloped grammar, and which is scarcely translatable by us. 'I have gotten a man—the Jahveh,' an identification with God who had given this man, and with the coming man, plain to those who take the words simply as they were said, but inscrutable to critical minds";

yet the ungrammatical Eve is represented before the fall as holding intelligible conversation in very good grammar with the serpent—in what language it would be quite impossible to divine; presumably it would consist largely of sibilants, while the most orthodox believer may be pardoned for refusing to believe that Eve recognised in Cain the seed, i.e., the incarnate Deity, who was to bruise the serpent's head.

The deluge is regarded by our author as in no respect incomprehensible as a geological phenomenon. The narrative purports to be that of an eye witness. All the incidents, if historical in any degree, must consist of the notes of an eye-witness. Noah's deluge was not universal, the whole earth of the narrator was simply his visible horizon, and the animals taken into the ark must have been limited to the fauna of the district of the narrator.

"The lists actually given in Genesis exclude the larger carnivorous animals, though it is true that these are usually present in the toy Noah's arks, from which most persons seem to have derived their ideas of the inmates of Noah's ship."

Much of this is opposed to the plain meaning of the Bible narrative. According to Genesis, the flood was universal; and until geological and other natural science difficulties arose, it

was, with one or two exceptions, always accepted as such. Why are we to suppose that the larger carnivora were not taken into the ark? Where do the lists in Genesis exclude them? In Gen. vi. 19 we read: "Every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark"; see, also, Gen. vii. 14: "Every beast after its kind (*col ha-khayyoth*), and all the cattle (*col ha-behémah*) after their kind, went in unto Noah into the ark." One may not get a very good idea of the inmates of Noah's ark from the children's well-known toy, but Sir W. Dawson's notion is opposed to the Bible story. Considering the comprehensive statements in Genesis, one may decidedly object to Noah's company in the ark which he so successfully floated being thus made a limited liability one.

Those chapters which are free from the author's Biblical explanations contain much interesting reading and valuable matter. To the scientific student the appendix on the geology of Egypt and the Nile Valley, and on that of Palestine, will perhaps be the most valuable part of the work. When Sir J. W. Dawson writes on purely geological subjects one may sit at his feet and listen with attention and respect; but as regards his Biblical explanations—*Caveat lector*, they are not, most certainly, "specialities of the writer."

W. HOUVEROX.

OBITUARY.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S.

WE have to record the death of the veteran naturalist and author, Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, which occurred on August 23, at St. Mary's church, near Torquay, where he had resided for many years.

Mr. Gosse was born in 1810 at Worcester; but his parents soon afterwards moved to Poole, in Dorsetshire, where his lifelong passion for zoology was first developed. While little more than a boy, in 1827, he went out to Newfoundland as clerk in a merchant's office. There he passed eight years, and subsequently travelled for some time through Canada, the United States, and Jamaica, studying at first hand all departments of natural history, and especially insects and birds. His early career thus adds another example to the many which prove that foreign travel is the best school for scientific research.

On returning to England Mr. Gosse immediately showed himself as active with his pen as he had formerly been in observation. It would be impossible to enumerate here all his published works, which number nearly fifty volumes, apart from papers contributed to the *Transactions* of learned societies. The two subjects with which his name will always be specially associated are the popularisation of seaside zoology and the marine aquarium; and the microscopic investigation of that curious aquatic group known as the Rotifera or "wheel-animalcules." His first book on *The Aquarium* appeared in 1854; and so late as 1886 was published the last part of the handsome monograph on *The Rotifera*, in which his fellow-worker was Mr. C. T. Hudson. But there was no form of natural history in which Mr. Gosse did not take an interest. In his old age he became an enthusiastic grower of orchids, possessing, at last, one of the finest private collections in the West of England. He was also an admirable draughtsman, and always illustrated his own works—frequently with coloured plates—so that their value keeps up well in the market to the present day.

No notice of Mr. Gosse would be complete that omitted to mention the strongly developed religious side of his character. His personal affinities, we believe, lay with the sect commonly called Plymouth Brethren, though they do not themselves accept that designation; and not a few of his books are concerned directly with the history of the Jews and the interpretation of Scripture.

Mr. Gosse leaves an only son, who has inherited his father's literary ardour, though directed into other channels.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE REV. H. H. WINWOOD, of Bath, has prepared an admirable sketch of the geology of the surrounding district, which will appear in the handbook compiled for the forthcoming visit of the British Association. The text is accompanied by a coloured geological map, showing Bath as a centre, and stretching thence as far as Bristol on the west, Devizes on the east, Wells on the south, and Malmesbury and Wickwar on the north. This excellent map, based on the work of the Geological Survey, has been prepared under the care of Mr. H. B. Woodward. The handbook, which is edited by Mr. J. W. Morris, also contains contributions from Dr. Beddoe, Prebendary South, Prof. Earle, Mr. O. W. Dymond, Mr. C. E. Davis, &c. It is published by Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons, of Bath.

MR. C. LLOYD MORGAN, professor of geology at University College, Bristol, has printed in pamphlet form a paper recently read before the Bristol Naturalists' Society, entitled "The Mendips: A Geological Reverie." In this he pictures, with the help of outline maps, the geological history of the tract in question from the Devonian period downwards, following much the same method as Mr. A. J.ukes-Browne has done in his *Building of the British Isles*, issued only last week by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Prof. Morgan's pamphlet is published by Mr. J. Baker, of Clifton.

FINE ART.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING AT BERLIN.

Italianische Bildhauer der Renaissance. W. Bode. Studien zur Geschichte der italienischen Plastik und Malerei auf Grund der Bildwerke und Gemälde in den Königl. Museen zu Berlin. (Berlin: Spemann).

THE series of articles that compose this book have appeared before in a Berlin quarterly paper, and only very few alterations have been introduced in this reprint. The purpose of their separate publication is, in the words of the writer,

"to throw new light especially on those epochs in the development of plastic art in Italy, about which heretofore misconceptions have prevailed, by critically examining the collection of sculptures in the Berlin Museum."

In fact, it is not too much to say that the arguments here brought forward tend to conclusions which, if accepted, would become the foundation of quite a new history of Italian art, being based on principles that are the very negation of our generally received views. The foundation stones for such a novel edifice are to be found, according to Dr. Bode, in the late acquisitions of the Berlin Museum; and we may therefore describe the articles before us as being an *oratio pro domo*, considering that most of the new

additions to the collection of Italian pictures and sculptures in Berlin are due to his own indefatigable exertions.

About one-third of the subjects discussed in this book relate to the Florentine sculptor, Andrea del Verrocchio. The following remarkable introductory statement is worth quoting:

"The works of Verrocchio, and of his pupils, in the Berlin Museum are evidently inferior to a number of sculptures by other Italian masters in the same collection, which have been identified long ago. None of those by Verrocchio have hitherto been recognised as such, nor have they attracted any attention. Their special interest is based on the fact that they serve us as a starting-point for a better understanding of this great master."

No doubt, Verrocchio has always been acknowledged to be one of the greatest Florentine artists by all who have studied his imposing plastic works, especially the equestrian monument of Colleoni at Venice, and the angel-boy with the fish in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. But in the face of such masterpieces we feel little temptation to range side by side with them such indifferent productions as most of the sculptures and pictures in which Dr. Bode claims to have discovered Verrocchio's hand. But to avoid a discussion of the merits of the works of art lately brought together by the Berlin director, we prefer to say here a few words about a set of drawings, scattered in various collections, which Dr. Bode is wont to call Verrocchio's sketch-book. Nearly all of these have been reproduced by photography, and students will therefore have no difficulty in controlling the rival views about them. On p. 93 they are enumerated, and we quite agree with Dr. Bode so far as accepting them as the production of one and the same artist. Nor do we wish to question his statement that they remind us occasionally of Verrocchio. But, on the other hand, we must say that their striking artistic deficiencies forbid us to rank them as the production of any artist of renown. The drawing of the figures is quite out of proportion, especially in the children with their swollen legs and thin arms. The outlines are awkward, and the modelling by means of parallel lines is rough and poor. The drawing of the horses is altogether a failure. On some of the sheets are MS. notes, evidently by the same hand. They treat of incidents in the *bottega* and similar matter, and twice we find here the date 1469. How can this be reconciled with the fact that Verrocchio had died a year previous? A final judgment on these drawings ought also to depend on a comparison with some drawings which Dr. Bode omits to mention, but which appear to us to be the only existing genuine sketches of Verrocchio's, viz., the head of an angel in the Uffizi at Florence (Phot. Braun, No. 426), and in the Louvre a sheet in octavo, with pen-and-ink sketches of five *putti* on one side and four on the reverse, with six and a half lines of writing—very unlike the writing on the pseudo-Verrocchio sheets hung close by (Coll. His de la Salle, Nos. 111, 114, 115, 118). In the sketching of the feet and of the legs, and in the treatment of the hair, there is also in these genuine drawings of Verrocchio a marked similarity with some early drawings

of Verrocchio's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, in the Print-room of the British Museum. Another authentic drawing of Verrocchio's is the fine figure of a flying angel, also in the British Museum—a sketch for his well-known monument at Pistoja. This Dr. Bode describes as being by Lorenzo di Credi (p. 150). In our opinion the differences in style and quality between these genuine drawings and those of the so-called sketch-book are self-evident, so that we feel no inclination to enter into further discussion about Verrocchio and his pupils with those who hesitate to admit these fundamental differences.

In the Berlin Museum there has lately been exhibited a large altarpiece, representing the Resurrection of Christ (Woodcut, p. 180), which Dr. Bode proclaims to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Some forty years ago the picture had already been put up in the museum under the more modest, yet more acceptable, heading of "School of Milan." Some time afterwards Dr. Waagen decided to give this weak and unattractive picture a resting-place in the storehouse of the museum, where it remained until Dr. Bode made this striking discovery. Events in art history of this kind are sure to become popular within a short space. Thus Giorgione's *Venus* in the Dresden Gallery and the *Hermes* by Praxiteles, although discovered quite lately, are already familiar to the public at large. The Leonardo of the Berlin Museum and the so-called St. John, ascribed by Dr. Bode to Michelangelo, will they share a similar fate? We shall be much surprised if the learned director succeeds in his manifold efforts to bring about such a change in the mind of independent critics and in the taste of the public as to make them enthusiastic for these discoveries of his.

"The statue of the charming youth in the act of tasting honey, whom nothing but the lamb's skin round his hips betrays as being intended for St. John"—according to Dr. Bode the lost "Giovannino" of Michelangelo—is at all events not a "San Giovannino," but rather a "San Giovanni 'Giovannetto.'" By the former term is to be understood a boy of four or five years of age, by the latter a youth of between eight and fifteen. Dr. Bode seems to be aware of this distinction, yet his arguments on this very point (p. 274) are far from consistent with it. It is certainly interesting to read his story how the statue came to be ascribed to Michelangelo before it left the house of a private gentleman at Pisa for Berlin. Mazzarosa and Milanese, in their edition of *Vasari*, have, we believe, rightly described this statue as representing the shepherd Aristaeus, the pupil of the Melissae (bees), and as being the production of some inferior artist.

The articles on Luca and Andrea della Robbia are, we are glad to state, more acceptable contributions to the history of Renaissance plastic art. The chapter on Florentine terra-cottas contains much valuable information, and so also does that on cinquecento plastic portraiture. In this branch the Berlin Museum is especially rich, and the present discussion is the more interesting because nearly all the works here described are generally admitted to be of real artistic merit.

It is a pity that the writer has paid but little attention to style. His meaning remains

occasionally obscure, and in some instances even contradictory. Some errors may be slips of the pen. Gattamelata is called Erasmo dei Narni, as if Narni had been a family name, whereas he was a native of Narni, and should therefore be called Erasmo da Narni. J. PAUL RICHTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSÔS KING RĀIAN OR KĪHAN.

Weston-super-Mare: August 24, 1888.

Mr. Flinders Petrie's letter in last week's ACADEMY gives reasons for reading the name of the king whose sculptured throne and legs were found by M. Naville at Bubastis "Khian," rather than "Rā-ian," for he says that scarabs exist which support that reading. In the monument (of which a photograph is before me), the central boss of the first sign is lacking, which ought properly to mark it as Rā; and this would agree with its being the sieve-like sign with cross-hatching which is equivalent to Greek χ , or English *kh*. Mr. Petrie has kindly sent me the inscriptions on the scarabs to which he refers, the one at Athens, the other belonging to Signor Lanzzone. If the latter is intended for the same name, it appears to settle the value of the first sign, which is properly hatched with the cross-lines. If we must read "Khian" the name may still be intended by the IANNAZ of Manetho, with rough breathing, as Prof. Sayce suggests.

But what I have to say is that in this case we may, perhaps, find for the first time traces of a Hyksôs proper name in Northern Syria; for Assur-nazirpal received tribute from Khaian of Khindani "on the further bank of the Euphrates," that is on the western side, south of the junction of the Khabâr. And Shalmaneser II. took tribute of Khaian the son of Gabar in Northern Syria towards the west. There are local traces of such a name, especially the ancient ruins and great tanks of Khurbet Haiyân, east of Bethel, which have been thought to mark the site of the important Canaanite city 'Ai. Prof. Sayce and Mr. Petrie agree with me in thinking that the Syrian name Khaian may throw light on the Khian of the scarab, and (if so be) of the Bubastis statue, and I submit these suggestions to those who can best put them to the proof. There is a village called Beni Haiyân as high up in Palestine as Dan, where the houses are built of ancient wrought stones. It is said to be called after an Arab tribe of that name.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

P.S.—What Mr. Petrie says of the value of minor relics is worthy of great attention, as all readers of Wiedemann's invaluable *Ägyptische Geschichte* will agree. When will Mr. Petrie publish his very large and important collection of inscriptions of scarabs? This would put in our hands the information to which he refers us.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

As rumours have got into print that Miss Amelia B. Edwards's health has broken down through "over work," it may be as well to state briefly the facts here. About two months ago she had a sharp attack of typhoid fever, from which her recovery was necessarily slow. However, she regained strength from a visit to the North; and she has now returned to her autumn home at Weston-super-Mare—and to her work.

We are glad to hear—especially as a suggestion to that effect was made at the time in the ACADEMY—that some of the unique series of painted portraits found by Mr. W. M. Flinders

Petrie last winter in the Fayûm, and recently exhibited by him in London, have been acquired by the National Gallery. Five have been purchased, and six have been presented by Mr. H. Mostyn Kennard, who has also presented two of the corresponding mummies to the British Museum. A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the fact that these portraits have already attracted the enterprise of forgers.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the Musical Festival, an extremely interesting exhibition of pictures has been opened in the Municipal Art Gallery at Birmingham. The curator, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, has obtained on loan a number of old masters from the Dukes of Westminster and Norfolk, the Marquises of Hertford and Lansdowne, the Earls of Dartmouth and Coventry, Lord Windsor, &c. But by far the most attractive portion of the collection is the unique series of historical portraits lent by Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, of Belhus, in Essex, who has inherited them through his descent from Lord Dacre of the South. Among them is a panel by Holbein, representing Thomas Fienes, ninth baron, who was executed *temp.* Henry VIII. for participation in a poaching fray, as all visitors to Hurstmonceux know.

On Monday next, September 3, the eighteenth autumn exhibition of pictures will be opened at Liverpool, in the Walker Art Gallery.

MUSIC.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Birmingham: Aug. 29, 1888.

THE presence of Gounod gave special *éclat* to the Festival of 1882, and the brilliant success of "The Redemption" added to its fame. Then, in 1885 there was the attraction of "Mors et Vita," and Herr Dvorák came and conquered with his "Spectre's Bride." This year, so far as novelties are concerned, the committee has had to rely solely on English composers. Herr Dvorák was asked to contribute a work, but, for some reason or other, he was unwilling to comply with the request. One may regret the absence of the foreign element; but if Dr. Parry's Oratorio and Dr. Bridge's Dramatic Cantata give satisfaction—and it seems most likely that they will—the Festival of 1888 will not have been held in vain.

Dr. Richter assumes command for the second time; and again, in the preparatory work at the London rehearsals, and at Birmingham, he has proved himself a most careful, capable, and energetic conductor. He is eminently practical, and the performers cannot but feel that if he does not grudge time neither does he waste it.

Before noticing the opening day of the festival, it is only fair to Dr. Richter to mention the long band rehearsals held last week in London, and the two hard days' work here on the following Saturday and Monday. The conductor has a good band, though still weak in strings, a fine choir, and experienced vocalists; but he leaves nothing to chance. It is at rehearsal, and generally in small matters, that one perceives Herr Richter's greatness.

Tuesday morning was devoted to the "Elijah." Mendelssohn's Oratorio, despite time and the changes which time inevitably brings, is still a popular work; and, naturally, nowhere more so than at Birmingham, the place of its first production two-and-forty years ago. After the singing of the National Anthem commenced the well-known recitative, and the rendering of the overture showed promise of a good performance. And, in fact—though here and there some little shortcomings might be noticed—it was indeed excellent. It is said that Dr. Richter has little or no sympathy with the

music. Whether this be so or not, we cannot say; but this much is certain, that he gives no clue to his feelings in his conducting. Throughout, the accompaniments to the solos were most delicate, and orchestra and chorus were well balanced. The Birmingham choir has always been noted for the good quality of its voices, and for delicacy; and this year proves no exception. A want of dash and brilliancy at certain moments is about all we can complain of. The basses are exceedingly good; next to them we would place the tenors and contraltos. The trebles come last; but not because they are bad. They are of rich and fresh quality, but are certainly weak in the high notes. They are probably young voices, not yet fully developed. The principal vocalists were M^{me}. Albani, Miss A. Williams, Meadames Trebelli and Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley; all of whom were in excellent voice. Miss Williams deserves special praise for her clear and dramatic singing in the first part. Mr. Santley, being in good voice, the "Widow" scene came out well. Miss Ambler, Messrs. Piercy and Brereton and Signor Foli took part in the double Quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge"; and we have seldom heard a smoother rendering. Mr. C. W. Perkins, who presided for the first time at the organ at these festivals, deserves high commendations for his judicious accompaniments.

The evening concert commenced with Dvorák's "Stabat Mater." The performance of this noble setting of the Latin Hymn was a grand success for everyone concerned in it. Dr. Richter's reading of the music differs considerably from that of the composer: there is less of the *tempo rubato*; yet, on the whole, we perhaps prefer it, as being more solemn and dignified. It is difficult to imagine anything more delightful than the tone of the choir in the soft passages, as for example in the "Eia Mater," yet with proper emphasis of the impressive forte "Fecit," or in the lovely passage with organ accompaniment, "Sancta Mater," in the following number. Of the soloists, M^{me}. Albani sang with great fervour; M^{me}. Trebelli proved a worthy associate, though perhaps she did not show sufficient depth of feeling in the "Inflammatu." Mr. Piercy's pleasing voice was heard to advantage, especially in quiet, sustained passages; and Mr. Brereton sang remarkably well. The "Stabat Mater" is a wonderful specimen of modern religious music. It is no longer possible to imitate Bach and Handel, who naturally expressed their grand thoughts in the phraseology of their day. Dvorák's work has form, yet it is not formal; it is dramatic, yet not theatrical; exciting, yet not sensational.

The programme included Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Liszt's Third Hungarian Rhapsody, and Weber's "Oberon" Overture. M^{me}. Albani sang an interesting scena added by Mr. Goring Thomas to his opera "Esmeralda" for the proposed performance on the Italian stage. The orchestration is most effective. Signor Foli sang "Qui sdegno" from "Flauto Magico."

On Wednesday morning Dr. Parry's "Judith" was produced, and the composer wisely entrusted his work to the care of Dr. Richter. Last week we ventured a few remarks after reading the score, and attending the London rehearsal. There are traces of the influence of various composers; but there is something so frank and natural in the way in which everything is presented, that one cannot bring any charge of imitation against the composer. For the orchestral introduction we do not care much. Dr. Parry has here hinted at some of the themes in the work; but it is no prelude in the Gluck-Wagner sense, and as abstract music scarcely has sufficient interest. The "Moloch"

choruses in the first act have a certain rugged grandeur and originality. There are some fine dramatic touches, such as the change from crotchets to quavers to the words "Hear us"; the call for the children "to pass through the fire"; and the whole of the choruses "Great Queen" and "Moloch, hear us now," are full of point and vigour. Indeed, the first act appears to us by far the best part of the work. The second scene, entitled "The Children," is certainly quaint, if not particularly original. The quaint "ballad" which Queen Meshullemeth sings to her sons is a cross between an old English ballad and a certain *Völklied* in "Die Meistersinger." The Intermezzo, entitled "The Repentance of Manasseh," a tenor solo, is a clever piece of writing in the spirit of Bach. The chorus at the opening of the second act, in which mention is made of the desolate state of the land and of the captivity of the king, is very effective, and admirably written for the voices. It comes out well in performance. Next we have a smoothly written solo for contralto, "The Lord is long-suffering." It commences appropriately with the opening phrase of the Intermezzo. A word or two here respecting the use made by Dr. Parry of representative themes may not be out of place. They are not introduced in season and out of season. For example, a "Moloch" motive is heard in the orchestra when the queen speaks to her sons "Of the defilement of Jehovah's temples, and of the contemning of His word." An Assyrian motive is introduced as the chorus sing of the glory departed from Jerusalem. And once more this same phrase is effectively used in the finale, when Judith utters her song of praise.

But to return to the second act. The chorus, "Our King is come again," is in fugal style, and the taking up of the phrases by the different parts is well suited to the words. The tenor solo and trio which follow are well written, but tame. The short chorus, "Woe, woe," is, however, vigorous and expressive. Judith's solo, "Let us give thanks," lacks character. The chorus, "The God of our Fathers," is a scholarly piece of writing, but a little too much in the Mendelssohnian vein.

The "Exploit of Judith" is very interesting. After a graceful orchestral introduction, with an ear-catching theme, we hear the watchmen on the walls, and their measured pace and anxious enquiries are graphically depicted, yet with simplicity. The king sings a short solo, in which the style both of the melody and the accompaniment strongly recall Gounod. The chorus, "Arise, O Israel," with which this section concludes, is quite exciting: it is terse and vigorous. The tenor solo, "God breaketh the battle," is effective, but in the style of Handel.

The finale opens with a solo for Judith—one of the best in the work. Then follows a long choral movement, cleverly constructed, and full of effective points.

Dr. Parry's Oratorio is certainly his best work, and a credit to English art. The orchestration throughout is singularly clear and effective, and at times most delicate. The performance was most praiseworthy; the chorus sang heartily, and evidently the music was to their liking. This is not surprising, for Dr. Parry gave them solid and grateful work. Miss A. Williams was admirable in the trying part of Judith. Mme. Patey (the Queen), Mr. Lloyd (Manasseh), and Mr. Santley all made the very most of their parts. In the children's scene, Masters Percy Fry and Frank Stephens, from the Westminster Abbey Choir, represented the sons of Manasseh, and their pure singing gave great satisfaction. Dr. Richter conducted with immense care. At the close of the first act, the composer was called to the platform, and at the conclusion of the work

was enthusiastically applauded, both by audience and performers.

The programme further included Robert Franz's unaccompanied setting of the 117th Psalm, and Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 7 of the Solomon set). The former was beautifully sung by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Stockley, whose patient efforts are now being rewarded with so much success.

Time compels us to notice very briefly Wednesday evening's performance. Fortunately the "Golden Legend" needs no word of praise from us. Concerning Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd, it will be sufficient to say that they did their best. Mme. Trebelli was correct, but cold. Signor Foli's intentions were good, but his voice bad. The rendering, in spite of many good points both in band and choir, was not up to the Richter standard: at times it lacked crispness, at times heartiness. It is unfortunate that this performance should have given rise to the correspondence between Sir A. Sullivan and Mr. R. H. Millward, the chairman of the Festival Committee. The composer was, very naturally, vexed at not being consulted in the matter; and the committee appear to have acted with little or no thought.

Herr Grieg conducted his interesting and characteristic Concert Overture (Op. 11), based on one of his songs and on a popular Norwegian melody, and he met with a hearty reception.

The programme included the "Invocation to Hope," from "Fidelio," to be sung by Miss A. Williams, and the "Meistersinger" Overture, to which the conductor would do full justice. The attendances both yesterday and to-day have been very good.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL, whose death we briefly recorded last week, was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Chappell, who, with J. B. Cramer, the once famous pianist, and Latour, the once fashionable teacher, established the firm of Chappell & Co. in 1812. On the father's death, his widow and his sons carried on the business. But William was from an early age bent on literature rather than on commerce. Already, in 1840, he projected the Musical Antiquarian Society, for which he edited Dowland's songs. About this time, too, he published his *Collection of National English Airs*, making the most of the scanty material at his disposal. This work was afterwards enlarged, becoming the well-known *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. It was Mr. Chappell who, by means of dates in the original handwriting of the monks, hitherto overlooked, fixed the thirteenth century as the period in which the famous canon, "Sumer is i-cumen," was written. On the subject of minstrels and minstrelsy he had much to say. Mr. Chappell himself remarks: "No poets of any country make such frequent and enthusiastic mention of minstrelsy as the English. There is scarcely an old poem but abounds with the praises of music." Mr. W. A. Barrett, in his *English Glees and Part-Songs*, justly describes this work as "written to refute the statement that England is not a musical nation." In 1874 appeared the first volume of Chappell's *History of Music*. In this the author commenced with the earliest records, and gave explanation of ancient systems of music, musical instruments, and of the true physiological basis for the science of music. Unfortunately, this work, promising to be one of great research and learning, was never completed. Mr. William Chappell was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, at one time treasurer of the Camden Society, and also connected with many other learned societies.

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LITERATURE.

The Book of Psalms. A New Translation, with Commentary, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THE present volume contains a corrected reproduction of the translation of the Psalms already published in the "Parchment Library," accompanied by a copious commentary, and followed by critical notes dealing with questions of textual criticism. The problem of the authorship and chronology of the Psalms, with other matters belonging to the higher criticism, is reserved for a future volume.

The work, so far as it goes, is marked by the same excellences that have won such a high position for Prof. Cheyne's edition of *Isaiah*. There is the same profound Hebrew scholarship, the same exhaustive acquaintance with the whole literature of the subject, ancient and modern, the same power of drawing illustrations from a wide range of reading, the same deeply religious spirit combined with complete emancipation from traditional prejudices; while, from a literary point of view, this new translation reveals merits which the *Prophecies of Isaiah* would hardly have led us to expect. In his anxiety to reproduce with absolute accuracy the meaning of the great writers whose utterances have been handed down under that venerated name, Prof. Cheyne produced a rendering of somewhat repellent harshness, a rendering which, whatever its other merits, offered an unpleasant contrast to the beauty of the authorised English version. In the case of the Psalms, however, he gives us a translation not only far more faithful as well as clearer than that to be found in the English Bible, but also, in some instances, more nervous, more impressive, more poetical. In proof of this assertion, let me transcribe a single specimen at full length:

"PSALM VII.

"Jehovah my God, in thee have I taken refuge;
save me from all my pursuers, and deliver me:
Lest he tear my soul as a lion
when there is none to rescue, and none to deliver.

Jehovah my God, if I have done this,
if there be iniquity in my hands,
if I have wrought evil unto him that was at peace with me,
or oppressed him that was my foe for nothing,
Let the enemy pursue my soul and overtake it,
yea, let him trample my life to the earth,
and lay my glory in the dust.

"Arise, Jehovah, in thine anger,
lift thyself up at the fury of my foes,
yea, arouse thyself to meet me—
a judgment hast thou (already) appointed;
Yea, let the assemblage of the peoples come about thee,
and sit thou above them on the high mount.
Jehovah judges the peoples;
right me, Jehovah, according to mine innocence
and according to mine inward integrity.

"O that the wickedness of the ungodly might come to an end,
and that thou wouldest establish the innocent,
thou trier of the hearts and reins, thou righteous Elohim!

My shield over me is Elohim,
the saviour of the upright in heart,
Elohim, a righteous judge,
and a god who is wrathful every day.
If any do not turn, he whets his sword;
he has bent his bow and made it ready.
And has aimed at the man the weapons of death,
setting his arrows aflame.
Behold, he travails with wickedness;
he both conceives mischief and brings forth a lie.

A pit has he dug and hollowed it out,
and he will tumble into the (very) pitfall he made.

His mischief shall return upon his own head,
upon the crown of his own head shall his violence descend.

I will thank Jehovah according to his righteousness,
and make melody unto the name of Jehovah most high."

I think that any person who will take the trouble to compare this with either the Authorised or the Revised Version must admit that here, at least, where Prof. Cheyne differs from his predecessors, he surpasses them not only in accuracy of scholarship, but also in nobility of style; that in approaching nearer to the energetic concision of the Hebrew, he is more faithful to the spirit as well as to the letter of his original. I do not say that the high level of the specimen quoted is maintained throughout the whole translation. The exigencies of a literal rendering, combined with those of a rhythmical arrangement, seem in many instances to have dictated a choice of words less felicitous than might abstractedly be conceived, or than is to be found in the English Bible. Psalms xlv., cx., and cxxxvii. may be mentioned in particular as having lost under the hands of Prof. Cheyne nearly all the charm that belongs to the ancient version, however much the two first-mentioned may have gained in clearness. Both here and elsewhere there is a good deal of the harshness and stiffness already mentioned as characteristic of the translator's "*Isaiah*." He is, perhaps, most uniformly successful in such short and simple lyrics as Psalms cx., and those that follow it.

It will have been observed that in the specimen above quoted the name of Israel's God is rendered as Jehovah. This is decidedly preferable to the vapid "Lord," still unhappily preserved in the Revised Version. But why does not Prof. Cheyne give us at once what he knows to be the only right form, Yahve? It is introduced for once into the first line of Psalm l., where, as he feelingly observes, "it would be too painful to write 'Jehovah.'" It should be too painful to write the latter anywhere; and the educated reader, for whom this volume is intended, will resent the concession to English prejudice. The division into strophes and the arrangement of the lines according to a certain rhythmic modulation are a striking advance on the very moderate recognition accorded by the revisers to the fact that the Psalms are not prose, but poetry. Certain Psalms, as xix., xxiv., and xl., are broken up into the disconnected fragments of which they seem to be composed; and others that have been artificially divided are recombined.

Besides these external reforms, the new translator has taken advantage of the greater freedom enjoyed by an individual scholar in departing to a much more considerable extent than the Revisers from the renderings as well as from the phraseology of the Authorised Version. Finally, he has used not the received text, but a text into which numerous conjectural emendations have been admitted. Of the value of these emendations and new renderings it would ill become me to speak. There are very few English critics qualified to speak on such a subject, and of those few I am assuredly not one. For me to agree with Prof. Cheyne on a question of Hebrew scholarship would be only a less impertinence than to differ from him. But the commentary often raises points where other than linguistic issues are involved, where one may without presumption form an independent judgment. In discussing Psalm xxxv. v. 13 c, which he translates "and my prayer—mayest thou recompense it into mine own bosom!" Prof. Cheyne seems to miss the most obvious explanation: "Let the blessings which I invoked on another be given to myself." Again, in the note on Psalm civ., vv. 5 sqq.:

"He founded the earth upon its bases,
that it might be unshaken for ever and ever
With the flood as with a robe thou coveredst it,
waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled,
at the voice of thy thunder they were scared away—

The mountains rose, the valleys sunk—
unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

Thou didst appoint a bound that they might not pass over,
nor turn again to cover the earth"—

it is assumed that the Creation is referred to; whereas the psalmist's expressions become much more intelligible if we interpret them as a description of the Flood and of the subsequent return of the waters to their former bed. These two instances are cited, not for the sake of cavilling, but as the only exceptions that readily occur to one's general sense of agreement and satisfaction.

Prof. Cheyne's views respecting the chronology of the Psalms and their place in the religious history of Israel are, as I have said, reserved for another volume. But several hints are to be found scattered through the preface, introductions, and notes which may help us to anticipate something of their general purport. To begin with the question of authorship. Ewald's theory, according to which "only eleven entire psalms and some fragments of psalms" are acknowledged as Davidic, is mentioned as probably "the most conservative view of the headings at present tenable" (p. xvi.). It would not, indeed, be surprising were Prof. Cheyne eventually found to agree with those critics who attribute the composition of the whole psalter to the post-Exilic period. There is a whole group, including Psalms lviii., lxxiv., lxxix., lxxxiii., cx., and, possibly, others, which he seems disposed to bring down to the Macabean period. Such a conclusion must, of course, seriously conflict with the Messianic interpretation formerly put on some at least of these pieces; and there is reason to suspect that such an interpretation finds, as a rule, little favour in his eyes, except, perhaps, when applied in a very wide sense, corre-

sponding to his proposed modification of the words "Davidic" and "Christian." "To us the former becomes a symbolic term for vigour and originality of style, and the latter describes a peculiar spiritual intuition and tone of feeling" (p. 35). Taken as a record of Israel's feelings during the period between its return from captivity and the brief but glorious reconquest of its national independence, the Psalms are, of course, full of interest, although the habit of ever recurring to the great prophets for spiritual nourishment precludes any striking display of originality. How constant this recurrence was is proved by abundant references in Prof. Cheyne's notes; and his Isaianic studies in particular frequently enable him to identify what once seemed the cry of an individual believer with the voice of the suffering Servant of the captivity, the pious kernel of Israel, again conceived as a collective personality in the conflict with Greek idolatry and corruption, with domestic treason as well as with foreign oppression. At such a crisis it was natural that Jewish particularism and fanaticism should sometimes find an expression, revolting indeed to us, but far less revolting when we are no longer taught to regard it as the result of supernatural inspiration. Traces of universalism are also not wanting, but they are comparatively rare and scanty. The most marked instance occurs in Psalm xxii.:

"All the ends of the earth shall remember and return unto Jehovah,
and all the families of the nations shall bow down before him."

To which may be added the following:

"O thou that hearest prayer,
unto thee may all flesh come (lxv. 3).
That thy way may be known upon earth,
even thy salvation among all nations (lxvii. 3).
All nations whom thou hast made
shall come and worship before thee, O Lord,
and shall glorify thy name (lxxxvi. 9)."

But these are evidently echoes of the second Isaiah rather than fresh and spontaneous outpourings of the spirit.

Closely allied to the preceding, and of even greater interest, is the question how far the new belief in man's immortality was shared by the psalmists. Here I think it will be found that their advance beyond the ancient limits of Israel's faith is still more doubtful. The general tendency is towards an exclusive dependence on temporal rewards and punishments (see especially xxxvii. 27 sqq.); a disposition to regard death as the end of all things (xlix. 8 sqq.), and Sheol as a place where Yahweh was powerless, unpraised, forgotten (lxxxviii. throughout). Prof. Cheyne has carefully drawn attention to every passage that can be interpreted in a contrary sense; but the only one that seems to carry much weight is the remarkable declaration: "All that have gone down into the dust shall bend the knee before him" (xxii. 30), on which he makes the very interesting remark that, "earlier psalmists thought of Hades as the land where praise is silent; but this psalmist proffers as a *viaticum* to the dying the privilege of worship after death"—a pregnant hint that we may hope to find worked out hereafter. Some may perhaps use this almost complete absence of the belief in immortality as an argument

against the late date now assigned by critics to the Psalter. But was it not to be expected that a collection of hymns either designed for or appropriated to liturgical purposes should reflect the tone of thought which we know to have prevailed among the priestly and conservative or Sadducean class?

One may hope for a full and stimulating discussion of these and other allied problems in Prof. Cheyne's second volume, to the appearance of which all students interested in Biblical criticism and religious history generally will eagerly look forward. Meanwhile, those who make their first acquaintance with the modern methods of Scriptural interpretation through the present volume will feel as if they had never read the Psalms before.

ALFRED W. BENN.

The Literature of Egypt and the Soudan:
Vol. II.—M to Z. With Appendix of
Additional Works to May 1887. By H. H.
Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy. (Trübner.)

PRINCE IBRAHIM-HILMY'S second volume is very welcome. It has been long on the way; but an appendix of ninety pages in double columns, bringing the information down to May 1887, sufficiently compensates for delay. To say that this second volume is in all respects equal to the first is to give it great and deserved praise—such praise as cannot, I think, be withheld by any student of Egyptian topics, ancient or modern. Not, perhaps, till Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy took it upon himself to perform this laborious task, did we realise how greatly a bibliography of Egyptian literature was needed, or with what difficulty we had hitherto gone on working without it; yet, like other good things, it is no sooner ours than it becomes indispensable.

Take, for instance, the exhaustive way in which the *Zeitschrift* is treated. This one publication fills fifteen and a half pages of the present work. Beginning with the first year (1863) and ending with the twenty-fourth year (1886), we are given the full list of contents of every volume, followed by two alphabetical indexes, the one of authors and the other of subjects. So, in like manner, we have the detailed contents, volume by volume, of the *Recueil des Travaux*; of the *Proceedings and Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology; of the six volumes of Egyptian texts in "Records of the Past," &c.

The great illustrated works are yet more fully dealt with, and have, in addition to contents of letterpress, full lists of plates. The illustrations to Prisse d'Avennes' *Histoire de l'Art Egyptien*, *Monuments Egyptiens*, *L'Art Egyptien*, and *L'Art Arabe* fill six folios; and the illustrations to Rosellini's *Monumenti dell'Egitto e della Nubia* fill three. Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy's book gives the subject of every one of these plates, which amount collectively to over nine hundred; and where a single plate contains more than one subject, each is specified. Had the numbers of the plates also been given, these lists would have been so much the more valuable for purposes of reference, and their omission is to be regretted. MM. Perrot and Chipiez's volume on *Ancient Egyptian Art* is catalogued with the same conscientious accu-

racy as the earlier and more colossal works, the contents of the chapters being followed not only by a list of the plates, but also by a list of the woodcuts, of which there are many hundreds. What is good for MM. Perrot and Chipiez should, however, be equally good for Sir Gardner Wilkinson; and one is surprised to find that the so-called "plates" (i.e., full-page wood-engravings) of that encyclopaedic work are given, but none of the smaller cuts. This is an oversight to be remedied in any future edition. So, again, we have a full list of all the plates in Roberts's *Egypt and Nubia*, but only the title of Carl Werner's *Nile Sketches*—a work as valuable in its way as that of Roberts, with descriptive letterpress by Dümichen and Brehm.

To turn from illustrated works to illustrated papers, and to the press in general, we find under the head of "Soudan" a complete list of all Mr. Melton Prior's sketches of the Soudan War contributed to the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, as well as those of anonymous artists; a parallel list of illustrations in the *Graphic*; a catalogue of maps and plans, including military staff maps, German, French, and Italian maps, popular maps, and maps published in newspapers; a list of Parliamentary papers and debates on the late war while in progress; and a list of leaders and paragraphs in the columns of the English press, as well as of articles in quarterlies and monthly magazines. The Suez Canal fills eight columns; the Ordnance Survey of Sinai, four; the *Times* leaders on Egypt (under the head of "*Times*"), two; and "Great Britain," including Parliamentary papers, finance, military expeditions, &c., eight.

Where it deals with subjects purely Egyptological, Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy's bibliography is yet more satisfactory. It catalogues, with few exceptions, the more celebrated papyri in the principal museums of Europe, classifying them under the names of the personages for whom they were written; it records with singular completeness the titles, authorship, and dates of all the earlier books of Egyptian travel, archaeology, history, and philology; and, thanks to the happy thought which led the compiler to invite contemporary writers to supply the necessary data, it gives the fullest possible information as to the published works of living authors. Not books only, but pamphlets, reviews, articles, and fugitive papers of every description, are thus brought together and rescued from possible oblivion.

Some errors, some oversights, some omissions are inevitable in a first edition of such a work as *The Literature of Egypt and the Soudan*. Signor Sciaparelli's *Libro dei Funerali*, for instance, is entered under the heading of *Per-em-Hru*; whereas it is an entirely distinct work, having no closer connexion with the *Per-em-Hru* ("Book of the Dead") than our burial service has with the Bible. Again, Mr. Petrie's *Tanis*, part ii., "with translations of hieroglyphic inscriptions in part i.," is not only given as published, but even with the date 1886; whereas the book is this very week being worked off, and cannot be issued till the binder shall have done his part as well as the printer. Under "Thebes," p. 282, Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Survey of Thebes*, and Rhind's *Thebes*: its

Tombs and their Tenants, should not have been omitted, although each appears elsewhere under the name of the author; while the heading, "Metrical System" (p. 32), which is followed by but a single reference to the *Description de l'Égypte*, should certainly have indicated the important series of metrological articles which have appeared from time to time in the *Revue Egyptologique*, as well as Mr. Petrie's work on *Inductive Metrology* (1877), his article on "Egyptian Weights and Measures" in the *Archæological Journal* (1883), and M. Rodenbach's *Métopologie*. Also, when the contents of other scientific publications are fully and carefully tabulated, one cannot help asking why so admirable a system should have been departed from in the case of the *Revue Egyptologique*. The titles of the articles are given, it is true, but not the names of the writers; while no note is taken of the division of the work into volumes or years. The list of contents to this important serial is thus rendered practically useless for purposes of reference. Still worse is it in the case of the *Revue Archéologique*, in which all the valuable Egyptological articles contributed through a long series of years by De Rougé, Mariette, Maspero, and others, are dismissed with these words: "contains numerous articles by the leading Egyptologists, &c." Of errors that concern only myself I say nothing; but where Prof. Maspero's name is printed "Maspéro," not only in the long catalogue of his works, but in several other places where I am made responsible for the blunder, I cannot forbear from recording a meek protest.

After all, however, the value of Prince Ibrahim-Hilmy's book is great, and its shortcomings are few and far between. That the work should end with the end of the second volume is out of the question. Such tasks are tyrants; and impose themselves upon their authors; wherefore the public will surely look for a supplementary volume about every five years.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Historical Review of the Legislative Systems operative in Ireland from the Invasion of Henry II. to the Union (1172-1800). By the Right Hon. J. T. Ball. (Longmans.)

THE chequered history of the Irish Parliament has always had for Irishmen an interest quite disproportionate to its importance. At times when the relations between England and Ireland have been particularly strained, it was only natural that they should anxiously scan the history of their own supreme legislative assembly in the hope and expectation of solving the problem that confronted them. So it was in 1641, in 1698, and in 1780. So, also, is it in the present instance. "Recent political discussion," says Dr. Ball, "has attracted attention to the legislative systems operative in Ireland prior to its union with Great Britain." But, in truth, if past experience is any criterion, such researches can only possess a speculative interest. The force of argument has played but a trifling part in determining the relations between the two countries; for, as Swift of old sardonically remarked, "eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt." So it is to-day. And he would indeed be a sanguine politician who expected any prac-

tical good to follow from once again unearthing those musty time-worn documents, which have exercised the brains of the most eminent lawyers and politicians since the days of Sir John Davis.

The compact of Henry II., the settlement by James I., the contract of 1782, are of no service whatever in helping us to determine the question whether Ireland ought or ought not to have a legislative assembly of her own. Nevertheless, for the student of national institutions the history of the Irish Parliament is not without very great interest, which is certainly not diminished by the obscurity in which it is closely enveloped. It is a field in which critical ingenuity has run riot; so meagre are the documents relating to it, and so susceptible are they of contradictory interpretations. It is easy to accept Sir John Davis's account, as Dr. Ball evidently in the main does; but then Sir John's account has too much the appearance of solving the difficulty by cutting the knot to be satisfactory to every inquirer, especially if that inquirer be an Irishman.

The establishment, constitution, and powers of the Irish Parliament is a subject far too cursorily treated by Dr. Ball. One point, in my opinion very germane to his inquiry, he has altogether overlooked—I mean that passage in Roger of Hoveden where it is stated that in 1177, at the Council of Oxford, Henry II. raised his son John to the dignity of "King of Ireland." But passing over this, I am led to remark that, in order properly to appreciate the position of the Irish Parliament at a time when its constitution is no longer a matter of conjecture, it is essential that the history of the English occupation in Ireland during the intervening period should be carefully studied. Between the Ireland of the thirteenth and the Ireland of the fifteenth century there is a wonderful difference; and the more I study the subject the more I am convinced, with Sergeant Mayart, that

"the whole realm of Ireland was anciently reduced into counties, and the English laws had passage through the same . . . though some of the Irish, with their posterity after them, being always averse to the English laws, could not digest them, but hid themselves in bogs, mountains, and woods, where, till the English fell at odds among themselves and called the Irish to their parties for aid, they did shelter and use their Brehon law and could not endure the English laws, which were given at first, as the old statute saith, 'tam Anglis quam Hibernis,' and thereupon were utterly excluded from the benefit of the English laws until they purchased grants of denisation, which many of them did."

In the fifteenth century a curious alteration took place in the writs of summons to parliament. Prior to that period they had issued in the name of the lord deputy and council; but, in the reign of Henry VI., they began to issue by the authority of the chief governor alone. Though unnoticed by Dr. Ball, the alteration is a very significant one, especially in its bearing on Poynings' law. This law, so obnoxious to the reformers of the eighteenth century, was, as Dr. Ball very properly points out, imposed by the Irish parliament on itself; but as to the why and the wherefore of it he says nothing, unless indeed a quotation from one of Flood's

speeches, which he has relegated to an appendix, can be construed into an expression of opinion on this topic. Nor does he notice, as one would naturally expect, that, so far from being considered as an encroachment on the powers of parliament, it was regarded by the Irish, well into the seventeenth century, as the very palladium of national liberty.

Of Dr. Ball's account of the parliamentary history of Ireland during the seventeenth century there is nothing to complain, except that it is too brief to be generally intelligible, though his remark that "Strafford was formally recalled from the government of Ireland by Charles I.," is, if not absolutely wrong, at any rate open to the charge of ambiguity. It is curious in looking back to these times, and as one more example of his inveterate duplicity, to find Charles I. figuring as the advocate of Irish parliamentary independence. The English colony settled in Ireland, he wrote to Ormonde, never, in his opinion, imagined that they became slaves by being transplanted into that kingdom; but they had still the same right of being bound by no laws, except such as were made with their consent. In startling contrast to the opinion expressed by him was the action of the Long Parliament. The Act of Adventurers, with the subsequent acts for the speedy settlement of Ireland, were all of them passed without the consent of the Irish. They were imposed simply by the strong hand of power, and were in every instance a flagrant breach of the constitution, for which not even the Rebellion could furnish a valid excuse.

But to descend to times of more general interest. "If," says Lord Mountmorres, whose dissertation, by the way, on the judicature of the Irish parliament appears to have been overlooked by Dr. Ball,

"if an historical map could be made and a palpable chart delineated of the Irish parliamentary privileges at different periods, the history of the Irish legislature would resemble that river in Ovid whose course was brilliant till it sunk and ran underground for a considerable way, but emerged in another quarter with the same clearness and lustre; and thus the course of the history of the Irish parliament till 1666 and its sequel from 1780 are equally brilliant, while the intermediate stream is buried in obscurity, and lost in the subterranean darkness of ministerial vassalage."

But though, under the repeated attacks of England, the Irish Parliament seemed for a time to abdicate its position as the supreme legislative assembly of the nation, there were many who keenly felt the degradation implied in treating Ireland as a province. And in eulogising the restorer of the constitution we ought not to forget, as he himself never forgot, that he was only the last of a series of reformers, and that to Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, and Flood, as well as to Henry Grattan, belongs the patriot's reward and a share in the triumph of 1782. From this period onward to the Union Dr. Ball is much fuller and more satisfactory than he is in his earlier chapters. His quotations from Grattan's speeches and from that of Speaker Foster against the Union are very useful in helping us to understand the feelings of the best men in Ireland in regard to that important event. Nevertheless there is a certain vagueness, perhaps a slight want of candour, in his

narrative of the last years of the Irish Parliament, which is calculated to leave an erroneous impression on the mind of the reader. The good points of the constitution of 1782 are slurred over and the Union is treated too much as a foregone conclusion. It may be that "when restriction was rejected, the exigency of the case led to the Act which now unites Ireland with Great Britain." It may be that the Union was a wise and statesmanlike design for solving the Irish problem. But it is not true, as we are left to infer, that it was the only alternative before the British minister. That differences of opinion existed on the subject of reform is unquestionable; but that a broad and statesmanlike scheme of reform was impossible, even so late as 1795, is an assumption, in my opinion, utterly unwarrantable. For my own part, I can never cease to deplore the action of Grattan in regard to the moderate reform bill of Flood. It was the sword of the volunteers that turned the scale in favour of the constitution of 1782. Properly directed the sword of the volunteers would, in 1783, have made that constitution a reality and not have left it a mere tool in the hands of the English ministry. To have used the volunteers in the one instance and to have rejected them in the other was the greatest blunder that Grattan ever committed.

In conclusion, sufficient has, perhaps, been said to make clear what, in my opinion, is the chief defect of the book—its faults of omission. To the student who is already familiar with the work of Monck Mason, Dr. Ball's book will, I am afraid, not give much satisfaction. Yet, though there is in it no evidence of any very deep research, there is an intelligible and correct statement of facts which will make it useful to the general reader, and a manifest desire to be impartial which must commend it to everybody.

R. DUNLOP.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. By Richard Garnett. (Walter Scott.)

ASSUREDLY Emerson has not been neglected by the biographers. Mr. George Willis Cooke, Mr. Alexander Ireland, Mr. Moncure Conway, Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. John Morley, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and an innumerable company of lesser writers of sketches, reminiscences, expositions, and criticisms have been at work, as well as the official biographer Mr. Elliot Cabot. Now Dr. Garnett contributes to the "Great Writers" series a compact narrative, which he has evidently taken pains to make accurate as well as readable. He has succeeded well, but has done himself less than justice in following Mr. Cabot so closely. His book might seem to the casual reader to be a mere compilation, which it is not. I should say the preparation of it has not been without educational value to the author. It is evident that at the beginning he was well supplied with facts, or, at any rate, that he knew where to find them; his early chapters bristle with incidents. But a sympathetic understanding of Emerson does not make itself manifest until later on. Hence, while the chapters which relate to Emerson's forefathers and to his own

childhood are more full of detail than those which relate to his manhood, they are not so valuable, for the facts are dead and unrelated. They have not, to use Thoreau's phrase, blossomed into truth.

There is not much to find fault with. Dr. Garnett has hardly kept sufficiently in mind the class of readers for whom he was writing. Some of his allusions, intended to grace the narrative, are likely to prove obscure, not, perhaps, to the scholar, but to the bulk of the readers of a work intended for popular circulation. A good book is always, as far as possible, self-explanatory. The writer is wise who does not presume on the knowledge of his readers, but himself conveys all that is requisite judiciously, so as not to offend any who may happen to possess it already. Dr. Garnett shows in several places that his sympathy with Hawthorne, and also with William Henry Channing, is defective—as it was with Emerson at the beginning of the present work. "Stainless but flighty as the fabled bird of Paradise, which has forfeited its footing by ridding itself of its feet" (p. 97), does not apply to William Henry Channing in the least. When Dr. Garnett has written *Lives of these men* also he will, doubtless, understand them better. Is Dr. Garnett correct in following Mr. Cabot and not Mr. Cooke in the date of the death of Emerson's first wife? And what leads him to think that *The Dial* "has become a by-word for crazy mysticism" (p. 101)? Emerson wrote to Henry Ware, jun., of arguments "cruelly" hinted at, not "covertly" (p. 92); but this probably is a printer's blunder.

On the other hand, there is much to praise. Dr. Garnett understands Emerson too well to suppose, with Mr. Courtney, that he "is not new but derivative." He affirms that while Emerson "puts the old world under contribution," and is "full of verbal indebtedness to its philosophers and poets," yet

"what he borrows he can repay. His thoughts continually repeat Plato and Goethe; but every competent reader perceives that it is a case of affinity, not of appropriation. Poetical and religious minds will think alike; it would, nevertheless, have made little real difference to Emerson if Plato and Goethe had never lived."

The secret of Emerson's influence and of its limitations is thus stated:

"To those in spiritual sympathy with himself he is not only fascinating, but authoritative; his words accentuate themselves by the response they awake in the breast. But the reader who will have reasons gets none, save reason to believe that the oracle is an imposition" (p. 93).

Dr. Garnett's literary style may be occasionally a little too fanciful, as, for instance, when he speaks of Hawthorne sitting by Emerson's hearth and drawing the guests "in charcoal"; but, as a rule, it is good and clear. At times it is highly poetical. There are passages in this book of which any famous master of English might well be proud, the fine passage, for example, which closes the account of Emerson's death:

"Seldom had 'the reaper whose name is Death' gathered such illustrious harvests as between December 1880 and April 1882. In the first month of this period George Eliot passed away; in the ensuing February Carlyle followed; in April Lord Beaconsfield died, deplored by his party, not unregretted by his country; in February of the following year

Longfellow was carried to the tomb; in April Rossetti was laid to rest by the sea, and the pavement of Westminster Abbey was disturbed to receive the dust of Darwin. And now Emerson lay down in death beside the painter of man and the searcher of nature, the English-Oriental statesman, the poet of the plain man and the poet of the artist, and the prophet whose name is indissolubly linked with his own. All these men passed into eternity laden with the spoils of Time; but of none of them could it be said, as of Emerson, that the most shining intellectual glory and the most potent intellectual force of a continent had departed along with him" (p. 186).

I find myself bound to dissent from some of Dr. Garnett's judgments. He echoes the old complaint of want of system in Emerson's writings, but offers no new evidence in its support. Alcott made a similar complaint once; but, in a wiser moment, he discovered that the order observed by Emerson was "the order of ideas, of imagination . . . , not of logical sequence." Dr. Garnett states that Emerson was "pained and mortified" (p. 55) at the way his Boston congregation treated him. The testimony of persons who saw him at the time goes to show that, though he might be disappointed, he did not lose his accustomed serenity. He was not the kind of man to be "pained and mortified." Concerning another point in Emerson's character Dr. Garnett writes:

"He always put and kept a distance between himself and others, which rendered his personal influence, apart from his writing and his oratory, smaller than that of any other great teacher. It is noteworthy that his intimates always call him 'Mr.' Emerson" (p. 28).

It is true Emerson was not the man that his nearest friend would be likely to "chaff" or slap on the back or poke in the ribs. That very becoming distance he did keep between himself and others. But the testimony is overwhelming that his personal influence, apart from his writing and his oratory, was quite exceptional. Mr. Alexander Ireland, who met him first in 1833, found his "graciousness and kind encouragement" "inexpressibly winning"; Mr. Whipple speaks of the "peculiar fascination of his character"; Hawthorne describes his coming "with a sunbeam in his countenance"; Curtis refers to "the smile that breaks over his face, like day over the sky"; "My inmost heart blesses the fate that gave me birth in the same clime and time," exclaimed Margaret Fuller; Mrs. Lowell said to Fredrika Bremer, "If he but mentions my name I feel myself ennobled"; Carlyle felt his coming to Craigenputtock to be "like the visit of an angel"; Crabb Robinson, who went to meet him with "a feeling of pre-determined dislike," records that, when he saw him, "in an instant all my dislike vanished." All this could be true only of a man whose personal influence was greater, not smaller, than that of others. Emerson regarded his first book—the essay on *Nature*—as only "a naming of topics on which I would gladly speak and gladly hear"; and it is, in fact, an excellent introduction to his later writings. Dr. Garnett regards it with especial veneration; it is an "epoch-making tract" and "the most intense and quintessential" of Emerson's writings. It was, no doubt, of great value. Attracting little attention at first, it yet proved—to

quote Dr. Garnett's forcible image—"a seed implanted in a fissure of the crumbling New England theology, whose unnoticed expansion had force enough to shatter the whole fabric" (p. 77). Dr. Garnett speaks favourably of the two volumes of *Essays* also; but he declares Emerson's "later works," meaning thereby *The Conduct of Life* and succeeding volumes, want inspiration. Against this it is fair to set the opinion of another careful student. Mr. John Burroughs says:

"His earliest writings were more flowing and suggestive, and had reference to larger problems; but now everything has got weighed and stamped and converted into the medium of wise and scholarly conversation. It is of great value; these later essays are so many bags of genuine coin, which it has taken a lifetime to hoard; not all gold, but all good, and the fruit of wise industry and economy" (*Birds and Poets*, p. 190).

For my part, I have found inspiration in both what are called the "earlier" and the "later" writings; although, as my first acquaintance with Emerson was through a shabby little copy of the first series of *Essays*, I must confess to a peculiar regard for those chapters on "Self Reliance," "Compensation," "Spiritual Laws," "The Over-soul," &c. *The Conduct of Life* is, probably, the high-water mark of Emerson's literary achievement, and is certainly his most finished and, excepting *Representative Men*, his most systematic work. When Dr. Garnett finds in *The Conduct of Life* evidences of "diminished mental activity," and thinks it wanting in inspiration, one can only wonder whether the defects may not be in the observer, and advise him to read the book again and again.

Although this latest life of Emerson is undoubtedly good in its place, it cannot be regarded as a finally satisfying work. "The man Emerson," says Dr. Garnett, "is easily portrayed." In fact, however, this is what Dr. Garnett himself, and other biographers still better circumstanced, have failed to do effectually. They have told, more or less clearly, a great deal about Emerson, but have not made the man himself real to their readers in the way he was real to his personal friends. The recollections of Mr. Alexander Ireland and of Mr. Moncure Conway do more in this way than any of the biographies. Of the biographies Mr. Cooke's is still, in this respect, the best, although he had not access to these recollections when he wrote. Mr. Cabot and Dr. Garnett had access to them, and might with advantage have made more use of them. Mr. Alexander Ireland, who has depicted so admirably a section of Emerson's life, is, probably, the one man now who could write such a biography as is needed.

Of Mr. Anderson's "Bibliography" it is only necessary to say that it is as good as his work in this series usually is. In the next edition it should be mentioned that *Characteristics of Men of Genius* (London, 1846) contained Emerson's essays on "Milton" and "Michael Angelo," and that the former essay was also included in *Essays from the North American Review* (New York, 1879). I believe, too, that Emerson not only wrote a sketch of Thoreau's life but edited his works as well.

WALTER LEWIN.

Selections from the Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Bombay Secretariat. Home Series. Vols. I. and II. Edited by G. W. Forrest. (Bombay Government Press.)

THE last volume of the selections from the Bombay secretariat state papers comprised all the documents regarding the history of the Maráthas, from their founder Shivaji to their defeat at Assaye. We are now presented with two volumes dealing with the internal administration of the Bombay presidency, from the foundation of the factory at Surat to Wellington's great victory which made the English masters of India. In the letters and narratives of the chief actors we have here related, as the editor appropriately remarks, the earliest domestic history of our Indian empire; and we can trace the gradual change that transformed the servants of the Company from factors or merchants to soldiers and rulers of men.

It is a matter of congratulation that these papers have at last been printed, for the climatic conditions of India are very unfavourable to the safe preservation of such documents. Mr. Forrest tells us that, owing to the decayed state of the paper and to the ink having spread, considerable difficulty has been experienced in deciphering the early documents, and that some leaves actually crumbled to pieces the moment they were touched. Considering that the records had lain neglected for a century in a small damp room, it is certainly fortunate that so many have escaped destruction.

The selection of Surat letters commences with the year 1630, at which date Thomas Rastell was President of the Honourable Company of English Merchants trading in the East.

"Della Valle, who visited Surat at this time, says 'The President spoke Italian with fluency, and was very polite, showing himself in all things a person sufficiently accomplished and of generous deportment, according as his gentle and graceful aspect bespoke him.' The President invited Della Valle to the English factory; but the latter objected to take his bride, a young Marionette lady of extraordinary beauty, to a dwelling where there were only men. The Dutch President, however, was more successful, and by stratagem and force secured the illustrious visitor. The English President was sorely wrought at this; but an apology from the traveller appeased his anger, and he asked Della Valle to supper, treated him very splendidly, and everything ended in jollity and friendship as at first."

Six years later another traveller, John Albert de Mandelslo, bears equally flattering testimony to the courtesy and linguistic accomplishments of the next President. Divine service was said twice a day in the factory, and thrice on Sundays.

"On Friday, after prayers, there was a particular assembly at which met with us three other merchants, who were of kin to the President, and had left, as well as he, their wives in England, which day being that of their departure from England, they had appointed it for to drink their wives' healths. Some made their advantage of this meeting to get more than they could well carry away, though every man was at liberty to drink what he pleased, and to mix the sack as he thought fit, or to drink palepunts, which is a kind of

drink consisting of aqua vitæ, rose-water, juice of citrons, and sugar."

In the latter half of the seventeenth century troubles befell the factors. In 1664, Shivaji, the Mahratta chief, came down and plundered Surat; but Sir George Oxinden defended the factory so bravely that the achievement in the editor's opinion merits comparison with Clive's defence of Arcot:

"On the arrival of the Moghul army to the rescue, Sir George Oxinden received great thanks from the commander, whereupon your President, having a pistoll in his hand, layed it before y^e chiefe saying y^e hee did now lay downe his armes, leaving y^e future care and protection of y^e citty to them, which was exceedingly well taken, telling y^e President hee did accept it, and in reward of y^e good service hee must give him a vest, a horse, and girt a sword about him, but you^r Presid^t told him these were things becoming a souldier, but we were merchants and expected favour from y^e king in our trade."

The factors were not negligent of higher matters, for we find the president informing the Company that they had

"Seperated [*sic*] a place apart for God's worsh^p and decently adorned it, wherein stands yo^r Library, & amongst them those severall volumes of y^e holy bible in y^e Languages w^{ch} is much esteemed by those y^e are learned amongst these people; y^e if any eminent p^{er}son come to your houses his greatest desire is to see the Chappell; wherefore wee entreate you for further ornament to send us out a large table in a frame, gilded and handsomely adorned with Moses and Aaron holding the two tables containing the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, written in letters of gould & in y^e midst, at y^e topp in triangles Gods name writt in as many of these eastern Languages as Arabick, Persian, &c^e as can be procured, which if you please to honno^r our Chappell with, it will bee a glory to our religion, as y^e w^{ch} is more than taken than anything that they shall read beside, and yet our meaning is y^e y^e Commandements &c^e be wrot in y^e Eng^l language."

In 1668 the island of Bombay, which had been previously ceded to the English crown by the treaty of marriage between King Charles II. and the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, was transferred by royal charter to the East India Company, and one of the first measures was to establish a hospital there. From some of the letters dated about this time we gather what was the pay attached to various posts in the company's service; and it is impossible to avoid being struck with the meagreness of the scale—*e.g.*, the writers served for five years on £10 a year, and had to give bonds of £500 for good behaviour; the factors received double that salary; the merchants £40, and board and lodging free; while the governor or President himself only received £500 per annum. Of course these officials were recompensed by commissions as well.

In January, 1700, the establishment of the rival "English Company"—the Surat President of which was Sir Nicholas Waite—led to great jealousy and quarrels between the two companies; and for three years the factories were closed, the English being unable to endure the annoyances and exactions which they had to endure at the hands of the governor of the city, annoyances which appear to have originated, in great measure,

from the internal differences among the English themselves. A fresh charter or firman was, however, granted by the emperor at Delhi in 1715, mainly in gratitude for his recovery from a disorder for which he was successfully treated by an English medical man, Dr. Hamilton. Our countrymen became masters of Surat in 1759; and from that date the power of the Dutch began to decline as well as that of the French, whose request, in 1777, to be allowed to land twenty-four pieces of cannon and three or four thousand balls at the French Garden outside the city met with a decided refusal from the English. England had been at open war with both countries about that time, and there can be no doubt that the endeavour to keep up a quasi-neutral state of things at Surat, where the English were the dominant power, was altogether anomalous.

The next twenty years of English rule in Surat were marked by considerable prosperity. Forbes, who visited the city in 1771, declares that the riches and splendour of Surat reminded him of the description of Tyre by the Prophets:

"The bazaars were filled with costly merchandise and with picturesque and interesting groups of natives on elephants, camels, horses, and mules, from all parts of the globe in their respective costume; Turks, Persians, and Armenians on Arabian chargers, European ladies in splendid carriages, Asiatic females in hackeries drawn by oxen crowded the streets."

But the next ten years saw a great change, for the war which had so long raged in Europe and India affected Asiatic commerce in general, but was most sensibly felt at Surat. A great storm also had ravaged the west coast of India for upwards of 600 miles, and was most disastrous about the latitude of Surat and Baroche. In the former, the tottering mansions of the Moghuls, long out of repair, the slighter Hindu houses, and the mud-built cottages of the lower classes, alike gave way and buried many of the inhabitants in their ruins. Vessels of all description foundered at their anchors; three ships richly laden, belonging to a Turkish merchant, with cargoes worth five lakhs of rupees, were wholly lost; the *Revenge*, the finest cruiser on the Bombay station, foundered and every soul on board perished, together with the *Terrible*, *Dolphin*, and smaller armed vessels.

There are several curious letters among the Bombay selections detailing a quarrel between Mr. Cobbe, the Chaplain of Bombay Island and chief ecclesiastical dignitary of the place, and Mr. Braddyll, Member of Council, because the latter had employed native workmen on a Sunday to roof his house against the near approach of the rains. Other letters deal with the establishment of the first court of justice in Bombay—a court whose only knowledge of law was derived from a MS. book of instructions sent to them by the Court of Directors. It is not surprising to learn that the public arraigned both its justice and judgment. In 1742 the Bombay Government made considerable reductions in the strength of their army and navy, but the fit of economy was dearly purchased. Merchantmen daily fell a prey to the pirates who infested the coast, the merchants of Bombay petitioned the government that unless more

cruisers were provided the trade of the city would be ruined, and, in consequence of the risks which ships ran, bankers would not advance money on the security of the cargo. The war between France and England broke out; and one fine morning the inhabitants of Bombay woke up to find two French privateers—the *Apollo* of fifty and the *Anglesca* of forty guns—at anchor between Colaba and Malabar Point, while the Bombay Government had no ship capable of fighting them. Next day at dawn an East Indiaman was seen approaching; and, though efforts were made to warn her, an engagement soon ensued and in two hours the East Indiaman was compelled to strike her flag, though she managed to safely land eleven chests of treasure and the home despatches during the fighting. This disaster induced the Court of Directors to increase their naval armament and lay the germ of a force which afterwards acquired reputation under the name of the Bombay Marine. It was the predecessor of the still more famous Indian Navy.

The earliest treaties made with the Portuguese are printed at the end of the second volume. The treaty of marriage between King Charles II. and the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, ceding the island and harbour of Bombay in full sovereignty, is given, together with the secret article by which Charles undertook to oppose the aggressions and encroachments of the Dutch. Selections from the Bantam (Java) letters are also printed, as well as a journal by Mr. Graves of the events during Nadir Shah's residence at Carmania, which gives a vivid picture of the atrocities committed by that capricious tyrant.

An excellent historical introduction to the volumes has been contributed by the editor in order to make the selection more generally intelligible, and the entire work supplies most valuable material to our historical knowledge of India in the early days of British rule.

CHARLES E. D. BLACK.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Black Arrow. By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell.) We must be excused from reviewing, as if it were a new work by the most engaging among our young writers, what confesses itself to be a reprint from a boys' paper of some years ago. Whether Mr. Stevenson has retouched his first draught, we do not know; it is certain that the book still bears the marks both of crudeness and of change of purpose. Judging from the title, the original design was to call back to life the one romance of early English history that keeps its hold on the popular imagination—the ballad of Robin Hood. The opening chapters, which are alone worthy of the author, show that it would not be impossible to interweave a love plot with such a story. But as we read on, the band of the Black Arrow loses all reality; and the Orlando and Rosalind of the early pages—despite the introduction of a Celia—become a very common-place knight and lady. The sustained excitement of *Treasure Island*, the vivid personality of Alan Breck, are both alike absent. In some few incidents, in more frequent descriptions of scenery, and (above all) in the choice language, we can recognise the master hand. But, if Mr. Stevenson cares to maintain his place above the crowd of competitors whom he has himself taught, he must give us of his best; and his publishers must see

to it that American readers are not alone privileged to get the illustrations which a tale like the present sadly needs.

Letters of Richard Radcliffe and John James, of Queen's College, Oxford, 1755-83. With Additions, Notes, and Appendices. Edited by Margaret Evans. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The Oxford Historical Society have condescended to lighten the severely learned character of their publications by a somewhat gossiping volume of private letters. And, in truth, we know so little about academical life during the last century that any letters of this kind may be said to possess a measure of historical value. As might be inferred from the name of their college, both the correspondents were Cumberland men. Richard Radcliffe, the elder of the two, was a fellow, whose career is summed up in the statement that he had to wait nearly thirty years before he had the offer of a living. John James, the writer of by far the greater number of these letters, is also much the more interesting character of the two. The son of a former member of Queen's, and headmaster of St. Bees, it might have been expected that he also would have obtained a place on the foundation. But his father, apparently, preferred to send him as a commoner—which the son did not regret when he saw the roughness with which the scholars were treated by their tutors. He was a hard-working youth, who studied French, music, chemistry, and Hebrew, in addition to the ordinary curriculum; and his undergraduate career was crowned with the university prize for Latin verse. His letters to his father are full of references to books, but they do not tell us much about his actual life. So far as we have noticed, there is not a single mention of amusement or exercise of any kind. It happens that both the correspondents witnessed the great fire at Queen's in 1778, concerning which some interesting details are quoted in an appendix from unpublished sources. Indeed, it would be impossible to praise too highly the thorough manner in which these letters have been edited. The present provost of Queen's, Dr. Magrath, has taken the trouble not only to identify all the persons named from the college records, but also to supply the main facts of their academical career from the university registers and from Mores's MS. collections in the Bodleian. For the explanation of dialectal words, he has had recourse to Dr. J. A. H. Murray; and he has further given copious notes and explanations of everything in the text which required them. The value due to all such careful research is thus added to a volume of otherwise mediocre interest.

WITH his last volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock), Mr. Gomme has entered upon a new branch of his subject, which will probably give increased pleasure to those who have followed him so far in his laborious task. It is entitled *Literary Curiosities and Notes*, and is said to be "edited by A. B. G.," from which circumstances we presume, and we hope correctly, that he has found a willing coadjutor in his undertaking. This general title is subdivided into the three subjects of "bookmaking and bookselling," "libraries and book-clubs," and "bibles, prayer-books, &c.," and within their range is grouped together a vast mass of information which could not be found elsewhere save with great difficulty. The communications to *The Gentleman's Magazine* are not all of equal value; but the only note extracted by Mr. Gomme, which, in our opinion, should have been left forgotten amid its numberless volumes, is that on p. 45, which by an obvious error assumes the Mr. Hooley who bought a copy of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* at Seaman's sale in 1676, to have been the son of the episcopal controversialist

who was not born until many years later. The durability of ink, the bad composition of paper, troubled our forefathers as they trouble us now. The book-worm is the text of a delightful communication from "John Smith (3tus) of St. John's College, Cambridge" (who was this gentleman we may ask?), which might, from its humour and style, have been written by John Hill Burton himself. Two of the most attractive articles relate to the dissimilar collections of books of Edward Llwyd, the patient investigator of Welsh and Cornish history, and Gray, the poet; and we found especial charm in the contemporary account, by Bagford, of London and country libraries at the beginning of the last century (pp. 98-110). Mr. Gomme's notes augment the value of the volume; but we may remind him that the present librarian at Lambeth is not in holy orders. A volume like this, independently of its use for reference, will afford delightful reading for many a half-hour during the winter.

THE pages of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Chronicles of Bow Street Police Office* (Chapman & Hall) contain much that is worthy of preservation, combined with more that might well have been left to its natural obscurity. The choicest examples of the latter class abound in such chapters as that not inappropriately entitled "Eccentricity." From old newspapers of half a century ago have been exhumed such ill-considered trifles as the chronicle of a dispute between a landlord and his waiter, or the narrative, five pages long, of a drunken naval captain who was first expelled from the precincts of Drury Lane theatre and then brought up before the authorities at Bow Street on a charge of drunkenness. Pages like these—and they are not a few in number—might delude the inexperienced book-reader into ignoring the worthier portions of these volumes. The account of the Cato Street conspiracy, and of the turmoil over Queen Caroline's funeral, furnish a fitting chronicle of two events which have passed into history. The views of Cato Street, and of the room in which the conspirators arranged their plot, we do not remember to have met with before. On the other hand, the portraits of old Priores are recognised favourites with those who have read the volumes which Hone compiled for the use of young and old some sixty years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald describes in sufficient detail the historical, as they might almost be called, murders of Blight at Rotherhithe and Weare "of Lyon's Inn"; and for the middle aged who have forgotten the past, he revives the recollection of the brutalities of such creatures as Muller. The dates of Mr. Fitzgerald, when he condescends to indulge in such points of detail, are hopelessly erroneous. It was in 1790 that the "no popery" riots broke out. Fielding, we read on p. 26, died in 1754; but from p. 16 it would appear that he was not succeeded by his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, until 1761. Indeed, the dates on pp. 16 and 17 of the appointments of the magistrates at Bow Street have, when compared with subsequent pages, involved us in hopeless confusion. The whole work has affected us with mingled feelings of amusement and annoyance.

Four Biographies from "Blackwood." By L. B. Walford. (Blackwood.) The biographies in this volume are those of Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Fry, Hannah More, and Mary Somerville. They are of no especial merit, the first two in fact being distinctly inferior and unworthy of the writer. Hannah More's Life is pleasantly told; but it is spoilt by the amount of respect which the biographer has paid to the high and mighty of the aristocracy as such—indeed, this is the chief blemish of the whole book. The best biography is that of Mary

Somerville; and there is in it a very good account of the *furor* with which, like George Eliot in a later day, she was first received after her essay on the *Mécanique Céleste*. The volume is merely a chatty one, and does not pretend to any original research.

Restful Work for Youthful Hands. By S. F. A. Caulfeild. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) The motive of this book—to point out methods of helping the poor and unfortunate—is excellent. Most mothers would thankfully adopt its suggestions; and no greater blessing could befall their girls than to be taught in some of the ways here indicated how to alleviate the lot of the suffering poor. The author describes the Children's Hospital, the Deaf-Mute Training College, and the like; and, having drawn out a girl's sympathy, she directs how flowers can be grown, boxes of sea-shells collected, toys, embroidered quilts, scrap-books, &c., made for different missions, which then distribute them among the deserving poor. But the author is determined to compass another end at the same time, and tries hard to wedge in lessons on geography, botany, and astronomy. It is a pity, for this feature injures an otherwise excellent book. It is an unenviable thing for a child to possess an encyclopædic mother, prepared at a moment's notice to discuss any of the sciences. Yet one is here depicted who discourses on the disintegration of shores by the sea, on the Silures, Druids, the Milky Way, eclipses, and tapestry considered historically and practically. It is to be feared that a girl who might gladly help the poor if a method of doing so were shown her, and the right motive inculcated, would lose interest in the whole matter if it also implied a lesson. At least, so the unregenerate reviewer would think, when, on the pupil being informed of the Sea Shell Mission, it is added, "You shall have a little course of conchology with" your governess. The tone of the book is high, and much commonsense is taught in it; and, although we have ventured to smile at Mrs. Caulfeild's enthusiasm, it is one to be thoroughly recommended for every family of girls. The illustrations, too, are carefully drawn.

Sports and Recreations in Town and Country. By F. Gale. (Sonnenschein.) This book contains sporting reminiscences of some forty years ago, and possesses a certain interest now that railways, breech-loaders, and lawn tennis have supplanted coaches, and flint and steel looks. Every sensible man, too, will echo Mr. Gale's sentiments on the folly of gambling and betting. Whether these evils now demand his impressive sermon against them, and his "preaching to the parson" may be doubted. Young men have become more cautious in the last twenty years; and, judging from the frequent appeals made by advertising money lenders, and the extent of their promises to patrons, Shylock's business does not appear so lucrative as it used to be. The author is a great admirer of boxing, and laments that so much scoundrelism crept into the prize ring "that gentlemen of position turned their backs on it, and practically it died out." The truth is public feeling softened, and a repugnance for brutality and cruelty has marked the higher civilisation of the last thirty years. The recent prize fights in France will scarcely rehabilitate boxing. Apart from these eccentricities, Mr. Gale gives a pleasant account of the Derby in Macaroni's year. His reminiscences of Winchester are also amusing.

Flower Gardening for Amateurs. By Lewis Castle. (Sonnenschein.) Among the multiplicity of works on gardening, this little book only professes to contain hints; but any admirer of a flower garden would find something useful in its pages. It contains lists of the choicest flowers, and much information on

building and maintaining greenhouses. The sections on laying out a garden and its miscellaneous adornments, rockeries, ferneries, rhododendron beds, and the like, are also full of excellent suggestions. There is a good index. Perhaps the designs of greenhouses and boilers lent by different manufacturers add a flavour of a trade catalogue to the book. It is pleasant to a lover of old-fashioned gardens to see a decided re-action setting in for hardy perennial plants.

Amenities of Social Life, by Edward Bennett (Elliot Stock), is a collection of pleasantly written essays on such subjects as "The Plague of Books," "Single Blessedness," "Domestic Quarrels," &c. Without the least pretence to originality or profundity, they evince no small amount of insight into human nature, and are occasionally enlivened by startling paradoxes and humorous remarks. As an example of the latter the following comment on the decrease of marriages deserves quotation:

"It is surely not incorrect to say that after eighteen centuries of preaching this is the one form of *Paulinism* which shows the greatest amount of vitality."

The author's style is marked by simplicity and incisiveness, but it is scarcely correct to say (p. 89), "Now let us turn to our own eighteenth century—it is an age for which I have a great fascination."

The Lost Wedding Ring (Putnam) may be concisely described as a not very coherent collection of remarks on matrimony, Adam and Eve, &c. American in smartness, the book is also American in its eccentric views of progress.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Mrs. Montague Butler (Miss Agnata Ramsay) was able to finish her edition of Herodotus, at which she had been working for the past year; but that she finds herself compelled to resign her appointment as classical tutor at Girton, to the great disappointment of the college authorities.

WE understand that Mr. H. Mapleton Chapman, Registrar of the Court of Probate at Canterbury, intends to compile an alphabetical index of all the Wills in the Canterbury Registry from the earliest period up to the year 1858.

THE author of *Dead Man's Rock*, who is still content to be known simply as "Q.," has written another story of adventure, which will be published this winter by Messrs. Cassell, under the title of *The Astonishing History of Troy Town*.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD's new book, *Maiwa's Revenge*, has already reached its fortieth thousand.

THE most important articles in the forthcoming number of the *Universal Review* will be one by Prof. Mahaffy on "The Political and Social Condition of Germany"; and an account by Mr. William Thomas, the editor of the *Graphic*, of the manner in which that journal was founded, accompanied by numerous illustrations reproduced from early drawings by Herkomer, Fildes, Linton, Macbeth, Gregory, Boyd-Houghton, Pinwell, Small, Henry Woods, C. Green, and others, originally designed for the *Graphic*. There will also probably be a paper on "Historic Art," by Mr. Madox Brown, and another on "Mummer Worship," by Mr. George Moore.

WE are informed that the issue of the *Life of Prince Gortchakoff* in the "Eminent Statesmen" series is likely to be a little delayed, owing to the author, Mr. Dobson, having been sent on a journey to Central Asia on behalf of

the *Times*. Mr. Dobson is the writer of the elaborate letters on the Transcaspian Railway which are now appearing in that paper.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish next month Mr. Grant Allen's novel, *The Mortal Coil*, which has been appearing during the present year in *Chambers's Journal*; and also a cheap edition of what some regard as his most successful effort in fiction, *For Maimie's Sake*.

MR. OSMUND AIRY has written a volume for the "Epochs of Modern History" series upon *The English Restoration and Louis XIV.*, 1648-1678.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press two volumes of Oxonian philosophy: *Physical Realism*, being an Analytic Philosophy from the Physical Objects of Science to the Physical Data of Sense, by Mr. T. Case, of Corpus Christi College; and the third and last volume of the late T. H. Green's works, consisting of *Miscellanies*, with a memoir and a portrait.

MESSRS. LONGMANS also announce *The Record of a Human Soul*, by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson. This book consists of leaves from a diary given, without reserve, to the author, and by him so fitted into a fictional setting as to form a connected biography of a soul tortured by its inability to accept the stereotyped dogmas of religion, and at length rescued from the lifelessness of agnosticism by a personal revelation of the truth, as yet but inadequately felt, that religion is a state of emotional communion with God rather than of intellectual comprehension.

THE October volume in the "Great Writers" series, published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Crabbe*, by Mr. T. E. Kebbel.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. announce for the coming publishing season a new novel by Mr. F. C. Philips, entitled *Little Mrs. Murray*. The portrait of the heroine forms, in some degree, a companion picture to the Mrs. Despard in *As in a Looking Glass*. The same publishers will also issue at the end of the present month *Elfriede*, in two volumes, by Prof. Hausrath (George Taylor), the author of "Antinous."

AMONG books of travel and adventure, Messrs. Sonnenschein promise *Blackbirding in the South Pacific*; or, the First White Man on the Beach, by A. W. Churchward, author of "My Consulate in Samoa"; and a new edition, with illustrations, of Commander Lovett Cameron's *The Queen's Land: a Romance of the East Coast of Africa, opposite Aden*.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have nearly ready for publication a *Vocabulary to Xenophon's Anabasis*, prepared by Mr. J. Marshall, rector of the High School, Edinburgh, as a companion to his edition of the first and third books of the "Anabasis," which have already appeared in the Clarendon Press series; a collection of *Easy Passages for Translation into Greek*, by Mr. J. Y. Sargent, on the same scale as his "Easy Passages for Translation into Latin Prose"; and a *Class Book of Elementary Chemistry*, by Mr. W. W. Fisher, Aldrichian Demonstrator of Chemistry at Oxford.

The Wife's Help; or, Indian Cookery made Easy, is the title of a new manual of cookery for East Indians, edited by W. H. Dawe, shortly to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE Rev. Richard Free, minister of Orange Street Chapel, otherwise called Leicester Fields Chapel, has written a memoir of that historic place of worship, which from 1693 to 1787 was used by the French refugee church, and since by the Independents. The work will include biographies of Chamier, Saurin, Toplady, Cecil, &c.; and will be illustrated with portraits and other engravings. It will be published by Messrs. W. B. Whittingham & Co.

MR. JOHN HOGG announces *The Makers of British India*; Historical and Biographical, from 1600 to the present time, by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams.

IN view of the Bunyan Bi-centenary, Messrs. Cassell & Co. will issue a cheap edition of their illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress and Holy War*. A new life of Bunyan has been prepared for this edition by the Rev. Dr. John Brown, Minister of the Bunyan Meeting-house, Bedford.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD's popular book on *Museums and Art Galleries*, already announced in the ACADEMY, will be published next week by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A CHEAP edition of Mr. Frederick Langbridge's ballads of homely life, *Sent Back by the Angels*, &c., will be published immediately by Messrs. Cassell.

THE Rev. James Raine, rector of All Saints and St. Crux, York—who has hitherto borne the title of canon by virtue of holding the prebendal stall of Langtoft in York minster—has just been appointed to a residentiary canonry in the same cathedral.

A FRESH volume of Dr. Furnivall's Series of Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles has just been issued: Part I. of *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England* (1591), with Forewords by Dr. Furnivall, and a revised reprint of Mr. Edward Rose's paper of 1877-8 on "Shakspeare as an Adapter," showing how admirably Shakspeare improved "The Troublesome Raigne" when he rewrote it as his "King John," and yet how he failed to make it into either a good drama or a good acting play. The facsimile is from the unique Capel copy in Trinity College Library, which has never before been reproduced. All the prior reprints have been made from a later edition. The Facsimile Quarto Series will close when Part II. of *The Troublesome Raigne* and the Devonshire Quarto of *Richard II.*, both nearly ready, are issued.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BALLADE OF A HEATHEN GOD.

(Transported from Easter Island to adorn the façade of the British Museum.)

Who is it with the noble nose,
And hollow eyes, with sorrow sore,
That stands in inartistic pose,
To guard the dull museum door?
"A stranger from a distant shore;
A god beneath a southern star.
Men worshipped me in years of yore;
I'm Hoa Haka Nana Ja.

"What though I have nor teeth, nor toes,
Nor hair, nor eyebrows any more?
Time was the pious came in rows,
And knelt upon my temple floor.
Those coloured saints have 'gone before';
We heathen gods are scattered far;
And no man now sets any store
By Hoa Haka Nana Ja.

"The silly student comes and goes;
Bluestocking glum, professor hoar,
Each passing pause to flout my woes,
And mock the mighty name I bore.
The vials of contempt they pour;
They greet me with a rude ha, ha!
The schoolboy even tries to score
Off Hoa Haka Nana Ja."

Envoi.

"In vain such insults I deplore,
Someday you'll find what fools you are;
And all the orthodox will roar
For Hoa Haka Nana Ja."

FRANÇOIS H. GRIBBLE.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. E. BAILEY, F.S.A.

IN a private letter which I have just received from Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, he says that "Mr. J. E. Bailey's loss will be heavily felt wherever English literature is studied." And this will be the feeling of all who knew either the man or his work; for the more than generosity with which he made the fruits of his extensive reading the common property of fellow students was as noteworthy as the thoroughness and excellence of that which came from his own pen.

John Eglington Bailey was born at Edgbaston, Birmingham, on February 13, 1840; but he came with his family to Lancashire while yet a child, and was educated at Boteler's Grammar School, Warrington. He was intended for commerce, and entered the Manchester warehouse of Messrs. Ralli Bros., in whose service he remained until the overthrow of his health about a couple of years ago. His studies were carefully and zealously continued both at home and in the Evening Classes of the Owens College. He learned Pitman's phonography, and was an enthusiast in the stenographic art. Among the most beautifully written shorthand MSS. I have ever seen is a copy of the New Testament and of the Book of Common Prayer, which he wrote in 1862 and 1863 for the lady, also an expert phonographer, who a few years later became his wife. Like many of Mr. Isaac Pitman's disciples, he had propagandist zeal, and was one of the founders of the Manchester Phonographic Union, whose members discussed shorthand, spelling reform, and various topics connected with literature and science. Already he had begun to turn his attention to the writers of the seventeenth century, and he gave a lecture before the union on the life and writings of Thomas Fuller. This was printed in the *Popular Lecturer*, an excellent little periodical edited by his friend, Mr. Henry Pitman. This lecture was the nucleus of Mr. Bailey's most important work—one by which his name takes a position of honour in our biographical literature. The *Life of Fuller* appeared in 1874, and was the fruit of many years of careful study, patient accumulation of facts, and painstaking bibliographical research. He spent several of his summer holidays in visiting the haunts of the wise and witty divine who wrote *The Worthies of England*. Mr. Bailey's book was at once recognised as an adequate and, indeed, masterly presentation of Fuller, "one of our worthiest worthies." If the 800 octavo pages of this volume bore testimony to his industry, they also showed his sobriety of judgment and keen literary instinct.

After the publication of the *Life of Fuller*, Mr. Bailey turned his attention to local history and archaeology; and a long series of small books, pamphlets, and papers proceeded from his pen. *Manchester at Mondo* was re-edited, with an excellent biography of the noble author. *The School Candidates*—a trifle written by Dr. Henry Clarke, the mathematician, before he had attained distinction—was reprinted and made valuable by a full notice of that interesting man. The Charter of Salford was transcribed and edited. The Manchester portions of Dr. Dee's Diary were printed from the Bodleian MS. Mr. Bailey contributed papers to the Manchester Literary Club, the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, the Field Naturalists' Association, the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, and various other organisations for research and for the popularisation of knowledge. He wrote for the ACADEMY, *Notes and Queries*, and to all the local archaeological journals of the district in which he lived. In 1881, he started *The Palatine Note-Book*, of which four volumes and one part

appeared. He became the hon. secretary of the Chetham Society. He kept up a correspondence with antiquaries and bibliographers in various parts of Europe and America. All this was the work not of a man of ample means passing his days in scholarly leisure, but of one whose daily work, conscientiously and punctually performed, was in a Manchester warehouse, where his position was one of trust and responsibility. Undoubtedly the strain was too great, and two years ago he broke down. It was hoped that complete cessation from work would restore him, and a long holiday at Hastings, Eastbourne, Ventnor, and Guernsey gave hope of his recovery; but this was not to be. After some fluctuations there was a relapse, and he died on August 23, and was buried at Stretford Church on the 27th.

Mr. Bailey continued to collect until the last. His series of the works of Fuller is probably the completest to be found, nor can I forget his pleasure when a lucky chance enabled me to send him the rarest, perhaps, of them all—*David's Hainous Sinne*—for which shabby-looking little volume his shelves had been yearning for many years. Besides Fuller, he had a remarkable collection of the theological literature of that time. His topographical books included many of importance, and ranged over the whole of the English shires. He was an admirer of Mr. Ruskin, and had a long array of his works. He had a choice collection of English poetry. His shorthand books numbered some three or four hundred volumes, and, especially as to the English section, was the completest, so far as is known, in existence. A history of English stenography was one of his unfulfilled intentions. On the local history of Lancashire and Cheshire his collections were extensive and important. His library, one of such great scholarly value, is to be sold, probably about the end of the year.

It is not always easy for a friend to hold the critical balance in an unswerving hand, but there was no man who stood less in need of partiality than this friend of more than a quarter of a century's standing. I can think of him with pleasure as I knew him—of pleasant intercourse at his home and mine, of hours in libraries, of rambles on our Lancashire moorlands, of a long walk on Beachy Head, when the dark cloud of ill-health that had settled upon his life seemed to be passing away; for on all these occasions I found the same unvarying characteristics of a ripe scholar, a man of genial and generous heart, and a friend upon whose sympathy and sincerity an implicit reliance could be placed.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first article in the September *Antiquary*—which, contrary to common usage, is unsigned—by its quaint title, "*Calceolaria Quaedam*," moves the reader to investigation. He will not be disappointed. It may be defined to be a retrospective review of a treatise on shoes and shoemaking, published some two hundred years ago by a certain Benedict Bauldwin, a scholar, but the son of a working shoemaker. Shoes and shoemaking had an hereditary fascination for him, and he clothed in good Dutch Latin the more noteworthy contents of what must have been a long series of note-books. His *De Calceo Antiquo* does not seem to be quite so interesting a miscellany as Thiers's *Histoire des Perruques*, but it is a book equally convenient for essay writers to steal from. From Mr. James Hilton, the recognised authority on chronograms, we have a further instalment on the literature of that inexhaustible subject. Mr. J. A. Starvel-Bayly has given us a very interesting paper on dedications of the churches of Essex and Kent. It is much to be wished

that all the shires of England were treated in the same manner. The popular devotions varied in different parts of our land much more than is commonly supposed. The reasons for this can at present only be guessed at. Whenever we have a perfect catalogue of all the church dedications, arranged under counties, we shall be in a position to assign reasons for what at present seems mere chance and fancy. We are glad to welcome a further account of the Spanish Priest-poet of the fourteenth century, from the pen of Mr. G. H. Powell. The verse translations are remarkably good.

THE August *Livre* is well provided with matter; but no one of the articles is quite so interesting as some which we have recently had to notice. "Charles Monselet" is an admirable subject; but M. Lemerrier de Neuville's sketch consists avowedly of mere jottings, preliminary to a fuller treatment by M. Uzanne. The jubilee of the birth of Charpentier, with a portrait of the founder of the house, is a paper quite proper to be inserted in such a periodical, but not extraordinarily interesting; and M. Théodor de Wyzewa's essay on De Quincey is rather an exposition addressed to readers who do not know the Opium-Eater than a criticism intended for those who do. But the number is a good number in its way.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOISSON, G. *Poèmes bretons*. Paris: Victor-Havard. 8 fr. 50 c.
BOURNON, F. Paris: histoire, monuments, administration, environs. Paris: Colin. 7 fr.
CALAND, W. Ueb. Totenverehrung bei einigen der indo-germanischen Völker. Amsterdam: Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.
FISCHER, A. Petöf's Leben u. Werke. Leipzig: Friedrich. 10 M.
NIGRA, Cost. *Canti popolari del Piemonte*. Turin: Loescher. 15 fr.
PARLOW, H. Kultur u. Gesellschaft im heutigen Spanien. Leipzig: Mischler. 5 M.
PLOIX, Ch. La nature des dieux: études de mythologie gréco-latine. Paris: V. Wieg. 10 fr.
RAHSTORF, H. G. Studien zu La Rochefoucauld's Leben u. Werken. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 2 M. 40 Pf.
STEINBERGER, A. Die Oedipusgeschichte. Regensburg: Oppenrath. 1 M.

HISTORY.

- BABON, J. Frans Hotmann's Antitribonian. Ein Beitrag zu den Codificationsbestrebungen vom 16. bis zum 18. Jahrh. Bern: Schmid. 2 M.
DJUVARA, T. G. Traité, conventions et arrangements internationaux de la Roumanie actuellement en vigueur. Paris: Rousseau. 30 fr.
ROSSI, G. B. de. *Inscriptiones christianae urbis Romae*. Vol. II. Parte 1^a. Milan: Hoepli. 80 fr.
SEPP, B. Der Originaltext der Oasettenbriefe der Königin Maria Stuart. Eine Erwiderung auf M. Philippon's Abhandlung: Les Lettres de la Oasette. München: Lindauer. 50 Pf.
WEDERH, H. Johannes Dietsenberger 1475–1537. Sein Leben u. Wirken. Freiburg-L.-Br.: Herder. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- GROSHANS, J. A. Des dissolutions aqueuses par rapport aux nombres de densité des éléments. Berlin: Friedländer. 2 M. 40 Pf.
GUMPPENBERG, C. Fhr. v. *Systema geometrarum sonae temperatoris septentrionalis*. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.
RÜLF, J. Wissenschaft d. Weltgedankens u. der Gedankenwelt. 1. Thl. Wissenschaft d. Weltgedankens. Leipzig: Friedrich. 8 M.
SEMPER, O. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. 5. Bd. Die Tagalater-Rhopalocera. v. G. Semper. 3. Lfg. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 24 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BROCKE, J. H. Saga II. Zur Deutung urzeitlicher Ueberlieferung. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M. 40 Pf.
GESSLER, A. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Entwicklung der neuhochdeutschen Schriftsprache in Basel. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
LIVI, T. a. u. c. *libri apparatus criticus adiecto* ed. A. Lucho. Vol. III. *Horos XXI.—XXV.* continens. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.
SABONIER, S. Syntaktische Untersuchungen zu Rabalais. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SCHMIDT, S. Untersuchung über die Frage der Echtheit der Rede pro M. Marcello. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD ENGLISH POEM "THE FATES OF THE APOSTLES."

Oxford: Aug. 30, 1888.

HAVING had occasion to visit Vercelli this summer, in order to collate the Old English Homilies in the well-known Vercelli book, I availed myself of the opportunity of collating also the poetry contained in the same MS. The most interesting result of this collation was the discovery that the short poem known as the "Fates of the Apostles," as hitherto printed, is imperfect, and that the MS. contains twenty-eight more lines, which follow immediately on those already printed, and form the conclusion of the poem, but which, for some unaccountable reason, have been overlooked by all the previous editors. What lends these concluding verses a special interest is the fact that they tell us who the author was. Cynewulf, for to him the poem must henceforth be assigned, has here adopted the same device as in the "Elene," "Juliana," and "Christ," and has revealed his name by means of runes interspersed in the text. The lines begin:

"Her mæg findan forþances gleaw,
se ðe hine lysteð leoðgiddunga,
hwa þas fitte feigde."

The whole twenty-eight verses, together with a collation of the remaining Vercelli poems, will appear in the next number of the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*. A. S. NAPIER.

A FURTHER NOTE ON THE "ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE."

Cambridge: August 30, 1888.

THIS poem was discussed once before, but it is now some years ago. Since then some further progress has been made with the question.

Dr. Lindner has shown (*Englische Studien*, xi. 163) that the existing English translation consists of two fragments, A and B (as we all knew before); and further, that these two fragments are by different hands. Thus Chaucer can only have written one of them at most. If so, which?

Dr. Lindner suggests that he wrote fragment A, merely because he fancied it is more correct. But against this is the overwhelming evidence, that it is precisely the part which he *could not* have written; for it is the part which most contradicts Chaucer's rimes, grammar, dialect, and diction in almost every conceivable point. See my essay. Fragment B, the latter one, does not do this to anything like the same extent, and so might conceivably be Chaucer's; but I think the internal evidence is sufficiently strong against that also. However, the independence of the two fragments is glaringly obvious, now that it has once been pointed out.

But my present point is this. It would be easy to show that Chaucer is extremely fond of borrowing his own language, and often repeats himself word for word. I will give just one instance, which will probably be new to many.

In the *Compl. of Mars*, 61, we find: "But when I see the beautees of your face." This reappears bodily in "The Non. Pr. Tale," 340, with the change of *But* to *For*.

If then Chaucer translated the *Romaunt of the Rose* (as he says he did), we may be sure that he would occasionally repeat his own lines when he wished expressly to bring in a quotation from that poem. Conversely, if in Chaucer's works we find quotations from the *Roman de la Rose*, they will be mere repetitions from his own translation. They will, therefore, agree *word for word* with the existing English translation, *if that be his*. And if not, not. Well, they do not. On the contrary, they differ as much as they well can.

The comparison is extremely difficult to institute, for the singular reason that, whenever Chaucer quotes from this poem, which he does continually, he quotes passages which do not happen to exist in either of the known English fragments. But there are a few exceptions; and, whenever we can get parallel passages, the difference is startling. As this is an entirely new point, I am sure a few examples will be interesting.

Rom. of the Rose, ed. Méon, 1373.

"Li ung [*arbrs*] fu loing de l'autre aseis
Plus de cinq toises, ou de sis."

Chaucer's translation; *Book Duch.* 419.

"And every tree stood by himselve
Fro other wel ten foot or twelve."

Eng. Version; by author of Fragment A, 1391.

"These trees were set, that I devyse,
One from another in assyse
Five fadme or six, I trowe so."

The same passage is soon after continued thus:

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 424.

"With croppes brode, and eek as thikke;
They were nat an inche asonder,
That hit was shadwe over-al under . . .
Of founes, sources, bukkes, does,
Was ful the wode, and many roes,
And many squerelles, that sete
Ful hye upon the trees, and etc."

Author of Fragment A, 1396.

"The croppes were so thikke yronne,
And every braunche in other knet,
And ful of grene leves set,
Than sonne might ther noon descende,
Lest the tendre grasses shende.
Ther might men does and roes yse,
And of squerels ful gret plente,
From bow to bowe alway lepinge."

The latter has *squirrels*, where Chaucer has *squerelles*; but the accent on French words is so variable that this practically proves nothing. Still, one notes it.

Rom. Rose, l. 47.

"En Mai estoile, ce songole."

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 291.

"Me thoughte thus, that it was May."

Author of Fragment A, 49.

"That it was May, me thoughte tho."

Note that the slight variation brings in a quite different rime.

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 410.

"Hit [the Earth] had forgete the povertie
That winter, through his colde morwes,
Had mad hit suffren, and his sorwes;
Al was forgotten, and that was sene.
For al the wode was waxen grene,
Sweetnesse of dewe had mad it waxe."

Author of Fragment A, 59.

"And the erth wexeth proud withal,
For swote dewes, that on it fal;
And the pore estat forget,
In which that winter had it set."

(I am obliged to correct the MS. *forgette*, *sette*, which are ridiculous forms. *Forget* is here short for *forgeteth*, the 3 p. s. pres.; like *wexeth*.)

By this time the suspicion arises that Chaucer's translation was not a very literal one; that he did it to please himself, and recast the French original at pleasure. And it may not have been continuous.

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 283.

"No more than coude the leste of us;
Ne nat scarcely Macrobeus,
He that wrot al thavisoun
That he mette, King Scipoun."

Author of Fragment A, 7.

"An author that hight Macrobes
That halt nat dremes false ne lees;
But undoth us thavisoun
That whilom mette King Scipoun."

Of course the two last lines have the same rime, because the original is:

"Ancois escriit la vision
Qui avint au roi Scipion."

But Chaucer makes *Macrobeus* to rime with *us*; and the other writer makes *Macrobes* to rime with *lees*. The original has *Macrobes*.

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 340.

"Blew, bright, clere was the air,
And ful atempre, for soth, hit was."

Author of Fragment A, 130.

"Ful clere was than the morwe-tyde,
And ful atempre, out of drede."

The original has (l. 124):—

"Clere et serie et bele estoit
La matinee, et atempee [or atempree]."

Chaucer, *Book Duch.* 1152.

"—she was lady
Of the body; she had the herte,
And who hath that, may nat asterte."

Author of Fragment A, 2084.

"For of the body he is ful lord
That hath the herte in his tresor."

Wherever, in fact, we can possibly compare Chaucer with the author of Fragment A, we invariably find a difference, and never a coincidence. This is surely very remarkable, when we observe how constantly Chaucer borrows from his own lines, and never hesitates to give the same words over again. If we could find a single line common to Chaucer and to the author of Fragment A, it would be something; but I doubt if this is possible.

It is also somewhat curious that neither of the fragments (with the few exceptions noted above) contain the passages we most want, such as, for example, the long passage about the chess-board (*Book Duch.* 660, *Rom. Rose*, 6644, &c.), or the passage on Gentilesse (*Rom. Rose*, 18,819); or any of the more satirical passages against the ladies which Chaucer himself blames in his *Legend of Good Women*, but which he nevertheless took good care to insert in the "Wife of Bath's Prologue." We have not even the description of the Prioress, copied almost verbatim from *Rom. Rose*, 13,612.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE "DAYS" OF GENESIS.

London: Sept. 1, 1888.

It is not quite accurate to say, as Mr. Houghton does, that

"the fact is that no one ever thought of interpreting the days in Genesis to mean epochs, and not literal days of twenty-four hours, until geology cropped up its head."

For St. Augustine draws attention again and again to the detail that the sun was created on the fourth day, as proving that we must not understand the three earlier days of the creative week literally, seeing that the literal day of our earth depends upon the sun, and so we need not understand the three latter days as literal either. As to the seventh day, he uses the fact that it is not said to have an evening to show that we are not to understand it as a literal day, but as the whole post-creation era.

I will cite but one sentence, for brevity's sake, out of the many passages in which he recurs to this topic, and rather implies, than directly states, his own view—that the six days are either merely a mode of expressing the orderly sequence of the plan of creation in the Divine mind, or else epochs of unknown duration in a successive order.

"Quapropter quod illum diem vel illos dies, qui ejus repetitione numerati sunt, in hac nostra mortalitate terrena experiri ac sentire non possumus, et si quid ad eos intelligendos conari possumus, non debemus temerariam præcipitare sententiam, tanquam de his aliud sentire con-

gruentius probabiliusque non possit; istos septem dies, qui pro illis agunt hebdomadam, cujus cursu et recursu tempora rapiuntur, in qua dies unus est a solis ortu usque in ortum circuitus, sic illorum vicem quamdam exhibere credamus, ut non eos illi similes, sed multum impares, minime dubitemus."

De Genesi ad litteram, iv. 44.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

IS "ZABA" = "FROG" A DIALECTAL ITALIAN WORD?

London: September 1, 1888.

Will Mr. F. Sacchi be so kind as to let the readers of the ACADEMY know the names of the localities of South Lombardy where *zaba* "frog" is in use? So far as I know, this word is not to be found in any of the dialectal dictionaries, which are all in my library, either of North Italy in general, or of South Lombardy in particular. The only names I have heard for "toad" or "frog" are the following: (I.) TOAD: Genoese *baggiu*, *rospu*; Piedmontese *babi*; Milanese *sciatt*, *pabbi*, *babbi*; Verbanese of Val Auzasca *ciatt*; Bergamasco *sat*; Bresciano *rapati*; Cremonese *zatt*; Mantuan *fada*; Bozlognese *rosp*, *ruspè*, *bò*, *bòta*; Modenese *pacciana*. Mantua and Cremona, quoted by Mr. Sacchi, form no exceptions, and present no *zaba*, either for "frog" or "toad," in Cherubini's Mantuan and Peri's Cremonese dictionaries; while the Frioulans *sav* or *sav* "toad" (with voiced initial *s*) is related to it, as well as the Spanish and Portuguese *sapo* "toad"; the Valencian *sap*, *sapo* "id"; and also the Illyric *zaba* (with *z* = *s* in "pleasure," and not *zaba*), "frog." See my *Names of European Reptiles*, &c. (II.) FROG: Genoese *raena*, *raenetta*; Piedmontese *ranha* (*nh* = *to ng* in *singer*); Milanese *rana*; Bolognese *rande*; Mantuan and Cremonese, quoted by Mr. Sacchi, not *zaba*, but *rana*.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

"UN PAIO D'ORGANI."

Bottesford Manor, Brigg: Sept. 1, 1888.

In former days the organ was commonly spoken of in the plural. Thus in the churchwardens' accounts of Louth (Lincolnshire) we have:

1520 "Mending flesmych organs ij' ij' d"

1552 "Rec. of John Smythe and George Somerscales for frame and organs in the ladies quere xvij' s"

This latter entry refers to the sale of the organ, which was then disposed of in company with other objects which had been employed in the Catholic worship.

In *The Records of St. Michael's Parish Church, Bishop's Stortford*, edited by J. L. Glasscock, jun., occurs:

1491 "To John Cosyn for playyng at the organs at Ester" (p. 28).

"Pair of organs" occurs so frequently that it might be no exaggeration to call it the usual form.

In *Parish Church Goods in Berkshire, A.D. 1552*, by Walter Money, we are told that there was at Newbury:

"ij payer of orgayns" (p. 2).

In *Inventories of Goods . . . in the Churches of Surrey in the Reign of Edward the Sixth*, by J. E. Daniel-Tyssen we meet with many example. See Woking, St. Peter (p. 22); Guildford, St. Mary (p. 26); Guildford, Holy Trinity (p. 28); Longfield, St. Peter and St. Paul (p. 114), &c.

Richard Symonds, in his *Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army* (Camden Soc.), records

that he saw in Broad Clist Church, Devonshire,

"an old pair of organs now used in the church" (p. 97)

In a "Survey of the Manor of Wymbledon," taken in 1649 and printed in the tenth volume of the *Archæologia*, mention is made of

"a faire and riche payre of organs of curious works, the cases of which are waynscoot, well gault and wrought with flower works" (p. 404).

It seems from Evans's *Leicestershire Words* that a "pair of organs" is still spoken of in that county. I never heard this form of speech here or elsewhere, but we have phrases of the same character—e.g., a pair of stairs. In former days a rosary was commonly spoken of as a "pair of beads." EDWARD PEAOCK.

"VIRGIN CRANTS" OR MAIDEN'S GARLAND.

London: Sept. 1, 1888.

It slipped the memory of the Vicar of Ashford that the late Llewelyn Jewitt, in the first volume of his *Reliquary* in 1860-1, and other later writers, had identified the Derbyshire garlands with Ophelia's "virgin crants."

After visiting Ashford, I saw six of these maiden's garlands hanging from the v-strycelling timbers of Matlock parish church. Two more are at Ilam, and one at Thursley. Perhaps some of your readers know others in Derbyshire, as well as in other counties. These garlands have been seen at St. Albans, at Swanscombe in Kent, and in Essex. There is an article on them in Chambers's *Book of Days*, which I have not yet seen. F. J. FURNIVALL.

P.S.—My friend, Mr. H. A. Evans, writes that about thirteen years ago he saw a maiden's garland, or "crants," hanging up in the church of South Wingfield, Derbyshire.

F. J. F.

SCIENCE.

A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF THE VEDĀNTA.

Die Sūtra's des Vedānta, oder die Ātma-śāstra des Bādarāyana nebst dem vollständigen Commentare des Ānandakara. Aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt von Dr. Paul Deussen. (Leipzig)

Of the six orthodox systems of Hindu philosophy, the Vedānta seems to be the most popular in the West. Its reputation is not confined to the narrow circle of specialists, but has reached the ears of the general reader, whose attention may have been aroused by the supposed affinity of its doctrine with that of certain European thinkers of repute, or who perhaps feels in the very name itself a kind of subtle fascination, as of something peculiarly Eastern and esoteric. Translations of the Vedāntasāra and the Vedāntaparibhāṣā—concise manuals in which the cream or essence of the system may be conveniently tasted—already exist in English; and through Ballantyne's tract, *The Aphorisms of the Vedānta*, a glimpse might have been caught of the Sūtras themselves. But, in spite of the existence of such aids and stimulants to serious and special study, Indian philosophy in general and the system before us in particular still remain "more talked about and criticised than known, more overrated and underrated than understood." For while, on one hand, the majority, here as elsewhere, are content with general statements and loose impressions, the select minority, on the other hand, professionally interested in philosophy,

are prevented by the prejudices of an exclusive education from admitting a mere Indian curiosity to share, as it were, the same circle with the finished and reasonable products of sober speculation, in much the same way as a god from Greece and a god from Japan would be assigned to very different departments in the same museum.

Prof. Deussen is to be congratulated upon having accomplished a laborious and difficult task with distinguished success. The Vedānta Sūtras—the complete and formal expression of the whole system—are now, for the first time, brought within the reach of the philosophical student, while the closely woven commentary of Ānandakara is appended as a guide for the perplexed. The channel is now open through which the thoughts of the Indians may find their way to a place within the scope even of lecture and handbook. The new region has been surveyed and mapped; it only remains for the trained bands of academical truthseekers to go in and possess it.

The translator is already known to us through his former work as having taken deep soundings in the ocean of Hindu thought. His contention that herein we have to deal with the product of an isolated activity, no less important for the new light it throws upon our own efforts in the same direction than the thinking of some imaginary Jovian or Saturnian philosopher, were it suddenly to be revealed to us, is opposed to the conclusions of, among others, Weber and Lorinser. The time, however, is not yet come when a satisfactory answer can be given to this or to the larger question whether a progressive activity in the line of art or science is anywhere possible without some kind of "cross-fertilisation." But whether, as some suspect, a genuine channel of communication between East and West has yet to be discovered, choked, as it were, and obliterated by the sands of time, is nothing to our present purpose; the fact remains that the Indian attempt at the presentation and solution of the world-old problems of philosophy still awaits formal recognition and reception at the hands of European experts. And to these, as being careful of what may be termed the unwritten law of philosophical society—that a new comer cannot be received entirely on his own merits, but must present himself in one of the regulation uniforms—we beg to commend the statement in the preface (p. viii.) to the effect that "the consequences of the fundamental doctrine of Kant lead straight to the cardinal positions of Ānandakara's philosophy." But it were to take a narrow and unworthy view of the resources and capacity of the system to suppose that Kant's thoughts only can be drawn out of it or poured into it; for a very short sojourn with us in his German dress will be sufficient to put even Ānandakara in danger of that *reductio ad Hegel*, which is now such a popular process in certain quarters, while those who explore his system on the look out for anticipations of Darwin will doubtless also find much to content them.

Thinkers, in short, of every order may be urged to take advantage of the new facilities for an Indian excursion. They will return to their several stations refreshed and strengthened, as having "breathed another air, another sky beheld." While even those whose palates

are somewhat jaded by the intemperate use of philosophical stimulants may be tempted, if only by the novelty of the thing, to make one last effort to strengthen or to sweeten the cup of life with "the drowsy syrups of the East." S. ARTHUR STROBE.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

A Manual of the British Discomycetes. With Descriptions of all the Species of Fungi hitherto found in Britain included in the Family, and Illustrations of the Genera. By William Phillips. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) One hardly knows whom to congratulate the more—the author of this monograph, or the publishers of the International Scientific Series, of which this is vol. lxi. Without the aid of the latter, the scientific public would, in any case, have had to pay a vastly higher price than five shillings for the masterly work of the former. Minute, exhaustive, conscientious—such is Mr. Phillips. The liberality of his publishers should have a great reward. It may not be known to everybody what *Discomycetes* are; nor even that the name is a word of five syllables. Suffice it here to say that they are a well-defined group of the lower fungi, best known to the gourmet because they include one of his delights, the Morell (*Morchella esculenta*). The golden red cups of another representative (*Peziza aurantia*) are familiar on Christmas cards and in church decorations. The green wood employed in the manufacture of Tunbridge ware owes its colour to *Chlorosplenium aeruginosum*. Fungus eaters also know a soft white kind (*Helvella crispa*) which, when found, they never fail to take home and eat with delight. Other species are mostly humble and small, and only reveal their beauties to the trained botanist. Every kind known to have occurred in Britain (and there are about 600) is described by Mr. Phillips with loving care; ample references are given; a very successful attempt is made to explain the origin of all the Latin names; artificial keys facilitate the determination of every genus and species; and there is a glossary, a bibliography, and an elaborate description of every detail figured on the twelve excellent plates drawn from nature by the author. There is no one in England who knows more of his special subject than does Mr. Phillips, and the whole book is a monument of good and honest work. The accuracy of his microscopical measurements especially redounds to his praise. Occasional misprints and misspellings only inspire us with the hope that cavi may soon be dethroned by the demand for a second edition.

A Flora of the North-East of Ireland. By S. A. Stewart and the late T. H. Corry. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.) Mr. Corry began in 1882 the task of writing a local Flora and of making personally the investigations necessary to such a work. When he was accidentally drowned on Lough Gill in 1883, while engaged in searching for specimens, the business of completing the work fell to Mr. Stewart. The district on which these botanists have been engaged is a tolerably rich one. When the excluded species (which number as many as 271) are omitted, it appears that the flowering plants and higher cryptogams amount to 803 species, as against 1624 enumerated for the whole British Isles in Babington's *Manual*. Of mosses there are 293 out of 568. Of Hepaticæ there are only 73 known as against a possible 192, probably because these plants are often neglected by local students. The district, however, possesses little that is very rare or distinctive. *Orobancha rubra* is now known to occur on serpentine rock in Cornwall; *Rosa Hibernica* in Scotland. But

the *Carex Buxbaumii* has never been found elsewhere, nor *Calamagrostis Hookeri* (if that be really distinct from *C. stricta*). It is curious that the district, including as it does mountains of over 2000 feet, should not have more of its Flora in common with Scotland. But the Scottish alpine, or sub-alpine, plants are not numerous in it. About one-twentieth of the whole of its plants may be classed as of the Scottish type; one-thirtieth as of the Highland type. It is easier to see why there are absolutely no representatives of the Germanic type of vegetation. But it is perhaps not safe to speak of plants as "derived" from Scotland or some other part of Great Britain; as if plants could only travel on one line, or come by one agency. Botanists will find this volume useful either as a companion in the field or as a guide in studying the distribution of British species.

The Fauna of British India. Mammalia. By W. T. Blanford. (Taylor & Francis.) This is the first part of an elaborate work on the fauna of British India, including Ceylon as well as Burma, published by the authority of the Indian government, under the general editorship of Mr. W. T. Blanford, formerly of the Geological Survey. For the present, it is proposed to restrict the work to the Vertebrata; but even so it will make seven volumes of about 500 pages each. The Mammalia, which will form one volume, have been undertaken by Mr. Blanford himself. The present instalment is only a half volume, ending with the Insectivora. Jerdon's *Mammals of India*, which was published as long ago as 1864, omits not only Burma and Ceylon, but also Assam. Mr. R. A. Sterndale's *Natural History of the Mammalia of India* (1884) supplies those omissions, but does not profess to be more than a popular manual, though excellent so far as it goes. There was, therefore, ample room for a strictly scientific work, such as Mr. Blanford has here written. He has adopted the classification of Prof. Flower, which admits only nine orders, merging the *Lemuroidea* in the Primates and the *Proboscidea* in the Ungulata. The synonymy has also been carefully revised; and we hope that it will not be rashly tampered with in the future. Concerning difference of species naturalists will always disagree; but we are surprised to find how much ignorance still prevails about the habits even of the larger animals. The illustrations to this volume, which are somewhat sparse, are copied from drawings by the Typographic Etching Company—a process that sacrifices delicacy of execution to accuracy.

SOME PHILOLOGICAL NOTES BY M. BRÉAL.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions M. Bréal communicated some philological notes:

(1) At a previous meeting M. Héron de Villefosse had exhibited a *tabula lusoria*, a sort of draught or cheque board, which had been found in Africa. The surface of this board is divided into compartments, upon some of which is inscribed *CVRIS = curris*, i.e., the player whose piece comes to this compartment must not leave it there, but move further on. M. Bréal now drew attention to a similar board, which was also found in Africa a few years ago. On the top of this board is the following inscription, separated into two parts by the head of an ass, surmounted by the figure of a cock:

VENARI	LAVARI
LVDERE	RIDERE
OCO EST	VIVERE.

Below these words is a space divided into square compartments, and in the upper com-

partment to the right is the word *SINVSO*. M. Bréal suggested that this word is formed from the noun *sinus* and the termination *-sum*, which is found in *dextrorsum*, *deorsum*, &c. The *r* in words of this class is often lost in vernacular Latin; e.g., *sursum* and *deorsum* become *sus* and *jus* in French. The word *sinuso* would thus mean "in the corner," and would refer to the moves of the pieces in the game, like *curris* in the other board.

(2) It is well known that there exist in Latin and in Greek survivals of an old case called the locative—*humi*, *domi*, *olivi*, *χρημα*, &c. The words which have preserved this case are not unfrequently the same both in Latin and Greek, as in the example *humi = χρημα*. One may, therefore, expect to find in Latin a locative from *vicus* corresponding to *ολι*, which would be *vici*. And of this M. Bréal thinks that the trace may be recognised in *vicinus*, formed with the suffix *-nus*, like *Roma-nus*, *exter-nus*, &c.

(3) The double value of the Greek letter *Η* requires explanation. In the oldest inscriptions it represents merely the aspirate (*ΗΙΕΡΟΣ*, *ΗΟΑΟΣ*); later it was used for *ε*. How can one explain these two uses, which seem at first sight to have nothing in common? M. Bréal suggested that *Η* had originally a syllabic value equivalent to *he*; and in support of this suggestion he adduced certain inscriptions which have *ΗΚΑΒΟΑΟΣ ΗΠΑΚΑΕ*, by the side of *ΑΕΜΕΤΕΡ*.

(4) In the "Chanson du Roland" the Saracens are represented as pagans, worshipping four gods—Mahomet, Apollin, Jupin, and Tervagant. This last name has never yet been explained. M. Bréal, having noticed in certain mediæval English texts the reading "Termagaunt," asked whether this might not be a corruption of "Trismegistus." M. Paul Meyer, however, objected that "Termagaunt" is found only in late texts, and that "Tervagant" is undoubtedly the earlier form.

(5) The etymology of the word *grimaud* is not satisfactorily settled. M. Bréal quoted passages where the feminine *grimaude* is used as a synonym for "grammar"—"étudier en grimaude," "lecteur en grimaude," &c. Now, in mediæval schools the pupils were divided into two classes—a lower class of "grammarians" and an upper class of "artists." M. Bréal suggested that *grimaud* signified a student beginning grammar, equivalent to the Latin *grammaticus*. *Grimaude* would then = *grammatica*, and be an additional doublet to *grammaire* and *grimoire*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BEWICK AND THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

Binned Wyck, Alton, Hants: Aug. 30, 1888.

Why should it be assumed that Bewick had some difficulty in procuring a specimen of the misel-thrush because he does not give an engraving of it (see *ACADEMY*, August 25, p. 122)? He gives no such reason for the omission, at least in the first edition. On the contrary, it would be a fair inference to draw from his description that the bird was rather common than otherwise.

WM. WICKHAM.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE final arrangements for the approaching meeting of the International Geological Congress are now practically completed. On Monday, September 17, the offices will be opened at the University of London, in Burlington Gardens, where the cards of membership and the congress medals will be issued. The evening meeting will commence at 7.30 instead of 8 o'clock, as previously arranged. It is expected that the address to be delivered

by Prof. Prestwich, the president-elect, will not be of great length, and may take the form of a review of the history and work of the Congress. This address will be printed and distributed to members on the following morning. At the close of the Monday evening meeting in the lecture theatre, Prof. and Mrs. Prestwich will hold a reception in the library of the university, which will be fitted up as a temporary museum, and remain open during the week of the congress.

AT the Granton Marine Station—the use of which was kindly granted by Dr. Murray of the *Challenger*—during the month of August, Mr. Patrick Geddes and Mr. J. Arthur Thomson conducted a class of over thirty students of both sexes—teachers, medical students, and others from various parts of England and Scotland—through a course of lectures and laboratory work in botany and zoology. The work at Granton was supplemented by visits to the Botanic Gardens, Museum, &c., and by field and marine excursions, including a day's dredging in the Firth of Forth. This is the second year of the course, and it is meant to be continued in future years.

MR. W. MAWER has written an illustrated *Primer of Micro-Petrology*, which will be published next week at the office of "Life-Lore," 4 Essex Street, Strand. The author presupposes in the reader a knowledge of the exact crystalline forms of the various rock-forming materials, and an acquaintance with the microscope and with the phenomena of pleochroism and the polarisation of light; while, for the further limit of his task, he stops at the determination, by measurement of the angles of extinction and other methods, of the different varieties of triclinic felspars and rhombic pyroxenes, and similar recondite processes.

MESSRS. CASSELL announce the second volume of *Our Earth and its Story*, by Dr. Robert Brown; and the completion of *Familiar Wild Birds*, by Mr. W. Swayland.

AN entrance Gilchrist engineering scholarships will be offered at University College, London, in the present month. The value is £35 per annum, tenable during two years, and the competition is limited to those who have not previously been students of the college, and who will not complete their nineteenth year before October 1. Every candidate must declare his intention of taking, at least, the two first years of one of the engineering courses; and the second payments will depend upon his success during the first year and the arrangements he makes for the second year's study. The subject of the examination will be mathematics, and any two more of the following five subjects: mechanics, mechanical drawing, an essay on a given subject, French or German, and the use of tools. A senior scholarship of £80 will be awarded at the close of the session. Candidates must have attended college classes in the following subjects during the whole of the session: applied mathematics, physics, engineering, engineering drawing, and geology. The results of the class examinations will decide the obtainment of the scholarship, providing sufficient merit has been shown to justify the award.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. J. P. POSTGATE, professor of comparative philology at University College, London, has written a *New Latin Primer*, which will be published next week by Messrs. Cassell & Company.

TRANSLATIONS of the cuneiform tablets from Tel el-Amarna, now in Germany, which have been copied by Dr. Winckler, will be published

in the volumes of the *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek* about to appear under the editorship of Prof. Schrader. An account of this forthcoming work has already been given in the ACADEMY. We understand that Dr. Winckler is at present in Egypt, examining the tablets from Tel el-Amarna in the Boulaq Museum.

The forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Esarhaddon II.," by M. A. Amiaud; "An Astronomical or Astrological Tablet from Babylon," by Mr. T. G. Pinches; "Shen-nung and Sargon," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen; "The Writings of the Lycian Monuments," by M. J. Imbert; "The Old Babylonian Characters and their Chinese Derivates," by Prof. Sayce.

The June number of the *Indian Antiquary* is entirely devoted to a paper, with accompanying tables, by Prof. Hermann Jacobi, of Kiel, intended to assist students in verifying inscriptions, MSS., &c., dated according to the intricate luni-solar calendar of the Hindus. The paper begins with an explanation of the division of the lunar month into two *pakshas* or fortnights, each of which is again subdivided into fifteen *tithis* or civil days. Then follows a description of the tables, and of their use. The tables are seventeen in number. The astronomical ones are adapted from Lagetean's *Connaissance des Temps*; and for the construction of these Prof. Jacobi acknowledges the help of Prof. Peters, formerly of Kiel, and now of Königsberg.

FINE ART.

A Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists. With References to their Works and Notices of their Patrons, from the Establishment of Christianity to the Eighteenth Century. Compiled from various Sources, many hitherto unedited. By John W. Bradley. Vol. II G to N. (Bernard Quaritch.)

A REVIEW of the first volume of this very useful work appeared in the ACADEMY of September 17, 1887. The one now under notice is the second of the whole work, which will extend to three volumes. Like the former, it contains a large number of names known only by their subscription in volumes written or illuminated by them; but of better known names the notices are, for the most part, full and satisfactory, as are those of many celebrated patrons of their works. We are glad to perceive that the author has made ample use of the recent works of M. Delisle, the learned and indefatigable librarian of the Bibliothèque nationale of Paris, who has so perseveringly investigated the palaeographic and artistic characters of the works in that great library, and who has also had the advantage of studying the vast mass of materials collected by the late Count Auguste de Bastard, now deposited in that library.

Among the names of the earlier artists enumerated we find several of the illuminators of the grand books of the emperors Charlemagne and Charles le Chauve, such as the *Evangelarium* of the former, written by Godescalc, in golden letters upon purple vellum, which, in addition to the frontispiece of the Saviour in the Byzantine style, admirably engraved in Dibdin's *Bibliographical Tour* (not noticed by Mr. Bradley), has some of the initials of large size and in the finest

Hiberno-Saxon style, and which contains in the Calendar under the year 781 the interesting note—

"In isto anno fuit dominus rex Karolus ad scm Petrum et baptizatus est filius ejus Pippinus a domino apostolico"—

here correctly given from the facsimile published in our *Palaeographia Sacra Pictoria*.

The great Bible of the monastery of St. Paul beyond the walls of Rome (the finest of all the Carolingian MSS.) was written by Ingobertus, whose name is recorded in the volume

"Ingobertus eram referens et scriba fidelis."

The late Mr. J. H. Parker had the whole of the remarkable illuminations of this volume photographed (each being reduced to exactly half the height of the original drawing); and they were published with a commentary by the present writer, in which the supposition (adopted by Mr. Bradley) that the volume was written for the Emperor Charlemagne was discussed, the writer considering that

"the weight of the evidence in support of the opinion that the Bible of St. Paul is of the age of Charles le Chauve greatly exceeds that which attributes its ownership to his grandfather Charlemagne."

The beautiful quarto Psalter of Charles le Chauve contains several fine illuminations executed by Liuthardus, who inscribed his name on a purple band in golden capitals at the end of the volume.

"Hic calamus factio Liuthardi fiae quievit."

The same name and that of his brother, Beringarius, appear as the artists of the noble Book of the Gospels of St. Emmeran now at Munich, written for Charles le Chauve in the year 870:

"En Beringarius Liuthardus nomine dicti,"

which contains several very beautiful folio drawings of the full size of the pages, one of which, representing the lion of the tribe of Judah, copied by the present writer from the original, was enthusiastically noticed by Mr. Ruskin in his recently published *Pleasures of England*.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries our own country produced some excellent artists, among whom is especially to be noticed Godemannus, the writer of the famous Benedictional of St. Ethelwold now belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, thus recorded:

"Praesentem biblū jussit pscribere presul Uintoniae dñs quē fecerat esse patronū Magnus Abelnoldus, &c."

"Obnixo hoc rogat scriptor supplex Godemannus."

Here quoted from the original, not being quite accurately given by Mr. Bradley.

In the latter years of the tenth century (977-993) the beautiful Codex Egberti in the public museum of Treves was written by the scribes Keraldus and Herebertus, monks of Reichenau (Angia), whose portraits and names appear in the frontispiece of the volume at the side of the Archbishop Egbert. A notice of this precious volume, with copies of several of the miniatures, was published by the present writer in the *Journal of the Royal Archaeological Institute* (vol. xx., 1863). The drawings have been lithographed and the whole of them described and published by

F. X. Kraus (Freiburg im Breisgau, 1884)—a work not noticed by Mr. Bradley. Nearly coeval with the last-mentioned codex is the noble Psalter of Boulogne-sur-Mer, written by Heriveus, monk of St. Bertin,

"Heriveus scripsit me, Soë Bertino,"

a specimen of the text is given in the plates published by the Palaeographical Society.

The Golden Psalter of St. Gall, No. 22, was written in golden letters, and enriched with many singular illuminations by Hartmut, the deacon, and subsequently abbot of that famous monastery, where it is still preserved, with the inscription, omitted by Mr. Bradley:

"Hunc praeceptoris Hartmoti jussa secutus Folchardus studuit rite patrare librum."

In Italy in the ninth and tenth centuries a peculiar style of illuminated ornament prevailed, together with a very distinct character of the writing, which has been generally called Lombardic, but which was certainly developed at the great monastery of Monte Cassino in South Italy, where it is still preserved a volume written and illuminated in this peculiar style by the monk Jaquinto:

"Quo libro legit in isto oret pro Jaquinto sacerdote et monacho scriptore," &c.

The fine work on the MSS. of this monastery, *Palaeografia artistica di Montecassino*, recently published, is not noticed by Mr. Bradley.

Our own country produced several artists of eminence during the Norman period, of which we may mention a few of the most noticeable. The great Bible in three volumes now in the library of St. Geneviève at Paris was written in the twelfth century by Manerius, a monk of Canterbury:

"Hunc biblyotecam scripsit Manerius scriptor cantuariensis."

The MS. contains an elaborate note, in which the scribe gives a long account of his family history, and is ornamented with rich initials, that at the beginning of Genesis being the most elaborate. We recommend this volume as worthy of illustration by our Palaeographic Society.

In Wales, Johannes de gente Ceretica (Cardiganshire), in the time of Edward the Confessor, executed a copy of St. Augustine on the Trinity, in which the initials are exactly in the style of those in the beautiful Psalter of St. Ouen, Rouen, and in the Psalter of Ricemarchus, written in the time of Sulgen, Bishop of St. David's—executed, without doubt, in Ireland. The little Book of the Latin Gospels, now in the Archiepiscopal library of Lambeth, entirely in the style of the grand "Book of Kells," was written by Mael Brithus—

"Mael Brithus Mac Durnani istū textū per triquadrū Dō digne dogmatizat."

It is a perfect gem of calligraphic art, and is fully illustrated in *The Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts*.

Another Irish scribe, also of the name of Maelbrigte, unnoticed by Mr. Bradley, wrote, in the year 1138, a small copy of the Gospels, now in the Harleian Library in the British Museum, which contains curious symbolical figures of the four evangelists and a prayer—

"Or do mael brigte q scribsit h. l. (hunc librum)."

A third scribe, with the same Irish name (which was employed as a synonym of his other name, Marianus Scotus), is mentioned by Miss Stokes—quoted by Mr. Bradley—as having written a chronicle of the world, which contains his autograph (Bibl. Vatican, MSS. Palat. 830) and also a Psalter, which contains not only his monastic but also his native name. He left Ireland in the year 1056. His writing is small and irregular, and his name, which appears twice in Irish sentences,

“—M-lbrigte—scripsit he librū p caritate tibi et Scotis (m)ibus.”

These are given by Pertz *Schriftat.*, third Heft, pl. iv.

The names of two other Irish scribes omitted by Mr. Bradley are recorded in *Palaeogr. Sacra Piota*—namely: Dimma Mac Nathi, the writer of the little Book of the Gospels, “Leabhar Dimma,” purchased by Trinity College, Dublin, from Sir William Betham for £200, with rude figures of the evangelists. At the end of the volume the scribe has added, in addition to his name, two lines of Irish, which Eugene Curry translated—

“I desire for myself in reward of my labour
The tending of herds with all attention,
Nuts, not poisonous, I will crack
And a righteous habitation.”

Mulling was the scribe of the Book of the Gospels, found in its Cúmdach, called Leath Meisicith, presented to Trinity College, Dublin, by Mr. Kavanagh. The name of the scribe, almost illegible, occurs at the end of the MS.—

“Nomen autem scriptoris Mulling dicitur.”

We found also the name of another unrecorded artist, Guntridus, on a miniature in the beautiful Book of the Gospels of St. Vedastus in the public library of Boulogne-sur-Mer.
J. O. WESTWOOD.

SOCIETY FOR THE RESTORATION OF ANCIENT CROSSES.

A SOCIETY has been formed with the object of promoting the long-neglected restoration of Ancient Crosses.

In past ages no churchyard was considered complete without its cross, while the same symbol was often the most conspicuous adornment of market-places, and in remoter districts was a no less familiar object by the wayside or the fountain. At the same time within the church the great rood was treated as second only to the altar itself. It is not, therefore, surprising that the number of existing remains is very considerable. Over two hundred of these outdoor crosses are said to survive in the county of Somerset alone; but hitherto comparatively few have been rescued from profanation and neglect. In most cases a base or socket, frequently raised on steps, with occasionally a broken shaft, is all that remains. But these, lacking as they do the emblem of the Christian religion (to carry which was the very purpose of their erection), are now meaningless, except as witnesses to the indifference, or worse, of recent generations.

It is not desired in any way to *renovate* these venerable monuments, and so destroy their artistic or antiquarian interest; but merely to make good the ravages, not so much of natural decay as of wanton sacrilege. Nor does the society intend to supplant, but rather to stimu-

late, local effort and enthusiasm; though at the same time, by contributing a fair proportion of the necessary expense, it would render possible (even in the poorest districts) the execution of satisfactory designs. The society will probably confine its earlier efforts to the re-erection of churchyard crosses only; with the hope, however, of ultimately including wayside, rood, and other crosses within the scope of its action.

Application for membership should be made to F. C. Eden, The Cottage, Ham Common, Surrey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW-FOUND INSCRIPTION AT AEGINA.

Oombe Vicarage, Woodstock: August 30, 1888.

As a life member of the Society for Promoting Hellenic Studies, I have just got the new number of its *Journal*. In an article by Miss J. E. Harrison, headed “Archæology in Greece, 1887-1888,” is (p. 132) the following:

“At Aegina, in the digging of a vineyard, a boundary-stone has been found, bearing the inscription—

Ἐὶπος
τεμένους
Ἀθηναιᾶς.”

In Wordsworth’s *Athens and Attica* (p. 270 of second edition, 1837) is this:

“In our return to the town of Aegina from the temple [eight miles east of the town], we pass a small Greek church at the distance of a quarter of an hour to the west of the temple. The spot is called Biliakada; the church is dedicated to S. Athanasius. The door of the church is surmounted by a large marble slab inscribed—

[ἩΟΡΩΣ]
ΤΕΜΕΝΟΣ [sic]
ΑἸΓΕΝΑΙΑΣ

that is, ἕως τεμένους Ἀθηναιᾶς, *The limit of the sacred precinct of Minerva*; an inscription which probably once defined the boundary of the consecrated enclosure around this very temple.

“That it was dedicated to the Goddess of Athens, not by Aeginetans, but by the Athenians when in possession of Aegina, may be inferred from the site which it occupies, at a distance from the town of Aegina, and looking directly upon Athens. It may be inferred also from the language of the inscription itself; in which, it will be observed, the name of the goddess is expressed, not in the Doric dialect of Aegina, but, on the contrary, according to the Attic form.”

Last year, in May, I saw the marble slab above the church door. As to its original site, the natural conjecture would be that it lay not far from the church. One would like to know where the recently discovered stone was found. Both should be preserved in the Central Museum of Athens.

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHAM.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, late director of the archaeological survey of India, has offered to the British Museum, practically at cost price, the choice of his unrivalled collection of gold and silver Indo-Greek coins. The medal room already contains a fine collection of this interesting series—mostly acquired from the India Office—as may be seen in Prof. Percy Gardner’s recent Catalogue; and after this addition it will undoubtedly possess, as it should do, the most complete collection in existence.

MR. E. T. COOK’s *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, which was announced for publication some weeks ago, has been delayed in order to adjust the catalogue to the recent alterations in the hanging of the pictures. It will now be issued by Messrs. Macmillan

next week. Among other new features of the book is an index to all the pictures in the gallery, showing, besides other particulars, the price paid for those acquired by purchase. These facts, which have hitherto been buried in various parliamentary papers, will be found to throw some curious light upon the fashions of successive generations in art.

IN correction of a note in the ACADEMY of last week, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie writes:

“The statement about the Egyptian portraits acquired by the National Gallery should be that five have been presented by Mr. H. Martyn Kennard, two by Mr. Jesse Haworth, and four have been purchased. Two mummies, with portraits, have been presented to the Egyptian department, and one to the Greek department, British Museum, by Mr. Martyn Kennard; and one to Owens College and one to Peel Park, Manchester, by Mr. Haworth.”

We may add that Mr. Haworth has also presented the Homer papyrus, found by Mr. Petrie in the Fayūm at the same time, to the Bodleian Library.

THE *Courrier de l’Art* for August contains an enthusiastic article by M. Paul Leroi in support of the fund started for the relief of the aged sisters of John Leech, with the promise of a subscription of 50 frs. (£2).

MR. W. H. GOODYEAR has reprinted from the *American Journal of Archaeology* a paper which originally appeared in two consecutive numbers upon “The Egyptian Origin of the Ionic Capital and of the Anthemion.” It is illustrated with no less than twelve lithographed plates. The subject was suggested to the writer by a paper by Mr. Clarke, in a previous number of the same *Journal*, entitled “A Proto-Ionic Capital from the Site of Neandria,” which summed up and strengthened the generally received view that the Greek Ionic capital had an Assyrian origin. Mr. Goodyear does not so much contest that view, as seek to show that the Assyrian and Greek early forms are both alike directly derived from Egypt. We quote in full his own statement of his thesis:

“(1) The Ionic capital is of Egyptian origin, being derived from a conventional form of lotus. Lotus forms on Kypriot vases, compared with Kypriot Ionic steles and capitals, offer the related demonstration. The Assyrian Proto-Ionic is derived from Egypt.

“(2) The anthemion and the Greek palmette are developments from Egyptian lotus motives. Demonstration from vases of Rhodes and Melos.

“(3) The rosette is a distinctively Egyptian lotus motive. Demonstration from the monuments and from botanic forms. The Assyrian rosette is derived from it.

“(4) An Egyptian lotus-palmette precedes the Assyrian palmette, which is derived from it. The original form is the combination of a voluted lotus with the lotus-rosette. Demonstration from Egyptian transition motives.

“(5) The Assyrian sacred tree belongs to a cult in which the lotus plays a part, and is a lotus tree.

“(6) The ‘egg and dart’ and ‘egg and leaf’ mouldings are derived from an Egyptian lotus border. Demonstration from Kypros and Naukratis.

“(7) The geometric triangle motives of the archaic Greek vases, and of their Phoenician predecessors, are lotus derivatives. The geometric quadrangular designs of Kypriot vases are sometimes rhomboids derived from geometric aspects of the lotus, and sometimes are formed by various combinations of lotus triangles. With rare exceptions, if any, all floral forms of the early Greek vases are lotus derivatives, and the Mykenai spirals are probably of the same origin.”

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(Second Notice.)

On Thursday morning the "Messiah" was performed. It will be sufficient to record the fact. The "Franz" arrangement was again used, and the vocalists were Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Patey, Mr. C. Banks, and Signor Foli.

In the evening the second novelty was brought to a hearing. "Callirhoe" was conducted by the composer. We have already given a brief summary of the story, and proceed at once to the music. Dr. Bridge was evidently determined that whatever might be urged against his Cantata, it should not be accused of a want of tunefulness. Some of the themes are of great simplicity, and to one or two even the epithet "commonplace" would not be inappropriate. But the movements are so skilfully constructed and yet without sense of labour, and the orchestration is so bright and effective, that one scarcely notices how modest at times the material is. Take for example the opening chorus, the duet for soprano and tenor, or the solo "The sun stands high," at the beginning of the third part. Here it is the manner rather than the matter which gives satisfaction. The prayer to Dionysos is a smooth flowing number; and the accompaniment, for the most part entrusted to violas, cellos, wood wind and horns, is effective. We expected to be pleased with the chorus, "Oh, horror," and were not disappointed. The first phrase for the voices curiously recalls the "Lachrymosa" theme in the Berlioz "Messe," or the opening notes of the solo part in Dvorak's "Quis est homo" (both of which, in their turn, were, however, borrowed from Rossini). There is constant variety, and the movement is worked up to a fine climax. Will the composer forgive us for pointing out another reminiscence? The "Hail! we will greet thee! Come forth to meet thee," both in words and music brings to one's thoughts a passage in Schumann's "New Year's Song." But, who is free from such things?

When Dr. Bridge leads us into the sacred grove of "Dodona," we feel that his music has a poetic basis. The "oracle" motive flits before us, now in the voice, now in the orchestra in its original form, or with changed rhythm, or in augmentation, or in diminution. The "Callirhoe" and "Plague" themes meet us at every turn. The music follows closely the action. Nevertheless, there is no stiff imitation of Wagner. The composer has merely skilfully developed thematic material. The "gong" effects are very good. One hears a curious mystic sound, or, as the chorus sings, "A strange sound fills the air." The "sudden wind" stirring the branches is another excellent orchestral effect. This "Dodona" scene is, to our thinking, a very promising bit of writing. The "Processional" march which follows is attractive. The coda, though brilliant, is somewhat sensational.

In the third part we may note the fine scene with solo voices and chorus, the setting of Callirhoe's address to Eros before she plunges the sacrificial knife into her breast, and the unaccompanied chorus, "Oh, Sorrow." In these we discover signs of dramatic power. Dr. Bridge concludes with a chorus bright and melodious, but scarcely the sort of music with which a dramatic cantata should end; and, by the way, it is scored too heavily. With Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Trebelli, and Mr. Lloyd as soloists, and with the chorus at its very best, Dr. Bridge had full justice done to his work. There was frequent applause during the performance, and at the close he was recalled.

In the second part of the programme, Miss Fanny Davies played the Schumann Concerto in A minor. Her rendering of the work was in the true Schumann spirit. She had no

easy task, for the orchestra was too strong, and the tone of the piano (with the lid removed) too weak. In spite of these obstacles, however, she conquered; and, at the close, was twice summoned to the platform. Mdme. Albani sang the "Softly sighs" in her very best manner; and then Herr Grieg conducted his Suite for strings, "Aus Holbergs Zeit"—a pleasing composition, which in piano form is well known to the frequenters of the Popular Concerts. It is scarcely necessary to add that both composer and work were well received. The "Preislied," sung by Mr. Lloyd, the Vorspiel to the third act from the "Meistersinger," and Brahms' "Academic" Overture, completed the programme of an interesting, but very long, concert.

On Friday morning, three works were given, all very different in character. First came Bach's "Magnificat" in D, one of his brightest and best compositions. After this, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, interpreted to perfection. Dr. Richter always conducts Beethoven's music well, but there are times when he seems specially in the mood, and so it was on this occasion. The third work was Berlioz's "Messe des Morts," produced by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace in 1883. Although it contains a great deal of excellent music, it would probably attract little notice but for its extraordinary orchestral effects. The "Dies Irae," with its four orchestras of brass instruments, and the rolling chords produced by many drums, is an imposing and startling attempt to describe the scenes of the great day of judgment. And again, the whole mass of instruments is employed in a still more striking manner in the "Lachrymosa." One may feel that the composer aimed rather to astonish than to convince, but it must be acknowledged that there is something more than noise in these two movements. His combinations always show judgment and great skill, and he had a keen ear for contrast. Some talk of the orchestration as if Berlioz had merely massed instruments together to get power of sound, but he used them—as we see in several numbers, particularly the "Agnus"—as much for soft as for loud effects. The performance was a very fine one. The four orchestras of brass were placed one on each side of the orchestra at the back, and one in each of the side galleries. Had they been crowded together, the famous call to judgment would have sounded comparatively tame. The solo in the "Sanctus" was admirably declaimed by Mr. Lloyd.

Handel's "Saul" was chosen for the closing night. This work contains some of the composer's grandest efforts. The strides of the "monster atheist," the "Envy" chorus, the "Dead March," and the concluding chorus, "Gird on thy sword," are inspirations. They have in them the seeds of immortality. We take these merely as examples. To complete the catalogue of fine things in "Saul" would need other numbers to be added. But in spite of many a magnificent page, several of the solos are only in Handel's ordinary manner. They fail to affect one, because one sees only the mannerisms of a bygone age, without touches of genius to make us forgive or even forget them. And then, too, "Saul" is a very long work, though not so long as the composer at first intended—for he thought of introducing his "Funeral Anthem" in the third part. When performed, the oratorio is always shortened. Dr. Richter used the additional accompaniments written by Mr. Prout, who, in the new score, made omissions sanctioned by usage, and, besides, took upon himself to cut out two songs which he deemed "not very interesting." A vocal score was published by Messrs. Novello with the same omissions, to help hearers to follow the music. Dr. Richter, however, left out some things that Mr. Prout had included,

and introduced others that he had excluded. The hearers, then, who followed from the vocal score were considerably puzzled. Mr. Prout has written an interesting preface to the new score. He reminds us that the composer's score is "one of the fullest and richest of all Handel's works." Yet additional accompaniments are a matter of necessity, not choice. Mr. Prout has endeavoured, with one exception, to preserve the original colouring. This one exception is in the recitative sung by the ghost of Samuel. Here he has introduced clarionets and bassoons. It is a somewhat bold experiment, and certainly a dangerous example to set. Mr. Prout has skill and knowledge, and the effect of the wind in performance is, to our thinking, good; still we think it would have been safer not to alter. Once begin to improve composers, and where is the line to be drawn? The principal vocalists were Miss Williams, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Pieroy, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Pieroy, a rising tenor, deserves a word of praise for his singing. The chorus sang well, although it was evident that they had gone through a heavy week's work. Dr. Richter at the close received quite an ovation. We have already spoken of his wonderful ability as a conductor, and it is a pleasure to know that his services have given general satisfaction.

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On all sides of the Church Hill in Walsall as far almost, we are told, as a traveller's sight can reach lies a black and chimney-laden land, "a region of fire reeking with coal-pits and furnaces and smelting-houses vomiting forth flames and smoke." On the eastern side alone, says Mr. Willmore, the country still retains its original beauty, with an expanse of fields and a clump of trees and a Barr-beacon, an old hill camp, which has been made the scene, ever since Dr. Plot's days, of the most fantastic Druidical traditions, and which has been identified by other local antiquaries with the Roman town of E'ocetum, lying between Wrosceter and Manceter on the line of the Watling Street. In the distance one may see the old castle of Rushall, well known in the great Civil War; and the house where Henrietta Maria stayed on her way to the battle field of Edgehill; and Bentley Hall, where Charles II. lay disguised in a leathern doublet and patched green breeches. On the horizon lie Dudley, with its castle in the woods, the church towers of Wolverhampton and Bloxwich; and on the north the "still uncultivated wilds" of Cannock Chase, in a region full of old Celtic place-names. Between Walsall and the remains of the forest lies a flat open tract of country through which ran Watling Street, crossed not far from the town by another Roman road, at one time called the Ryeknild Way, connecting the military stations of Gloucester and Doncaster. This road, where it crosses Sutton Park, is said to be in fine preservation. Old Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, gave a glowing account of this road as it existed in his day.

"The eye at one view takes in more than two miles. Struck with astonishment I thought it the grandest sight I have ever beheld, and was amazed that so noble a monument of antiquity should be so little regarded."

Mr. Willmore adds that it can still be clearly made out, with more than a thousand gravel pits within three miles of its course, from which the Cornavian workman originally constructed the roadway at the bidding of their Roman masters. On the summit of the Church Hill stands the old church of St. Mathew, well known to readers of the Plea Rolls and Tenure Rolls for the long litigation between the king and the lord of the manor and the abbot of Halesowen concerning the patronage and advowson; and at its foot once stood the buildings of the old free grammar school, which numbered among its pupils good Bishop Hough, who was sent to the Tower by James II. for his opposition in the Magdalen College dispute, and Lord Chan-

cellor Somers, of whom we have an account, under the name "Johnny Somers," as "a weakly boy wearing a black cap and never so much as looking on when the others were at play."

We all know that Walsall takes rank as a great manufacturing town, containing at least 8000 acres between the borough and the foreign, that it has a population of nearly 60,000 inhabitants, and has now grown into a county of itself. It is famous for having been the head of the buckle trade under the patronage of the Prince Regent and the court, for the Murphy riots and the wicked assaults upon the Wesleyans; and it is best known, perhaps, as the scene of the devoted labours of "Sister Dora" Mr. Willmore describes Walsall as

"the chief seat of the saddlery trade in the kingdom. Its manufactures include every description of saddlery, saddlers' and coach-makers' ironmongery, currying and leather works, brass and iron foundries and glass works, spectacle and brush-making, and numerous other branches of industry."

Many of his readers will be more interested in his description of the old days when the place, in Camden's words, was "none the meanest of market towns," or when Leland described the working of the mines of sea-coal and ironstone, of which Dr. Plot afterwards gave such an entertaining account. Of this iron ore there were no less than six different varieties: black and grey bothum; "seldom made use of, they are so very mean"; chatter-pye, being the colour of a magpie; the white and grey measures; and the best sort of ironstone containing a liquid called mush,

"in round or oval, blackish and redish stones, sometimes as big as the crown of one's hat, hollow and like a honeycomb within, and holding a pint of this matter of a sweet sharp taste, very cold and cutting, yet greedily drank by the workmen."

Mr. Willmore traces with great industry and with close application to the records, the history of the manor of Walsall, from the grant to Herbert Ruffus in the year 1159 with its foreign or outlying liberties, its park once full of red deer, fallow deer, and roe, and its great vivary or stewpond now covered with streets and buildings. Notwithstanding the language of some of the charters, it seems to be incorrect to assert that the manor was held in ancient demesne, although, no doubt, it had been the property of the crown as waste land or as part of another lordship at the time of the Norman Conquest. But we are told that, in the year 1445, the king, "being desirous for certain causes to be informed whether the town of Walsall, in the county of Stafford be of ancient demesne of our crown in England," issued a writ to his chamberlain and treasurer to inspect the Domesday survey for that purpose. The latter stated that "they have examined the Book of Domesday, and found nothing; and there is nothing in the same book inserted under the heading 'Lands of the King' touching the town of Walsall." This enquiry was made on the death of Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, lord of the manor, and chief steward of the borough, who, by the way, was not king of the Isle of Man, as stated by Mr. Willmore, but was king of the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands, having

been crowned by the king's own hand. It may be well to quote an amusing epitaph, which is to be found in the topographical history of the county, and which does not appear to be noticed in the book before us. It is said to be inscribed on a tombstone in the chapelry of Bloxwich, in memory of Samuel Wilkes, who died in 1764.

"Reader, if thou art an inhabitant of Great Bloxwich, know that the dust beneath thy feet (when overseer of the poor of this parish) was imprisoned in thy cause because he refused to surrender thy rights, and to submit to an arbitrary mandate, by which it was intended to incorporate the poor-rates of the foreign with those of the borough, and thereby to compel the foreign to the payment of a greater proportion of parochial taxes than is warranted by law; his resistance was attended with success, the benefit is thine."

The borough is said to have existed from time immemorial; but all its important privileges appear to have originated in a grant by William Ruffus, lord of the manor, about the year 1197, and the subsequent charter of Sir Thomas Ruffus of 1308, whereby the burgesses were exempted from many feudal payments, and were allowed extensive powers of self-government. The earliest burgess roll still existing is dated in 1377. Among other interesting entries contained in this document the following ordinance seems to be worth mentioning:

"It is ordained by the assent of all the Burgesses that if anyone henceforth presume to receive any Burgesses without the presence of the Mayor, Constables, Bailiffs, and twelve other Burgesses, he shall pay to the Commonalty of the Borough 40s. And if anyone shall be convicted of revealing the counsel of the Borough, he shall pay 40s."

Notwithstanding these grants of liberties, difficult questions of tenure were continually arising between the lord of the manor and the burgesses whom he persisted in regarding as bondmen. This appears very plainly by the Bill in the Star Chamber against Bayard and his Coltes. The lord of the manor in 16 Henry VIII. proceeded against Hopkins and other Walsall men because they had "maintained" the king's bondmen regardant to the said manor, and

"do say and affirm that they be free, and because they had cut down great trees in Walsall Park and killed the king's deer by night and by day, and because they rang a burgess bell and had 'a certain box called Bayard's box, [now represented by the borough fund] in which were great sums of money to maintain their evil doings. Whereupon the sayd Hopkins Bingley and Woodward openly said to the sayd Robert Haeton that if he would not suffer them to doe as they had done in times past, they would raise Bayard of Walsall with his thousand Coltes and sett and appoint foure hundred men to revenge their quarrels upon him, and that they would ring Bayard's Bell so that all the Town of Walsall should arise forthwith by the meanes whereof, whether the matter were right or wrong. And showed that the inhabitants of the said Town were light persons suddenly moved to affrays and insurrections (as was well known). And the rather because Bayard and his thousand Coltes being great Clubbes, and have bin of late time sett and hanged up on highe in the Town of Walsall, and there beene taken and reputed in as much honour and worshipp as they were sainets in the Church, and bee at certain times in the yeare solemnly borne about the Towne

in great reverence, which thing to be suffered is a great 'abomination.'"

There were many other disputes with the lord as to common of pasture, heriots and fines, and the keeping of red deer in the park; but these all became obsolete when the town ceased to be a private borough and was incorporated in 1627. It was confirmed and enlarged in 1674, as a free borough, with the right of having a recorder and justices of the peace, and a court of Pie Poudre or "dusty foot" court for providing summary justice at fair times, with many other rights and privileges. The famous "Coltes" were formerly carried in processions during the yearly fairs; but we are told that as their numbers decreased by lapse of time the custom was discontinued, and "finally became extinct in 1870." The constitution of the borough was changed in 1835, when the borough and foreign were divided into the three existing wards. The Court of Record is now replaced by the present County Court "With the old corporation passed away several old customs and not a few abuses."

During the last fifty years Wallsall has made rapid advances in prosperity, and it seems probable that Mr. Willmore is correct in predicting an almost unlimited development of the town as a centre of commerce and industry.

CHARLES ELTON.

English Writers: an Attempt towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. III.: From the Conquest to Chaucer. (Cassell.)

THE scope of Prof. Morley's new volume is considerably wider than from the title it might be supposed to be. It treats not only of the literature written in English between the Conquest and the time of Chaucer, but also of the works—in this period especially numerous and important—which were composed by Englishmen in Latin or French. The author also passes under review the contemporary foreign literature, so far as it exercised an influence on English writers. To some extent he has had to overstep the chronological limits assigned to the volume, in order to avoid the inconvenience of separating the discussion of the post-Chaucerian imitations and translations of foreign works from that of their thirteenth-century models. There is no doubt that the plan which Prof. Morley has followed is in principle sound. The works of Englishmen who wrote in Latin or French are an essential part of English literature; and the author's wider excursions beyond the limits of his subject are perfectly justifiable in a popular book. The history of English literature cannot be adequately understood without a wider knowledge of the facts of foreign literary history than can be presupposed on the part of the readers for whom the work is designed. The only real objection to Prof. Morley's comprehensive scheme is the enormous amount of knowledge which would be required to carry it out in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. A scholar who was jealous of his reputation for minute accuracy would no doubt have shrunk from so ambitious an enterprise; and probably few portions of this volume will win commendation from specialist critics. The work, however, has merits to which the criticism of

specialists is likely to do injustice. Whatever errors of detail it may contain, I do not think they will be found seriously to impair the correctness of the general views set forth; and the volume is throughout extremely interesting.

The portions of the volume dealing with English literature in the narrower sense—that is to say, with the literature written in the English language—are not of very great extent, and are scarcely up to the standard of present knowledge. Prof. Morley appears to be but imperfectly acquainted with early Middle-English grammar; and his translations, except when he happens to have followed good guides, are far from correct. A notable example of this is in the account of the "Here Prophecy," where the rendering of the last line is absurdly wide of the mark. The discussion of the piece in the ACADEMY, by Profs. Skeat and Hales, might have helped Prof. Morley to the correct rendering of the line in question, which, in fact, presents no difficulty whatever, the slight textual correction required being perfectly obvious. If the present volume, like some of its predecessors, should reach a second edition, it is to be hoped that the page treating of the prophecy will be expunged or rewritten. The poem of "Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight" is identified by Prof. Morley with the poem on the same subject ascribed by Wynthoun to Huchown of the Awle Ryale. This seems to be a wholly untenable view, even on the assumption (which is possible, but, so far as I can see, quite unproved) that the existing West-Midland text is a transcript from Scotch; but, in any case, some notice ought to have been taken of the incontestable fact that this poem is by the same author as the three strikingly beautiful alliterative poems—"The Pearl," "Cleanness," and "Patience"—published by Dr. Morris. The volume contains no mention of these poems. It is to be presumed that they are reserved for notice in the succeeding volume. The bibliography of English works has not been brought up to date. Prof. Skeat's important edition of the "Wars of Alexander" has been overlooked, though the two MSS. on which it is founded are mentioned. It is difficult to see why Prof. Morley has said nothing about the "Cursor Mundi." It can hardly be that he regards the poem as contemporary with Chaucer. Elaborate paraphrases are given of "Layamon," "Havelok," and of the "Alisaunder," printed by Weber.

The chapters on the Latin historians are, on the whole good, though it is strange to find less space given to Matthew Paris than to Bartholomew de Cotton. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is the account of Walter Map. The nature of Map's relation to the Arthur romances is, in spite of the abundance of external evidence of a certain kind, probably an insoluble problem, and I cannot feel much confidence in the very definite theory accepted by Prof. Morley. But the curious farrago entitled "De Nugis Curialium"—by far the most entertaining, and, in some respects, one of the most instructive, of the writings of this period—is well worthy of the space here devoted to it. The Goliardic poetry attributed to the same author, is also treated at some length. Prof.

Morley seems to ascribe to the brilliant archdeacon a greater degree of religious earnestness than the evidence warrants, but otherwise his portrait of the man is excellent. Another "Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford," whose name is also connected with the history of Arthurian legend, is here spoken of as "Calenius," without any reference to the fact (first pointed out by Mr. H. L. D. Ward) that this name is a sixteenth-century figment—a blundering neoclassicism for "of Oxford." The statement that this Walter was the friend to whom Henry of Huntingdon addressed his "Epistola de Contemptu Mundi" has also been shown to be untenable. Next in interest to the pages relating to Map is the account of his friend Gerald de Barri, and the chapter relating to Geoffrey of Monmouth is also extremely good. The volume suitably ends with a chapter on "The Italian Revival," introductory to the history of the great period of English literature which owed so much to the influence of the new-born vernacular literature of Italy.

Prof. Morley's third volume may fairly claim the distinction of being the first popular work that attempts to give a survey of the whole body of the literature of England during the period to which it relates, and of its relation to the general intellectual movement of Europe. Considering the great difficulty of the attempt, the author may, on the whole, be congratulated on the degree of success which he has attained.

HENRY BRADLEY.

The Life of John Mitchel. By William Dillon. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

JOHN MITCHEL was one of those rare souls of whom a truthful biographer can say: "Whenever public duty, as he saw it, and self interest came in conflict, duty was followed, interest disregarded"; and because the Irish have instinctively felt this, therefore, the vast majority of his countrymen simply idolise his memory. Yet on more points than one his idea of duty differed widely from theirs. They held with O'Connell (as they still hold with the Nationalist party of to-day) that impending social and political changes must be brought about by moral force alone. Mitchel headed Young Ireland in its revolt against "the Liberator's" peaceful methods. They held—most of them—that in the American war the North was right and slavery wrong. He was as out and out a Southerner as Carlyle, of whom he was perhaps the earliest Irish disciple; and for his adherence to the South he suffered in Fort Monroe a savager imprisonment than any that the English government had inflicted on him. Irishmen reverence both O'Connell and Mitchel because they feel that both really aimed at the regeneration of Ireland. Mitchel's method was war to the knife, if not to the vitriol bottle. Do not let us mistake him; his suggestions were aimed at none but armed enemies. Against them he would have torn up the railways and manned the cuttings round Dublin as Hofer manned the passes of Tyrol. After his conviction, he would have welcomed a wholly hopeless attempt at rescue, his deliberate wish being to accustom the people to collisions with the soldiers and to the sight of blood. Mr. W. Dillon hints that

in taking up this line he was unwise, but with the glorious unwisdom that prompted Leonidas and his three hundred to die instead of fighting another day. We may add that, had Mitchel been born a few years later, this unwisdom would have been out of date, and would probably never have been displayed. For, what changed his nature, what developed in him that unquenchable hatred to England "which after 1848 became his ruling passion," was the famine, and the way in which the government behaved in face of it. His account of the opening of the Dublin soup kitchen, "that most ignominious Easter festival, that ghastliest gala ever exhibited under the sun, the inauguration of the Irish nation in its new career of national pauperism" (i. 224), explains how "a kind of sacred wrath took possession of a few Irishmen at this period. They could endure the horrible scene no longer, and resolved to cross the path of the British car of conquest though it should crush them to atoms" (i. 174). They were but a few. The event, perhaps, proved that O'Connell took a truer measure of possibilities. But, for Ireland's sake, the protest had to be made; and the circumstances which called it forth are the key to John Mitchel's "unquenchable hatred." No one can understand him who has not mastered the history of that famine. Too generally we are satisfied with saying: "Oh, it was a terrible visitation; but we did our duty nobly. We subscribed, we sent rice," &c., forgetting that half a nation died at our doors while ministers and ex-ministers were wrangling in the House whether exceptional measures were needed or not, and while Irish harbours were choked with exports—grain, live stock, salted food, the products of a harvest exceptionally good, save in the one thing, being hurried out that, no matter who died, the rents might still be paid. One who, like myself, though he did not see the famine himself, saw the "killeens"—roadside burying-places marking how strength had failed to carry off the dead; who saw the huge workhouses full of sickly creatures dying under confinement and unaccustomed food; who heard how Vere Foster was lifting up his voice in vain against the floating coffins in which those who died were drowned wholesale or decimated by disease; who, years after, in Donegal heard from the Protestant clergyman how the poor people of the Rosses were deluded into eating their seed corn and potatoes, and must have perished but for the Quaker help administered by Mr. Forster—such an one can partly understand that "sacred wrath" which those who have merely read the story are apt to look on as wrongheadedness. No wonder minds like Mitchel's lost their balance when English opinion actually hailed the famine as God's method of reducing the Irish population within manageable limits. And Mitchel might have been so different—an oligarch, who till the very last (up to September, 1847; i. 168) did not lose faith in landlordism; who wrote to O'Brien: "I do think it is still in the power of the aristocracy to save the nation and themselves at the same time" (i. 157); a Protestant, whose latest article in the *United Irishman* was an appeal to the Ulster farmers to fling aside religious humbug and to sympathise with their brothers in the South

—what might not such a man have done had he been born a few years later; what might he not have done, born when he was, had not the folly against which the gods strive in vain made government ignore the famine till it was too late? Well; that famine gave us what Mitchel did not live to see—the Ireland beyond the sea, which is now our strength, which (though at such a cost to individuals) makes the Nationalism of to-day so different from what it was in 1848. This difference partly accounts for that indivisibility, that cheerful self-effacement, which is a marvel to our friends and an unbearable grievance to our enemies. Mitchel broke with O'Connell, he quarrelled with Duffy of the *Nation*, he now and then taunted his dearest friend (John Martin) in a way which would have angered a less sweet-natured man, he insisted on forcing himself into O'Brien's Limerick reception at the cost of "a row." The patriots quarrelled, even as the Zealots quarrelled when stowing in their own juice at Jerusalem, because there was no hope. Now it is hope that holds them together as one man.

Everybody knows the outline of Mitchel's strange career. The trial for sedition having failed, he was indicted for treason-felony, and condemned to fourteen years' penal servitude. His asthma got so bad in the Bermudas that he was removed to the Cape, and thence carried to Van Diemen's Land when the Simon's Bay people refused to allow convicts to be landed. To me, the most painful part of his journal is his comments on the 200 Irish convicts who sailed with him, "not criminals proper, but poor wretches whom starvation and despair had goaded to some act that the law called a crime" (i. 295). He writes of them very tenderly; but one feels that, after all, this son of a Presbyterian minister, who "kept his own hours, dressed as he liked, and held no communication save with the doctor and a species of parson," was, no matter what he might call himself, a born oligarch. His escape from Van Diemen's Land is held by some to be a slur on his honour. He was on parole, living an enjoyable life, riding about with his friends. When his arrangements were complete, he suddenly rode up to the police office in Bothwell, jumped down, handed to the magistrate the copy of a note which he had written to the lieutenant-governor withdrawing his parole, and offered himself to be taken into custody. He had a heavy riding whip and pistols, and his friend's hand was playing with his revolver. "Stay here! Rainsford! Constables!" shouted the police magistrate; but the constables were overawed. Mitchel remounted his horse, rode off, and, after some weeks in the bush, escaped in the *Orkney Lass* to Tahiti and thence to San Francisco. The matter speaks for itself; and Mr. Justin McCarthy has fully discussed it in his *History of Our Own Times*.

More important to us is what may have influenced Mitchel in favour of slavery and the South. Already, on his way to the Cape, seeing the jolly Brazilian slaves, he had contrasted them, in unmistakable Carlylese, with "the slaves to get rid of whom their owners will go to a heavy expense, who have a Habeas Corpus to be suspended, and trial by jury," &c. (i. 292). And his experience of New York, his scorn of "demonstrations,"

his hatred of shams, strengthened his Southern sympathies. Mr. Ward Beecher disgusted him with his indifference to the Irish question: "You have all the cant with you; you have the privilege dear to the modern heart of uttering kind-looking sentences; but Pat is, without protest on your part, held down in a far worse and more demoralising slavery" (ii. 48). He acted quite deliberately. To Miss Thompson he writes: "When taunting friends ask: 'What think you now of Ireland's emancipator? Would you like an Irish republic with the accompaniment of slave plantations?' answer quite simply, 'Yes.'" Yet no doubt his bitter controversy with Archbishop Hughes about the pope's temporal power helped to make New York unpleasant to him. His paper, the *Citizen*, never recovered from this controversy, though, of course, Mitchel wrote most strongly on the Catholic side during that echo of our "Jesuit-in-disguise" scare, the hypocritical "Know-Nothing" cry. In 1856, therefore, having convinced himself that New York society was "pretty mean," he moved to Knoxville, only to find the "Know-Nothings" rampant, and to get for his friends such warnings as: "Don't you be seen too much with that Papist Irishman." While here he took to lecturing: "a loathsome business; but I want money, and I can only think of preying on the public" (ii. 115), keeping his eye on Ireland all the time; meeting Stephens, who wanted him to help in collecting funds, which he declined to do, though he gave the head centre fifty dollars; meeting Smith O'Brien, "through whom Mr. Seward, foreseeing a struggle between North and South, was anxious to do a stroke of business"; writing first bitterly against and then in favour of the MacMahon presentation sword. It is notable that Mitchel in 1859 saw that the only way to rouse the Irish masses was to promise destruction of landlordism (ii. 130). Twelve years earlier he had (as we have seen) been praying that "the Irish landlords may recognise their mission, which is the noblest that since Rannymede ever fell to the lot of an aristocracy" (i. 142). He was in France when the American war broke out. Two of his sons at once joined the Southern army (both were killed); and before long he got back to Richmond, and till the end was helping "to keep the people up to the fighting-point." After the war he went to New York, and, as editor of the *Daily News*, pleaded that "now the South acknowledged her defeat, the time was come for the victors to heal the breach" (ii. 215). The result was his seizure and imprisonment in Fort Monroe—"The English got what they called a law made for the express purpose of suppressing me; the Americans do the thing without even that formality." After more than four months the American Fenians were able to put pressure on the government; and he was released, sick and out of heart, and scarcely able to act in Paris as Fenian finance agent. His relations with the Fenians are interesting. They warmly admired him (offered him their headship). He thought the secret conspiracy which was the essence of their organisation "sure to do more harm than good in Irish politics" (ii. 228). See also i. 197: "We differ from the '98 men. They had not learned the charm of open outspoken resist-

ance, and through their secret organisations you wrought their ruin. . . . If you wish to have a Castle detective employed about the *United Irishman* office I should make no objection, provided he is honest and sober."

This is Mitchel's highest title to sympathy; for the mischief that has been done to the Irish nature by espionage on one side and plotting on the other, since the Tudors introduced Machiavelism, is incalculable. On the Fenian attempts his verdict was: "They are but wasting their means, and, what is worse, wasting their patriotic enthusiasm and destroying their trust in the faith of man." A like, even a severer, verdict we may be sure he would have passed on dynamiters and Invincibles. Not by such means had any of the Young Irelanders ever hoped to free their country. Their substitute for O'Connell's "moral force" was passive resistance (*e.g.*, to tax-paying), with occasional and inevitable collisions to accustom the people to war when the time for war should have come, *i.e.*, unless a radical change in the social system should prove them to be "the true Conservatives, and should destroy the existing abhorrence of law and sympathy with crime" (i. 187). Mr. Dillon notes a distinct loss of literary power after Mitchel's return from France to New York; but the *Irish Citizen* was still exceptionally well edited. His health, meanwhile, was growing worse and worse. In 1874 he visited Ireland; and, again, early in 1875, he came over to contest Tipperary. After a few election speeches he became too weak for public work, and went to die at his old home at Newry.

Such is the life detailed with affectionate fulness in these two volumes. I do not think anyone will make the trite remark that Mr. Dillon had better have given us a single volume. Those who care at all about Mitchel want to know what he was—to be able to understand the strange mixture of childishness (he thinks they "startled the House of Commons' officials by appearing in green and gold uniform when visiting O'Brien in the cellar"—i. 109) and insight; the love for the English people combined with a hatred of what Cobbett calls "the Thing"—that English rule which, he held, has been a curse not only to the subject peoples but to England herself (i. 257). Mr. Dillon is quite right in esteeming Mitchel most highly as a literary man; his "jail journal" is something far more than a sample of fine writing. It justifies the claim that "in many respects he was the greatest man of letters Ireland has produced since Swift." But for the famine he might have remained an attorney at Banbridge, "sowing seed and waiting for it to grow." The truest estimate of him is that—headstrong, amiable idealist as he was—he did not know his people. They, disheartened by the famine, demoralised by the preaching of Conciliation Hall, were not up to the level of his policy of passive resistance. He did not allow his opinions to take root before disseminating them; and thence a seesaw between despair of all parties, including his own, and the determination to do something by way of protest (i. 199).

It is not at all my purpose to compare the politics or the men of to-day with the politics of John Mitchel's time or with the men of whom he was the guiding spirit. One thing

is clear—the men of to-day have learned the lesson of self-effacement. This "greatest of Irreconcilables" was, on the contrary, determined that Ireland, if saved, must be saved in his particular way. But, while we recognise his weaknesses, we must take to heart Mr. Dillon's warning that to understand Mitchel you must understand Irish history. "No one has the right to pass judgment on him till he has acquired such a knowledge of Ireland's past as will enable him to understand the fierce passion of which his words and acts were the outcome" (i. 59).

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

A Winter in Albania. By H. A. Brown. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

THE north-east portion of Albania is the least known corner of Europe. For no part of the world are we worse off for maps than for this Turkish province. I have endeavoured to follow Mr. Brown in his ride with the help of English, French, and German maps, but have found all alike untrustworthy. As Mr. Brown has dedicated his book to so accomplished a geographer as Mr. Bosworth Smith, it is a matter of surprise, as well as regret, that he has not himself attempted to supply this want. Yet Mr. Brown traversed no trackless desert, but merely rode from one Turkish capital to another. The journey from Scutari to Prizrend is about seventy miles as the crow flies, but it is, perhaps, as full of danger as seven hundred miles in any other part of the globe. Mr. Brown travelled in mid winter, when the severity of the climate probably lessened the dangers of the road, and he seems to have had a happy knack of fraternising with brigands and of eluding the grasp of suspicious *kahn*-keepers. Northern Albania and about Guisnje is more perilous and even less known; but, luckily for the author, he gave up his intention of visiting Djakovo, which he describes with great moderation as "somewhat wild, and at this time particularly so." As the book before us is one of the pleasantest books of travel we have seen for some time, the reader owes a debt of gratitude to the Bimbashi of Zaptiahs, who dissuaded Mr. Brown from the attempt. Although the author speaks kindly of individual Albanians, he does not envy the Sublime Porte's successor in Northern Albania.

"When the Turks go, I think that the nation which gets this country, and imagines it has got hold of something valuable, will deserve our sincere sympathy. In my humble opinion the rival claimants to Albania are in the position of men quarrelling as to who shall pick up a red-hot poker" (p. 159).

He ridicules the notion of Christians alone suffering from oppression, seeing that "your Pasha of the empty pocket is no respecter of creeds or persons" (p. 96).

The charm of this book is better felt than described. It is redolent of fresh air and exercise, and it is written throughout with humour and liveliness. The only exception to this is the passage in which the author sneers at the Serbs (p. 222). Mr. Brown is evidently quite ignorant of Serb history and language, and this is not the place to set him right. Suffice it to say that were the Serbs the cowards and braggarts he imagines them to be, they would not have inspired a man so

brave as Humphry Sandwith with such passionate devotion. Some might explain the author's unfairness by the fact that he is a Philo-Turk; but this cannot be the reason, as he is sensible and just when speaking of the Albanians. He knows the Albanians and appreciates them; he does not know the Serbs and is prejudiced against them.

Less is known of the Albanians than of their neighbours, the Montenegrins, yet it may be doubted whether the Albanians do not better repay study. They are the more ancient race of the two; indeed, they claim to be the most ancient in Europe. They have a language of their own, with an alphabet whose antiquity puzzles the learned. They are a brave and primitive people, whose customs merit and have yet to find an English historian. Mr. Brown bears willing testimony to their good manners and good nature. The owner of one little *kahn* sent off for sugar on his arrival.

"In about half an hour the messenger appeared covered with snow, and shivering with cold, but bringing a handful of coarse sugar. So I had my coffee sweet. Now, as no charge is ever made for coffee, this was an act of simple goodwill. I wonder how many people at home would go to similar trouble for a stranger whom they had never seen before and would never see again!" (p. 175).

As the author gives repeated instances of his gratuities being declined by these wild mountaineers, I fail to understand the grounds for the "avarice" he imputes to them (p. 268). He tells us they are never boorish, and speaks of their courtesy to women. It is true that women are exempt from the blood feuds which decimate the male population; but the reader would be misled by Mr. Brown if he thinks Albanian women are any better than domestic slaves. In Albania, as in England, "hymen gives the crabstick." Before the birth of her first child a wife must not converse with her husband, or even address him by name in the presence of others. To her parents-in-law the married woman has to behave with abject humility. It is gratifying to learn that though the husband is a tyrant, in the matter of the choice of his bondswoman he has nothing to say. He has to marry the girl chosen for him by his father.

Mr. Brown's book tells us little about popular myths or customs, although no country is richer in both. Having regard to the title of the book, it is particularly disappointing to find nothing as to Christmas festivities in that wild land. The yule log is celebrated by Albanian Christians with curious and (apparently) heathen rites. Mr. Brown gives one strange story of a compact between the wolves and a man (p. 140); but he might have told us many more, as myths are as plentiful in Albania as stones. The cat, for instance, is an object of reverence, as she is believed to have leapt from the arms of our Saviour on the occasion of his visiting a house infested by mice. Time would fail us to tell of all the strange stories about owls, wolves, hens, and ravens. But wisdom is justified in all her children, and Mr. Brown has modestly restricted himself to telling us what he saw rather than what he heard.

Truth compels us to add that the fun begins at chap. vi.—the previous sixty-six

pages are not such pleasant reading. The reader must be left to make the personal acquaintance of Mr. Guga, of "Si, si" Doda, and of Frana. He will be repaid for the trouble by many a hearty laugh.

J. G. COTTON MINCHIN.

James' Naval History. Epitomised by Robert O'Byrne. (W. H. Allen.)

To condense the five or six volumes of the various editions of *James' Naval History* into one has been the task set himself by Mr. O'Byrne—no easy one, to be sure. We hailed with some interest the publication of this volume, for there was already Prof. Laughton's excellent epitomised selection of the Nelson Despatches; and, if an accompanying abridgment of James's work proved as good and as accurate in workmanship as Prof. Laughton's, we should be fortunate. In his short preface, Mr. O'Byrne remarks that James's history is a national work, and certainly for its own period it is by far the best chronicle of naval events we have. James followed up all details even of a small cutting-out expedition with a loyalty to accuracy that is remarkable. He may have dogmatised sometimes when more complete evidence was desirable; but his judgment was in general to be trusted, and only became warped when he had to deal with our neighbours across the Atlantic.

As accuracy was James's watchword, so it was the first thing we looked for in Mr. O'Byrne's epitome; but, before treating of that, we have to deal with the plan of the book under notice. Among the multitude of single-ship actions and minor expeditions described by James, what principle of selection was to be adopted? Mr. O'Byrne has chosen those for which a medal or clasp was given, and this, we suppose, is as good a dividing line as may be found. With regard to the relative space allotted, the great battles of the period receive their full proportion. Thus, Trafalgar occupies forty-nine pages, the victory of the Nile twenty-one, Copenhagen sixteen, and Howe's action off Ushant twenty-seven pages. The minor actions have each their fair share; indeed, many of them are copied straight from James, with merely one or two verbal abridgments or changes. A volume of five hundred pages is thus made up, and no space remains for any tabulated result of the war from 1793. It never entered into Mr. O'Byrne's plan; but we should have liked to have short notes inserted to indicate the progress and connexion of the war, and brief yearly summaries of the general fleet movements, even at the expense of omitting some of the small actions. As the volume stands, it is a selection of the successful actions and lesser engagements narrated by James rather than an epitome. Much interest is thus sacrificed; and, as we think, an opportunity of rendering James's history more useful, perhaps, than in its large edition, or certainly more handy, has been lost.

Now we come to accuracy, which we should have expected to find rigidly carried out; but, after testing the volume here and there, we are compelled to give a verdict of inaccuracy in small detail. Thus (p. 114, and in the Synopses of Contents) we are informed of the defence of "the islands of Macoa, situated

about four miles from the coast of Normandy," against a French attack. In the original James, at least in the edition to which we have referred, these islands are named St. Marcouf, and there seems no reason to doubt the latter version of the name. In l. 11 of the same page there is a strange misprint of "the *Badger*, Dutch Bay," for "Dutch hoy." Then, in the accounts of the frigate actions between the *Pallas* and *Fairy* and *Harpy*, and the capture of the *Guillaume Tell*, there are several small discrepancies of time and language. These may appear of small moment; but, as the primary object of the original author was to secure accuracy, so far as possible, we cannot pass them over. Again, in the capture of the *President* (p. 500), the American squadron is said to have been commanded by Commodore Decatta (*sic*), and four times the poor man's name is thus repeated. Finally, in the capture of the *Fort* by the *Sybil*, Mr. O'Byrne has endeavoured to condense the description of the manoeuvres, and, in doing so, has made the narrative confused, and almost impossible to follow. James's account is plain reading.

It is unpleasant to have to mark these several blemishes when there are many excellent qualities in the volume under notice. It must be useful in the service, and probably will be sought after by many who have not cared to face the large edition. We can only wish for a second edition, revised.

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Mediation of Ralph Harelol. By William Minto. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Man with a Shallow. By G. Manville Fenn. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey)

His Last Passion. By Martius. (The Hansom Cab Publishing Co.)

The Duchess. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," &c. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Mere Child. By L. B. Walford. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Lost Tide. By Jessie Patrick Findlay. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

The Seventh Dream. By Rita. (White.)

As a Bird to the Snare. By Gertrude Warden. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Madame Midas. By Fergus Hume. (The Hansom Cab Publishing Co.)

It is decidedly a sign of improvement in general taste when the reading public manifests a tendency to desert more or less mawkish or improper narratives of what the authors fondly imagine to be society, and to return to the more wholesome pasture-grounds of romance. This is certainly the case at the present time. And, since there is no more fruitful source of romance than history, it is pleasant to see some of our younger novelists, as in the case of Mr. William Minto, having recourse to the annals of their own country for inspiration—the result being such as to encourage others to follow in the same path. The period at which the action of his book is supposed to take place is the latter part of the fourteenth century, the scene being laid partly in London, but mainly in the eastern coun-

ties. The plot, apart from the love interest, is concerned with the great peasants rebellion which is usually associated with the name of Wat Tyler, as having been chief organiser and head of the revolt. It is not too much to say that to most readers the account of this first great struggle for popular freedom will, so far as its details are concerned, be absolutely new, since the whole affair is slurred over in the school-books put into the hands of ordinary students; so in perusing Mr. Minto's novel they will not only be enjoying a thrilling and exciting romance, but acquiring novel and accurate historical information. The plot itself is tolerably simple, turning upon the adventures of one Ralph Harelol, a young gentleman who, disgusted with the corruption and tyranny which he sees all around him, has vowed his life to the cause of the people, and adopts the tenets of Wyldiffe, who seems to him their champion. This is not the place to discuss Wyldiffe's doctrines; but it may be said that, whatever may have been the reformer's attitude, there can be little doubt that many of the Lollards—his so-called followers—used religion as a cloak for dangerous socialistic schemes. Ralph's object is to mediate between the nobles and their oppressed tenants. He hopes that the former may be brought to listen to his pleadings, and remit the burdens which weigh so heavily on the peasantry, which only shows how little he knew of human nature. However, he labours nobly and manfully at his self-imposed task, through disappointment and misuse, until he seals his testimony with his blood. It is a strongly drawn study of a noble career. We have spoken of the love interest of the tale. Clara Roos, the heroine, is a beautiful girl, loving and beloved by Ralph, who has been forcibly led to the altar by Sir Richard Rainham, a villainous knight, but has managed by stratagem to escape from him. Unluckily her nominal husband recaptures her, and, after gross ill-treatment, immures her in the dungeon of his castle of Sturmere. Shortly afterwards he and his gang fall upon and rob the troop of a pretended merchant, Simon d'Ypres, who is really the popular agitator, John Kirby, in disguise; and, finding Ralph in the company, he carries him off and throws him also into the dungeon. Of course Ralph and Clara soon find and comfort each other, and when their case appears almost desperate help arrives. The people, guided by Kirby's servant and headed by Wat Tyler—whose strategic skill renders it possible—storm Sturmere, release the captives, and leave Sir Richard in his own dungeon, his life having been spared at Ralph's entreaties. The young enthusiast starts for London to seek the king in person, but at Hedingham falls in not only with the court and with Clara, but with Sir Richard, who has been released. The king—who, it must be remembered, was a boy of barely fifteen—takes a fancy to Ralph, and listens to what he has to say, and on Sir Richard giving the lie insists on an appeal to arms. The caitiff knight gives a foul blow and meets with condign punishment, while Ralph is sent on a mission of mediation—as he supposes—to meet the *roi-désant* merchant at Stourbridge Fair. But this expedition turns out disastrously. The hero is denounced as having

spoken traitorously at one of John Ball's meetings, and thrown into prison again by order of Simon of Sudbury, the archbishop and chancellor. Mainly through Clara's good offices he is released, again taken into favour, and sent on an embassy to the camp of the insurgents, who have now reached Blackheath. His efforts, however, are in vain. The march on and occupation of London are described with much spirit, and the murder of the archbishop is a splendidly dramatic scene, so much so, in fact, as to leave some suspicion of anti-climax about the death of the insurgent leader, masterly as the latter is. Of the fate of the lovers we forbear to speak. It is very effective. In conclusion, whether as a romance or a historical novel, this book is almost all that could be wished.

The title of Mr. Fenn's new novel reads rather awkwardly; because it at once occurs to one that, with the exception of Peter Schlemihl, most men that one has ever heard of have had shadows, and he did not find the absence of one an unmixed blessing. Perhaps the man "with a familiar" would have given a better idea of the weird plot. It deals with a young doctor, Horace North, who has convinced himself by his studies that, under given circumstances, it is possible to restore a dead body to life; so he sets to work to operate upon Sir Luke Candlish, who has fallen down stairs in a drunken fit and broken his neck. To gain his ends he works night after night in the family vault, assisted by the old sexton, only to find at last that the body is decaying, but that he has set free the spirit, which immediately possesses its liberator. The consequence is that he has two personalities; and, since he never knows at what moment he may become the rowdy deceased baronet, his life becomes a horror to him, and if he was not mad already—which may well be doubted—he very nearly becomes so. In the end he is exorcised, by means which appear to us slightly inadequate. The other principal characters are the Salis family—Hartley, the curate, a thoroughly good specimen of the muscular Christian, and his sisters Mary and Leo. Mary is a sweet woman, and all will rejoice at her marvellous recovery, however improbable it may appear. Leo is about as disagreeable as a girl well could be. The book ends in the orthodox way with weddings all round, but Mrs. Beren's engagement was rather a sudden affair.

When a man announces in his preface that he has taken a sentence by Zola as a guide in writing his novel, we may look on the statement as a danger-signal, so that we were not much surprised at the contents of Martius's volume. We should suppose him to be young, and hope and believe that he will live to be ashamed of his juvenile work, and to write something worth reading, for he is not without talent.

There seems to be a turn in the tide of opinion concerning Ireland, so far, at least, as writers of fiction are concerned. *The Duchess* is not only a remarkably pretty story, but a very wise and temperate statement of the Anglo-Hibernian case—nothing being extenuated on either side, nor any violent arguments admitted. Norah Delaney, the country beauty to whom the sobriquet has been given,

is a delightfully sympathetic and unsophisticated girl, who, however, rises splendidly to the occasion when it becomes a question of helping her injured lover. The night scene in the hut is particularly good. The old squire, too, is a fine old fellow; but we do not so greatly care for Denis. Like all stories by the same author it is well worth reading.

A Mere Child is a slight but pleasant little story, the heroine of which, Geraldine Campbell, is an Argyleshire heiress, whose progress is traced from the condition of a hoyden up to that of the belle of the London season. We think that both she and the author were hard on Ballenden, who surely was not to blame for treating her as exactly what she was. And we must demur to Miss Walford's statements about July in Argyle.

The title of Miss Findlay's book is rather inappropriate, since both that and the quotation from Shakspeare would lead one to suppose that David lost the tide through his own fault, whereas it was through the treachery of a false friend. We cannot believe that genius—that rarest of all gifts—would desert a man through misfortune, though a knack of verse-writing might do so.

The Seventh Dream is a very stupid essay in supernatural fiction. The source of part of it will at once be obvious to the reader, and the remainder is totally devoid of interest.

Miss Warden's story is unusually good of its kind. The character of Mrs. Wilson is, if a trifle melodramatic, very strongly drawn, only one hardly sees why she wanted to disguise herself in that particular way. Had she her eye on the heir from the first? The episode of Hugh and the old convict is very telling; and nothing could be better in its way than the story of Marietta, but her death is almost too horrible. The end of the novelette is just what everyone would wish it should be.

Readers of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* have been curiously awaiting a second book by the same author, in order to see whether he had shot his bolt, or was capable of further and better work. In *Madame Midas* he has proved that the latter is the case. As regards style there is no comparison with the former work, while the story—which, by the by, is damaged by being hurried at the end—is much more interesting, and Mr. Hume has gained skill in character drawing. No modern writer need have been ashamed of Vandeloup or of Archie McIntosh; Kitty, too, is sympathetic. On the whole, if he will take care, we should prophesy a future for Mr. Hume.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

L'Éducation en Angleterre. Par Pierre de Coubertin. (Hachette.) This delightful little book is frankly friendly, and may be cordially recommended to all the healthy folk who like flattery and are proud of their national institutions. The writer, as he tells us, does not offer us a treatise on education: his "impressions de voyage," chiefly in educational centres, are only notes, though often notes of admiration. M. Coubertin has visited Oxford and Cambridge, and a dozen public schools; he has been made acquainted with Toynbee Hall; he compares his impressions

of England with his experiences of France, and suggests solutions for French problems by a wise adaptation of English institutions. He complains that the methods followed in his own country tend to weaken physical force and destroy moral energy; whereas freedom and manliness are traditions of English education religiously preserved. M. de Coubertin is quite indifferent to the charge of Anglomania. Education has nothing to do with the burning questions that are such causes of international recrimination. "Laissons l'Irlande et la loi de Malthus tranquilles, ainsi que ces clichés innombrables dont les anglophobes font collection." If it be a fault to be predisposed to admiration of foreign institutions on which you proffer an opinion, it is a list on the right side without doubt. Frenchmen are not made on a pattern precisely and in detail different from the English pattern, and it is reasonable to expect that characteristic faults may be cured by a judicious adaptation of foreign notions to domestic institutions. Those who know French schools and universities best tell us that it is physical and moral training to self-reliance and self-control which they seem to fail in; and certainly no Englishman is likely to deny that the best training a man can have is one that makes him a reasonable law to himself. A foreigner is chiefly struck by the apparent disorder in the English school world. It is "assez particulier . . . bizarre même par certains côtés." Is not that because, as our critic handsomely acknowledges, we have grafted our new upon our old with a jealous reverence for the old, the prescriptively better, developing the "living part" of our establishments with every regard to their Gothic façades? There are certain barbarous negligencies and ignorances of our ancestors which it seems to be the special privilege of Englishmen to correct. "J'élèverai mon fils à l'anglaise, disait une jeune mère qui venait d'avoir son premier bébé; c'est très simple: il faut un tub et beaucoup d'eau." This, of course, without prejudice to the Gothic façade. Remembering the grotesque errors of which another friendly critic, Mr. Max O'Rell, was guilty, the conscientious reviewer is very careful to note similar slips elsewhere, but M. de Coubertin is as accurate as he is entertaining. He is not, however, quite rightly informed about "ushers." The name, if not the thing, has died out in this country; and we surely have nothing like the French *pion*. Whatever, again, may be true of the *pion*, we cannot let it stand that "les ushers ne sont pas des gentlemen." Most public school men will like the notices which M. de Coubertin gives of their schools. He has, moreover, an ear for a good story, and the nationally characteristic faculty of telling them. Etonians will recognise the flavour of the following. There was a spectacle, a procession.

"Imaginez que deux farceurs avaient couru ensemble les robes de quatre spectatrices. Un grand les vit et les pinça; il prit leurs noms et celui de leur 'tutor' et, après force excuses, délivra les prisonnières."

"Les petits vont le prendre en grippe, ce vengeur?"

"Point de tout! Ils savent qu'il ne faisait que ce qu'il devait et s'était engagé à faire."

"Et quel châtiement recevront les coupables?"

"La faute est grave; ils n'ont pas agi en gentlemen vis-à-vis de personnes du dehors, ils vont être envoyés au docteur."

"C'est-à-dire?" "Flagged."

Our author naturally sighs for cricket and football, hare-and-hounds and lawn-tennis. *Les Promenades* and *la gymnastique* do not seem to him sufficient substitutes. He demands the introduction of games which unite "la variété, le groupement, la popularité." He has a very weighty word to say on the much advertised

"international" system of education. Admitting the originality and general excellence of the scheme, he adds "Quant aux collègues qui les reçoivent en France et en Allemagne, ils sont bien loin d'être les meilleurs." This, however, will no doubt cure itself; and meantime, the experiment is a courageous one and deserves to succeed. In the chapter "Souvenirs Universitaires," the reviewer finds a real refreshing error. It is the only serious one in the book, and deserves setting down. We find it written that the "costume universitaire" costs £4. "Pounds Scots," we should think; or else the undergraduate has developed a taste for cap and gown which does not correspond to the recollections of those who have unhappily already taken their degrees. We should like to say a great deal more about this pleasant book, but the usual exigencies of space prevent us. It is quite delightful reading, and where the author hints a dislike to some of our institutions, his word is worth attending to, for he is the fairest and most good-tempered of critics. We cannot imagine the reader who would not be entertained by his wit and wisdom. Let us conclude this notice with one of the many good stories he tells.

"... Dans le salon d'un château quelqu'un jouait du piano; dans l'embrasure d'une fenêtre, assis sur une haute banquette, un petit garçon de onze ans—le fils de la maison—lisait dans un grand livre, lequel le captivait à tel point qu'il ne m'aurait pas entendu entrer. . . . Après beaucoup de morceaux plus ou moins harmonieux, qui se succédaient les uns aux autres presque sans interruption, le piano fit entendre l'hymne national. Le petit Anglais en était évidemment à un passage palpitant; il ne leva pas les yeux, mais glissa de la banquette et se tint debout, respectueusement. Quand le dernier accord eut retenti, il se releva sur son siège, toujours sans regarder autour de lui."

Technical Education. By J. A. Newbold. (John Heywood.) We shall soon, no doubt, make that hopeful national blunder with technical education which is to set us on the right road to the ideal end at last. In the meantime, everything that may help to clear the public mind of cant is well worth the attention of at least those whose position makes it probable that they will be called on to take an active part in the administration of the new institutions, and those who will pay for their working may reasonably be supposed to have some interest in their prospects. Against the vagueness and recklessness of most popular demands for technical education, Mr. Newbold directs the pamphlet before us, and he puts his case with his accustomed clearness, sagacity, and moderation. He points out that the demand for technical education is a sort of confession of ignorance, an excuse for indefiniteness of desire. It may mean everything, it may mean nothing. His demonstration of the ambiguity of the term itself leaves nothing to be desired; and we are strongly inclined to the belief that the kind of bastard craft-teaching which is so often demanded will do just as little for us as Mr. Newbold expects it to do—that is, nothing. The population difficulty and the depletion of rural districts will be left just where they were, if, indeed, a great measure of training, which is too directly profitable, does not actually swell the towns, and further the population question to a stage of additional acuteness. If, as we fear might be the case, a badly conceived measure provided merely for the production of a larger number of half-trained wage-earners, capital would exploit industry to a more serious extent than it does at present. Mr. Newbold marshals sixteen good arguments against Mr. Swire Smith's scheme, and very pertinently asks how the cost is to be fairly distributed. It is rate-aid which Mr. Newbold deprecates; and so far as the training is to be in particular crafts, we are in entire accord

with him. Where it is possible to make the technical training properly theoretical and consecutive on previous scientific education, we see every reason why every nerve should be strained to obtain it for all. We agree very cordially with Mr. Newbold's protest against the educational Philistinism which sees, or affects to see, in an imperfectly applied scheme of technical education a panacea for all national woes; and he does well to quote against the false technical education a liberal education, such as that so stoutly advocated by Prof. MacCunn, on purely economic grounds as well as all others. Mr. Newbold has a fine eye for the shortcomings of South Kensington; and, though we are not unmindful of the great debt owing to that department, we believe with him that its expenditure is lavish to an injurious end, as all expenditure must be which promotes such unsatisfactory cram-work as entitles half-trained students to "teach science." The remedy for our educational shortcomings is certainly not "technical education" in the narrow and received sense. A liberal education from top to bottom is quite another thing. The bread cast on the waters might not be returned to-morrow, but it would come back with interest doubled and trebled if we only had the wisdom to be patient. Mr. Newbold's book may form an admirable antidote for administration where distinguished theorists like Lord Armstrong make such statements as that colleges of physical science are "apt to be too scholastic for popular requirements." Examine "popular requirements," and you will find that they are demands for short roads to wealth, which really lead only to the advantage of capitalists and the ruin of the wage-earners. It is true, as Lord Armstrong says, that "cheapness of production and superiority of quality will decide the victory in the race for competition." But, *cui bono*? If practical men like Mr. Newbold were heard with proper regard to their authority, the blunder before us might not land us in such a quagmire as it seems likely to do. He knows his subject better than any amateur, however distinguished in matters not educational.

Memory. By David Kay. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is not quite easy to be as grateful to Mr. Kay for his book as its earnest laboriousness deserves. He has laid psychological literature of all kinds under contribution, from Aristotle and Prof. Bain to Messrs. Paxton Hood and Haweis; his book is positively loaded with foot-notes confirmatory; his physiology is as copious as his psychology. And yet it is hardly possible to admit that he has added anything startlingly new to our stock of information or done more for our practical needs than summarise and co-ordinate results previously obtained, and warn us impressively against short cuts. Claiming a material basis for memory, he urges the rational treatment of it not by local association, but by graduated adaptation of sense to thought in natural and necessary relations. "Accidental and arbitrary connexions" can never be anything better than expedients for temporary purposes; but a memory strengthened as Mr. Kay would have it, is permanently benefited. His treatise is meant to be, and it succeeds in being, extremely practical, as we should expect from the history of its composition, which arose out of a prolonged study of systems of mnemonics. In claiming for his own method the power of effecting great improvements in education, Mr. Kay very pertinently asks whether as much can be expected from "systems" whose secrets are jealously guarded. His own method is a "methodical" education from the beginnings of knowledge.

"Holding, then, that the seat of memory is not the brain alone but also the organs of sense and the muscles, it is evident that in order to improve

the memory, special attention must be given to the training of the senses."

So we really get from Mr. Kay a compendious psychology, which has the additional recommendation of being interesting reading, and not lacking amusing illustrations, as of "the idiot mentioned by Mr. Somerville, who could repeat a sermon *verbatim*, indicating also where the minister blew his nose or coughed during the performance"—a notable idiot, indeed. It will be easily understood that Mr. Kay is sometimes rather discursive, and one is glad to get to his ninth chapter, "Memory: how to improve it." The first secret of success is "sound physical health, with all the functions of the body going on easily and naturally"; then train every sense to receive and retain distinct impressions and let associations be natural and necessary. Mr. Kay's book is very useful and interesting. It is better than its title; and, though we sometimes have slipped writing like "What matter is by itself and what mind is by itself, we know and can know nothing," it is mostly clear and precise, and well worth reading.

Overstrain in Primary Schools. By J. A. Newbold. (John Heywood.) This pamphlet is an enlarged form of a paper read by the author before a "conference on education under healthy conditions" held at Manchester in April, 1885. Since 1885 the controversy has developed; and, though there is, perhaps, a lull just at present, we may, perhaps, expect that we shall hear more of it when the knotty points raised by the recent Royal Commission have received such settlement as they temporarily may. Mr. Newbold accordingly adds a brief account of the course of the controversy during the last three years, which, to those who have heard or read his first contribution to the question no less than to those who have only vague views on it, will be very welcome. He feels very strongly, but states his case with great moderation. Very early in his argument he disclaims all intention of fixing the responsibility for overpressure on the Code itself, to the exclusion of all other conditions. His case against the existing system is certainly the best statement on that side which we have seen. He shows at least good reason for suspecting the Code and its administration by the department, inspectors, and school managers. Everyone concerned would do well to lay his warnings to heart and give proper weight to his suggestions. We specially recommend to earnest consideration his plea for the reasonable use of the power of exemption. The worst effects of the Code are referable to the mechanical and indiscriminating uniformity sometimes required by inspectors, and to the spirit of competition which they inspire.

THE Rev. R. H. Quick has published with Messrs. Longmans a reprint of the first edition (1581) of Richard Mulcaster's *Positions concerning the Training up of Children*—a famous paedagogic treatise, more talked about than read. If it does not possess the concrete interest and charm of style of Ascham's *Scholemaster* (1570), it is of scarcely less importance for the light which it throws upon the practice of education in Elizabethan times. For Mulcaster, like Ascham, was no mere theorist. He was the first master of Merchant Taylors' School (where he had Spenser for a pupil), and afterwards high master at St. Paul's. All that can be learned about his life is told by Mr. Quick in an appendix, where he also draws attention to the most notable points in Mulcaster's opinions—his protest against the use of Latin; his objection to the "hastening on" of a "sharp young wit"; the importance he attaches to drawing, music, and regulated exercise; and his liberality in the matter of the

"training" of "young maidens." For ourselves, we have been particularly struck with the appropriateness to the present time of the following (p. 105):

"... the *Football* play, which could not possibly have grown to this greatness, which it is now at, nor have bene so much used, as it is in all places, if it had not had great helpe, both to health and strength, and to me the abuse of it is a sufficient argument, that it hath a right use: which being reuoked to his primative will both helpe, strength, and comfort nature: though as it is now commonly used, with thronging of a rude multitude, with bursting of shins, and breaking of legges, it be neither ciuil, neither worthy the name of any traine to health."

It remains to state that Mr. Quick has had the book handsomely printed, and stoutly bound in buckram.

NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. H. OSKAR SOMMER, from the Royal University of Marburg, has come to London for the winter, on leave from the Prussian Government, in order to study in the British Museum the English Pastoral Drama and to edit Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, which he will treat later on as one of the sources of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Malory's work exists in two copies of Caxton's printing. The best copy was that in the Earl of Jersey's library; but this was sold at the Osterley sale for £1950 to a gentleman in New York. The other copy is in the Althorp Library; and the Earl of Spencer has been kind enough to send it to the British Museum for Dr. Sommer's use. This copy wants twelve pages, which have been replaced by photographic facsimiles; but these are said to contain several mistakes. Dr. Sommer hopes to get them collated in New York with the original.

MR. GOLLANCZ, of Christ's College, Cambridge, one of the University Extension Lecturers, has been staying at Exeter for several weeks collating the grand Anglo-Saxon MS. belonging to the Cathedral Library, called "The Exeter Book," formerly edited by the late Benjamin Thorpe, &c. Mr. Gollancz is preparing a new edition of the old MS, with a fresh modern Englishing, for the Early English Text Society, and hopes to issue Part I. of it in the spring. He has given an evening lecture to the Exeter citizens on their noble MS. or "book," though they were rather shocked at his opinion that the MS. was of more worth than the cathedral.

READERS of Alphonse Daudet's *L'Immortel*, as it has been appearing in the *Universal Review*, will be interested to hear that the translation, which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will issue in one volume next month, is by Dr. A. W. Verrall, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Verrall.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next month the last divisional volume of their *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, completing the full number of seven volumes. As implied by the title, this work claims to be not only a dictionary of the English language, but at the same time a cyclopaedia to all branches of knowledge. The total number of words registered is about 150,000, as compared with about 116,000 in the last edition of Worcester's American Dictionary.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. also announce *The Truth about Russia*, by Mr. W. T. Stead.

THE Cambridge University Press will shortly publish a collection of *Occasional Addresses on Educational Subjects*, by Prof. S. S. Laurie, of Edinburgh.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in collaboration with Mr. Paul Sylvester, has in preparation a volume of short stories translated from the German. The book will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNEN have in the press a volume of extracts from the Greek comic poets, with verse translations by Dr. F. A. Paley.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEN & Co. will publish early in October a translation of Dr. Baumeister's *English Associations of Working Men*, specially prepared under the author's supervision. The author here presents us with a contribution towards the solution of the problem to what extent association has, by means of trades unions, co-operative societies, building societies, &c., affected the capital and labour question, and secured for the working-man a larger share of the national income.

THE October volume in the series of "Camelet Classics" will be *Fairy Tales and Folk Lore of the Irish Peasantry*, edited by W. B. Yeats.

A CHEAP edition of *Notes for Boys* (and their fathers) is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication.

A CHEAP edition of a little work, entitled *From over the Tomb*, is about to be published by Mr. J. Burns. It consists of a series of communications said to have been received by a lady from her deceased husband.

MESSRS. PAGAN & ROSS, of New York, have in the press a new work, entitled *Scottish Poets in America*, by Mr. John D. Ross, the editor of *Celebrated Songs of Scotland*.

MRS. G. LINNAEUS BANKS has written a biography of Miss Dora Greenwell for *North Country Poets*. In the next issue will appear a notice of Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell.

PRINCE BISMARCK has just returned "sincerest thanks" for a copy of Mr. W. H. Dawson's *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle*, which was reviewed recently in the ACADEMY. It is well known that Prince Bismarck, a quarter of a century ago, stood upon terms of intimate friendship with Lassalle, who did much to give his mind a Socialistic turn.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, the new president of the Hull Literary Club, has selected for the theme of his opening address "Hull Literature." The town has been the birthplace of many well-known authors.

At Mr. Griggs's fire, almost all the copies of the facsimile quarto of Shakspeare's *Merry Wives* in Dr. Furnivall's series were burnt. Those that were issued had several faulty pages. Mr. Griggs is now reproducing a new facsimile for Mr. Quaritch, who publishes the series, from Mr. A. H. Huth's copy, which is far better than the one belonging to the Duke of Devonshire that was used for the first facsimile, and that had lost portions of some leaves. Mr. P. A. Daniel will re-edit this; and Mr. Griggs has generously resolved to give to every purchaser of the first issue, whose name he has, a copy of the second issue, so that they may have a perfect book. Unfortunately the American reprint of the quarto parallel with the folio text, was made from the faulty facsimile, without inquiry, and without collation with the original quarto. Owners of copies of this parallel text should therefore take care to acquire the forthcoming perfect facsimile of the quarto.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

CARDINAL MANNING contributes to the forthcoming number of the *North American Review* an article, entitled "The Church its own Witness," which has reference to the recent exchange of theological polemics between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Robert Ingersoll. The *North American Review* is published in this country by Mr. G. E. Stechert, King William Street.

THE October number of *Scribner's Magazine* will contain the first of a series of three papers in which the late Lester Wallack had written down his reminiscences just before his death. He recalls the most interesting incidents in the fifty years of his career as an actor, including memories of Helen Faucit, Charles Mathews, and Charlotte Cushman. The first paper will be illustrated with two portraits of Wallack. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's paper in the same number will recall some "Random Memories" of a tour taken in boyhood along the shores of Fife—"my first professional tour, my first journey in the complete character of man, without the help of petticoats." Mr. Stevenson's romantic novel, "The Master of Ballantrae" will be commenced in the November number.

Illustrations for October, commencing the fourth volume, will include a contribution from the author of "Lorna Doone," and a new story by Mrs. Molesworth, called "Bronzie." Among the series of papers in that and succeeding numbers will be portrait biographies of Royal Academicians, photogravure reproductions of National Gallery pictures, pen and pencil portraits of authors and artists, and a continuation of the illustrated papers on "Schools, Private and Public," "Pretty Places," "Railway Men," "Iron Roads," "Musical Notes," "Garden, Field and Farm," "Fern Gossip," "Church Buildings," and "New Inventions," as well as numerous articles under the headings of amusement, art, biography, economy, literature, and science.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AT WATERMOUTH.

To Albert Goodwin.

To watch the sea-flowers bloom beneath the wave
For Aphrodite's gathering, and to know
How breathing stone the madrepore will grow
And shells imprison rainbows, this you gave
To those of old who sought your hollow cave
And saw through darkened vaults the waters glow
Green sapphire; but new grace your halls bestow,
And other charms to day your portals have.

For you have won enchantment from his art
Who filled your cavern pools with fairy lights,
And flashed by magic of his painter's wand
Fresh wondrous life to sea and rock and sand,
Who bade bright wings from lustrous shadow dart
To dreamy shores of weird Arabian nights.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE September number of the *Theologische Tijdschrift* is chiefly remarkable for Prof. Kuenen's estimate of the three most recent critical works on the history and religious affinities of the people of Israel. Renan, he says, seeks to solve his problem by intuition, Kittel by analysis, Baethgen by the use of the comparative method. More when the second part of the dissertation has appeared. Dr. Rovers, discussing the latest hypothesis on the origin of the Apocalypse (Henri Schoen), comes to the conclusion that "student Vischer's" theory, in spite of some objections, still holds the field. Dr. Was is dissatisfied with von Antal's German history of Dutch philosophy. Various books are reviewed or noticed, including Part I. of the new edition of Hupfeld on the Psalms and Dr. Drummond's *Philo-Judaus* (both noticed by Prof. Oort). The former is praised as a good specimen of "conservative-liberal" work; the latter as a clearly written, instructive introduction to Philo by a master's hand.

CLARENDON PRESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMONG the books in active preparation at the Clarendon Press may be mentioned the following:

Theology, &c.—"A Concordance to the Septuagint," edited by the Rev. Edwin Hatch; "Essays on Biblical Greek," by the Rev. Edwin Hatch, being Essays delivered as Grinfield Lecturer; "The Vulgate New Testament," edited by the Bishop of Salisbury, vol. i.; "The Peshito Version of the Gospels," edited by the Rev. G. H. Gwilliam; "Critical Appendices to Lloyd's Greek Testament," by Prof. W. Sanday.

Greek and Latin.—"Scholia in Iliadem Townleyana," edited by Dr. Ernst Maass, in 2 vols.; Plato, "Republic," edited by the Rev. B. Jowett and the Rev. Lewis Campbell; a translation of the "Republic," new edition, by the Rev. B. Jowett; Homer, "Iliad," books xiii.-xxiv., edited for the use of schools by D. B. Monro; Demosthenes, "Orations against Philip," vol. ii.; "De Pace," "Philippica I. and II." and "De Chersoneso," edited by Evelyn Abbott and P. E. Matheson; Wright's "Golden Treasury of Greek Verse," new edition, by Evelyn Abbott; "Graece Reddenda," being an Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, by C. S. Jerram; "Contributions to Latin Lexicography," by Prof. H. Nettleship; "A School Latin Dictionary," by Dr. Charlton T. Lewis; Ovid's "Tristia," edited, with prolegomena, apparatus criticus, notes, &c., by Sidney G. Owen.

Oriental.—"Thesaurus Syriacus," edited by R. Payne Smith, fasc. viii.; "A Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the Bodleian Library," by Dr. H. R. H. R. H.

General Literature.—"Collected Essays," by the late Rector of Lincoln College, in 2 vols.; "Unpublished Letters of David Hume to William Strahan," edited, with notes, &c., by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill; "Selections from Clarendon," by the Dean of Salisbury; "Hymns and Chorales for Colleges and Schools," selected and edited by John Farmer.

Modern Languages.—"A Russian Grammar and Reading-Book," by W. R. Morfill; a Key to Lange's "German Prose Composition"; Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," edited, with introduction and notes, by Prof. C. A. Buchheim.

History, Law, &c.—"The Landnám-Bók," edited by Dr. G. Vigfusson and F. York Powell; "The Gild Merchant: a Contribution to English Municipal History," by Dr. C. Gross, in 2 vols.; "The Dynasty of Theodosius; or, Seventy Years' Struggle with the Barbarians," by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin; "A Historical Geography of the British Colonies," by C. P. Lucas, vol. i.—"European and Minor Asiatic Dependencies of Great Britain, and those in the Indian Ocean"; "An Essay on Possession in the Common Law," parts I. and II., by Prof. F. Pollock, part III., by R. S. Wright.

The English Language and Literature.—"A Translation of the Beowulf in English Prose," by Prof. Earle; "The Minor Poems of Chaucer," edited by Prof. Skeat; Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women," edited by the same; Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," edited by Dr. W. Aldis Wright; Bunyan's "Holy War," &c., edited by the Rev. E. Venables; "Select Works of Sir Thomas Browne," including "Urn-Burial," "The Garden of Cyrus," &c., edited by Dr. W. A. Greenhill; "A New English Dictionary, founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society," vol. II., part II. (beginning with CASS), edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, and vol. III., part I. (beginning with the letter E), edited by Henry Bradley; Strassmann's "Dictionary of the Old-English Language," thoroughly revised and re-arranged by Henry Bradley.

Mathematics, Physical and Mental Science.—"Mathematical Papers of the late Henry J. S. Smith, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford," with portrait and memoir, in 2 vols.; "The Graphical and Statistical Calculus," by L. Cremona, authorised English translations by T. Hudson Beare; "A Manual of Crystallography," by Prof. N. S. Story-Maskelyne; "A Class-Book of Chemistry," by W. W. Fisher, Aldrichian Demonstrator of Chemistry; "Geography for Schools," part II., by Alfred Hughes; a translation of Prof. Van d'Hoff's "Dix Années dans l'Histoire d'une Théorie," by J. E. Marsh; "Foreign Biological Memoirs," translated under the superintendence of Prof. J. Burdon-Sanderson, vol. II.; Ecker's "Anatomy of the Frog," translated by Dr. G. Haslam; Count H. von Solms-Laubach's "Introduction to Fossil Botany," translated by the Rev. H. E. F. Garnsey, and edited by Prof. I. Bayley Balfour.

"Sacred Books of the East."—Also, in the Second Series of "Sacred Books of the East": Vol. XXX., "The Gṛhyas Sūtras," rules of Vedic domestic ceremonies, translated by Prof. Hermann Oldenberg, part II.; vol. XXXI., "Vedic Hymns," translated by Prof. F. Max Müller, part I.; vol. XXXIII., "Nārada, and some Minor Law-books," translated by Prof. Julius Jolly; vol. XXXIV., "The Vedānta-Sūtras," with Śaṅkara's Commentary, translated by Prof. G. Thibaut; vol. XXXV., "The Milinda Pañha," translated by Prof. T. W. Rhys-Davids.

"Anecdota" Series.—The following works will be the next to appear in the series of "Anecdota Oxoniensia": Japhet Ben Ali's "Commentary on Daniel," edited by D. S. Margoliouth; "Lives of Saints from the 'Book of Lismore,'" edited, with translation and notes, by Whitley Stokes; "The Elucidarium," edited from a dated Welsh MS. of the fourteenth century, by Prof. John Rhys and J. M. Jones; also, uniform with the above, "The Chronicle of Galfridus le Baker, of Swinbroke," edited from the Bodleian MS. by E. Maunde Thompson.

The following books will be published immediately: "Land-Charters and other Saxon Documents," by Prof. John Earle; Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," re-edited from a fresh collation of the MS. in the Bodleian Library, with marginal dates and occasional notes, by W. Dunn Macray, in 6 vols.; "The Anglo-Indian Codes," edited by Whitley Stokes, vol. II., "Adjective Law," with addenda bringing the decisions of the High Court down to May, 1888; "Fossils of the British Islands, stratigraphically and zoologically arranged," vol. I., Palaeozoic, comprising the Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian species, with appendix brought down to the end of 1886, by Robert Etheridge; Hume's "Treatise of Human Nature," reprinted from the original edition, in 3 vols., and edited, with an analytical index, by L. A. Selby-Bigge; "The Hecuba of Euripides," edited by Cecil H. Russell; "A Vocabulary to the Anabasis of Xenophon," by J. Marshall; "Passages for Translation into Greek Prose," selected by J. Y. Sargent; "A Primer of Latin Prose," by J. Y. Sargent; "An Introduction to Latin Syntax," by W. S. Gibson.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Walks in Palestine," illustrated by twenty-four photographs from photographs taken by C. V. Shadbolt, reproduced by Messrs. Annan & Swan. The letterpress is from the pen of Mr. Harper, who has visited Palestine many times as an artist, and is familiar with every spot shown in the illustrations. Of this book there will also be an *édition de luxe*, limited to

one hundred copies—the plates on India paper, the letterpress on hand-made paper, and bound in vellum. "Irish Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil," by Richard Lovett, with a map and one hundred and thirty-three illustrations from sketches and photographs. This is the "Pen and Pencil" volume for 1888. It has long been felt that Ireland should be included in this series. The present volume leaves untouched the burning political questions of the day. The aim has been to indicate the beauties of such regions as Donegal and Kerry, the chief features of towns like Dublin and Belfast, the characteristic traits of the people, their ancient learning, culture, and art, in a way that should combine accuracy of information with power to arouse the sympathy and interest of the reader, and lead to the conviction that present troubles tend too much to the forgetfulness of the noble past in Ireland.

In miscellaneous books—"The Boys' Own Book of Indoor Games and Recreations," in cluding chapters by J. N. Maskelyne, Col. Cuthell, Dr. Gordon Stables, the Rev. A. N. Malan, C. Stansfeld-Hicks, &c., which have appeared at various times in the *Boys' Own Paper*, illustrated with hundreds of engravings; "The Girls' Own Indoor Book," edited by Charles Peters, profusely illustrated; "Ernest Hepburn; or, Revenge and Forgiveness," by the Rev. H. C. Adams, illustrated by E. Whymper; "In a Jesuit Net," by H. C. Coape, illustrated by E. Whymper; "The Happiest Half-Hour; or, Sunday Talks with Children," by Frederick Langbridge, with many illustrations; "Through Fire and Through Water: a Story of Adventure and Peril," by T. S. Millington, illustrated; "Harold, the Boy-Earl: a Story of Old England," by J. F. Hodgetts, illustrated; "All for Number One; or, Charlie Russell's Ups and Downs," a story for boys and girls, by Henry Johnson, illustrated by E. Whymper; "Scripture Natural History.—II. Animals of the Bible," by H. Chichester Hart, Naturalist to Sir G. Nares's Arctic Expedition and Prof. Hull's Palestine Expedition, illustrated; "Louisa of Prussia and other Sketches," by the Rev. John Kelly, with portraits and illustrations. This book contains biographical sketches of Queen Louisa of Prussia, her sister-in-law, Princess William of Prussia, Elizabeth, Princess Charles of Hesse, and Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania. "Short Biographies for the People," vol. V. contains—Philip Doddridge, Bishop Hooper, Philip Henry, Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, Henry Cooke of Belfast, John Newton, Ulrich Zwingli, Matthew Henry, Patrick Hamilton, John Bunyan, Rowland Hill, and Thomas Charles of Bala. "Aunt Diana," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, illustrated; "Geoffrey Heywood; or, The Right Way," by Mrs. Cooper, illustrated; "The Reformation in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," by Richard Heath, illustrated with portraits; "Chronicles of an Old Manor House," by the late G. E. Sargent, illustrated; "A Race for Life, and other Tales," illustrated; "The Treatise of St. Basil the Great on the Holy Spirit," translated, with analysis and notes, by the Rev. George Lewis; "Breaking the Fetters; or, The Last of the Galley Slaves," by Emma Leslie, illustrated; "More than Conqueror; or, A Boy's Temptations," by Harriette E. Burch, illustrated; "Higher Up," by Nellie Hellis, illustrated; "The Threefold Life; or, The Walk, the Work, and the Warfare," by the Rev. F. Bourdillon; "Dolly: a Quiet Story for Quiet People," by M. F. W., illustrated; "Every Day: a Story for Sunday Afternoons," by Evelyn R. Farrar, illustrated; "Morning and Evening," Keble's morning and evening hymns, illustrated from sketches by J. Clark, J. H. Hipley, Davidson Knowles, James N. Lee, C. J. Staniland, J. R. Wells, and C. M. Wimperis—printed in colour by Alf. Cooke.

NOTES ON BULLEN'S OLD PLAYS,
1882-1885.

II.

VOL. II.

"DICKE OF DEVONSHIRE."

P. 23:

"See . . . trot up hill with you, and racks downwards."

This pace of a horse, which appears to correspond to our canter, is often alluded to. A description of "how to make a horse rack" will be found in Gervase Markham's *The Country Farme*, translated from *Maison Rustique* in 1616. In "The Roaring Girl" (1611) occurs

"There's the gold with which you hired your hackney, here's her pace;
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it."

P. 23:

"And for the women I know 'em as well as if I had been in their bellies."

This elegant expression is used also by Ben Jonson in "The Tale of a Tub," one of his earliest plays, if not his very first. At about the same date a similar phrase is in "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon"—"I know your mind as well as if I was within you"; but when ghorn of its coarse forcibility it is commonplace enough.

P. 29:

"We may hap to be in the suddes ourselves."

Halliwell explains "to be sullen," but gives no reference. It is not in the collections of proverbial phrases I have examined. It occurs in "Elvira" (1667), reprinted in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xv. 91; and also in "Captain Underwit" (1640), in the present volume, p. 327. It rather means "to be in trouble," than "to be in the dumps."

P. 38:

"Not soe much as the leg of a Spanyard left to squayle at their owne apple trees."

See an excellent note on this word in Halliwell. Since the date of his dictionary a game called "squalls" has been introduced (from Holland?) which might better have been named "shovel-board," just as the old squall or throwing sticks at cocks and thence at fruit out of reach might have been readily termed by the older name of "loggats," familiar to Shaksperians. I have not met with the word "squall" elsewhere, except in provincial glossaries.

P. 38:

"Sure these can be no croukeepers nor birdscaers from the fruite."

This passage is a good illustration of the line in "Lear"—"That fellow handles his bow like a croukeeper." Pike makes the remark here when three soldiers out of six are shot down.

P. 39:

"What shall I doe, there is no starting; I must stand th' encounter."

"Starting" here means "shrinking," "escaping." It is commonly met with in the compound "starting-hole," as in Day's "Isle of Gulls," Shakspeare's "Henry IV.," and Ben Jonson's "Case is Altered"; the idea being in that sense derived from the rabbit warren. "Starting," as shrinking, occurs also in Chapman's "May Day," act iii.—"There is no starting now." I imagine it is this meaning which should explain the common technical use of the word in speaking of "timbers having started"; not started out of their places, but shrunk so as to become disconnected. The same sense is applied to a shying horse—"One that starts."

P. 63:

"Travellers that are weary have sleepe led in a string,"

i.e., have it at their command. This is an old proverbial form. In Harrington's "Orlando Furioso" (xxx. 33), one is said "to have [or lead] fortune in a string." And in Lyly's "Sappho and Phaoon" the same expression occurs, where it signifies, he has it at his fingers' ends. Both these instances are prior to 1600.

P. 63:

"In old time gentlemen would call to their men and cry, 'Come, trusse me'; now the word is 'Come, hooke me'; for everybody now looks so narrowly to Taylor's bills (some for very anger never paying them) that the needle lance knights, in revenge of those prying eyes, put so many hookes and eyes to every hose and dublet."

This is an interesting passage in view of the changes of fashion in dress, and brings the time of writing down to a later period than appears in the diction of the rest of the play. The time when "points" gave place to "hooks and eyes" would appear to be somewhere about 1650. The present play was probably produced "very shortly after Pike's return, which took place on April 29, 1626." In Bromes's "English Moor" (i. 3), which decidedly belongs to a later period (circa 1650), occurs:

"I mean, to take your points. But you have none, O thrifty age! My Bridegroom is so wise
Instead of points, to hazzard Hooks and Eyes."

Possibly the discrepancy may be reconciled by supposing the piece reproduced with the comic dialogue interspersed with "modernisms" some twenty years later. Certainly "hooks and eyes" were not introduced as early as 1626.

P. 85, line 3:

"Mad" is a misprint for made, "made out of wax." Mr. Bullen refers to "Romeo and Juliet," i. 3. 76; but in "Westward Ho" we have the identical phrase—"A knight made out of wax." Rabelais says "Nous les faisons comme de cire" (i. 19), which Ozell translates, "We make them as of wax," with note by Urquhart, "as we please, to perfection, as if we cast them."

P. 86:

"Slug shippes can keep no pace."

To which a note, "Slug. Aship which sails badly" (Halliwell). I cannot recall another instance of the use of the word in this sense. Probably Halliwell gathered it from Bailey (or it may be in Johnson, who gathered very much indeed from N. Bailey). "A slug [cf. slugger, Du., to act slothfully], a Ship that sails heavily; also a sort of Snail without a Shell."

P. 86:

"Red-haired by no means, though she would yeld money
To sell her to some Jew for poyson."

The evil attributes attached to red-haired people are continually alluded to in the dramatists. The superstition has been explained by the mediaeval representations of Judas with a red beard. Another interpretation is that the Danes were red-haired, and the horror of them handed down the hate. In Chapman's "Bussy D'Ambois" occurs "Worse than the poison of a red-haired man." In "Ram Alley" a constable is called a "red-bearded serjeant." In Day's "Isle of Gulls" we have a "red-bearded hangman," and cf. Ray's proverb—"With a red man read thy rede," &c.

In Ulster and Connemara a red-haired person is regarded by the peasantry as superstitiously unlucky; and I have known a case where a dealer has turned back from his journey to a fair because the first person he had met on the way was a red-haired woman. In Donegal, Galway, or Roscommon any one

setting out on a business would regard it as peculiarly unfortunate to meet a red-haired person, especially if that person was a woman. However, in some of those districts it is held unlucky to meet a bare-headed woman or man, or one bare-headed and bare-footed is still worse; nay, there are certain people often in localities who are regarded as peculiarly unlucky omens to meet, or receive the time of day from, when upon an errand. The white-haired boy in Ireland carries all before him in the way of good fortune. Most of the dramatists also use this phrase of "white boy," "white son," "white girl," "white-haired boy," "chickens of the white hen," "calf with the white face"; and "The Devil's White Boyes"—or, as we would say, the "Devil's darlins"—was the name of an anti-Popish tract of 1644. Was this the origin of the evil meaning afterwards attached to "Whiteboys," who arose as a curse about eighty years later?

P. 113:

"Why here are no wenches half so amorous as Citty tripewives."

A note endeavours to transform the last word to "tripe-wives." This is very innocent. Tripe, or "thrippence," may guide those who would be enlightened. The passage would have been better unannotated, but the note that stands is very misleading and unjust to the text.

P. 113:

"This garter is not well tide, fellow: where Wert thou brought up? thou knowest not to tie A rose yet, knave."

This is a good passage to enforce a common old meaning of the word "rose" which is now rarely in use. "Rose" here means what we designate by rosette, i.e., an artificial knot of riband; and it is astonishing how often commentators seem to be ignorant of this. Schmidt's Shakspeare Lexicon does not give this sense for the word, but interprets all the passages under "Rose" to mean the flower itself. Hence also, a recent writer in "The Book Lover's Library" series tells us that Provence roses were worn as articles of ornament in the shoes of players, from the well-known passage in "Hamlet," where undoubtedly, as Dyce says, "rosettes" are intended. No doubt the allusion shows Provence roses to be in vogue.

P. 131:

"With me, my fine treble knave? Umh, thou dost tickle minikin as nimble."

Minikin was properly, according to Halliwell, "the treble string of a lute or fiddle." Nares gives a wrong meaning and derivation, which the former opposes, but gives no reference. The word was often used merely to signify "treble," as in passages quoted by Nares, and also a couple of times in Day's "Humour out of Breath" (1608). It was a very favourite expression with Marston, who calls a fiddler a "minikin tickler" in "What you Will," and also uses the term in "Antonio and Mellida." In another play which ought, undoubtedly, in my opinion, to be included in Marston's works, the phrase occurs twice—"When I was a young man and could tickle the minikin I had the best stroke, but now I am false from the fiddle" ("Pasquil and Katherine," act i.); and again, "He's at stand like a resty jade or a Fidler when he hath crackt his minikin" (act iii.). Middleton also makes similar use of the term.

Pp. 129, 130:

"I love to see Musitions in their postures imitate those eyrey Soules that grace our Citty Theaters . . . Now on my life this boy does sing as like the boy at the Whitefryers as ever I heard . . . and the Musick's like theirs," &c.

Mr. Bullen quotes Mr. F. J. Fleay on that passage—"Therefore, this play would seem to have been acted at the Whitefriars." It appears to me that the special force of this incident lies in the mimicking some well-known boy's voice at the Whitefriars, and that, therefore, that is the one theatre where this play does not seem to have been acted at the time. I am presumptuous to differ with Mr. Fleay, and, perhaps, I have lost the sense.

P. 147: For more information on Pimlico, that happy hunting-ground where the citizen used to consume custards and ale, see Nares's "Glossary," and also Gifford's notes to Ben Jonson. One Ben Pimlico appears to have given his name to a brew of (Derby?) ale. Probably his own cognomen derived from the suburb near Hoggesden (Hoxton).

P. 200:

"Besides, there's no danger of one's crag."

Crag is an old word signifying neck or throat. It is still in use in the northern counties. The translator of Rabelais writes: "My Tropple, the Bean of my Cragg is bruk" (ii. 6), and Brome has—"The deil brast *crag* of thine" ("Queen's Exchange," ii., 2).

"SIR JOHN BARNEVELDT" (circa 1619).

P. 308:

"Away, good *pilchers*."

It is worth noticing, in support of the argument advanced by Mr. Bullen, in favour of ascribing this play chiefly to Fletcher, that this term is a favourite in the plays of the Beaumont and Fletcher series. It occurs in "Wit without Money" (iii. 3), and in "Bonduca" (ii. 3), and is used there simply as a term of abuse, as here, without having any trace of reference to leathern "pilchers," or scabbards, as in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," whose "You inhuman pilchers" alludes to the leathern buff jerkin of the sergeants. I think the term in the present sense is seldom found except in Fletcher.

"CAPTAIN UNDERWIT" (circa 1640).

P. 323:

"Underwit.—He shall read wayres to me and fortification.

The.—I can teach you to build a *soonce*, sir."

To "build a *soonce*" literally meant, of course, to construct that kind of "blockhouse," or small fort, so-called. Here, however, there is, no doubt, a double sense. A footnote says: "To 'build a *soonce*' means, I suppose, to fix a candle in a candlestick." Marston, Middleton, and Webster all use "*soonce*" in its original sense of "lantern," whence the more modern and still provincially used "*soonce*" for a candle-holder, or impromptu candlestick, is derived. But I apprehend this has nothing whatever to say to the passage before us. I find in "The English Rogue" (i. 117) (Pearson Rep.), 1665, "and so built a *soonce*" signifies "made his escape" in a somewhat "shady" sense. And in *Grose's Dictionary*, "To build a *soonce*; a military term for bilking one's quarters." No doubt this piece of slang was proverbial in garrisons. It may not yet be entirely obsolete.

P. 332:

"Instead of Silken Fairies tripping in the Banqueting Rooome, to see the clownes sell fish in the Hall, and ride the wild mare, and such Olimpickes, till the ploughman break his crupper."

In Ben Jonson's masque, "Love Restored," presented at court 1610-11, during Christmas," Robin Goodfellow says:

"Are these your court sports? Would I had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin red-breast";

and in the remainder of this passage we have a kind of inventory of the clownish sports which

have their Christmas offspring in our miserable modern hash called the pantomime. "Selling of fish" I can only guess at, guided by that joy of childhood which followed quick upon the close of the legitimate drama. I have found no other reference to it. Halliwell tells us that a game called "shoeing the wild mare" is mentioned in "Batt upon Batt," p. 6. In all probability it is similar to the dangerous sport among children described by Jamieson. "A beam of wood is slung between two ropes; a person gets on this and contrives to steady himself until he goes through a number of antics; if he can do this he 'shoes the wild mare'; if he cannot do it, he generally tumbles to the ground, and gets hurt with the fall." This delectable sport must not be confounded with "riding the wild mare," spoken of by Shakspeare and Sir Philip Sidney, and rejoicing in the name of "Battabum" in Urquhart's Rabelais, which latter, indeed, suggests the ploughman's broken crupper. "Riding the wild mare" is only one of the many names for "Weigh-dete-bucketty," "See-saw," or "Playing at swaggie, waggie, or shuggy-ahu." Nor must it be in any way connected with "Crying the mare," called also "Hooky" or "Granny," and still practised at harvest homes in some parts of Ireland. The word *mare* suggests volumes of provincial lore.

P. 342:

"He put in his hocas pocas, a little *dorner* under his right skirt."

Can "*dorner*" be a printer's error for "*dorser*"? The latter would give some meaning in the sense of pannier or basket, but the word "*dorner*" is to me a complete stumbling-block.

P. 343:

"Parson's Resolutions and Feltham's Resolves."

To this there is appended a note—"The first edition of this well-known book was published in 1628. 'Parson's Resolution' is a fictitious book." This is an unfortunate statement. See "Parsons, Robert," 1546-1610, Alibone or Lowndes: "A booke of Christian exercise appertaining to Resolution, Lon. 1584." "These books of Resolution won our author a great deal of praise," &c. (Woods, *Ath. Oxon.*) On the following pages the "amorous blazon" of colours in ribbands, worn for their mistress's sake by devoted servants has a strong smack of Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels." Amorphus was the prototype of many subsequent dandies.

P. 369:

"They have not heard a good jest since Tarlton dyed."

There is a note to this: "The exact date of his death is unknown; he was dead before the performance of Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair' (1614)." That is to say, perhaps, that Archdeacon Nares did not know the exact date of his death. Richard Tarlton, the "pleasant Willy" of Spenser, died in September, 1588. See Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare* (vol. i., p. 93, ed. 1887). See also Alibone, and Halliwell, elsewhere.*

HENRY CHICHESTER HART.

* I find in Lowndes's "*Parsons or Persons*," Robert, alias *N. Doleman*, the Jesuit Works." Here follows a list containing four different works on Resolution, published between 1585 and 1591. The titles of these are—

"A Christian Directorie Guiding Men to Eternal Salvation, commonly called Resolution, divided into three Bookes."

"A Booke of Christian Exercise appertaining to Resolution."

"The First Part of the Resolution of Religion divided into two Bookes," &c.

"The Second Part of the Booke of Christian Exercises appertaining to Resolution." Little dreamt the pious Doleman that these solemn works would one day be designated "fictitious."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

THEOLOGY.

STEINMEYER, F. L. Beiträge zum Verständnis d. Johanneschen Evangeliums. III. Die Geschichte der Auferweckung d. Lazarus. Berlin: Wiegandt. 1 M. 80 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

NORDENFLYCHT, F. A. Frhr. v. Die französische Revolution v. 1789. II. Thl. Die Ausführung. Berlin: Wiegandt. 4 M. 50 Pf.

SALLUS, F. de. Chapitres nobles de Lorraine. Wien: Gerold. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

HITZINGER, K. Untersuchungen v. Schädeln der Gattung Bos, unter besond. Berücksichtigung der osteologischen Tormooren gefundener Rinderschädel. Königsberg: Gräfe. 1 M. 50 Pf.

LAPPARENT, A. de. La Géologie en chemin de fer. Description géologique de la France septentrionale. Paris: Savvy. 10 fr.

SCHMITT, E. H. Michelet u. das Geheimnis der Hegelschen Dialektik. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Koeltner. 1 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BRICKMANN, B. De Antiphonis oratione de choreuta commentatio philologica. Lipsig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

RAUMER, A. Üb. die Syntax Heinrichs v. Valenciennes. Aschaffenburg: Krebs. 1 M. 35 Pf.

BITTER, O. Untersuchungen üb. Plato. Die Echtheit u. Chronologie der Platonischen Schriften. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 3 M. 50 Pf.

ROWE, E. Quæritur quo jure Horatius in satiris Menippum imitatus esse dicatur. Lipsig: Fock. 90 Pf.

WACKERMANN, Üb. das Lectisternium. Lipsig: Fock. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHO WAS THE COMMENTATOR OF SPENSER'S "SHEPHERDES CALENDER"?

6, Upper Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.: Sept. 12, 1888.

The question who was E. K., "the author of the commentary on Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*," has often been discussed; but all students who took the subject up have evidently been misled and diverted from a critical examination by some passages in the accompanying epistle, which are apparently opposed to the hypothesis that Spenser commented on his poem himself. I refer in the first place to the passage where the pseudo-commentator speaks with great confidence of "this new poet," whom he is not afraid to rank with Chaucer; and secondly to the following:

"In my opinion, it is one praise of many, that are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words, as have been long time out of use, or almost clean disherited, which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose and stately enough for verse, has long time been counted most bare and barren of both."

Dr. Uhlemann* has now proved that Spenser was his own commentator—a theory which had previously been suggested before the erroneous identification of E. K. with Edward Kirke, one of Spenser's friends at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. All students of Spenser's poetry will receive this result with great joy, for many little things hitherto unintelligible are explained by it.

Dr. Uhlemann's arguments are briefly the following:

1. E. K. speaks in his commentary published in 1579 of a poem which did not appear till 1580.

2. The inexactness, and occasionally the incorrectness, of the authorities quoted in the commentary. (Compare Kluge, *Anglia*, iii. 266-74, and Reissert, *Anglia*, ix. 205-24.)

3. The commentator's knowledge of Plato.

4. Allusion to a book on the art of poetry which the poet reserved for "a greater

* Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, from the Annual Report No. XIII. of the Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasium. (Hanover: Gebrüder Jänecke.)

occasion," most probably, Spenser's lost work, *The English Poet*.

5. The enthusiastic language in the general argument and in the notes to the Eclogue for October.

6. The quotation and translation of a passage from Cicero as the source for a couplet in the Eclogue for May. This translation corresponds word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which"—with a translation of the same passage owned by Spenser in a letter dated April 10, 1580.

Further, Dr. Uhlemann adduces two letters from Spenser to Harvey. This argument I think superfluous, for we do not know, however probable it may be, that these letters were really intended for literary purposes.

At the end of his essay Dr. Uhlemann shows that his conclusion does not disagree either with the contents or with the form of the commentary.

Thus we now know that E. K. means Edmund Spenser; but it still continues to be an open question why Spenser took these two letters. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspeare's Sonnets.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

JUNIOR-RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

Oxford: Sept. 10, 1888.

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, in his clever essay on "Junior-right in Genesis" (*The Archaeological Review*, July, p. 331, *sqq.*) seems to me to have been misled in various points. I shall not quarrel with him for adducing as arguments David and Solomon, who do not occur in Genesis; nor for his gallantry towards women in his list of the Terahites—a list which is strictly not Terahite throughout. Rebekah and Rachel cannot serve as an argument for junior-right. That Isaac (who, we shall see, is considered an only child), Jacob, Ephraim, Moses, and Pharez are the youngest, is only natural, since they all have only one brother; but neither Judah, nor David, nor Solomon are the youngest, unless Midrashic exegesis is applied as Mr. Jacobs applies it in the case of Judah and Benjamin.

It would have been far better to say simply that the right of the firstborn did not exist among Canaanite tribes, for it is not the youngest, but a younger, that succeeds to the father's possession. And the reason for it is not because the elder brothers provide for themselves, for this can only be the case in definite settlements, and does not apply to nomads; but because the firstborn did not hold property at all, as he belonged entirely to the gods, and was offered as a sacrifice whenever circumstances required it. Thus, the King of Moab "took his eldest son, that would have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall" (II. Kings, iii. 27). The "judgment" against the gods of Egypt was that they were deprived of the sacrifices belonging to them, by *Jhuh* smiting "all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast" (Exodus, xii. 12). The only son (not the younger), Isaac, was claimed as a burnt offering (Genesis, xxii. 2). Reminiscence of this kind of sacrifice we find in the following words of Zechariah (xii. 10): "And they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn." Possibly, the enigmatical passage in Exodus (iv. 25), "A bloody husband [A.V., a bridegroom of blood] art thou to me," has some reference to the neglect of this rite of the firstborn. And not only the firstborn of man was liable to be sacrificed, but all firstborn of beasts, and all kind of firstfruits. By later civilisation, when human sacrifices among the Israelites were abolished—for that human sacrifices did exist is clear from the daughter

of Jephthah and from Agag, whom Samuel hewed in pieces before *Jhuh* in Gilgal—the firstborn and the only son had to be redeemed for the benefit of the temple and the priests, and the firstborn of beasts alone continued to be sacrificed. Thus, the firstborn, only in the case of males, having the stamp of sanctity by belonging to the gods, acquired for that reason in later legislation the right of inheritance. And this reason may have prevailed also among non-Canaanite tribes.

A. NEUBAUER.

"NETHSEMONIS AND "NETHSEMAN."

Port St. Mary, Isle of Man: Sept. 2, 1888.

Just a word in reference to Prof. Sanday's letter on "Byzantine Influence in Ireland" in the *ACADEMY* of September 1, which I have first seen to-day.

I make no pretence of answering his interesting queries; but I may be permitted to point out that Nethsemonis and Nethseman represent, in shortened forms, a name which has long been familiar to me in Ogmic inscriptions—namely, the genitive "Netasegamonas." It means the "Champion of Segamo"; and the latter name occurs as a dative in Gaul in the form "Segomoni," which was borne by a Gaulish Mars, or god of war. In Ireland, the personage called the champion of Segamo or Netasegamonas comes before us as the ancestor of a tribe, clan, or sept; for, in the three inscriptions that mention him, his name is preceded by *mucoi*, the genitive of *muco*, later *macu*, "race or offspring"; and this is the word I should have expected, instead of *mac*, in the name of "Cronan mac Nethseman."

That expectation, I must confess, is based on the uniformity of the three inscriptions containing the name; and their distribution is interesting, as they all belong to the county of Waterford, which is one of the districts of the Decies. One inscription is within an easy walk of Dungarvan, and one is at Ardmore. Whether one or both of these are within the boundaries of the ancient Déisi, I do not remember; but I do remember that the third is, namely in the barony—so I think they call it—of Decies without Drum, for it is contemporaneous with another barony called Decies within Drum, that being the name of the rising ground which separates them. The inscription in Decies without Drum is at a ruined church on the way to Clonmell. I think it is called Seekinán, but I am not sure, though I well remember the spot, as I nearly broke my neck there in 1883 in climbing to scrutinise one of Mr. Brash's misreadings—namely, a "Sartigern," which turned out to be no other than "Vortigern." My surmise as to Nethseman would favour the idea that the name belongs originally to the country of the Déisi, rather than to the neighbourhood of Bangor. This, however, loses most of its force if we treat "mac Nethseman" as correct; but we gain another point—namely, that, besides the tribe or sept tracing its descent to "Segamo's Champion," there was another tribe or sept claiming to be descended from the god himself. Prof. Sanday's quotations go to show, further, that some members of this latter tribe had to do with the same part of the island as the descendants of "Segamo's Champion."

With regard to Semon or Seman, as compared with Segamonas, the disappearance of the case-ending is regular; but here the *g* has also vanished from the spelling, owing doubtless to its having been regularly reduced to a weak spirant. It occurs to me, however, that it is retained in the (printed) Book of Penagh, where the name has some such a form as "Niathsegaman," or possibly a new genitive "Niathsegamain," with which may be con-

trasted the preservation of the right declension in the Latinising genitive "Nethsemonis."

Lastly, I need not go any further into the phonetics of the name Segamo to show that in the mythical Irish settler called Simon, or Semion, we have probably an echo of the god's name, which is also, perhaps, the key to some portion of the popularity of Simon Drui or Simon Magus in Irish legend.

J. RHYE.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

Youghal: Aug. 5, 1888.

The Tripartite text contains some continuous and a few isolated sentences in Latin, in all about five pages. Within this limited ambit the editor has contrived, however, to exhibit a great deal of "official scholarship." We have, for instance, within six lines, *quodvis* for *quavis*, quasi for *quis enim*, *quique* for *quaque* (284). *Prima feria* is rendered "the first holiday" (68); *sub ulmo frondoso*, "under a lofty elm" (110); *omne datum optimum*, "every good" (172); and *plurimorum*, "many" (238).

Of upper form learning take the following (they are not the greatest curiosities): "Excusavit causam—excused himself on account of" (212). Read *excusavit causam*—pleaded the excuse. *Si expectaret* (translated "they would await") *alumnus* [*volens videre*] *utrum prohiberet eum, an non* (ib.). Needless to say, the text requires no bracketed crutch. The subject of the dependent is made the object of the principal verb.

After this, it is matter of regret that in ten cases the original has not been represented in the (so-called) translation. *Quod utrumque factum est* (132), for example, does not appear in English dress. But relatives are not the editor's strong point.

Respecting the Irish text, the transcript of E. here given differs from O'Curry's fifteen times in the thirty-one lines (28) which I collated. The R-copy professes to be reproduced *literatim*. The facsimile page prefixed supplies, notwithstanding, the following variants:

MR. STOKES.	MS
P. 192, l. 21, <i>Sleibdu</i>	<i>Sleibdu</i>
194, l. 1, <i>lfrn</i>	<i>lfrn</i> (<i>lege lfrn</i>)
" 9, <i>strubairt</i>	<i>strubert</i> .
" 13, <i>foirenn</i>	<i>foenn</i>
" <i>munntir</i>	<i>munnter</i>
" 20, <i>Patraio</i>	<i>a not in Italic</i>
196, l. 12, <i>maeo</i> (g. sg.)	<i>mae</i> (g. pl.)

Exclusive of the hymn, the Irish Tripartite text would fill about eighty-eight of the pages of this book. Through no less than eighty of these the editor had the advantage of a published English translation. Nevertheless, he has to append a list of corrections. It extends to eighty items. Nor is this all. He is compelled to subjoin a second. The supplement is made up of twenty-six. Still they come. A third revision (for I learned by tedious experience what to expect from Mr. Stokes) has been made by me. The blunders more than double the total of the editor's two revisions! The following are specimens of the curiosities I collected:

TEXT.	MR. STOKES.	
P. 2, l. 4, <i>in lacht</i>	they	the folk
" 11, <i>inniso</i>	this	this thing
10, l. 10-11, <i>dorala</i>	the winter-	it happened
<i>indaimseir geimrid</i>	time came	in the time
" 1, 28, <i>orinaig</i>	of firewood	of winter
		material
16, l. 18, <i>nimaftir</i>	of them no-	it was not
<i>doib</i>	thing was	mutually
	known	known to
" 1, 32, <i>mor nimned</i>	many tribu-	much of tri-
	lations	ulations

TEXT.	MR. STOKES.	
30, l. 2, <i>eo</i>	and	so that
3, <i>hi suidius</i>	there	herein
34, l. 23, <i>sech</i>	along	past
36, l. 10, <i>seais</i>	swined	sains
40, l. 25, <i>ind hith-leithi Aisim</i>	swallowed	swallows
	that festival therein	(of) that festi- val (<i>Aisim</i> , pron. <i>de-</i> <i>mon</i> .)
42, l. 30, <i>na dochaie</i>	not to go	that you go not.
46, l. 16, <i>dehora</i>	shall do	shall bring
" " <i>dechtfaid</i>	shall kneel	shall pro- strate.
64, l. 9, <i>cincl namir-coch</i>	the faithful folk	of the folks of the faithful
74, l. 24 } 90, 7 } 92, 16 } <i>iarom</i>	then	afterwards
222, 7 } 242, 5 }		
78, l. 15, <i>brathair in Bremain sin</i>	his brother	the brother
91, l. 3, <i>le Aua Aililla</i>	was that B.	of that B.
	with the de- scendants of Ailill	in (the coun- try of) Hui Aililla
" l. 20, <i>irrathtus na muc</i>	where the swine were rooting	in the sty of the pigs
146, l. 1, <i>(a)ainm ooin</i>	its name from afar	its name from long ago
174, l. 14, <i>inailithir</i>	into another land	on a pilgrim- age.
180, l. 5, <i>cu craib-dech</i>	quietly	piously
" l. 11, <i>e tregib</i>	from the sor- rows	from the ca- lamities
200, l. 3, <i>antusaith</i>	in the south	in the north
206, l. 22, <i>in chain-dei do munistir De ind</i>	to God's household therein shall come the candle	the candle for (= of) the people of God therein
208, l. 23, <i>gler</i>	are held	are sum- moned
226, l. 24, <i>i Machai min anad</i>	to rest in smooth Armagh	into [Ar- m] a g h, pleasant abode.
230, l. 13, <i>isdegbria-ther leissom</i>	it is a good word he hath	he deems it a lucky expression
250, l. 22, <i>arrigu</i>	their king- ship	the kingship.

To come to matters requiring the exercise of some critical skill. How far E. is availed of to correct and complete R, may be judged from three important examples on one page (160).

"*Forthaigstar cella and s. Dun Cruithne*—he built churches there, namely, D.C." "Fort of the Picts=churches" is a crux of a kind that rarely disturbs the editor. All, however, cannot take sense upon content. The true lection, though Mr. Stokes did not find it there, is contained in E. O'Curry's transcript gives *cell*—(one) church.

"*Dorarggertson di Uchainnech*—(Patrick) prophesied of C." But *dorarggert* is a *vox nihili*. Yet Mr. Stokes, to judge from this place, does not know that *dorairngert* of his note is the pure form. His function is discharged by copying the word from E. Furthermore, he must in this case have been labouring under what he calls an "ocular ailment." For E, according to O'Curry, reads "*di di C.*"—to her (i.e., Setna's wife), concerning O." *Di*, the prep. *do*+suffix. pers. pron. fem. sg. 3, and *di*, the prep., being identical in spelling, caused the scribe in his native learning to omit one of them.

How felicitous the editor can be in textual emendation, take an instance. "*Bronus episcopus [Biteus] Casil Irre*—Bron the bishop, Bite of O. I." (108-9.) (Note that here, as elsewhere, the translation gives no hint of the interpolation.) Mr. Stokes—will it be believed?

—had under his hand (94) *episcopus Bronus, qui est ic Caisel h Irre*. The connexion is mentioned in two other passages (138-40). Nay more, the saint's name replaced the ancient local designation, and lives in Killespugbrone, near Sligo town. *Bronus episcopus* stands here in a list copied from the Book of Armagh (12d). The locality, not given in the original, was at first, there is no doubt, a marginal or (more likely) interlinear gloss, and was subsequently copied into the text. Bite, whose parentage the Rolls' scholar knows so well, was venerated in the Church of Racocon, co. Donegal (148).

The following brings into strong relief the editor's faculty of discrimination: "*Pothaigis in eclais sair hi Tamnach*—he founded [recte founds] the church east in T" (98-9). One more dexterous in the application of book-knowledge would have translated in *eclais sair* "the eastern church," and I should have had his thanks for calling attention to the decisive character of the original (L. A. 11d): *plantavit aeclessiam liberam hi Tamnach*. Compare *aeclessiam liberam* (ib., 13b), *omnis aeclessia libera* (21b). St. Patrick, namely, founded a free church in Tamnach. The reference, of course, is to the Armagh tribute, which I shall deal with in due time when discussing the Patrician documents.

What assistance I am likely to derive from the present chaotic collection, a note and translation connected herewith will demonstrate. "Colgan," thus annotates our critic in loc., "translates in *eclais sair* by *insignem ecclesiam*, as if for *sair* his texts had *soir* 'noble.'" Accordingly, he renders *Airtiuir* [maigi] *soir-chaitiuir* by "A. M., a noble city" (62-3). But the writer meant that Armoey (co. Antrim) was a free monastic establishment in the sense mentioned above.

Mr. Stokes, namely, is such a master of native lore that he has to learn that *sair* means "free" as well as "east"; that *sair* "free" and *soir* "noble" are respectively different spellings, and kindred meanings of one and the same vocable; finally, that here, as in most other cases, the context (*leth atuibthe*) has got to determine whether *sair*, *soir* means "east," or "free," or "noble."

In conclusion, persons and events have been annotated only about twelve times; merely to the extent of bald obits and dates. Twenty similar instances have been silently passed over. A glaring instance is furnished in one paragraph (86), where four well-known personages and a famous battle are dismissed without note or comment. I select the example as typical of the editor's acquaintance with accessible illustrative material.

King Tuathal, we are told, came with a large force (A.D. 543) to expel Diarmait. In the engagement he was slain by D's foster-brother, Mail Mor, who was straightway slain himself; hence the proverb when the slayer was slain: *Echt Moile Moire*—Feat of M. M. The Book of Ballymote (48, ll. 30-1) says: *Qui et ipse stadium (statim) occisus est, unde dicitur Echt Moil Moira*.

Here we have confirmatory evidence respecting the declension of *Mail* (ML 68c, 85d—at and oi, as noted above, are variants), gen. *Maile* (Book of Armagh, Stowe Missal). In R. the Old-Irish endings continue intact. The proverbial character of the expression contributed to their preservation. In B. B. the external flexion is retained in part, though corruptly. It disappeared, as was to be expected, under the scribner of Mac Firbis (*Chron. Scot.*, Rolls' ed. [marginal], A.D. 544).

Of the fourth person mentioned, St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, we read in Tirechan (L. A. 12d, 318): *Interest hautem inter mortem Patricii (et*

Cer)ant (na)tvitatem . . . cal. annorum. But, according to Gilla Coeman, as quoted in this book (536), the number of years between the death of Patrick and the obit of Ciaran was fifty-one. The "son of the wright" died in his thirty-third or thirty-fourth year. The interval in the text consequently comprised but seventeen or, at most, eighteen years.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Stokes passed by these and similar "obscure passages and words in the Tripartite Life and the Book of Armagh" in the hope that unofficial workers would "try their hand" thereat. This defines his position to the letter: he shall edit, let others elucidate.

"S'io dico ver, l'effetto nol nasconde."

B. MACCARTHY.

"ZABA" = "FROG" IN THE DIALECT OF CREMONA.

London: September 10, 1888.

As Prince Bonaparte wishes me to state more explicitly in which town of South Lombardy the word *zaba* is used in the sense of "frog," I can only say that, as a Cremonese well versed with the dialect of my native town, I am enabled most positively to affirm that, though the names *rana* (frog) and *satt* (with hard s, not *zatt*), or *rosp* (toad), are in daily use in Cremona, still the quaint word *zaba* always appeared even in recent years in the sense of "frog" in that town whenever the common folk used the phrase I have quoted in my first letter; and that such was the case can be testified by all men of mature age living in Cremona or in the neighbourhood. There was a time when the well-known Slavic *dobra* (good) was also used by the same class of people; but this is now of very rare occurrence. A few words of German origin are, however, still in use, as *fraula* (a wench keeping company with soldiers), *ghell* and *fennig* (the smallest copper coin, instead of *centesimo*), and perhaps some others. These few additions to the dialect during the first half of the present century belong, of course, to that sporadic class of words commonly introduced into a country by foreign soldiery during a long occupation, and may be compared to the series of Spanish and French words engrafted in a similar way in the various Lombard dialects. Not many years ago old people used to say *b-co fudrado*, in the sense of "young imp." This strange expression, however, is nowadays quite forgotten. Perri's dictionary is generally recognised as a very imperfect book.

F. SACCHI.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE DELUGE.

Manchester: Sept. 11, 1888.

Dr. Littledale's letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, anent St. Augustine's view of the "six days" of the Mosaic account of creation, reminds me of another sweeping statement by your reviewer of Sir J. W. Dawson's *Modern Science in Bible Lands* (ACADEMY, Sept. 1).

Speaking of the difficulties of reconciling the account of the Deluge in Genesis with the results of modern science, the reviewer asserts that, "according to Genesis, the flood was universal."

Is this at all so certain? I doubt if many people will not hesitate now at making the affirmation, since the publication of the late Al. Mota's most remarkable work *Le Déluge Biblique* (Paris, 1885), which has thrown a flood of light on the subject, and well deserves to be better known in this country. Let it be added that in the use of the epithet "universal," there is question, not only of universality of space or of animals, but even of mankind.

L. C. CASARELLI.

* Those who know the weary work of counting MS. lines will feel duly grateful to Dr. Atkinson for the marginal enumeration.

"VIRGIN ORANTS" AND "UN PAIO D'ORGANI."

Combe Vicarage, Woodstock: Sept. 8, 1888.

In Marston's "The Dutch Courtesan" (printed in 1605, a year after "Hamlet") are these words:

"I was afraid, I' faith, that I should
ha' seene a garland on this beaultie's herse."

By way of supplement to Mr. Peacock's letter, I would compare with "un paio d'organi" and "a pair of organs" the phrase "a pair of cards," which is found, for instance, in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Christmas."

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL.

"VIRGIN ORANTS" OR MAIDEN'S GARLAND.

Canonbury, Shrewsbury: S-pt. 9, 1888.

Some of these garlands were hanging a short time since in the parish church of Minsterley, Shropshire, and had the appearance of having been there for many years. I do not think they are to be found in any other church in this county.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

SCIENCE.

THE FAUNA OF NORTHERN SCOTLAND.

A Vertebrate Fauna of Sutherland, Caithness, and West Cromarty. By J. A. Harvie-Brown and T. E. Buckley. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

No Scotch county exceeds Sutherlandshire in the rich and varied attractions it possesses for the sportsman, the artist, and the naturalist. All Scotch game is found in profusion in it, from the royal stag of the great Reay deer-forest to the humble troutling of the burn or lochan. Its mountains, such as Quinalg, Canisp, and Coinneveal—the last the highest in the county, 3234 ft. above the sea—and a multitude more in the north and north-west, offer endless subjects for the pencil, the more remarkable from the contrast to the swelling moors from which they often spring. The natural history of the shire has been celebrated from Sir Robert Gordon's time, who in 1630 revels in this county's "forrests and ochaeses verie profitable for feeding of bestiall and delectable for hunting"; and he proceeds to enumerate "reid deer, wulffe, wyld cates, brocks, skuyrrels, whittrets, otters, martrixes, fumarts," together with "great store of part-riges, pluivers, capercaileys, blackwaks, mure-fowls, bewters, dowes, steares, larigigh or kuag, snyps, osills, thrushes," and many more. Concerning these it may be remarked that the squirrel (after becoming extinct) reappeared in the county in 1859, and was plentiful in 1869; while the capercailzie has long been extinct. The "larigigh or kuag," which is "a foull lyk unto a paroket or parret, which maks place for her nest with her beek in the oak tree," seems to be the cross-bill which still breeds in the firwoods in the south-east of the county; while as to the "bewters" we shall not make a guess unless it be a bittern. Selby and Sir W. Jardine wrote in 1836 on the birds of the county, and a good many sporting books have touched incidentally on its fauna. In our own day, however, several careful observers have studied its birds and animals, such as the late Mr. John Colquhoun, Capt. S. G. Reid, and especially Mr. E. R. Alston and Mr. J. Harvie-Brown; and many papers on Sutherlandshire birds and beasts have appeared in different journals and

magazines. In 1875 the two last-named authors began to systematise their observations, the result being a thin octavo on the *Mammals and Reptiles of Sutherland*. When a career of great promise was opening before him, Mr. Alston was cut off by consumption in 1881. Then his friend and literary partner Mr. Harvie-Brown, in conjunction with Mr. Buckley (who had won his spurs by writing a paper in 1881 on the "Birds of the East of the County"), determined to produce a fauna of the extreme northern portion of Scotland, comprising the districts cut off by a line drawn from Dornoch Firth, on one side, to Loch Broom, on the other.

In the large area of Sutherlandshire alone—with its deeply indented sea-board and high cliffs, its great mountains and lochs, and superabundance of what its inhabitants call "flow-land" (i.e., more or less boggy tracts), intersected by peaty burns and small lochs, the home of the pretty cotton and reddish "deer's-hair" grasses—is plenty of room for the rarer beasts and birds. It would be a more favourite haunt with lower creatures than it is did it possess more trees; but few plantations exist, save at Rosehall and Dunrobin, and it is supposed that there is not a tree in the county aged a hundred years. A thin strip of low birches often accompanies the burns as they fall down the flanks of the mountains; and here it is that little birds may be found in summer and the English fisherman be gladdened by the call of the cuckoo in July, long after it is silent in the south. The fauna of the north of Scotland is interesting as occupying the borderland between the milder climate of the South and the Arctic temperature of Norway and European Siberia. It represents, too, the meeting between the faunas of civilisation and wild nature. The large seaboard lends a further charm, and the creatures which inhabit sea, land, and air, rejoice in the sparse population. Sutherlandshire contains 1,359,845 acres or about 2124 square miles, while of this large area about 407 square miles are waste ground, mountain and moorland, deer forest and "links" of sand. Add Caithness, with its 712 or so square miles, 284 of which are barren or "flow"-ground on the sides of the mountains, and it will at once be apparent how enthusiastic a naturalist must be to have surveyed the best part of this expanse, and also what a large field for observation lies open to him.

Mr. Harvie-Browne is well known throughout Scotland as an eager sportsman and naturalist. For a quarter of a century he has devoted special care to the fauna of Sutherlandshire, so that the value of this book may be recognised at a glance. The country which he has illustrated forms the northernmost of the faunal areas on the mainland which Dr. Buchanan-White has marked out for Scotland from considerations of its climate and watersheds. The character of this fauna is remarkable for the many survivals in it of birds and beasts which are rare or practically unknown in other districts. The wild cat is still far from uncommon in it, and we are glad to say is preserved by the Duke of Sutherland. We have seen the tracks of one on the shores of Loch Merkland. The marten is year by year becoming more rare. Seeing how scarce it is everywhere in

the British Isles, it is a pity it too should not be preserved in the Reay deer-forest, more especially as it could in no way interfere with either the deer or a stalker. The grey seal is "fairly common along the East coast." Among birds, mergansers, greenhanks, black and red-throated divers, are far from uncommon, and breed in this faunal district. Anyone who wishes to find these birds can easily do so. The golden eagle is still abundant, and would be more so did not collectors offer large prices to keepers for birds and their eggs. Old John Sutherland's letter to Mr. Wolley, July 7, 1851, is said indeed to a bird-lover (all anglers in Sutherlandshire will remember old John): "I have destroyed all the golden eagles that used to breed in this part of the country. Last winter I killed twelve eagles in the Assynt district." The white-tailed eagle is not quite so abundant. The osprey and kite are practically extinct, although a few specimens of the former are occasionally seen. No ornithologist can forgive Mr. St. John and his companion for shooting the pair that used to breed on Macleod's old castle by the side of Loch Assynt. We can add another specimen of the snowy owl, shot near Thurso, to Mr. Harvie-Brown's list. A sportsman had shot a duck when this owl swooped upon it out of a snowstorm, and carried it off, to be brought down by the discharge of the second barrel. But the crowning glory of late years in North Scottish ornithology has been the discovery in the summer of 1885, by Mr. Peach and Mr. A. Gray, of the nest of the snow-bunting. This bird had long been suspected of breeding on the higher mountains; but now the fact is beyond doubt. We shall not disappoint the reader's pleasure by quoting the interesting account here given of the discovery.

These hints will show the importance of this book. It brings up to date the history of some of our rarest birds and quadrupeds. No intelligent sportsman or tourist going to the happy fishing lochs of Sutherlandshire can possibly start without putting this carefully written book into his portmanteau; and, when he returns, its excellent map and illustrations, together with the great body of information brought together in it, will ensure the *Fauna of Sutherlandshire* a permanent nook in the shelf that holds a naturalist's most favoured volumes. The authors promise *A Vertebrate Fauna of the Outer Hebrides*, uniform with the present book, and many will wait impatiently for its publication.

M. G. WATKINS.

TWO BOOKS ON MODERN GREEK.

La Langue grecque: Mémoires et Notices, 1864-1884 (Paris: Hachette), is a series of essays and papers by the late Gustave d'Eichthal, which have been collected and republished in one volume by his son, M. Eugène d'Eichthal, with a biographical notice of the author by the Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire. M. G. d'Eichthal, who died in 1886 at the age of eighty-two, was a veteran Hellenist. He visited Greece as early as 1833, shortly after the foundation of the Hellenic kingdom, and was soon enrolled as a member of the administration in that country, being employed in the Bureau d'Economie politique, under Coletti, in 1834. One of the ideas with which he arrived in the country was that of introducing colonies

from Western Europe into Greece; but he soon discovered that the Greeks were averse to this, and, finding also that there was no prospect of a career for himself, he returned to France early in the following year. From that time onwards he devoted his time to subjects connected with Greece, and especially with the Greek language, and endeavoured to keep before the public certain views which he considered to be of paramount importance. But his fame will chiefly rest on his having been the founder, or, at least, the leading man among the founders, of the Association pour l'Encouragement des Etudes grecques. A life of generous enthusiasm, like that of M. d'Eichthal, can never be regarded as wasted, even though it may have failed of its immediate objects; for its contagion affects others, and indirectly produces valuable results. But, as regards the views to which we have referred, and which it is the object of this volume to illustrate, we are afraid we must consider them as mistaken in their aim. They were three in number: (1) the use of Greek as a universal language of intercommunication between all civilised nations, scientific men, and other individuals; (2) the general adoption, and use in schools, of the modern Greek pronunciation; (3) the renovation of the Greek language by returning to the classical usage. The first of these is regarded by M. de Queux de Saint-Hilaire himself as visionary, being one of many vain attempts to establish such a medium for the interchange of ideas. One of the essays in this volume is devoted to an account of Voltaire's advocacy of Greek as an instrument for this purpose, in his correspondence with Catherine of Russia in 1770; and in our day a similar proposal, though in this instance in favour of an artificial form of common speech, finds its advocates. In a letter addressed to the Cobden Club M. d'Eichthal urged that the arrangement which he favoured would tend to promote peace and commerce; but, if any such result is ever brought about, it is much more likely to happen through the predominance of some one language than by common agreement. It was especially with the object of facilitating the general diffusion of Greek, and therefore with a practical aim, that our author put forward his second point—viz., the adoption of the modern pronunciation in the study of the ancient language. He did not deny that the Greeks of the present day have departed in certain points from the pronunciation of their forefathers in classical times, though he reduces these points to a much smaller number than a scientific student of Greek philology, like the late G. Curtius, would allow to be the case; but he believed that it is better to ignore these differences in order to produce uniformity of usage. There are many scholars, however, who regard the pronunciation of Greek which prevails in Western Europe as erroneous, and its original introduction by Erasmus as a misfortune; but who, for all that, are not prepared after this lapse of time to return to the pronunciation—confessedly imperfect from the classical point of view—of the Greeks of the Reformation period or of the present day. It is an open question; but M. de Queux de Saint-Hilaire cannot help remarking that of late years the idea of changing the pronunciation of Greek in France has almost died out. The third point which was the object of M. d'Eichthal's advocacy, the assimilation of modern to ancient Greek by the introduction of classical forms, is the most important, because it is connected with the change that is actually passing over the language. Here we believe that he was distinctly in error. It is a matter for the Greeks themselves to decide whether the semi-classical written language which they now use is, or is not, of advantage to them, as

a convenient mode of expression; but M. d'Eichthal started from the false position that this language is a perpetuation of the ancient *κοινή γλῶσσα*, and that the Romain is a rustic, dialectal idiom. It cannot be too often repeated, in opposition to this, that the Greek which is now spoken with more or less accuracy by Greeks of all classes is the old Romain; that it is the lineal descendant of the language which has been spoken, allowing for the usual modifications produced by time, for fully a thousand years; and that this was originally derived from the *κοινή γλῶσσα*, and is the historical Greek language. On the other hand, the modern written language is not what Dante would have called a *volgare illustre*—a literary dialect, produced by retaining all the best forms, and enriching the speech by a process of natural development; but a new language, created by ejecting the analytic grammatical forms in favour of inflections long extinct, and even in some cases by replacing well-established words like *ψαμί* and *έλεγο*, by classical equivalents, like *ἄμρος* and *ἔπος*. To M. d'Eichthal all these artificial changes were a move in the right direction, and he only regretted that they were not more rapid and more thoroughgoing.

To *Χίανδρ Γλωσσόφων*, by A. G. Paspates (Athens: Perri), is an excellent specimen of a vocabulary of a special dialect. It contains many words and meanings of words not found in Modern Greek dictionaries; and whatever information bearing on the subject is contained in the lexicons of Ducange and Somavara, and in Coray's *Ἀρακτα*, has been thoroughly utilised. Not unfrequently the explanation of the words involves considerable knowledge of the habits of the population of Chios; and rare expressions are illustrated by quotations from ballads which are themselves of value. For the same purpose local proverbs are mentioned, and under the word *παροίμια* a list is given of those that are peculiar to the island. As might be expected from the long occupation of Chios by the Genoese during the middle ages (1346-1586), numerous Italian words are embedded in the language. A stringent criticism might perhaps object to obsolete words derived from ancient documents found on the spot being introduced along with those of the living speech; but it is fair to say that in each case the source of these is mentioned, and they are treated as extinct terms. Dialectal peculiarities are noted—e.g., *δέν* for *δέν*, "not," or, as the word is most frequently found in Chios, *ἔν*. A curious illustration of the classical *ἐδύω* in the sense of "active" is found in the modern *ἀναβρακτός*, "daring"—i.e., "with his trousers tucked up," the garment referred to being the baggy "breeks" of the sailors in the Aegean. At the end of the volume a collection of ancient inscriptions found in Chios is appended.

OBITUARY.

IN Mr. Arthur Buchheim, whose death occurred on September 9 at the early age of twenty-nine, the scientific world has lost a young mathematician of very high promise. He was the son of Prof. O. A. Buchheim, of King's College, London. After a brilliant university career at Oxford, as a scholar of New College, he was appointed mathematical master at the Manchester Grammar School. His contributions to various mathematical journals and the papers he read before the London Mathematical Society (of the council of which he was a member), won for him favourable notice from—among others—the late Prof. Henry Smith, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, Profs. Cayley, Henrici, Sylvester, and Klein (of Leipzig).

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Emperor of Austria has bestowed upon Mr. E. H. Man the rare distinction of a gold medal, in recognition of his gift to the Imperial Museum of Vienna of a complete collection of Nicobarese objects. A duplicate collection was presented to the British Museum by Mr. Man last year, and is now on view in the ethnographical department.

AMONG the most interesting objects in the museum of the Geological Congress, which will open at the University of London next Monday, is a fine series of specimens exhibited by Prof. Heim, of Zürich, in illustration of his views on dynamical metamorphism and the development of mountain-structure. In connexion with this subject, attention should also be called to the large series of crystalline schists and gneissose rocks from the Scottish Highlands, sent for exhibition by the Geological Survey. Some beautiful polished porphyries and marbles are shown by Mr. Brindley. The Geological Survey of Italy makes a fine display under the care of Prof. Giordano; while the Survey of Portugal is well represented by the exhibits sent by Prof. Delgado. It is understood that the Geological Survey of Belgium has been forbidden to send any of the splendid maps which have been brought out under the able superintendence of M. Dupont.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON will publish on October 1 an enlarged edition of *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, by Prof. Everett, translator and editor of Deschanel's "Natural Philosophy." The new edition will be included in their series of "Science Textbooks," and will be adapted to meet the requirements of examination in elementary physics recently added to the syllabus of the Science and Art Department. On the same date they will issue an *Elementary Textbook of Inorganic Chemistry*, by Prof. A. Humboldt Sexton, of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College; also in their "Science Textbook" series.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE's new work, *The Scientific Spirit of the Age*, announced by error as published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, September 5.)

FREDERICK ROGERS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—A paper on "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee, was read. Mr. Lee dwelt upon (1) the topical drama and Shakspeare's earliest play, (2) the conjoint study of Elizabethan history and literature, (3) the external proofs of a topical Elizabethan drama, (4) the lost Elizabethan plays, (5) some extant political plays, and, lastly, the dramatic versions of contemporary murder-cases. A short time after Shakspeare arrived in London he produced a comedy whose plot had every feature of a social or political extravaganza. All that was uppermost in men's minds at the date of the play's composition was tricked out by the dramatist in a fantastic garb, and brought upon the stage with only a little transparent concealment. A number of English volunteers, headed by the Earl of Essex, had just joined Navarre in France, and in the intervals of warfare the officers were known to engage in frivolous sports and gallantries. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the hero is named Navarre, his associates are christened after Navarre's chief generals, and with mock earnestness the dramatist bids them repress their gaudies, and examine life in its severe aspects. Elsewhere plain hints are given of the ludicrously ineffectual attempts on the part of Elizabeth's government to come to a diplomatic understanding with so uncouth a power as Russia, and reference is made to the odd endeavour of the Czar to give effect to his eccentric path that he

would marry Queen Elizabeth. Very varied projects of academies for disciplining young men were at the time under the discussion of English statesmen and men of letters; and one motive of the plot of "Love's Labour's Lost" ridicules the scheme for an academy which may never have suggested itself outside the playwright's brain, but has characteristics common to the current serious proposals. The foolish fashions of speech and dress which absorbed the attention of fashionable circles are mercilessly satirised, while the ludicrous side of country life, with its inefficient constable, its pompous schoolmaster, and its ignorant curate, is set forth in minute detail. The whole play is indeed a farrago of topical allusions, and the fact naturally leads to the conclusion that Shakespeare, in what is probably his first essay in play-writing, placed a very literal interpretation on his own words as to the purpose of playing. Here, at any rate, he distinctly set before himself the realistic aim of showing "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." To those dilettante writers who believe that the poet's greatness consists in his power of emancipating himself from the limitations of time and space, it must sound something like implety to describe one of Shakespeare's dramatic efforts, whether early or late, as a realistic transcript from real life. But persons of Mr. Ruskin's opinion, that "it is a constant law that the greatest poets and historians live entirely in their own age, and the greatest fruits of their work are gathered out of their own age," will see in it nothing either astonishing or distressing. Shakespeare and his companions wrote about what they knew, and about nothing else. Their material was their own and their neighbours' experiences. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Shakespeare's observation of Stratford-on-Avon tradesmen and of theatre-going gallants supplied his need and satisfied his clients. Subsequently his experience grew until it embraced every phase of human passion. His material was then expanded so as to include the tragedies of "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Macbeth." But it was gathered none the less out of his own age and out of his own experience. The directly topical character of "Love's Labour's Lost" will, nevertheless, appear to many at a first glance to isolate it not only from the Shakespearean, but from the rest of the Elizabethan drama. The fact, however, that the play was one of the most popular of its day suggests, on reflection, quite another conclusion, and one which has never been examined in a scholarly spirit. There is every reason for crediting Shakespeare at the outset of his career with an ambition to catch the ear of the public. Those who decline to assume as much will always fail to criticise fairly his early productions. And this natural assumption implies that about 1590 Elizabethan audiences exhibited a predilection for topical plays. Such a chain of reasoning indeed leads to something more. No one would assert that Shakespeare was alone in consciously humouring the tastes of Elizabethan playgoers, or that contemporary dramatists did less than he in this direction. Mere speculation is, however, not evidence; and to finally establish these conclusions, we ought to produce a mass of Elizabethan dramatic literature dealing directly with local and contemporary topics, and mirroring passing events with comparatively slight distortion. I believe that such literature existed, and had a strong hold on the Elizabethan stage. There is a dangerous breach in this country between the study of English history and English literature, and nowhere is it more apparent than in the case of Elizabethan letters and politics. The ordinary reader and the everyday critic have no intimate knowledge of English history, and however full the Elizabethan drama might be of allusions to current events, ignorance of the details of current history would, with the majority of literary students, be an effectual bar to their detection. It is a singular circumstance that of all periods of English history that which has been investigated in slightest detail covers the years that intervene between the Spanish Armada and the accession of James I.—the years which saw the actual birth of England's dramatic greatness. And to this fact I attribute the circumstance that the relations of contemporary literature to contemporary history in that epoch have never been contemplated by the majority of readers and writers. It is therefore reasonable for the literary critic

and historian to anticipate some increase of knowledge from a thorough examination of Elizabethan literature in close conjunction with Elizabethan history. I am of opinion that the historians who reject this method will always fail to realise the essential character of one of the greatest ages of English history, and that literary students who adopt it may confidently expect revelations of interest not only to professed antiquaries, but to all who devote attention to the humanities. To promote the serious and impartial application to history of serious and impartial students of literature should therefore be the object of all English scholars at this moment. They must make themselves acquainted, in the first instance, with the original sources of history. They must study contemporary diaries, chronicles, tracts, and state papers. And while they grow intimate with the authorities at first hand, let them examine and re-examine Elizabethan dramatic literature. This many contemporary allusions known before, but not interpreted, will become as clear as the noonday. More contemporary allusions in the drama than they suspected will dawn upon them and explain themselves. And not only so; the plays will be approached in the light in which they presented themselves to the Elizabethan spectators. If my argument be not altogether frivolous, the subject-matter will prove in the case of some works of the highest art to spring without forced or unnatural reasoning out of topics and lines of thought suggested by current events, and in the case of many works of mediocre merit the subject-matter will literally embody historical fact. It is obvious that investigators of the relations between the two subjects cannot command success unless they allow their facts to form their theories. The investigation is, indeed, as we have seen, full of pit-falls. But it is probably true that whenever the drama becomes a truly national institution—that is to say, whenever the drama enlists the best talent of the time in its service—a strongly marked topical side is certain to be one of its features.

FINE ART.

Ex Voto: an Account of the Monte Sacro at Varallo-Sesia. By Samuel Butler. (Trübner.)

VARALLO can scarcely be described as an unvisited place, nor can Gaudenzio Ferrari be called an unknown and unappreciated artist. Still, it is certain that, of the many people who are suited to delight in Varallo, few have ever seen its sacred mountain; and of the many lovers of old paintings, to whom the works of the great masters are for the most part well known, few have a just appreciation of the richness and extent of the heritage which Gaudenzio Ferrari has left. If Gaudenzio is comparatively neglected, what shall we say of Tabachetti? That he was a great artist is certain, and his name figures in the guide-books; but attention has never been pointedly called to him before, and the same is equally true of Giovanni d'Enrico—both of them modellers of terra-cotta statues, the bulk of whose known work is contained in the chapels which crown the Monte Sacro of Varallo.

Had it been otherwise there would have been no occasion for Mr. Samuel Butler's "Op. 9." Varallo afforded a field for the patient labour which Mr. Butler had the time and disposition to spend upon it. The whole field of art history has thus been reclaimed. One student after another has dug up and ordered his little portion, and thus enabled Sir A. H. Layard, and other students of the whole range of one or another great school of art, to gather together the result of the labours of many, and present it in a brief and

portable form. Why then should Mr. Butler begin his useful little book by railing at other people for not preceding him? Much yet remains to be discovered about Varallo, and doubtless someone will some day come to do it. As well may one rail at Mr. Butler for not finding out all that may some day be discovered, as Mr. Butler at Sir A. H. Layard for discovering nothing about Tabachetti. Discovery is a mere question of time and pains, and each man's time has to be portioned out and spent upon what to each best offers reward.

We, however, have no further quarrel with Mr. Samuel Butler. He will not expect us to agree with him that "in every branch of his art Gaudenzio Ferrari was incomparably Raphael's superior, and must have known it perfectly well," any more than that "Michel Angelo was not so good a man all round as Tabachetti"; but we would not for the world have had a sentence in the book altered. The whole is as personal and full of the author's individuality and prejudices as can be; and the fact makes it far better reading than any scientifically accurate and duly measured piece of research, dealing in a business-like manner with matters in hand. The Bishop of Carlisle's opinion about Genesis, and Mr. Butler's opinion about Mr. H. F. Jones's songs, and many other incongruous matters, work together into a whole which is readable throughout including the index. The same cannot be said of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's learned work. At the same time, no one could take this book in hand and visit Varallo under its guidance without finding it a material help. It is as full of facts as it is of fancies, and the facts are for the most part as novel as the fancies are unusual.

For the history of the Monte Sacro and of the chapels upon it, the reader is referred to the book itself. We may confine our remarks to the three chief artists employed there. Mr. Butler adds little to our knowledge about Gaudenzio. Colombo's life remains the single authority about that. Mr. Butler states once again that Gaudenzio actually modelled many of the terra-cotta figures; but he gives no proof of the fact, and proof is sorely needed. The identification of one of the figures in the Crucifixion chapel as a portrait of Leonardo, and of another with a person represented in well-known Milanese drawings, is highly interesting; but there is unfortunately not a shadow of support for the assumption that the latter was Stefano Scotti.

Tabachetti's real name was Jean Baptiste Tabaguet. He was the son of one Guillaume, of noble birth, and he came from Dinant in Belgium. No dates are known for him until the year 1586, by which time his Calvary chapel at Varallo was certainly finished. He went mad after beginning the figures for the Visitation chapel; but after 1589 he was at work again, and made the First Vision of St. Joseph. He was summoned to Crea, near Casale, in 1591, and bought land at Serralunga, in that neighbourhood, on several occasions between 1600 and 1608, when he disappears. At Crea he made terra-cotta for certain chapels, some of which remain.

Giovanni d'Enrico was one of three artist brothers born at Alagna. Frescoes by his brother Melchiorre are known, and so is the

house where the three were born (dated 1609). Giovanni may have been born about 1580. He is called a pupil of Tabachetti, but this is hardly likely. He worked on the *Sacro Monte* of Varallo both as architect and sculptor. He died in 1644. Giacomo Ferro was his pupil, assistant, and heir.

W. M. CONWAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Queen has graciously given permission to Mr. Fred. G. Kitton to engrave, for his forthcoming work on the *Portraits of Dickens*, the pencil sketch of the novelist now in the royal library at Windsor. This drawing, which was taken from the life by R. J. Lane, Associate Engraver, represents the famous "Boz" as he appeared during the Pickwickian days; and it was purchased a few years ago from Mrs. George Cattermole, widow of the well-known artist who so ably assisted in illustrating *Master Humphrey's Clock*. This interesting portrait is now being engraved for the first time.

It has been decided that the memorial catalogue of the loan collections of art in the Glasgow International Exhibition shall consist of two volumes: one devoted to the archaeological collection in the Bishop's Castle; the other to the British and foreign paintings and sculpture. The former will be edited by Mr. James Paton, superintendent of the Kelvin-grove museum, with the assistance of Dr. Joseph Anderson, Father Stevenson, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Story, &c.; and it will be divided into the following sections—Early Scotland, Mary Stewart, Covenanting Times, Jacobite Risings, Dress and Weapons and Furniture, Scottish Literature and Arts, Burghal Relics, and Glasgow. The letterpress of the other volume will be written by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Robert Walker, and will consist of an introductory essay and a series of critical biographies of about one hundred artists. The illustrations, mostly by Mr. William Hole, will reproduce one work of each of the artists represented; and many of them will be full-page plates in etching or heliogravure. Among the pictures for the reproduction of which permission has already been obtained are—Reynolds's "Little Fortune Teller," Gainsborough's "Two Sisters," Raeburn's "Girl Sketching," Constable's "English Landscape," Corot's "Wild Man of the Woods," and Rossetti's "Dante's Dream." The work will be published, in a limited edition, in the size known as extra pott folio. The printers are Messrs. T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, who printed the corresponding memorial catalogue of the French and Dutch pictures in the Edinburgh exhibition of 1886; and the publishers are Messrs. James MacLachlan and Sons, publishers to the university of Glasgow.

AMONG the art books announced by Messrs. Cassell & Company are *Flora's Feast*; a *Masque of Flowers*, penned and pictured by Mr. Walter Crane; and *Marine Paintings*, by Mr. Walter W. May, of the Royal Institute.

THE first exhibition to open this autumn in London will be a collection of pictures from the Salon, Paris, at the Continental Gallery in New Bond Street, on Monday next, September 17.

THE most notable article in the *Scottish Art Review* for September (Glasgow: Kerr & Richardson) is one on "a Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr. John Lavery. Out of some twenty-eight professing portraits in the Glasgow Exhibition, the only one allowed to be worthy of consideration is that from Blairs College, which can trace its pedigree back almost to contemporary times. But at the

highest, it is only supposed to have been painted after the queen's death, from a drawing made in her lifetime. This picture is reproduced by photography in a full-sized plate. Among the other articles are "The Prospects of Art under Socialism," by Mr. Walter Crane; "Old and New in Art," by Prof. G. Baldwin Brown; and "A Note on Nationality in Art," by Mr. James Paterson. The literary notes offend by their ostentatious independence, which is itself a form of personality.

THE STAGE.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" AT THE HAYMARKET.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" is a play of which the dialogue and much of the action is of the nature of comedy, but which culminates in a painful *dénouement*, and can end no way but as it does, that is tragically. A strong interest is aroused from the first act; and there is fortunately but little of the melodramatic element to offend that portion of the audience who have witnessed comedies and tragedies of real life, and know very well that they are invariably carried on in our plainest mother tongue and never in "melodramatic" English.

A clever phrase in the play itself, "the long arm of coincidence," has already been caught up by the critics, and turned against the undoubted multiplication in the play of strange coincidences—but not, it appears to me, quite justly. That the respectable wife of a conventional country gentleman should have had a "misfortune" in the course of her pre-nuptial existence, and, being the happy wife of a conventional country gentleman and mother of a conventional young man and of a sweet and conventional young lady, should also possess a discarded son—the result of the "misfortune" in question—is easily within the bounds of credibility. That the son should turn up by accident as a guest in his mother's house; that the butler should happen to be the abandoned son's foster-brother, and should recognise in him the notorious Queensland bushranger, Captain Swift; that this butler should himself be a villain; that a colonial gentleman, also a guest in the house, should be the very gentleman whose life Captain Swift had spared in Queensland under circumstances of considerable difficulty to any professional bushranger; that this gentleman should also recognise Captain Swift—all this is within the generous bounds that the playgoer is willing to accept. They are circumstances arranged by the hand attached to that aforesaid "long arm of coincidence" solely for the delectation of the playgoer. He has neither reason nor inclination to quarrel with them. Any circumstance may happen in a play or a novel that does not involve a going against nature, if author or playwright will but work up to it, and bring it in naturally. Therefore the audience is in no wise disposed to object to this further coincidence—that Captain Swift, the ex-bushranger, should proceed to fall in love with the heiress whom his younger brother loves, and she with the bushranger; for she is charming, and he is handsome, well-mannered, and manly.

Here is a very agreeable complication, and, as it seems to me, a fair and legitimate one. What the audience, however, should not be asked to accept is that Captain Swift's mother, whose conscience was set to sleep twenty-five years before and has never waked since, should—when a revelation of her motherhood to her bushranger son is almost certain to destroy her trusting husband's happiness, to ruin her children's prospects, and to effect no good to Captain Swift himself—suddenly declare to him that he is her son. No woman, short of a

mad woman, would do anything so calamitous and so absurd.

Lady Monckton acts the part of the distracted mother with even more than her usual skill and pathetic power; but the position is a false and forced one, and the interest of the part suffers in consequence. Mr. Brookfield, as the villainous butler, is good. He is the impassive English butler we all know to the tips of his fingers, while every tone of his rasping voice, and every hair of his whiskers, bespeak him a vindictive villain. It is a most curious and powerful presentment; but the part, as written, is, in truth, an excrescence on the good comedy-drama it appears in. It is an importation from certain outer-dramatic spheres where over-emphasis of speech and over-intensity of manner prevail. The difficult part of Captain Swift is taken by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, and it is not too much to say that it is one of the finest bits of acting that has been seen for a long time on the English stage. A most difficult part it is, for the player of it must range from easy comedy talk and manner to the expression of the strongest tragic passion. Mr. Tree has full command of himself and of the audience in both kinds, and is, besides, extremely sympathetic.

The few nights that the play has been before the public has proved it to be an assured success. It is a success greatly due to admirable acting and admirable management throughout. Miss Rose Leclercq in her short part is a finished worldling; Miss Oudmore is pretty, unaffected, and charming as an *ingénue*; Mr. Macklin is good and useful as the Colonial guest; but next to Mr. Tree himself, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, as the young heiress he loves and who loves him, deserves especial commendation. The part is short, but it is difficult. It is never easy to raise the part of the conventional stage young lady above the dullness and mediocrity of the mere *ingénue*. Mrs. Tree elevates the part into an important one. There is charm and a winning grace in every word she speaks and movement she makes; but in the parting scene, in the third act, played by her almost in dumb show, there is a feeling and pathos that can only proceed from art of a very rare and exceptional kind.

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

MUSIC.

Critical and Bibliographical Notes on Early Spanish Music. By Juan F. Riaño. With numerous Illustrations. (Bernard Quaritch.)

THIS is a small but very valuable work. It is one for which all musicians, and especially all lovers of early Church music, should be grateful. It has interest in its bibliographical details and in its facsimiles, not only for the musical specialist, but for the palaeographer who cannot afford larger and more expensive works, and also for the student of mediæval ritual, whom it directs to many important sources for investigation. These, latter, however, are only incidental qualities. Signor Riaño has furnished us primarily with the fullest information and directions yet obtainable towards a history of early Spanish music.

Notwithstanding the fact that Spain has produced very few great composers, and that she has never succeeded in founding any original school of music, yet, as Menéndez y Pelayo has already remarked in his *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España*, Spanish musical literature is singularly rich compared with the poverty of works on other branches of art.

But some dozen writers on painting, sculpture, and architecture are to be found in early printed books, while Signor Riaño describes and catalogues for us more than double the thirty works on music which are mentioned by Menéndez y Pelayo.

One of the most welcome features of this work consists in the facsimile examples given and the decipherment of the Visigothic *neums*, or musical signs and dots, which are found in many MSS. of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Into the explanation of what may be the exact, or the nearest, equivalents for these signs in our modern systems of musical notation Signor Riaño does not enter. His aim has been only to furnish full instructions concerning the works, both printed and MSS., where these are found, and thus to supply essential help to the student of the history and theory of music in his researches. A useful addition towards this is an alphabet of the Visigoth cypher, with facsimiles of signatures and writing, from the *Palaeografia Visigoda* of Muñoz y Riviero, given in one of the appendices. The book is liberally illustrated throughout with facsimiles of MSS. of illuminations, and various kinds of musical notations; and there is also an appendix of illustrations of more than fifty kinds of musical instruments in use from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. It is evident that such a collection of materials, which has never been presented in so convenient a form before, must be indispensable to every student of early Spanish music, and cannot be neglected with impunity by any subsequent writer on the history of European and especially of ecclesiastical music. Our author has wisely resisted the temptation to make a large book, and has confined himself to what is strictly necessary for his purpose. In one direction we think the work may still be supplemented. Signor Riaño gives full descriptions of the noble choir books belonging to the cathedrals of Seville and Toledo, of those in the Escorial and in the monastery of Silos; but, from specimens that we have seen, we should judge that many an interesting specimen of early Church music, though not finely illuminated, is still to be found in the Spanish provinces, and even in some village churches. The only oversights that we have noticed in this work are in the too frequent misprints or misreadings of the Latin. At first we thought that these might be blunders in the MSS., and thus rightly reproduced in the text; but l. 9, p. 108, compared with the facsimile on p. 107 shows that "in regus" should undoubtedly be "in regno"; in the Sapphics, pp. 37-39, there are, apparently, similar misprints; so p. 79, "de principios," can hardly be correct, and p. 131, "adjiciant," should be "abjiciant," &c. These are slips which can, however, easily be set right by anyone able to use such a work.

We said above that this book, though not written with that intent, may be a valuable help to the student of Spanish ritual. It is exceedingly difficult to judge without fresh collation of the MSS. what are really the emendations and corrections made by Alfonso Ortiz, Antonio de Nebrija, and their collaborators in the printed text of the Mozarabic Ritual and Breviary. The title of each has, "Maxima cum diligentia perfectum et emendatum." Of what

kind, and of what extent were these emendations? Modern liturgiologists would certainly have preferred an untouched text. In the earlier MSS. and choir books here described, and especially in those with Visigothic *neums*, may, perhaps, be found materials for a more primitive text. They may aid, too, towards determining the question whether there was or was not another liturgy for Northern Spain besides the Isidorian. It has been far too readily assumed by liturgiologists that "Gallia" from the sixth to the eighth century always means Gaul; it may be, on the contrary, only a various reading for Galloecia, or it may mean Gallia Narbonensis, i.e., Visigothic as opposed to Frankish Gaul.

We have said enough to show that this book has interest even for those who are not musical specialists; to these it will be

an indispensable manual for the history of their art.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

MUSIC NOTES.

WE have received the prospectus of the Borough of Hackney Choral Association for the coming winter season. There will be, as usual, four concerts, given in the Shoreditch town hall on Monday evenings in November, January, February, and April, conducted by Mr. Ebenezer Prout. The pieces to be performed are Handel's "Joshua," which has not been heard in London on a complete scale for more than forty years; Haydn's "Seasons," of which two parts were given by the association in 1881; and Brahms's "German Requiem" and Schubert's music to "Rosamunde." Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the choir should apply to the hon. secretary, Mr. H. A. Johnson, 31 Fountayne Road, N.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

No. 855, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

The Works of George Peele. Edited by A. H. Bullen. (Nimmo.)

THE change from Marston, the playwright whom Mr. Bullen last edited, to Peele, whose works now lie before us (and we fear have too long been allowed to lie there without a welcome), is a change from autumn, with its rankness of foliage and no uncertain odour of decay, to spring, with sun and showers and somewhat uncouth gambollings. Our author, George Peele, "Master of Arts in Oxenford," as he is careful to write himself, was the eldest of that band of scholars and gentlemen who devoted themselves, not without loss of reputation and, perhaps, also some loss of character, to the cultivation of the English stage. He was the founder of the school; and yet, although by his contemporary Nashe he is called "the Atlas of Poetrie, and primus verborum artifex," he has now probably less reputation than any of its members. "Sporting" Kyd, as Ben Jonson called him, is remembered by that "romantic" and bloody piece of work, his "Spanish Tragedy"; Greene has made himself widely notorious by the public confession of his vices, and by his attack upon Shakspeare; and everybody knows about Marlowe—it has even been discovered lately that he lacks a monument. But Peele gets small recognition, the reason being partly that he was neither so bloody as Kyd, nor so shameless as Greene; but much more because, although he was first in the field, Marlowe, when he came, wrote a mightier line.

It is but right, however, that Peele should have his due. He was the first, if not the greatest, of Shakspeare's forerunners; and in literature the first place is one of no small honour. He graduated from Christ Church in 1577, and his "Arraignment of Paris" appeared in 1584; Marlowe took his degree at Cambridge in 1583, and produced "Tamburlaine" in 1590. Whatever, therefore, be the merits of Peele's performance, they are not reflected from Marlowe, of whom we are accustomed to speak as the morning star of the great Elizabethan dawn; and it is no less easily shown, if external proof were required, that they are not borrowed from Lyly, whose play of "Campaspe" appeared in the same year as "The Arraignment." One source of inspiration there was, and this should not be overlooked in any critical estimate of Peele's work. Four years before the date of "The Arraignment" Spenser had published his "Shepherd's Calendar"; and, when Spenser had once written, it was impossible not to write more or less after his manner.

But when Spenser's influence has been allowed for and even exaggerated, there remains to Peele much more that is his own. In his first play, "The Arraignment

of Paris," we come, for the first time, upon a love song, which is worthy of the great age of songs—a song, and not a "sugred sonnet"—the passionate ditty, as Charles Lamb called it, which begins—

"Fair and fair, and twice so fair!
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady"—

and ends with the refrain—

"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse."

And then, how well the play is put together, how diversified the interest, and how skilfully the resolution of the plot is combined with flattery of the queen! It was not for nothing that Peele was appointed to the oversight of plays at Oxford and pageants at Lord Mayor's shows. And again, what a change has passed upon the fourteen-syllable couplet, as we read it in this play, from what we remember in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and upon the blank verse from that of "Gorboduc!" Marlowe is commonly credited with the invention of blank verse as something distinct from unrhymed decasyllables, and it is true that he did great things with it. He was the first in plays that did not pretend to be classical to break with rhyme; but the author of such lines as the following from the fourth act of "The Arraignment" must surely have made it easier for Marlowe to make his great refusal:

"Contentment is my wealth.
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip,
And water running from the silver spring.
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low;
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatched a shepherd's palace
hight."

Mr. Bullen's historical introduction, with its critical notices of the several plays, is written with the thorough knowledge and instinctive appreciation to which we are accustomed. It is interesting to compare his criticisms with those recently put forth by Mr. Saintsbury in his book about *Elizabethan Literature*. In two cases, as doctors will, they altogether disagree. Mr. Saintsbury says of the "Old Wive's Tale" that "it pretty certainly furnished Milton with the subject of 'Comus,' and this is its chief merit." Mr. Bullen is more charitable and, we think, more discerning. He calls it, "with the exception of 'The Arraignment,' the most attractive of Peele's plays," and asks how it is that no one has commended its lyrical snatches. In the case of "David and Bethsabe," the parts of blessing and cursing are reversed. Mr. Saintsbury says, "As for 'David and Bethsabe,' it is crammed with beauties, and Lamb's curiously faint praise of it has always been a puzzle to me." Lamb's "faint praise," by the way, was the single monosyllable "stuff." Mr. Bullen rejoins: "In my opinion, Lamb was absolutely right; the play is exasperatingly insipid—a mass of cloying sugar plums." Who shall decide? Perhaps the world of letters, like the larger world, must be content to divide itself into those who like and those who dislike sugar plums. About the merits of "Edward I.," with its slanders on Queen Elinor, and "The Tragical Battle of Alcazar," dear to Ancient Pistol, the two critics are at one; and few

readers, if the plays find such, will be found to differ from them.

It remains to notice a few of Mr. Bullen's corrections of the text. The plays that have most exercised him are, unfortunately, the more worthless—"Edward I." and "The Battle of Alcazar." Of the former he says: "It is only fit reading for students of the rudest build; the labour of the treadmill is child's play to the editing of it." The latter "is not in so hopeless a state, but the text is bad enough." Mr. Bullen may congratulate himself that his labours have not been without fruit. "Plage" for "stage" in "Edward I.," i. l. 19:

"What climate under the meridian signs
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage"

is certainly convincing. "Proud, insect in the cradle with disdain" for "Proud insect in cradle of disdain" (x. 260), is hardly less so. "Guerdoned" for "pardoned" in "The Arraignment" (iv. 1.142)—

"I might offend, sith I was pardoned
And tempted more than ever creature was"—

is a good suggestion. In "The Battle of Alcazar" (i. 2.54) Mr. Bullen ventures upon a bolder flight. The text stands as follows:

"Boy, seest here this scimeter by my side!
Sith they begin to bathe their swords in blood
Blood be the theme whereon our time shall tread."

He suggests, "Blood be the theme whereof our stile shall treat"; adding, "The emendation would give a grimly jocular turn to the line. The 'stile' (Lat. *stilus*) would be cold steel." In the note on "glazing star" in "Sir Clyomen and Sir Clamydes" (sc. xxii., l. 295) it might have been worth while adding that "glaze" is still in use in Cornwall. In regard to this play we are entirely at one with Mr. Bullen in his contention, as against Dyce, that Peele is not the author.

At the end of his volume Mr. Bullen reprints the "Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman"; a number of tales of sharp practice, published in 1607—ten years after Peele's death. The style of "gentleman" in the title will seem to all but the most prejudiced Radicals a misnomer; and as the stories are said to be traceable to previous compilations, and Mr. Bullen himself allows that he does not "attach much biographical importance to them," it is hard to see why they might not be banished from an edition of the poet's works.

In conclusion, we have to thank Mr. Bullen for several interesting facsimile reproductions, one of a petitionary letter to Lord Burleigh, another of the title-page to a pigmy edition of the "Tale of Troy," a third of some extracts from a MS. commonplace book, belonging to Drummond of Hawthornden, containing fragments of the lost "Hunting of Cupid." We hope it may one day be Mr. Bullen's good fortune to recover for us this pastoral. H. C. BEECHING.

An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory. By W. J. Ashley. Book I. From the Eleventh to the Fourteenth Century. (Rivingtons.)

THIS is a valuable little book, useful alike to the historian and the economist. The author knows how to limit his purview; and for that reason the facts he has gathered together, the

opinions he cites, and the conclusions he arrives at, though not always complete, leave a distinct impression, and show a carefully worked-out chain of thought.

Within the bounds he has set himself he has given in effect a sketch of the rise and gradual progress of the early trade and commerce of England. He has come to his study with his mind clear of preconceived opinions, and of the cut-and-dried theories of a mere politico-economist. He surrounds himself with the life, the needs, and the ideas of the times he deals with, and then endeavours to find on what principles the men of those times reasoned and acted. No one can have gone even a little way in the intelligent study of the social history of the Middle Ages without feeling a number of points forced upon his notice, rules consistently recurring, offences punished, which could not be understood according to modern principles and with the complicated facts of modern life alone in remembrance. But place yourself in the position of our forefathers, in the conditions of their daily life, with the natural events happening around them; try to see the motives of fear, interest, duty, spiritual fervour and principle that influenced them—and not only does effect begin to harmonise with cause, but the truth gains conviction that the present is after all chiefly the child of the past.

Mr. Ashley bases his inquiry on two guiding lines—historic treatment and evolutionary development.

"Just as the history of society, in spite of apparent retrogressions, reveals an orderly development, so there has been an orderly development in the history of what man have thought, and therefore in what they have thought concerning the economic side of life. . . . Earlier economic theories were based, consciously or unconsciously, on conditions then present. Hence the theories of the past must be judged in relation to the facts of the past, and not in relation to those of the present."

This is simple justice to our race, but it is a justice that is but slowly winning its way among theorists and practical devotees of the present. The really liberal conclusion is that

"history seems to be proving that no great institution has been without its use for a time, and its relative justification. Similarly, it is beginning to appear that no great conception, no great body of doctrines which really influenced society for a long period, was without a certain truth and value, having regard to contemporary circumstances."

While pointing out the school of economists who, starting from certain assumptions, held to the deductive method, our author casts in his lot with those who

"hold that it is no longer worth while framing general formulas as to the relations between individuals in a given society, like the old 'laws' of rent, wages, profits; and that what they must attempt to discover are the laws of social development—that is to say, generalisations as to the stages through which the economic life of society has actually moved. They believe that knowledge like this will not only give them an insight into the past, but will enable them the better to understand the difficulties of the present."

Political economy thus treated becomes a human science fit to stand beside constitu-

tional history, with which, indeed, it often must cross hands.

The present volume, which though apparently intended to be the first of a series, is entire in itself, consists of three chapters. At the head of each of these are two or three close pages entitled "Authorities," which, however, contain more than a mere string of names. They furnish information as to the sort of records and books that should be consulted, with hints as to their relative value, and the theories or line of investigation to be found in the later writers. These include, of course, the chief modern French and German authors, such as Fustel de Coulanges, Nasse, Brentano, Schanz, Gross, Endemann, and others. With regard to records, the author has apparently stopped short at matter already in print. This gives him, indeed, a field wide enough; yet it may be regretted that on the subject of crafts, where certain evidence fails him, he did not search into some of the existing remains, which are not altogether inaccessible.

In chap. i., on "The Manor and Village Community," the difficulties of the question as to the origin of manors, and of the original status of the bulk of the population, whether free or servile, are clearly explained, the typical description of a village and its inhabitants for this reason only dating from the eleventh century. England was till the fourteenth century a purely agricultural country. Its industries were such as were connected with home products. Starting with the simple classes of the rural population depicted in Domesday, an attempt is made to explain the progressive increase in the variety of holders of the soil, whether as land in villeinage or land in demesne; and the growth of a body of free tenants is traced to three causes. The money commutation of services played a part in this change, as well as in that of the condition of the non-free or customary tenants, which was in after time to have far-reaching economic and social consequences. Thus arose, in the thirteenth century, a small class of labourers,

"a class of men, that is to say, who, although they undoubtedly often held pieces of land—even two or three acres—yet had not enough land to occupy their whole attention, and were partially dependent upon wages."

Mr. Ashley notes here that the appearance about the middle of the thirteenth century of bailiffs' account rolls "was the result of the changes which substituted money payments for labour"—accounts which, more or less complex, gave the bailiff opportunity for dishonesty which had to be checked by statute. Yet this officer must have sometimes had rather a hard time of it, with the requisitions of the lord of the manor on one side, and the plaints of the poor tenants on the other; and, though the testimony of the contemporary English friar, Nicolas Bozon, shows that some bailiffs, as might be expected, sided with the lord's severity,* the parable of the unjust steward comes home with unexpected realism as to his difficulties with the tenants.

The working of the agricultural system and its relations with great owners are illustrated

* *Les Contes moralisés de Nicole Bozon*, soon to be issued by the Société des Anciens Textes Français.

in detail; while the great significance of the steady change from gifts and dues in kind or service to money payments is pointed out:

"So intimately was the system of government bound up with the condition of society that the same transition was sure also to take place in the relations between the sovereign and his subjects,"

thus giving rise to taxation of various kinds. It would be of much interest to see how this habit of commutation affected the growth of privileges and liberties gained by charters of all kinds, which were very generally paid for.

The second chapter deals with "Merchant and Craft Gilds." With regard to the first, while acknowledging the assistance of Dr. C. Gross, the author adheres to the usual opinion that the commune or municipality was identical with the gild merchant. The subject is too long to discuss here; but there is a notion that originally they were not identical, and were two bodies existing side by side, sometimes even continuously kept distinct, consisting in large part of the same persons, so that in course of time and change of economic relations the distinction became lost. This, it is believed, a close examination of facts will prove not to be a vain suggestion, and we look forward to illustrations that may confirm it among the documents in Dr. Gross's forthcoming larger work on the gild merchant. It would help to explain several doubtful points in Mr. Ashley's own statement, and among others that historic *crux*, Why was there no merchant gild of London? London, the exemplar of all other English towns, could not have so essentially differed from them in original constitution. The very regulations of Beverley, Winchester, and other places, cited here to show that "before admission to the [merchant] gild an artisan must abjure his craft," refer to admission to "the franchise" of those places. "It is the custom of London," they say (the verifying of which was probably the reason we find them enrolled on the London books); but there was no merchant gild in London.

The history of craft-gilds, and with it of much early commerce, has yet to be written. Mr. Ashley has already done something in this direction by his *Early History of the Woollen Industry in England*, and with the publication of their records for other places than London more light may be thrown upon them and their organisation. Meantime we are thankful for the present chapter, which contains, besides, an interesting sketch of the beginnings of the foreign trade of England, briefly touching on the Hanse of London and the Teutonic Hanse.

We have no space left to speak of the third chapter, which deserves as much attention as the others. "Economic Theories and Legislation" are exhibited in the early teaching of the Church, especially of Aquinas on "just price." Usury, and the usurers of the middle ages, the history of the currency, weights and measures, regrating or engrossing, the assizes of bread, ale, and wine, with some other subjects, are dealt with in a manner full of interest and suggestion; and we cannot but repeat a cordial welcome to this intelligent aid to the study of the middle ages.

LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

Solomon Maimon: an Autobiography. Translated from the German by J. Clark Murray. (Alexander Gardner.)

THE translator of this book begins his preface with references to various works published in recent years which have contributed towards producing an interest in the social history of modern Judaism unknown before. Opinions will differ, no doubt, about the value of *Daniel Deronda* both as a work of art and as a piece of social analysis, and many may be inclined to think that Mr. Swinburne has anticipated the verdict, as the saying is, of posterity; but it may be affirmed without hesitation that *Solomon Maimon*, here so admirably set forth in English, is worth ten *Daniel Derondas*, and at least twenty romances of *The Rabbi's Spell* kind. It is certainly one of the most deeply interesting autobiographies I have ever read; and, though the writer was born 130 years ago, and died with the eighteenth century, his voice is the voice of to-day, and is at least as worthy of the attention of religious philosophers as, according to the best authorities, is *Robert Elsmere*. How much is due to the translator may be seen from the conviction with which one rises from his work—that nothing could be more lifelike and articulate. It is very odd, indeed, that Stilman's "curious and rare book," of which he only knew some quotations in Franck's *La Cabbala*, should have waited so many years for an English dress. And even Mr. Murray's most acceptable edition we owe to the happy accident which led him to the shelves of a second-hand bookseller, where he found the "S. Maimon's Lebensgeschichte" he had long wanted. It is not everyone who would venture to differ from Mr. Murray in his interpretation of the lesson of Maimon's life; and yet it is hard to believe, as he seems to believe, that any important inferences can be made from it as to the general tendencies of Jewish thought and feeling. Anyhow, the inferences are not favourable to orthodoxy.

As a picture of Jewish life and manners of the last century in Poland, this life of Maimon surpasses in interest anything accessible to the everyday reader. As the history of a singularly ill-bested and greatly endowed human soul, brave in speculation, persistent beyond belief in the pursuit of knowledge, imprudent and exacting and self-sufficient in all else, it could not be better; but its circumstances are too exceptional to justify any prognostication of the course of racial development. If it be true that, as the Hebrew proverb has it, from Moses (the lawgiver) to Moses (the son of Maimon), there was none like Moses, it may well be that Solomon Maimon should stand as an incomparable third. There are certainly few signs to show that either Maimonides or Solomon Maimon, any more than Spinoza and Heine, were representative men.

Maimon begins by setting forth in two or three pages the general condition of the Poland of his time, with admirable effect, and with absolutely no conscious art. He hits off the superior nobility, the inferior nobility, the half-nobles, the burghers, the peasantry, and the Jews, with inimitable brevity. Here is a piece of valuable economic and social history in a nutshell:

"In consequence of the ignorance of most of

the Polish landlords, the oppression of the tenantry, and the utter want of economy, most of the farms in Poland, at the end of last century [the seventeenth], had fallen into such a state of decay, that a farm which now yields about a thousand Polish gulden was offered to a Jew for ten; but, in consequence of still greater ignorance and laziness, with all that advantage, even he could not make a living off the farm. An incident, however, occurred at this time which gave a new turn to affairs. Two brothers [Jews] from Galicia, where the Jews are much shrewder than in Lithuania, took, under the name of *Dersawzes* or farmers-general, a lease of all the estates of Prince Radzivil, and, by means of a better industry as well as a better economy, they not only raised the estates into a better condition, but also enriched themselves in a short time. Disregarding the clamour of their brethren, they increased the rents, and enforced payment by the sub-lessees with the utmost stringency. They themselves exercised a direct oversight of the farms; and, wherever they found a farmer who, instead of looking after his own interests and those of his landlord in the improvement of his farm by industry and economy, spent the whole day in idleness, or lay drunk about the store, they soon brought him to his senses, and roused him out of his indolence by a flogging." The effect was admirable. The farmer set to work, and was soon not only able to support his family, but was able to raise sometimes as much as a thousand gulden for rent where he had formerly found it impossible to produce ten.

Maimon's grandfather farmed some villages near the town of Mir, in the territory of Prince Radzivil aforesaid—a very pretty prince indeed, who flogged and drank and made princely progresses for whims, and played the thoroughly princely blackguard until he died like a dog. He had a humour, too; and once, when he had in a particularly offensive way desecrated a Christian church, he made the Jews of the neighbourhood atone with their gulden for their prince's drunken sacrilege. Maimon tells the story with affecting simplicity. The picture of this sort is one of the clearest, if one of the briefest, of a number of wonderfully outlined portraits. The house-keeping of Maimon's grandfather was of the oddest. Sukoviborg, where he settled, is a small harbour of the Niemen, and Hermann Joseph, what with the farm and warehouse and bridge-tolls, might have gathered much wealth; but, being a somewhat improvident person, and living under somewhat unstable conditions, he had a hard time of it. Under the terms of his lease, Prince Radzivil's stewards should have kept the bridges, together with the rest of the standing property, in good order; but of course they did not, and, therefore, the farmer's household were subject to occasional visits from some irate "nobleman" who found the bridge impassable, and came to flog all whom he could lay hands on connected with the farmer's establishment.

"My grandfather, therefore, did all in his power to guard against this evil in future. For this purpose he stationed one of his people to keep watch at the bridge, so that, if any noble were passing, and an accident of this sort should happen, the sentinel might bring word to the house as quickly as possible, and the whole family might thus have time to take refuge in the neighbouring wood. Every one thereupon ran in terror out of the house, and not infrequently they were all obliged to remain

the whole night in the open air, till one after another ventured to approach the house. This sort of life lasted for some generations. . . ."

He was an innkeeper, too; and the sailors and others who put up with him used to plunder his stores, and make themselves drunk on his beer and mead. His barns were emptied by waggon-loads; his sheep folds were accessible to all the prowling wolves of the country side; his cows often came home with empty udders; and his wife, "a good simple woman," as she lay asleep on the stove, used frequently to have her pockets picked by her housemaid. His son, Solomon's father, was a scholar, and required rabbinical suits of more than ordinary expensiveness, with leathern hose and even buttons. Of buttons, which were a serious vanity, Solomon tells a characteristic story. His brother Joseph and his cousin Beer had received some discarded Russian military buttons, of real brass, as a present. These they sewed on their hose in place of the old wooden ones that had graced them before. Solomon applied to his father to require Joseph and Beer to hand over a share to him. His father, "who, indeed, was extremely fair," thought that, as they had more than they needed, they ought to give some to the virtuous Solomon, commending Solomon and confounding his grasping relatives with the (inaccurate) quotation from Holy Writ, "The ungodly provideth, and the righteous putteth it on! But Joseph and Beer were inconsolable, until the ingenious father gave them leave to use craft, but not force, to recover their property. So they took off the buttons on the ground that they were sewn on to the cloth with linen instead of hemp thread—an uncanonical mixture; and they declined to sew them on again. This story is noteworthy for several reasons. To begin with, Solomon showed a determined propensity to wear other people's buttons all his life rather than himself make provision for the garniture of his own hose; in the next, we see how this highly rabbinical family interpreted the law and prophets. And it is not without significance that Maimon, who was a full rabbi of very high standing, does not seem to have been able to quote the law and prophets with reasonable accuracy, for all his precise acquaintance with the Mishna and Talmud, and on the momentous questions

"How many white hairs may a red cow have, and yet remain a red cow? what sort of scabs require this or that purification? whether a louse or a flea may be killed on the Sabbath—the first being allowed, while the second is a deadly sin? whether the slaughter of an animal ought to be executed at the neck or the tail? whether the high priest put on his shirt or his hose first? whether the *Jabim*, that is, the brother of a man who died childless, being required by law to marry the widow, is relieved from his obligation if he falls off a roof and sticks in the mire?"

Of course the elder Maimon forbade his son to read anything except the Talmud; but he could not prevent him from prying into the book-cupboard, where he found four books, Hebrew of course, with which he proceeded to lay the foundations of very considerable and exact knowledge. He was only seven years old at this time, and from that day forward his exertions never flagged.

"As I was still a child, and the beds in my

father's house were few, I was allowed to sleep with my old grandmother, whose bed stood in the above-mentioned study. As I was obliged during the day to occupy myself solely with the study of the Talmud, and durst not take another book in my hand, I devoted the evenings to my astronomical enquiries. Accordingly, after my grandmother had gone to bed, I put some fresh wood on the fire, made for the cupboard, and took out my beloved astronomical book."

Ruined by a rascally agent, Solomon's father was driven in mid winter to find another homestead. Here we have a very pretty and pathetic story of the faithfulness of an old Christian servant, whose loyalty cost him his life and Christian burial. Solomon's love affairs were throughout so interesting and amusing that it would be impossible to boil down any of them with success. It seems that he felt no inclination to take on himself the cares of the married state till he had reached his eleventh year; and then, his fame as a rabbi spreading wide, he at once became an object of eager competition—a fact which the customs of the country and a pious astuteness enabled his father to turn very much to his own profit. Finally, to pass over the vastly entertaining interim, Solomon is carried off by his mother-in-law and straightway taken in hand. Cudgelled by the lady last mentioned, stealing the food necessary for his support from her kitchen, he remained at the academy, learning nothing but Talmud, and Talmud, and again Talmud. But he secretly set himself to learn German, and this is how:

"At last a fortunate accident came to my help. I observed in some stout Hebrew volumes that they contained several alphabets, and that the number of their sheets was indicated not merely by Hebrew letters, but that for this purpose the characters of a second and a third alphabet had also been employed, these being commonly Latin and German letters. Now I had not the slightest idea of printing. I generally imagined that books were printed like linen, and that each page was an impression from a separate form. I presumed, however, that the characters which stood in similar places must represent one and the same letter, and as I had already heard something of the order of the alphabet in these languages, I supposed that, for example, *a*, standing in the same place as *aleph*, must likewise be an *aleph* in sound. In this way I gradually learnt the Latin and German characters."

His account of Cabbalah practical and Cabbalah as a speculative system is very significant, "for the Cabbalists maintain that the Cabbalah is not a human, but a divine science; and that, consequently, it would be degradation of it to explain its mysteries in accordance with nature and reason."

Chapter xv. gives us what Maimon calls "a short practical history of the Jewish religion," which forms an introduction to the philosophical theorising that was evidently the chief business of his after life. His only serious effort to make a living seems, with the exception of occasional tutoring, to have been by begging, which, however, he practised in a rather amateurish and therefore unsuccessful fashion. In chapter xix. he joins a secret society, the New Chassidim, which seems to have differed from other secret societies only in being rather more stupid and unreasonable and pretentious. And yet Maimon's simple

narrative never allows the reader's interest to flag for an instant. He takes us with him through Königsberg, Stettin, and Berlin, through a series of adventures that read like another of the New Arabian Nights. He trudges armed with a commentary on the *Moreh Nebuchim*, and is warned out of Berlin by the elders of his people as a foe to orthodoxy. After a few chequered years of wandering he returns to Berlin and makes the acquaintance of Mendelssohn. He undertook the tutelage of this most wayward philosopher, who devotes a chapter to the memory of his friend. Maimon paints himself here with complete unconsciousness as consummately ill-conditioned. Very naturally—when, living on others, he made no plans, but rendered all the exertions of his friends useless, and led a generally loose life—they remonstrated. So Maimon shook the dust of Berlin off his feet.

"One of my friends was taken aback, when I bade him good-bye, at my using the brief form, 'I hope you will enjoy good health, my dear friend; and I thank you for all the favours you have bestowed upon me.' It seemed to this excellent, but prosaically poetical, man as if the form were too curt and dry for all his friendliness towards me. So he replied with evident displeasure, 'Is this all that you have learnt in Berlin?' I made no answer, however, but went away, booked by the Hamburg post, and departed from Berlin."

Shortly after this a learned lady makes love to him, in vain. For the interesting documents the reader must be referred to the book. The situation is certainly one provided for by no "Polite Letter-writer" in any language known to me. In Hanover Maimon presented a letter of introduction from Mendelssohn to a wealthy Jew there, and "represented to him the urgency of his present circumstances."

"He read Mendelssohn's letter carefully through, called for pen and ink, and, without speaking a word to me, wrote at the foot: 'I also hereby certify that what Herr Mendelssohn writes in praise of Herr Solomon is perfectly correct.' And with this he dismissed me."

Returning to Hamburg, and being in the deepest distress, it occurred to him that there was no alternative left but to embrace Christianity and get himself baptized. He could not, however, make it clear to the Lutheran pastor to whom he applied that much glory to God would result from such an addition to his fold. Then he tries another journey to Berlin, makes a poor attempt at Hebrew authorship, loafing and amusing himself in a good-natured kind of way between whites, and settles in Breslau, where he receives his wife and son, who have come to demand a divorce from him—an incident which, for its marvellous oddness, is beaten by nothing in the book. During his fourth visit to Berlin our eccentric philosopher gives himself up to a study of Kant, and only just fails to persuade Kant, then an old man of sixty-six, to read his own speculative lucubrations, which he returns with polite compliments and thanks.

The autobiography—the latter part of which, consisting of accounts of articles contributed to periodicals, the translator has condensed—is followed by a few pages containing an account of his last years. He was very fortunate in the end. He lived an honoured guest in the house of an admirer, and left at least one friend to regret him and bless his

ashes—a Lutheran clergyman, a companion of his latter days, to whom he declared when he was dying that he was "at peace."

P. A. BARNETT.

A Bibliography of the Works written and edited by Dr. John Worthington, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, &c. Compiled by Richard Copley Christie. (Printed for the Chetham Society.)

THIS volume is a welcome and appropriate complement to Dr. Worthington's *Diary and Correspondence*, which forms one of the most important publications of the Chetham Society. But for that circumstance the present careful essay in literary bibliography would never have been accomplished. Dr. Worthington, although an interesting figure in the history of English learning, cannot be said to have been the author of any books of great importance or to have taken a permanent hold upon the national mind. In his lifetime he edited the *Select Discourses of John Smith* and the *Works of Joseph Mede*, and he issued a translation of the *De Imitatione Christi*. After his death there appeared *A Scripture Catechism, The Duty of Self-Resignation, Doctrines of the Resurrection, Charitas Evangelica, Forms of Prayer for a Family, and Miscellanies*. There are also some Latin poems of his in the Cambridge University collections of 1637, 1658, and 1660; but Mr. Christie candidly states that "all these sets of verses are, as might be expected, of the most commonplace character, and possess no merits either of style or sentiment." If it be asked why so much care and research should be devoted to a writer whose literary position is not of the highest, the answer may be given in Mr. Christie's own words, that

"if a universal catalogue of literature, or even a satisfactory catalogue of English books, which many hope for, is ever to be compiled, it must include the insignificant as well as the greater writers, and it can only be accomplished by individuals being found willing to devote themselves to the somewhat thankless task of giving complete and accurate catalogues of some one person."

This is precisely what Mr. Christie has done with skill and industry deserving of high praise. Worthington's earliest literary venture is of great interest, and connects his name with one of the most famous books in the literature of Christianity. His translation, or revision of an earlier translation, of the *De Imitatione Christi* has not hitherto been identified by the bibliographers, so that the list here given of thirteen editions of Worthington's *Christian's Pattern*, carefully separated from the other translations of A Kempis, is a solid contribution to the literary history of a remarkable book that has

"had the singular happiness and privilege to be kindly entertained by Christians of different denominations, Romanists, and Contra-Romanists, whether those of Luther's or Calvin's way."

Having already had an opportunity of discussing in the ACADEMY the value of his *Diary and Correspondence* it is unnecessary for me to say anything further as to Dr. Worthington; and I have, therefore, confined this note to a consideration of the bibliography of his writings.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Orient and Occident: a Journey East from Lahore to Liverpool. By Major-Gen. R. C. W. Reveley Mitford. (W. H. Allen.)

TRAVELLING has been rendered so extremely pleasant, and the means of locomotion have so greatly improved, that it is quite possible at the present day to make the tour of the world with far less fatigue than it cost to go very much shorter distances only a few years ago. In fact, "globe-trotting," as the Americans somewhat irreverently term it, is now frequently undertaken as a mere holiday trip; and most of those who yearly make the round of 25,000 miles think less about it than our fathers did of going from London to Moscow. The cost, too, of the journey has been much reduced, while the speed has been enormously increased. The other day a post card made the circuit of the world in seventy days. It was despatched from London on June 8, *via* Brindisi, Hong Kong, San Francisco, and New York, and was delivered in town on the morning of August 17.

It is no wonder then that, tempted by the low fares, speed, comfort, and extreme interest of the journey, numbers take the trip; and it is, perhaps, even less to be wondered at that a good proportion of them endeavour to convey to the general public some of the pleasure they have themselves experienced. Such narratives are generally pleasing, as almost every observer finds something fresh to note. The route, however, is becoming well beaten, and the ground for original observation circumscribed; and Miss Bird's delightful narratives have rendered the position of subsequent writers about the same scenes a little difficult.

Orient and Occident is the latest attempt in this line; and, although the author does not make the entire circuit of the earth, he takes us over a very large portion of it, and that, too, in a very agreeable way. Gen. Mitford is a good observer; and, even while travelling over the well-worn track, he has succeeded, not only in noting a great number of interesting facts, but also in embodying them in a readable book.

Starting from Lahore early in March 1886, with a party of ladies, the author proceeded by Lucknow and Benares to Calcutta, thence by Penang and Singapore to Hong Kong, and thence, after a trip to Canton, direct by steamer to Nagasaki, where they arrived late at night on April 29. Next day, after a short run on shore, the party proceeded by way of the Inland Sea to Yokohama; and then, after a visit to Tokio, across the Pacific to San Francisco. The usual excursion to the Yosemite was then made, after which the party proceeded across the continent of America, taking Salt Lake City on the way, and passing over the Denver and Rio Grande railway, on to Burlington, Chicago, Niagara, and New York, and so home to England.

One of the best descriptions in the book is that of a performance in the Chinese theatre at Hong Kong; and there is also another very good account of theatricals at Kioto. Both, unfortunately, are too long for quotation; and it would be unfair to the author's lively style to give only portions of them. The following reference to the gardens at Hong Kong must not, however, be omitted,

as doing some justice, short as it is, to one of the most beautiful spots in the world:

"On April 17 we visited the public garden which, in point of beautiful position, luxuriant foliage, and glowing wealth of blossom, is a veritable garden of Eden. The rank, jungly look of tropical vegetation is conspicuously absent. The azaleas were past their finest bloom, but some bushes still showed masses of white, pink, lilac, and crimson blossoms, while the various lilies were in the full pride of their stately beauty" (p. 48).

The following refers to a nursery-garden visited by the party at Osaka, and explains some of the tricks employed by the Japanese in their wonderful landscape-gardening:

"The grounds were laid out with wonderful ingenuity, and appeared to cover at least ten times their actual area, vistas of rapidly lessening trees presenting a false perspective to the eye, while the maze-like paths were equally deceptive to the feet. There were some magnificent peonies displaying masses of gorgeous colour, and individual flowers of immense size and perfect shape; but the great attraction for the Japanese is the large display of curiously dwarfed and misshapen trees representing birds, beasts, and fishes—storks, dragons, and phoenixes—and many other creatures of which one could only say, with Polonius, that they were 'very like a whale!' " (pp. 132, 133).

Clever as the Japanese are in torturing plants into these fantastic shapes, they display even more ability in dealing with animals, especially in the marvellous way they have developed the length of the tail-feathers in some breeds of the domestic fowl. The following passage will surprise many who have never heard of such proceedings:

"The neighbouring menagerie contained a tiger, various sorts of deer and monkeys, and a pool full of otters; but the greatest natural curiosity (which did not look at all natural) was to be found in the aviary, where, among cages filled with peacocks, emus, pheasants, and lyre-birds, was an enclosure containing three cocks, two white and one black and gold. Their bodies were not larger than ordinary English barn-door chanticlers, but their tails were wonderful; rising from the body in a thick mass, the feathers drooped gracefully in a sweep fully nine feet in length. In the museum we saw stuffed specimens with tails twelve feet long. I scarcely expect this statement to be believed, but I assure the reader that it is strictly true" (p. 208).

The author has here rather understated the facts, as the length of the tails of the two specimens preserved in a glass case in the museum at Tokio is nearly thirteen feet, while fowls with tails measuring fifteen feet have occasionally been bred.

One of the most striking portions of the book is the description of the journey over the Denver and Rio Grande railway between Salt Lake City and Denver. This line, which was only opened a few years ago, has seldom been described; and, as it presents some of the most magnificent railway scenery in the world, the account given will be read with general interest, especially as the text is accompanied by sketches, which have caught in a clever manner some of the salient features of this wonderful route. From the fact, however, that in the view of the Royal Gorge (p. 288) the author has represented his train as going the wrong way, one is tempted to think that this sketch, at least, must have been made from a photograph, and not from nature.

Interesting as the book undoubtedly is, it is also, unfortunately, so full of errors that it is surprising how it could have been sent to press without more careful revision. Mistakes and faults meet the eye continually; and there are errors in orthography, typography, grammar, history, and other points. Examples may be taken from the parts relating to India, China, Japan, and America. At p. 11, Hussun and Hoosein are spoken of as "the two sons of the Prophet killed at Kerbela"; while there can be few who do not know that they were not the sons of Mohammed, but of the Caliph Ali. On the next page, speaking of the first view of Benares, the author says:

"Night soon came on, and when we again looked out at early dawn, it was to see the Hindoo spires of the Holy City, instead of the Mussulman domes of Lucknow."

Now, if there is any one feature of Benares that is particularly prominent, it is certainly the mosque of Aurangzebe, with its fine dome, crowning position, and the striking appearance of its lofty and graceful minarets, contrasting with the Hindu temples that surround it.

The author is most unfortunate in his translations of Eastern names. On p. 21, speaking of Penang, he says: "The full name of this place is 'Pulo Penang,' which in Malay means 'Beech-nut Island,'" while the fact is that it means "Betel-nut Island." On p. 32, we read: "All Chinese names have a meaning—e.g., Shanghai is 'near the sea'; Canton (properly 'Quantung'), 'City of Rams,' or 'City of the Genii'; Peking, 'Royal Throne.'" Shanghai really means "above the sea." Kuang-tung is the name of the province, which we have corrupted into Canton; and it means neither "City of Rams," or "City of the Genii," but properly "Eastern Broad." The Chinese name of Canton is *Kuang-show Fu*, meaning "broad prefectural city"; and Peking does not mean "Royal Throne," but "Northern Court."

On awakening in the harbour of Nagasaki on the morning of April 30, the author says (p. 85):

"Near us lay . . . the Russian ironclad *Vladimir Monomach*, and close to her the English gun-boat *Audacious*."

Now, considering that the *Audacious* is a 6,000 ton ironclad, which was till the other day, and had been for many years, alternately with the *Iron Duke*, our flagship on the China station, it is enough to make the hair of Admiral Hamilton and Capt. Harris bristle with indignation to hear their vessel spoken of as a "gun-boat"; but their anger would be as nothing compared to their astonishment at being told that they were lying at anchor in Nagasaki harbour on April 30, 1886, when, as a matter of fact, they were at Hong Kong at that time; did not leave there until May 10 for Chefoo; and did not arrive at Nagasaki until May 30.

On p. 322 a small lake near Saratoga is spoken of as being

"called 'The Bloody Pond,' because the bodies of the slain were thrown into it after a fight between the French and English on one side and the Americans on the other, on the 8th September, 1755"

i.e., twenty-one years before the Declaration of Independence.

Instances like the above might be greatly extended; but sufficient has been said to convince the author that, before issuing another edition of his very pleasant narrative, he should carefully overhaul and correct it.

M. BRAZLEY.

NEW NOVELS.

Spring Days: a Realistic Novel. By George Moore. (Vizetelly.)

Hartas Maturin. By H. F. Lester. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Superior Sex: a Satirical Comedy. By Harold Vallings. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Last Hurdle. By Frank Hudson. (Ward & Downey.)

Bootle's Children. By J. Strange Winter. (White.)

A King and Not a King. By M. Spring Rice. (Sonnenschein.)

Amelia Jane's Ambition. By Clarence Onslow. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

MR. GEORGE MOORE is the author of several novels which have given rise to much controversy. Under the impression that he might have been the victim of persecution, as I had not read any of his previous stories, I came to the perusal of *Spring Days* with a feeling distinctly favourable to the author, and certainly expecting to find in his work evidences of ability. But I have been utterly disappointed. If this be English realism, then English realism is extremely poor stuff. There is an effort at detail, after the manner of Mr. Moore's master, M. Zola; but, if M. Zola had not manifested in his most inadequate productions more originality than is to be found here, he would never have become the centre of so much interest and criticism. There is a sad want of the healthfulness of nature in Mr. Moore. It is not so much that he chooses vulgar characters—though in this respect it would be difficult to match those in *Spring Days*—but the whole tone of this novel is to my taste low and degrading. There is scarcely one individual who does not excite disgust, while the atmosphere of the book is redolent of the fumes of the Gaiety Bar and similar places. Human nature should, of course, be studied under all conditions, and a master can draw valuable lessons from the most unpromising quarters; but Mr. Moore is anything but a master in the study of human nature. He gives us the repulsive conversations of repulsive persons; but life has many noble elements and elevating aspirations which he deliberately avoids. This book is unsatisfactory in every way. As to its conversational powers, let me quote from the first page opened at random. It is a colloquy between the vulgar daughters of the parvenu Brookes:

"What, not dressed yet! Father's just gone downstairs. I think we had better not go down to breakfast. In that way we shall escape a scolding. Father won't miss the ten o'clock."

"Not a bad idea. You are always up to some cunning dodge. What's the time?"

"Twenty minutes to nine. I'll slip down the passage and tell Grace to go down and give him his breakfast. He won't say anything to her. He knows well that since Fatty went to

India she would not see a soul if she could help it."

"Father never says anything to you either. You tell him a lot of lies, and leave him to understand that I do everything."

And so on, throughout the whole of this wearisome volume. On one occasion, it is true, Mr. Moore does attempt to be witty, with a fearfully depressing result. Scene—a public bar; the hero to a barmaid:

"Well, I have not seen you for some time. How often have you fallen in love across the counter?"

"I don't see what it has to do with you how often I fall in love, or with whom."

"What, not if you fall across the counter?"

Shades of Fielding and Thackeray, and indeed of many humbler writers whom Mr. Moore would probably despise, is this the way it is proposed to regenerate the English novel? Just as he has one attempt at wit, so I have noticed that Mr. Moore has also one attempt at fine writing, in a passage which thus closes:

"As soon as the sun has set in our breasts, the stars of happiness shall spread their laughing light. The world and paling fascination, the world that the moon lights with her deceitful beams, the false spectre that the day places before me; it is I who am the world. Live holy love, august offspring of voluptuousness, delicious desire of eternal sleep, without form and unawakening."

This may be an eloquent apostrophe, and it may be English grammar; but to my apprehension it is neither. Having criticised novels for twenty-five years, I conscientiously affirm that *Spring Days* strikes me as being one of the most worthless I have ever read. If the author desires to live permanently in our literature he must do very different work from this.

Dr. Hartas Maturin, the central figure in Mr. Lester's novel, is an eminent physician in North London, who quietly removes his beautiful wife by anaesthetics because she interferes with his pecuniary plans. He desires to devote a portion of her immense fortune to purchasing a park for the people, which is to pave the way for his entrance into parliament. She objects, and she accordingly dies under peculiar circumstances. But so great is Maturin's reputation for kindness of heart and philanthropy that only two persons suspect a murder, and they have not a shred of evidence to bring forward. Such a terrible secret bears with it, however, its daily punishment, though Dr. Maturin outwardly throws off the burden, enters parliament, becomes a political force, and is appointed an under-secretary of state. For seventeen years his retribution is delayed, but it comes at last; and I must leave the reader to discover its terrible nature and the final catastrophe. There are certain mystical and psychological passages of great power in these volumes which do much to heighten the interest of the story. But was it necessary to make such comparisons as this in describing the famous Dr. Treadway of Fawkes' and St. Peter's Hospitals? "That man is a cross between Dr. Johnson and Professor Cruikshank. How absolute the knave is!" Then, again, it is rather singular for an English member of parliament, and an under-secretary to boot, who can talk glibly enough about the

ancient Greeks and their history, to commit himself to such statements as this touching matters nearer home: "Where is our European dictator that lays down absolute power after grasping it for ten years? Cromwell and the two Napoleons made themselves kings." It is perhaps a mere detail that the Napoleons made themselves emperors; but to make himself a king was precisely what Cromwell did not do. With all its want of repose, and other defects—which are not irremediable—there is unusual promise in *Hartas Maturin*.

The heroine of *The Superior Sex* is so embittered against the male portion of the race that I fear her cynicism may turn some readers from what is really a good book. The truth is that beneath the surface Lexie Trevanion is yearning for the love of some human companion, and much of her bitterness of language is assumed. The second volume shows her chastened by the affliction of blindness, from which she ultimately recovers to be the object of an affection which at one time seemed beyond her. She is a highly educated woman, but she is as far from being a representative of her sex generally as Lord Henry Trumpington is of his. I was glad to meet in these volumes with a severe scourging of those "manly" English scions who join the army, and in riotous living at Aldershot devour widows' houses, or the hardly earned and limited incomes of country vicars. Take the case of Bob Chilcott, for example:

"What mattered it to him that his father wrote him imploring letters from the country vicarage, saying that his two sisters must leave school, that the very curate and gardener were unpaid; that Bob's extravagance was ruining the family? Chilcott was a lad of spirit; he told his chums that the governor was the worst of all his duns, but that the old boy was getting broken in gradually."

The name of the author of this work is new to me; but, judging from the fairly successful character-drawing in the story, there is hope of good work from him—or is it a lady?

A bright, clever, and entertaining story is *The Last Hurdle*, and the author has scarcely done himself justice in giving it so restricted a title. It is true that he further describes it as "a story of sporting and courting," and I was agreeably surprised to find it even more than this. Mr. Hudson is an observant man, and the manifest truth and freshness of his touches of character make his little sketch very acceptable. There is a diabolical earl in the narrative; and I was wondering how the author is going to dispose of him, when "the last hurdle" does it very neatly indeed, and in the exactest interests of justice. Ireland is the main ground of action, and several passages in the course of the volume deal with the wrongs of that unhappy country in such a manner as to throw considerable light upon them. A fine tribute is paid to the character of the true Irish, while Uncle John, who is loyal to the Queen and a staunch Conservative, but also a genuine Irishman, puts in a nutshell the case of the absent "distressed Irish landlords."

"These men never spend three months in as many years on their estates; but they write everlastingly as follows to their agents: 'Let

the tenants starve, but send me money; let the tenants buy farms over each other's heads, but send me money; if the tenants cannot pay turn them out, and send me money; never mind what priest or parson says, evade all parliamentary restrictions, and send me money." Not a little Irish humour bubbles up now and then in the course of the sketch.

As I was quite unable to perceive in *Boote's Baby* anything to warrant its great popularity, it is with the more pleasure I can speak cordially of *Boote's Children*. The doings of those children, if sometimes inconvenient, are always natural; and this record of their young girlhood is charming, as well as being very good fun.

Miss Spring Rice's *A King and not a King* is by no means destitute of pathos; and the contrast between the youthful King Gabriel, who is weak and womanly, and his successor Jocelyn, who is stalwart and chivalrous, is well brought out. Though Gabriel has not an equal right to the throne with Jocelyn, there is something touching in the circumstances attending the deposition and death of the former. This story is gracefully rather than strongly told.

Amelia Jane's Ambition differs from the ambition of statesmen and others in being of a very humble type; but it also differs in another respect, for, whereas the ambition of great men sometimes fails of realisation, *Amelia Jane's* is realised to the full. Readers must discover the nature of her aspirations for themselves by perusing this very amusing sketch.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

Selections from Polybius. Edited by J. L. Strachan-Davidson. (Clarendon Press.) "The object of the present edition is to follow the example of the Byzantine compilers, by bringing together such a series of selections as shall put Polybius within the reach of the average student." Mr. Strachan-Davidson seems to us to have fallen to the ground between the two stools of making a good selection and of making a good commentary. Both selection and commentary are good, but of neither is their quite enough. There is excellent judgment shown in the choice of passages, and yet they seem fragmentary from the want of connecting links. The commentary is clear and helpful, but it is somewhat meagre in amount. The average student needs to be told how *λεπρὴ ἐστὶν ἡ μάχη* means "made it a drawn battle." He does not want to be put off with a reference to Schweighauser. This is, however, the worst that can be said of the book, though we shall presently have something to write about particular passages on which opinions may differ. Mr. Strachan-Davidson, whose interest in his subject has been already shown by his admirable essay in *Hellenica*, has done the right thing in trying to settle topographical questions by personally visiting Cartagena and the battlefield of Cannae. He decides that the battle was fought on the right bank of the Aufidus, and north of Cannae; and it seems as if his conclusions ought to be final. The Prolegomena discuss peculiar uses of words in Polybius, Carthaginian affairs, the Achaean League, and other matters which come up in the selections. There is also an instructive account of Polybius himself, and of the relation of his writings to his times.

"In the writings of Polybius, as in his life, there is little that is splendid or heroic, but much

patient research, much clear, intelligent appreciation, and, above all, unswerving honesty. . . . While we follow Polybius we have a right to feel that we are on safe ground. . . . It was the fate of Polybius to behold the illusions of his younger days disappear one by one. He was obliged, over and over again, to limit his hopes, and to strive after ever smaller and smaller blessings for Greece. The policy of Philopoemen, the policy of Archon, the policy of Stratus, all represent positions on which he would fain have taken his stand, and which he has to abandon one by one."

These are the views which Mr. Strachan-Davidson sets plainly and cogently before his readers. With his help we feel that the student may really learn to know the period. There is only one point which seems to us to be insufficiently discussed. How far, or how long, did Rome mean honestly by the Achaean League? A certain answer may be extracted from pp. 603, 664, but not a full one. In Polybius xxvi. 2, 9, the editor reads *διακρίσας*, with Ursinus and Bekker, for *διαφόρως*. He translates—"If they [the senate] have had enough of the obedience of the Greeks," and then explains "if they are sick of the trouble and responsibility of enforcing their will." But this really means that they have had enough of the disobedience of the Greeks, and such a sense can hardly be got out of his reading. Why not read *ἀδιαφόρως* with Schweighauser? "If they are indifferent as to the obedience, let them go on as they are now going on." In xxxviii. 1a, 5, he takes *πατέσχοντες* as a substantive, and translates—"They [the Carthaginians] left their utter annihilation as a plea in their favour with posterity." That does not seem a natural meaning for *πατέσχοντες*; and, if the MS. reading be right (which we greatly doubt), we should prefer to say—"Their being driven into a corner"; then the sequel will come in naturally: "This was not the case with the Greeks." On p. 606 the *cranus* cited from Trajan's letter is not the same kind of *cranus* of which Polybius is speaking. The volume is beautifully printed. It is a pleasure to read such splendid Greek type.

Xenophon Hellenica. Books I.—II. With Introduction and Notes. By G. E. Underhill. (Clarendon Press.) It is long since we have seen a more thorough piece of work than this unpretending little edition of Mr. Underhill's. He acknowledges his obligation to German scholars, but he has made their work his own by careful and reflecting study. The notes are clear and to the point; but the introduction is the most interesting part of the book, dealing as it does, with two very important topics. "The complicated question as to the method of composition and the intention of the author in these two books," which stand so much apart from the other five of the *Hellenica*, has given Mr. Underhill much to write about. But he comes at last to Breitenbach's conclusion, that books i.-ii. are an attempt to conclude the work of Thucydides upon the model of Thucydides, but that for some reason they have been left unfinished; and that the want of finish comes out in the defective chronological arrangement, the imperfect collection of materials, and the unequal treatment of parts. Mr. Underhill patiently unravels the tangled difficulties of fact and law in the Arginusae trial. He seems to be convinced by Vischer's arguments that the old form of the democracy had been pretty fully restored by the time of the trial. The doubt he raises whether the words *δύναμις ἑκατόν* (*Hell.* i. 7. 34) belonged to the psephism of Kannonos or not has already been felt by Thirlwall, while Grote decides rather offhand that they did. In l. 2, 1 Mr. Underhill, like other editors, is puzzled by the words *ὡς ἂν καὶ πελασταὶς ἐσμένους*, which Dindorf and Breitenbach enclose as spurious. But we believe that they can be saved by Mr. England's clever emendation in the preceding line, *πετακισχίλοις τῶν ναυτῶν πέλτας*.

Easy Selections from Plato. By Arthur Sidgwick. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Sidgwick thinks that Plato is far too little read at schools, although he recognises (Pref., p. v.) that the length and difficulty of many of the Dialogues stand in the way. Hence he considers that a volume of selections like the present may meet a need which is certainly felt at schools. In some ninety pages he endeavours to skim the cream of Plato, avoiding of course his deepest metaphysics, and seldom presenting any extract of more than two or three pages, i.e., one reasonable lesson. Short notes are added at the end, and an explanatory heading prefixed to each selection. A sixth form would easily work through the book in a term, and beyond question would learn quite a new sense of the grace, humour and variety which can be combined with the purest style of Greek prose. Whether the result would not be a kaleidoscopic jumble of brilliant pericopes in the mind, rather than a literary whole, may of course be doubted. Still, this applies to all selections, and the mass of Plato is so great that we have but a choice of two imperfect courses—the *Protagoras* or the *Phaedo* and nothing else, or the best bits of those and many other Dialogues, culled for excellence rather than for connexion. On the whole we prefer the latter, though not without hesitation. The selection itself shows Mr. Sidgwick's usual taste and skill. Possibly the selections from the *Symposium* might have been omitted—not on prudish grounds, but because their imagery and intellectual fervour require for correct apprehension the setting, so to speak, which the complete dialogue supplies. So again (s. 8, pp. 12-13) Socrates' celebrated description of himself in his obstetric relation to the mind would raise just the wrong sense of amusement in the youthful mind. (We notice here a misprint, *Theaitetes*.) But all the passages selected are interesting and beautiful, and the humorous side of Plato has not been ignored. Mr. Sidgwick knows his subject and object too well for that.

The Suppliant Women of Euripides. By F. A. Paley. (Deighton, Bell, & Co.) The veteran editor of Aeschylus and Euripides complains, not without reason, of the neglect of the *Suppliant Women* in comparison with the other plays of Sophocles and Euripides that deal with the same legend. It should be read, he thinks, as a sequel to the *Phaenissae* and the *Antigone*. We entirely agree with him that, for the maturer student, such a sequence, or artificial trilogy, would be of great interest. But for schoolboys—and this is a school edition—any trilogy is unmanageably long; while the *Suppliant Women*, taken by itself, forms as it were a final chapter of an unread story. It is too retrospective to touch the young imagination vividly. Moreover, though Prof. Munro perhaps exaggerated its corruptions, it is corrupt in a very tiresome degree, and not in the lyric passages only. On the other hand, its best passages are among the finest work of Euripides; and the self-immolation of Evadne forms undoubtedly a very striking catastrophe. The poet's political views are given with great clearness; but here, too, we doubt if the interest be not rather for older students. Mr. Paley's commentary, though not free from those crudities in construing to which he is prone, is singularly well proportioned, avoiding alike the too much and the too little. Is there not a slip in the statement (Pref., p. 9) that Tydeus slew all the ambuscade of Eteocles? If we remember right, there was an exception, in spite of Homer's *ἄλλας*.

Euripides Heracleidae. With Introduction and Notes by C. S. Jerram. (Clarendon Press.) The *Heracleidae* we imagine, is more read at schools than the *Suppliant Women* can ever hope to be. It is shorter, more full of action,

less argumentative: the very blot on the play, the ruthlessness of Alomena to the captive Eurystheus, is acceptable to the youthful mind. This edition, moreover, is beautifully printed. We almost wish it had been divided, text from notes, like Mr. Sidgwick's *Eumenides* into two volumes, as indeed, from the titlepage seems to have been originally intended. Mr. Jertam's notes also are well considered, and brought within moderate compass by being limited in the main to really puzzling passages. We are convinced that it is the worst thing in the world to substitute explanation for reflection. We are not quite sure (l. 985) that δειλιαν δόλει is best explained as an abbreviation. δειλία, like "murder" in English, is a technical name for a charge, as well as a definition of a fact. We are glad to see the editor favouring the view of γυναιμαχείν (l. 706), which seems to us demanded both by context and analogy.

Horace Epistles I. By E. S. Shuckburgh. (Cambridge Press.) This is an edition, with introduction and notes, intended for schools, and more especially, it would seem, for such examinations as the Cambridge Locals. For this purpose it is well suited, and the information given is accurate and lucidly stated. The book can hardly be considered an original contribution to the study of Horace.

Latin Exercises in the Oratio Obliqua. By the Rev. J. H. Raven. (Rivingtons.) So many aids have been supplied to the study of the not really recondite subject of the *Oratio Obliqua* that the only excuse for a new one is that it should be shorter and clearer than others. Mr. Raven has done well, we think, to be on his guard against lengthiness; well also in appending specimens from classical authors, which, if learned by heart thoroughly, in connexion with the English translations appended, would really, in our opinion, save a great deal of purely grammatical explanation to fairly intelligent boys. The real confusion in boys' minds on this subject comes, as Mr. Raven sees, in a well-considered paragraph (s. 6, p. 3), from the defect of English pronouns, not from any real obscurity in the Latin construction. The exercises in both kinds (pp. 16-52) seem useful and well-adapted to their purposes; the earlier ones are for *viva voce* use. We quite agree with Mr. Raven that a language learned entirely by writing it is ill-learned.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press the second volume of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, in which the narrative is carried down to the retreat of the Scottish army from England in February, 1647, after the abandonment of the king to the English Parliament.

MR. J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS has finished a translation of Count Carlo Gozzi's autobiography. This book, almost unknown to English students, illustrates the social and literary conditions of Venice during the last century in a variety of interesting aspects. It is particularly valuable for the history of the Italian stage, at the time when Goldoni effected his reform. Mr. Symonds has composed three introductory essays: on Gozzi's character and Memoirs; on the improvised comedy of Masks; and on Gozzi's quarrel with Goldoni, which led to the production of his *Fiabe Teatrali*. The book will be published in two volumes by Mr. Nimmo in a form similar to Mr. Symonds's translation of Cellini.

MR. E. W. PROTHERO's *Life of the late famous Cambridge University Librarian, Henry Bradshaw*, is more than half through the press, and will be ready in October.

MR. EUGENE LEE HAMILTON has sent to the press a new volume of poems, entitled *Imaginary Sonnets*. He has here attempted to introduce into the sonnet a direct dramatic element, and the treatment of subjects more tragical and violent than heretofore. The book will be published, almost immediately, by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co., of 69 Great Eastern Street, announce a new series of reprints of English classics, to be called "The Temple Library." The series will be uniformly printed, at the Chiswick Press, on handmade paper, and the issue will be strictly limited. Introduction and notes will be supplied where necessary; and such books as are susceptible of illustration will have etchings or engravings. The first of the series will be Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, reprinted from the first edition, in two volumes—to be published on October—with an introduction by Mr. Augustine Birrell, and six etchings by Mr. Herbert Railton.

MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND—who must now be almost the *doyen* of English writers still in harness—has been encouraged to prepare a fifth edition of his *Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, of which the first appeared so recently as 1882. He describes it as "finally revised"; but his friends will hope that he may yet add to it out of the rich stores of a life devoted to reading. It now contains extracts from the writings of nearly three hundred authors of all ages upon the solace and companionship of books. It will be published on October 1, by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. in London, and by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in Edinburgh. A limited number of copies have been printed, in small quarto, on specially made vellum paper.

THE last addition to the already numerous cats of literature has been made by Mr. G. A. Henty, one of whose stories for the forthcoming season derives its central incident and its title from the fate of a sacred "Oat of Bubastes." The story, which is mainly occupied with the fortunes of a young Bedu warrior, and of the family of a priest of advanced ideas, deals with ancient Egyptian life at the time when Moses, who is one of the subsidiary characters, was a member of Pharaoh's household. An ascent of the Nile, and a desert march to the Red Sea, are among the leading incidents. The tale will have the advantage of a series of illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, who has long given special attention to the artistic possibilities of ancient Egyptian life, and whose pictures have of late taken a prominent place in the various exhibitions.

THE book which Mrs. Molesworth has written, and which Mr. Walter Crane has illustrated, for this winter season is entitled *A Christmas Poem*.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. are preparing for immediate publication a book on *Marriage and Divorce*. The author claims to have studied his subject from the religious as well as the legal and practical points of view.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly publish a school edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* in four parts, with the corresponding portion of Mr. Tait's *Analysis* bound up in each part.

The Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago is the title of a work by the Rev. Thomas Olden, vicar of Ballyclough, Mallow, to be published early next month by Messrs. Hodges, Figgis, & Co. in Dublin, and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. here. It is a translation of an Irish commentary on St. Paul's Epistles at Würzburg, which is ascribed to the eighth century. Mr. Olden has appended an essay on some of the sources of early Irish theology. The text of the commentary has been already printed by both Prof. Zimmer and Mr. Whitley Stokes.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for immediate publication *Chess: a Christmas Masque*, by Louis Tylor; a treatise on *Crimes: its Causes and Remedy*, by L. Gordon Rylands; and a novel in 2 vols., *Stephen Elderby*, by A. Hill Drewry.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately two new sporting novels, *A Crack County*, by Mrs. Edward Kennard, in 3 vols., and *The Master of Rathkelly*, by Capt. Hawley Smart, in 2 vols.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a one-volume novel, entitled *Through the Shadows*, which touches on some phases of religious doubt in the present day.

MESSRS. VIZETELLY & Co. will publish next month, in their series of "Choice Illustrated Books of the Eighteenth Century," a revised translation of Anthony Hamilton's *Memoirs of the Count de Gramont*, edited, with notes, &c., by Mr. Henry Vizetelly, and illustrated with seventeen etchings, and thirty-four portraits engraved on copper.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK'S announcements include the following:—*The Preachers of Scotland from the Sixth to the Nineteenth Century* (being the twelfth series of Cunningham Lectures), by Prof. W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh; *Beyond the Stars; or, Heaven, its Inhabitants, Occupations, and Life*, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hamilton, of Belfast; *A New Commentary on Genesis*, by Prof. Franz Delitzsch; *Handbook of Biblical Archaeology*, by Prof. C. F. Keil, vol. ii. (completion); *The Form of the Christian Temple, its Foundations and Superstructure*, by Prof. Thomas Witherow, of Magee College, Londonderry; *The Text of Jeremiah; or, A Critical Investigation of the Greek and Hebrew with Variations in the LXX.*, retranslated into the Original, and explained, by Prof. G. C. Workman, of Victoria University, Coburg, Canada—besides discussing the relation between the texts, this book attempts to solve the problem of the variations, and reveals important matter for the history, interpretation, correction, and reconstruction of the present Massoretic text.

THE corporation of Colchester are privately printing 250 copies of a catalogue of the library bequeathed to the town by Archbishop Harsnett in 1631, which has been prepared, together with a biographical and bibliographical introduction, by Mr. Gordon Goodwin. A lithograph of the archbishop's brass in Chigwell Church, Essex, will accompany the book.

DR. BUELBING has gone to Dublin to collate the Trinity College MS. of the early Psalter he is editing for the Early English Text Society.

MR. AARON WATSON will open the winter session of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Literary Club with an address on "Realism in Fiction."

THE Old French Text Society has just issued its report, and announced that it is at last level with its work. Its 1887 issue is complete; its one 1881 volume, so long in arrear, is just ready; and the books for 1888 will be sent out before the year closes. The treasurer and committee complain, in a most amusing way, because, when they pay their last bill, they will have only 15,000 francs in hand—a balance which an English Society treasurer would exult over. The committee have a very tempting list of MSS. in preparation, including a Collection of Fifteenth-Century Roundels and Poems, and the Romance of Thebes. They point out that their lately discovered story-teller, Bazon, largely plundered one Bartholomew Glanville's *De Proprietatibus Rerum* without acknowledgment; and their whole report is full of interest. We heartily congratulate M.M. Paul Meyer and

Gaston Paris on the admirable work their Société des Anciens Textes has done.

THE death is announced of Mr. George William Petter, one of the original partners in the publishing house of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. He died at his residence at Bournemouth on Sunday last, September 16, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He had retired from active business in 1883, when the firm was converted into a limited liability company.

CONCERNING the supposed new play by Shakspeare, entitled "Irus," of which Mr. Savage thinks that he has found extracts in Edward Pusey's MS. Commonplace Book, Dr. Furnivall writes:

"Mr. P. A. Daniel at once identified the play in question with George Chapman's 'Blind Beggar of Alexandria,' whose chief character is Irus, the blind beggar."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. W. M. RAMSAY, of Aberdeen, who has just returned from Asia Minor, will contribute to the *Expositor* for October an article entitled "Early Christian Monuments in Phrygia: a Study in the History of the Church."

MISS EDNA LYALL will write the leading story in *Good Words* next year. The story opens in Norway, and has a young Norseman for its hero; but the scene lies for the most part in England.

THE first number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* will contain articles on "The Origin of the Book of Zechariah," by Canon Cheyne; "The Significance of Judaism for the Present and Future," by Prof. Graetz; "The Dogmas of Judaism," by Mr. S. Schechter; "The Design and Contents of Ecclesiastes," by Dr. M. Friedländer; "The New Year and its Liturgy," by Mr. Friedmann; and "Where are the Ten Tribes?" by Dr. Neubauer.

WITH the issue of the November part, commencing a new volume, the *Woman's World* will be permanently enlarged by the addition of several pages; but the price will remain as at present. Among the special features of the new volume will be—increased importance given to the subject of modern dress; a series of articles on historical costume, treated from the artistic as well as the archaeological point of view; modern and ancient needlework, illustrated with designs; jewellery and articles of personal adornment; illustrated articles on places of historic and artistic interest; a series of biographies of celebrated women, with portraits; &c., &c.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archæological Review* will contain an article by Mr. Alfred Nutt, entitled "Celtic Myth and Saga, a Survey of Recent Literature," consisting of an exposition and criticism of Prof. Rhys's Hibbert Lectures and Prof. Zimmer's latest investigations. In the same number Mr. Price will index the literature of Roman remains in Essex; and Mr. W. H. Stevenson will criticise the etymologies of Canon Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*.

THE *Century* for October will contain the following articles: "An English Deer-Park," by the late Richard Jefferies; "Frontier Types," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Tomsk Forwarding Prison," by George Kennan; "An Idyl of Ginkin' Mount'in," by H. S. Edwards; and "American Machine Cannon."

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly Review* will contain articles on "The Economic Aspect of Trusts," by Mr. George Gunton, who maintains that their evils have been much exaggerated. Prof. Richmond M. Smith has a concluding article on "The Control of Immigration." Dr. Dunning argues that the States are not equal before the

constitution. Mr. T. G. Fisher discusses the suspension of *Habeas Corpus* during the Civil War, and Mr. J. Hampden Dougherty sketches the successive constitutions of the state of New York. The review is edited by the Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College, New York, and published in this country by Mr. Henry Frowde.

THE October number of *St. Nicholas* will contain: "The Civilised King and the Semi-barbarous Giant," by Helen Cone; and "Sea-Gulls from the Light-House," by Louie Lyndon.

ON Saturday next, September 29, there will be published a new penny weekly, entitled the *Church News*. Besides such information as the name implies, each number will also contain a complete sermon by a representative preacher, outlines and homiletic hints on the lessons, and reviews of books.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE MIRRORED USK.

With aching eyes, long hours of patient toil
Your picture through the golden day has grown,
Its placid loneliness has caught the tone
Of early Autumn; harsh lines nowhere spoil
The circling eddies, fleecy sky, red soil;
But I—no skill of painting have I known,
Yet have the Muses me some favour shown.
Here is my sketch—a hasty draught—as foil!
Translucent sky, with fairy isles of white
And bending willows broad'ning in the stream,
Where from long drought Usk moans in new-found might,
Nut-brown, you wading fisherman's delight,
Dimpled with waving sedge-isles, here a beam
Of light flung careless—like you now my dream?
M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A PORTRAIT of the Duc d'Aumale, who, as a writer of merit and a bibliophile of eminence, cannot be said to be out of place, appears in *Le Livre* for September. It is in military costume, remarkably well etched by M. Le Nain, and gives a very good idea of by far the ablest and most distinguished member of the House of Orleans, not to say of the House of France, for some generations. The bulk of the letterpress is devoted to one of M. Uzanne's pleasant "Contes pour les Bibliophiles," in which the author has had the collaboration of M. Robida. This matter, suitable for the holiday month in France, is supported by a translation from Mr. Augustine Birrell, a note on illustrated pamphlets and brochure covers, and some other other good enough things.

THE principal articles in the *Revista Contemporanea* for August are on Balaguer as minister of the colonies, by Alvarez Sereix; and on the treason of the Duke of Medinaeli, secretary of state to Philip V., by Carlos Cambrero. Señor Rios y Rial writes on the method of teaching modern languages, especially German. Perez y Oliva begins a study of the part played by Poland in Europe. The continuations are—the travels in Tunis of Francisco Pons, in which he treats of the political power of the Jews, and describes the ruins of Carthage; by Rozanski on the MSS. in the Escorial, of the ninth to the thirteenth century; on the etymologies of the Dictionary of the Academy, by Fernandez Merino; and on Ginés Pérez de Hita, by Acero y Abad.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

General Literature.—"The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth," with an introductory essay by John Morley, and portrait—this edition will contain, in addition to the

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Redway's Esoteric Series, vol. i.—"The Magical Writings of Thomas Vaughan" (Eugenius Philalethes), a verbatim reprint of his first four treatises: *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, *Anima Magica Abscondita*, *Magia Adamica*, *The True Coelum Terrae*; with the Latin passages translated into English, and with a biographical preface and essay on the Esoteric Literature of Western Christendom, by Arthur Edward Waite.

"The Key of Solomon the King" (*Clavicula Salomonis*), now first translated and edited from ancient MSS. in the British Museum, by S. Liddell Macgregor Mathers, author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Tarot," &c. This celebrated ancient magical work, the foundation and fountain head of much of the ceremonial magic of the mediaeval occultists, has never before been printed in English, nor yet, in its present form, in any other language, but has remained buried and inaccessible to the general public for centuries. It is true that, in the seventeenth century, a very curtailed and incomplete copy was printed in France; but that was far from being a reliable reproduction, owing to the paucity of the matter therein contained, the erroneous drawing of the pentacles and talismans, and the difficulty experienced at that time in obtaining reliable MSS. wherewith to collate it. There is a small work published in Italy bearing the title of the "Clavicula di Salomone Ridotta"; but it is a different book to this, and is little better than a collection of superstitious charms and receipts of black magic, besides bearing a suspicious resemblance to both the "Grimorium Verum," and the "Grimoire of Honorius." Among other authors, both Eliphas Lévi and Christian mention the "Key of Solomon" as a work of high authority, and the former especially refers to it repeatedly. The "Key of Solomon" gives full, clear, and concise instructions for talismanic and ceremonial magic, as well as for performing various evocations. Besides seals, sigils, and magical diagrams, nearly fifty pentacles or talismans are given in the plates.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NEW and cheaper edition of "Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations," revised by the Rev. Dr. Porter, President of Queen's College, Belfast. In eight vols., with numerous engravings. These "Illustrations" consist of original readings for a year on subjects relating to sacred history, biography, geography, antiquities, and theology, especially designed for the family circle.

"Hazell & Sons, Brewers," "Miss Baxter's Bequest," and "St. Veda's," or, The Pearl of

Orr's Haven," frontispiece by Robert M'Gregor, by Annie S. Swan; "Noel Chetwynd's Fall," a novel, by Mrs. J. H. Needell; "One False Step," a novel, by Andrew Stewart; "The Lost Tide," by Jessie Patrick Findlay; "Sir John's Ward," by Jane H. Jamieson; "Lectures, Exegetical and Practical, on the Epistle of James," second edition revised, by the Rev. Robert Johnstone; "Andrew Gillon: a Tale of the Scottish Covenanters," by John Stratheek.

Also new editions of the following: "Vita Vincit: Life to Those that are Bound," by Robina F. Hardy, Annie S. Swan, and Jessie M. E. Saxby; "The Secret Panel," and "Across Her Path," by Annie S. Swan; "Mémorial and Remains of the Rev. Dr. Robert Murray M'Cheyne," by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, with portrait; "Matthew Dale, Farmer," by Mrs. Sanders; "Glenairlie," by Robina F. Hardy; "Shadowed Lives" and "Sundered Hearts," by Annie S. Swan.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ASTROG, Z. Les dieux en voyage. Paris: Bachelin-Locat. 12 fr.
LEBAUDOUER, P. Les expéditions françaises au Tonkin. T. 2. Paris: Spé-tateur Éditions. 10 fr.
SWOUCK HOMERONJ, O. Mekka. I. Die Stadt u. ihre Herren. The Hague: Nijhoff. 26 M. (complete).
URBANO, L. V. E. Medea-Sarkophag. Würzburg: Stahel. 1 M.

HISTORY.

FONTES rerum Bernensium. 4. Bd. 2. Lfg. Bern: Schmid. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

COULIN, P. J. Altwestfälische Grammatik. The Hague: Nijhoff. 12 M.
DÜBA, J. Das Leben Juvenals. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
LEICHTENBERG, O. De metris graecis quaestiones onomatologae. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
PATZKE, P. Dicendi genus Taciturnum quantum differt a Liviano. Königsberg: Koch. 2 M.
SABRESKY, H. Zur provensalischen Lautlehre Parsitischen i. u. die damit zusammenhäng. Erscheinungen. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 30 Pf.
SCHULTZ, F. Annacana studia. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "ELOPE."

London: September 15, 1888.

The common account of the origin of the verb "to elope" is that it is a corrupted adaptation of the Dutch *ontloopen*, "to run away, escape." It seems to me that there is no sufficient ground for this explanation, and that in all probability the word is of English origin.

The earliest English examples of the word, so far as I know, belong to the end of the sixteenth century; but Mr. W. H. Stevenson has furnished me with an instance of the Latin form *elopare* from the Nottingham Borough Records of 1538. As the verb had a distinct technical sense in English law (referring to a wife "running away" from her husband), it occurred to me that it must have existed in Anglo-French; and I find that the verb *alop r* and the substantive *alopement* appear in the Year-Books of Edward III., the date being 1338. The Anglo-French verb clearly cannot have been taken directly from Dutch, but must have been formed from a vernacular English word. The date does not absolutely forbid the supposition that the Middle-English word came from Dutch; but it seems unlikely that *ontloopen*, if borrowed, would have been corrupted into *alopen*, and the hypothesis of foreign origin should only be entertained if we are unable legitimately to explain the word from English itself. The Middle-English equivalent of *ontloopen* would be **alēpen* (Old-English **ahlēpan*), the prefix *ah-* being frequently reduced in English to *a-*. (The recorded

Old-English *ahlæpan*, Middle-English *alæpen*, is a distinct word, the prefix *a-* here standing for *on-*. The past participle of **alæpen* would be **alope* (the conjugation of *læpen* having been partly assimilated to that of the *-eo* verbs.) It is probable that the Anglo-French word was formed from this participle, in such phrases as "his wif is alope" = his wife has run away. The fact that **alope* is not recorded in English literature is no serious objection to this conjecture, as it is well-known that law-French has preserved many Old-English words of which there is no other trace. The participle of the simple verb, *i-lope*, occurs in the same sense as in "he wicke giv [was] a wei i lope," the wicked Jew had run away (*Childhood of Jesus*, 972). It may be mentioned that the infinitive *læpen* is found dialectally (owing perhaps to Scandinavian influence) in the form *lope*, and possibly some might prefer to derive the Anglo-French word from the infinitive instead of from the participle. Another possibility is that the *alope* implied by the Anglo-French verb may stand for *i-lope*, the prefix *i-* (*se-*) being occasionally corrupted into *a-*. In any case, however, the assumption of a Dutch etymology seems unnecessary.

I should be glad to be informed of any English examples of *alope* before 1596, or of any examples of the corresponding Latin or French forms before 1338.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE COLOUR "PERS" IN CHAUCER.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Sept. 6, 1888.

This word "pers" occurs in the well-known passage of the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* where Chaucer describes the dress of the Doctor of Phisik:

"In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lined with taffata and with sendal."

(vv. 439-440)

It is usually explained as "sky blue" or "blueish grey" (Morris), apparently after the definition given by Ducange, who describes it (s.v. *Persus*), as: "Color ad caeruleum vel ad floris persicæ mali colorem accedens," i.e., skyblue or peach blossom.

It seems more probable, however, that the word indicates the colour not of the blossom, but of the fruit—the deep purple of a ripe peach—for both O. Fr. *pers* and Ital. *perso* certainly represent a colour which closely approaches what we call a "blue black." (It may be remarked by the way that Dies, Littré, Scheler, and others, give Ducange's definition as: "Ad persci mali colorem accedens," i.e., resembling the colour of a peach. The latest edition of the *Glossarium* reads, as given above: "Ad floris persicæ mali colorem," the colour of peach blossom.)

Dante uses *perso* several times in the *Divina Commedia*, e.g., *Inf.* v. 89, of the atmosphere of the Inferno; *Inf.* vii. 103, of the waters of the infernal stream; cf. also *Purg.* ix. 97; and *Par.* iii. 12. In the *Convito* (iv. 20) he defines it as "un colore misto di purpureo e di nero, ma vince il nero."

In O. Fr. *pers* is applied to the shades of an onyx:

"Cestes pierres (onyches) . . . sont diverses
Blanches, noires, rouges, et perses."

(L. Pannier, *Lap. Franc.*, p. 256);

To the livid complexion of a dying man. In the *Chanson de Roland* (v. 1979) the dying Oliver is described as:

"Tains . . . e pers, desculerez e pales."

(Cf. the quotation given by Ducange: "Faciem habebat Persam et credebatur mortuus"). To the "black and blue" of a bruise:

"Les espaulles avoit enflées
Del grant fereiz des espées,
La char ad perse en plusieurs leus."

(Benoît de Sainte More, *Roman de Troie*, vv. 11575-7.)

"Li mals maris enoît la délaite,
Entre el vergier, sa corroie a decainte;
Tant la bati qu'ele en fu perse-tainte."
(*Owens Gwis*, vv. 15-18, in P. Paris, *Romancero Franc.*, p. 37.)

To the face of a man "purple with rage" (of Lear when he hears Cordelia's reply):

"Li pere fu de si grant ire,
De maltalent devint tus pers."
(Wace, *Brut*, vv. 1792-3.)

(In Provençal) to dark hair, as opposed to blonde:

"Li comtessa de Nivers
non ac ges los cabels pers
An son plus blon que non es aurs."
(*Flamenca*, vv. 838-40.)

It was a sober colour, for Joinville (chap. cxxxv.) relates that after the return of St. Louis from the East: "Il se maintint si devotement que onques puis ne porta ne vair ne gris, ne escarlatte, ne estriers ne esperons dorez. Ses robes estoient de camelin ou de pers." N. de Wailly explains *pers* here as "drap bleu teint en guède," cloth dyed in woad. And further, it was considered dark enough for mourning, for in a police ordinance of 1533, quoted by L. de Laborde in his *Glossaire* (p. 438), we read of "draps pers et autres accoustumés estre tendus es mortuaires."

The expressions *pers azuré*, *pers clair*, *pers noir*, mentioned by Ducange and Laborde, are perhaps to be explained in the same way as *écarlate verte* (Marot), *écarlate vermeille* and *écarlate blanche* (Froissart), *pourpre grise*, *pourpre rousse*, &c., where *écarlate* and *pourpre* indicate not a colour but a material. Legrand d'Aussy (*Fabliaux*, vol. i., p. 180) suggests the following explanation of this transference of meaning:

"Je proposeroi une conjecture; c'est que, pendant longtemps, l'écarlate et la pourpre ne s'étant employées, à cause de leur cherté, que pour la teinture des draps les plus fins, on donna, par la suite, le nom de pourpre et d'écarlate, non à la couleur, mais à l'étoffe elle-même, quelle que fût sa couleur."

It may be noted, on the other hand, that La Fontaine speaks of Minerva as "la déesse aux yeux pers," presumably as an equivalent of the Homeric γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη, in accordance with the popular and erroneous rendering of that expression. It is tolerably clear, however, from the examples I have quoted, that Chaucer's Doctor of Phisik was arrayed not in crimson and sky blue, but in crimson relieved by, or relieving, some dark-coloured material.

PAGEY TOYNBEE.

MEDIAEVAL LATIN AND THE SOUNDS OF OLD ENGLISH.

Haarlem, Holland: September 9, 1888.

The system of levelling old texts by applying sometimes a too critical, sometimes an altogether fanciful standard, may happily now be considered, if not a thing of the past, yet a phenomenon which is certainly on the wane. The times are gone by when it was thought to be an editor's duty—as Prof. Skeat calls it—to "edit" his text. A faithful reproduction of the MS. is what scholars now demand, and what editors generally strive to give. This respect for tradition is, however, often lost sight of when the text to be brought before the public is Latin,* instead of English. I beg to give it as my opinion that editors of English texts should, in future, be zealously careful not to "edit" the Latin on the levelling-plan.

How much it is to be regretted that this plan has been commonly adopted may be seen

* What I say applies to other languages as well, but I wish to restrict my observations to this tongue.

from the following. We find that the word *montem* was adopted in Anglo-Saxon dialects as *munt*, and are taught to regard this and kindred sound transitions as very interesting, and illustrative of the change of, say, West-Teutonic *wuntan* into Anglo-Saxon *wuntan*. But if we were to find in a Latin text written in England the form **muntem*, I am afraid that most editors would unhesitatingly put *montem* in the text. They would perhaps banish *muntem* to the foot of the page, possibly leave it out altogether. Now, if we find such spellings as *habbatis*, *coher*, *ceat*, or, on the other hand, such forms as *oepite*, *abitant*, &c., I should think it impossible to deny the same significance to these forms which we do not scruple to give to words such as *sefde* or *hesfemaest*—viz., the power of proving that the dropping of *h*'s, and putting them in where, etymologically speaking, they have no business, is not a thing of modern development. I do not hesitate to draw this conclusion already, and to state that, to one who cares to look for it, living evidence may be found in an apparently dead language.

No doubt, our way is full of obstacles, if we want to abstract phonetic principles from the evidence in Latin texts. First of all, if a Latin text is imported from, say, Italy into England, and if that text can be proved to have presented those same peculiarities before reaching England, our argument falls to the ground. Any deviation from the ordinary spelling would then corroborate, if anything, hypotheses for Italian phonetics, not for English. Nay more, as we have hinted already, if those peculiarities can be proved to be characteristic of the whole of mediaeval Latin, our "proof" comes down to *nil*. I therefore purposely spoke about "a Latin text written in England"; and all evidence derived from this fountain-head must be carefully sifted before we can appeal to it at all, independently of the testimony of an accompanying Anglo-Saxon text—i.e., of texts whose authors or copyists we may assume to be the same. But, apart from independent testimony, such forms may be called in to corroborate the evidence from the vernacular text. Suppose we find the following forms in a Latin text (as is actually the case in a Cottonian MS.)—*debead*, *prospiciad*, *hospidum*, *deliquid*, &c., we should not be far wrong in assuming that the writer was in the habit of voicing his voiceless stops under certain conditions, even if we did not find Anglo-Saxon forms such as *gild*, *tramod*, &c., by their side.

Taken all in all, though the mine may be difficult to explore, and the product but scanty, and although we must be on our guard not to stray into wrong workings, yet I am inclined to think that mediaeval Latin is an unworked bonanza for the study of Old English phonetics.

H. LOGEMAN.

"ZABA" IN THE DIALECT OF CREMONA.

London: September 15, 1888.

According to Mr. F. Sacchi, Peri's Cremonese Dictionary is generally recognised as a very imperfect book. This statement is in contradiction to the assurance I have received in Cremona from Lombard philologists, and particularly from my regretted friend, the late Prof. Bernardino Biondelli—a man very well known by his work on the Gallo-Italic dialects, and who recommended to me the said dictionary as good, rich, and the only one in existence. I can, therefore, hardly believe that Peri did not know, as well as any other Cremonese, the pronunciation of *z* in the word *zatt*, which

* Cf. Matthew, ed. Skeat, p. 2, l. 10 (*trametas t wayas t stige*); and *Germania*, 23, 39 v. O. (*trametas*, paginas; Prad. Glosses).

he did not write with *s* but with *z*. This last letter, according to Peri, represents either the voiceless or the voiced *z*, which are both very different from the English hard and soft *s*; and in *zatt* it sounds hard.

With regard to the meaning of *zaba*, "frog," Mr. Sacchi seems to admit that it is only used in the phrase, "Canta zaba che villan dormo," pretty similar to the Italian "Canta canta e villan dorme." Has *zaba*, after all, the meaning of "frog" in this phrase, or is it by mere conjecture that it is made to signify "rana"? What is, in fact, the certain meaning of *zaba* in the Cremonese phrase? I do not know, but I am not yet persuaded that it means "frog." If this word were a perfect synonym of *rana*, these two words could be used indifferently, and not only (*zaba*) in a vulgar phrase, just the same as *zatt* (with hard Cremonese *z*, not *satt*, with hard *s*) is used in all cases instead of its synonym *rosp*, "toad."

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

THEODORE HOOK.

50 Macfarlane Road, W.: September 17, 1888.

Should you insert this letter in your next issue, it will appear on the centenary of the birth of Theodore Hook. His grave lies immediately beneath the chancel window of the newly restored parish church of Fulham, marked only by a plain upright stone, which simply records his name and age, and date of decease.

Many of those who have found amusement in his novels, recently republished in a cheap form, would doubtless be willing to subscribe a small sum to provide a more fitting memorial of his last resting-place. Perhaps the churchwardens would consent to receive subscriptions.

GREVILLE WALPOLE.

"IN THE SUDDEN"—"TO BUILD A SCONCE."

Windermere: Sept. 15, 1888.

With reference to these two phrases commented upon by Mr. Hart in his "Notes on Bullen's Old Plays" (ACADEMY, September 15), I venture to quote the following from Boyer's Dictionary (English-French edition, 1752):

"To be in the Suds (or in a plunge), Etre dans l'embarras, ou dans le Bourbier."

The exact meaning of the term in the quotation from "Elvira." Also:

"To build a scone (to run upon score from one public house to another), Changer de cabaret, quand on ne peut pas payer, faire un trou à la lune."

R. H. B. BOLTON.

"CRAG," SIGNIFYING "NECK."

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Sept. 17, 1888.

I offer a supplement to what Mr. Hart says, in the ACADEMY of September 15, as to the word "crag" in "Dicke of Devonshire" (Bullen's "Old Plays," ii. 200).

Spenser has in *The Shepherds Calendar* the following:

"Thy Ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailfull widdowes hangen their *crags*,"
"Februarie," ll. 81-82.

"The shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the *crags* so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing crack."

"September," ll. 42-46.

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHAM.

SCIENCE.

CYRUS IN THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

Das Emporkommen der persischen Macht unter Cyrus; Der historische Wert der griechischen Berichte über Cyrus und Cambyeses.
By E. Evers. (Berlin: Gaertner.)

THE publication of these two monographs has been separated by an interval of four years, but Dr. Evers believes that the conclusions arrived at in the first have not been shaken by the discussions which have taken place in the meantime over the subject with which it deals. A somewhat hot controversy has arisen out of the discovery of certain cuneiform inscriptions which relate to the overthrow of Nabonidos, the last Babylonian monarch, and the rise of his conqueror, Cyrus. One of the texts is a cylinder of Nabonidos, in which reference is made to Cyrus, "the King of Anzan"; the other two belong to Cyrus, and consist of a cylinder and an annalistic tablet, in which the events of each year of the reign of Nabonidos are duly recorded. All three are written in the Babylonian cuneiform script and language.

Now Cyrus and his forefathers, as far back as Teispes, are called in all of them, not "kings of Persia," but "kings of Anzan" or "Ansan"; and since an Assyrian tablet states that Ansan was the equivalent of the Babylonian "Elam" or "highlands," while the native kings of Susa take the imperial title of "Anzan," it was natural to conclude that Cyrus was of Elamite origin. A conclusion so contrary to the accounts which had been handed down to us by Greek authors was, however, likely to meet with much opposition, and Dr. Evers has been one of the chief champions of the traditional view.

In his second monograph he essays to show that Anzan or Ansan was the name of more than one district in the mountainous region to the east of Babylonia, and that the particular Anzan to which Cyrus belonged was in the east and south-east of Persia. He does not seem to me to have made out the first part of his contention; but whether this be so or not, the important question is whether the Anzan of Cyrus was where he would locate it, and not rather the country over which the kings of Susa once claimed sovereignty. The question turns upon the locality in which the rebellion of Vahyazdāta against Darius Hystaspis took place. Unfortunately the identification of the localities mentioned in the account of this rebellion is, as Dr. Evers allows, of "uncommon difficulty," and at present I see no reason which would compel us to transport it to the east of Persia or to suppose that "the clans of Anzan" who supported the pretender were derived from that part of the world. At the same time, I am quite ready to admit that Dr. Evers may be right in placing Pasargada here. His arguments in favour of such a view have considerable weight, and the identification of Murghāb with the ancient Pasargada has never been proved. But between Pasargada and Anzan there is no known relation.

Dr. Evers appeals to the Old Testament on behalf of the Persian origin of Cyrus. The passages, however, in which Cyrus is called a king of Persia all belong to books which were compiled after the foundation of the empire of Darius, and would consequently employ

the same phraseology as the inscriptions of Darius himself. The only passage which is contemporary (Is. xxi. 2) makes the destroyer of the Babylonian empire not Persia, but Elam.

After all, however, modern theories, learned and ingenious though they may be, must give way before the evidence of Cyrus himself. It is not the Assyriologists, but Cyrus, who calls himself and his ancestors kings of Anzan, and draws a distinction between Anzan and Persia. According to the annalistic tablet Cyrus did not become "king of Parsu," or Persia, until after the overthrow of Astyages. Up to that time he had been king of Anzan. I confess I can draw but one conclusion from such a fact.

Dr. Evers occasionally seems to assume too much knowledge of the events which led to the rise of Cyrus, and to argue about what was possible as if all the details were known. Thus, he holds that the chronology makes it impossible for Teispes, the Persian great-grandfather of Cyrus, to have conquered any portion of Susiana, since this would at the time have been in the possession of Assyria. But the reference to "the kings of Elam" in Jeremiah, xxv. 25 shows that, at all events about 600 B.C., the country was divided into more than one kingdom; and between the decay of Assyria in 640 B.C. and the conquest of Media by Cyrus in 549 B.C. there was plenty of time for three generations to arise in Anzan. Anzan, let us not forget, was but one part of the mountainous country whose general title among the Babylonians was Elam, and at different periods in Elamite history it was sometimes one district and sometimes another which played the chief part in political affairs.

The latter half of Dr. Evers's monograph is especially interesting to me, as it treats of the sources from which Herodotus derived his account of Cyrus. Since the heated controversy which the publication of my *Herodotus* provoked, the current of opinion in Germany has been tending in the direction of the views which were advocated there. Diels, in an exhaustive article in *Hermes* (xvii. 3), has now shown, once for all, that Herodotus made considerable use of Hekataios without acknowledgment; and he has further "made it clear," to use the words of Dr. Evers, "that Herodotus has often quoted, more or less *verbatim*, the language of his predecessors, whom he elsewhere affects to condemn." Following in the footsteps of Diels, Dr. Evers now points out that Herodotus, in his account of Cyrus, was largely indebted to the same authority as Hellanikos, and that that authority was a literary work. He is "not yet" prepared, however, he says, to accept my adverse judgment, which would deprive Herodotus of all claim to credibility, and ascribe to him "direct falsification." But, let me assure Dr. Evers that I have never put forward so extreme a view. My conclusions are practically the same as his own—that Herodotus made very considerable use of written documents, which he quotes, after the fashion of his time, without acknowledgment, and endeavours to supersede; and that consequently not only his historical statements, but also his descriptions of other countries, and the manners of their inhabitants, must be read with reserve. We cannot trust them

implicitly until they have been verified from other sources. The first duty of the critic of Herodotus is to distinguish between what is his own and what he has borrowed from others; and one of the most important criteria which I laid down for determining this seems to have escaped the notice of my reviewers, including even so careful a student of history as Dr. Evers himself. Where Herodotus contradicts explicitly or implicitly a statement which we know to have been made by some previous Greek writer, we may assume that the work of the latter was known to him. Thucydides treats Herodotus in the same fashion; and, as Thucydides acted towards Herodotus, Herodotus had acted towards his own predecessors.

I hope that Dr. Evers will continue his researches into the rise of the empire of Cyrus, and more especially into the sources employed by Herodotus. He possesses all the qualifications for such a task; and, though I am unable to agree with his interpretation of the title given by Cyrus to himself and his ancestors, I can heartily recommend his learned monographs to the students of ancient Oriental history.

A. H. SAYCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. x. No. 3. (Baltimore.) M. E. Goursat, in his memoir entitled "Surfaces telles que la somme des rayons de courbure principaux est proportionnelle à la distance d'un point fixe au plan tangent" (pp. 187-204), generalises the problem discussed by M. Appell in the last number (*ACADEMY*, No. 843). From each surface of the kind here discussed the author shows how, by a geometrical construction, which includes M. Appell's as a particular case, a new surface may be derived. Karl Heun contributes "Remarks on the Logarithmic Integrals of Regular Linear Differential Equations" (pp. 205-224). *Inter alia*, the writer gives several theorems concerning the pseudo-singular points of linear differential equations of the second order in an explicit form, which "facilitates the practical applications to concrete cases." In attempting to obtain a proof of the rule for multiplying two determinants of the second order by the principles of quaternions, Mr. C. H. Chapman was led to his remarks on "Some Applications of the Units of an n -fold Space" (pp. 226-242). "A Problem suggested in the Geometry of Nets of Curves, and applied to the Theory of six Points having Multiple Perspective Relations" (pp. 243-257), by Mr. E. H. Moore, Jun., follows up work done by Von Staudt, Rosanes, Schröter, Klein, and others in the "Geometrie der Lage." M. G. Humbert's object in his note, "Sur l'Orientation des Systèmes de Droites" (pp. 258-281), is in continuation of his previous researches in this direction to demonstrate a very general principle "à quel peuvent se rattacher toutes les propriétés énoncées jusqu'ici sur les directions des systèmes de droites et qui se prête aisément à des applications nouvelles." He establishes some interesting properties of the hypocycloid, discussed by Prof. Cremona, and obtains others. The last page of the number publishes the subject proposed for the Beneke Philosophical Prize, with the conditions of the competition.

A Treatise on Plane Trigonometry. Containing an Account of Hyperbolic Functions, with numerous Examples. By J. Casey. (Dublin: Hodges.) Dr. Casey's object has been to write a work which shall be abreast of the best textbooks on the subject, and in this he has

succeeded. No difficulties are slurred over; in fact, the demonstrations are full, accurate, and complete. The text is amply illustrated by a rich collection of exercises. Not only have preceding text-books been consulted, but considerable contributions have been levied upon memoirs in mathematical journals and collections of problems (such as Wolstenholme's). Chaps. v. and vi., on triangles and quadrilaterals, contain an exceedingly interesting store of results, numbered for reference in the manner the writer has adopted in his previous books. But why does Dr. Casey, in assigning a certain problem to "Pothénor" or "Snellius," call the latter a German? He was, we believe, born at Leyden. Numerous typographical slips occur, in addition to the full list of errata; but these are perhaps to be looked for in such a mass of results. The majority of those we have come across are easily detected—thus (440), which is a familiar formula in the modern geometry of the triangle, should read *cosecants* in place of "secants." Adopting a practice introduced in one or two recent works on the subject, Dr. Casey assigns a sufficient space to the explanation of the hyperbolic sines and cosines, and introduces some other functions to the student. It will be inferred that the present work is independent of the author's small introductory book—in fact, no reference whatever, we believe, is made to it. This treatise contains everything that one could expect, and, besides, has fresh matter—a section on interpolation, and one or two other small things—which we have not hitherto come across in similar works.

Commercial Mathematics. Part I. Arithmetic. Part II. Algebra. (Longmans.) There is very little to distinguish this from an ordinary small manual of the subjects on which it treats. The "Algebra" for a commercial handbook rather swamps, we think, the limited portion devoted to "Arithmetic"—which occupies three chapters, headed respectively "The Decimal System of France"; "Moneys, Weights, and Measures of Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Russia"; "Exchange." The book is handy and furnished with answers.

We have also received:—*The Elements of Logarithms*. With the Sandhurst and Woolwich Questions for 1880-1888. By W. Gallatly. (Hodgeson.) *Arithmetical Exercises and Examination Papers*. With an Appendix containing Questions in Logarithms and Mensuration. By H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight. (Macmillan.) *Specimens of Papers set at the Army Preliminary Examination, 1882-1887*. With Answers to the Mathematical Questions. Subjects—Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Geometrical Drawing, Geography, French, English Dictation. (Macmillan.) *The "Competitive Examination Papers" in Pure Mathematics (Stages I.-III.)*. By N. O. Potter. (Moffett & Paige.)

OBITUARY.

RICHARD PROCTOR.

MR. RICHARD PROCTOR's death has come as a sudden and painful blow to all his English friends. The man was so vigorous, so full of life, that one can hardly think of that vivid and strong personality as no longer existing. The profound regret we have all along felt for the inadequate opportunity Proctor possessed for the employment of his great and splendid faculties deepens intensely at the news of his death.

I will not speak here of his astronomical work. Astronomers of a certain dry-as-dust school have long been in the habit of gauging that by their own measure. But those who knew him knew that for width of grasp and breadth of vision Proctor had few equals among modern thinkers. What he saw he saw with a

philosophical clearness and a cosmical profundity only to be found within a very small and select circle. He could be properly judged by his peers alone. That his performance unhappily somehow fell short of his natural powers was due to the fact that the necessity for earning a living by the work of his brains compelled him to waste upon popularising results and upon magazine articles a genius capable of the highest efforts. For myself, I do not remember to have met among contemporaries three other men who so impressed me with a consciousness of intellectual greatness.

Personally, Proctor was a lovable man, endeared to his friends by a transparent simplicity of life and manners. His very faults were the faults of a noble nature. His pugnacity proceeded from a strong sense of justice and an earnest love of right; his frank self-assertion from a modest consciousness of his own true worth and the ridiculous disparity of native endowment between himself and his critics. The work he actually accomplished was very considerable; the work he ought to have accomplished, had opportunity been granted him, we can hardly estimate. But the world seldom takes faculty into account; like a government examiner, it judges by results. So judged, Proctor's name will go among the celebrities of our time; with kindlier chances it ought to have gone among the select few of the generation.

GRANT ALLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALBANIAN ALPHABET.

Settlington Rectory, York: September 17, 1888.

Mr. Minchin, in his review of Mr. H. A. Brown's *Winter in Albania* (*ACADEMY*, September 15), states that the Albanians have "an alphabet whose antiquity puzzles the learned."

I have shown in my book on *The Alphabet* that the Albanian alphabet is one of the most modern in the world, being derived from the Neo-Greek cursives and minuscules, many of the characters being merely Greek ligatures of recent origin.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geological Congress, which has just concluded a very successful meeting, will meet in Philadelphia in 1891, the date of the centenary of the University of Pennsylvania.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* will contain: "Notes on Indo-Scythian Col Legends," by Dr. E. W. West; "The Fabulous Fishmen of Babylonia in Ancient Chinese Legends," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "Purandhi, the Goddess of Abundance in the Rig-Veda," by Prof. Ph. Collinet; "Babylonian Canals, the River of Sippara and the River of Khammurabi," by W. St. Chad Bosworth; "Buddhist Nomenclature," by Prof. Ch. de Harlez.

Principles of the History of Language. By Hermann Paul. Translated by H. A. Strong. (Sonnenschein.) Prof. Paul's famous book ought to be familiar to every student of philology, and this English version will be valuable to many whose knowledge of German is not sufficient to enable them to read it with ease in the original. So far as mere translation is concerned, Prof. Strong has done his work extremely well; but we must confess that the volume is in some respects seriously disappointing. It would have been possible, by judicious additions, to make the English edition much more useful to English readers than the original itself; and this has not been

done. It is true that the examples drawn from the history of the German language have sometimes been replaced by others taken from English, and some new illustrations have been added. But the process of adaptation ought to have been carried much farther. Many of the author's statements are imperfectly intelligible without a considerable knowledge of German, not only in its modern, but even in its older forms. If the German examples had, wherever possible, been rendered into English (the originals being consigned to footnotes), and if, where this could not be done, analogous English illustrations had been added, the book would have been rendered not only more readable but also more practically useful. In some cases Prof. Strong's supplementary illustrations do not seem to be quite to the purpose. Thus, on p. 180 the mention of the similarity of sound and meaning between the Greek *αὐτή* and the German *auge*, though apparently exemplifying the particular statement to which it is subjoined, is not quite relevant to the general course of the argument, the author's point being that such coincidences are so numerous that we cannot ascribe them universally to chance, but must suppose that onomatopoeia has frequently produced modifications of form or meaning. On p. 233 the interpolated examples of "popular etymology" are really cases of pedantic blundering—a very different phenomenon; the derivation of *dismal* from *dies malus*, however, is (as Prof. Skeat has recently shown) probably not a blunder at all, but a correct guess. On the next page one of Paul's few mistakes is left uncorrected. The late Hebrew *sanhedrin* is from the Greek *συνεδριον*, not *vice versa*. The index is very far from complete, and contains one or two strange absurdities, such as the references to p. 384 for *-weilig*, *-almig*, and *-gradig*, what the author says being that as such words as these never existed, the adjectives *langweilig*, *kurzalmig*, and *hochgradig* can only be derivations from combinations of adjective and substantive. Notwithstanding these defects, this translation ought certainly to be procured by all philological students who cannot read the original work; but, at the same time, its imperfections are greatly to be regretted.

FINE ART.

TWO TEXT-BOOKS OF DESIGN.

Lessons in Decorative Design. By Frank G. Jackson. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Planning of Ornament. By Lewis F. Day. (Batsford.)

MR. JACKSON has good reason for thinking that there is room for inexpensive text-books on the subject of decorative design. It is a subject which generally is little understood except by those who adopt it as a profession; and the enormous quantities of poor and ignorant design produced daily in England at the present time would seem to show that there are many professional designers who would not be the worse for consulting a sound text-book, even of an elementary kind. It is not a question of taste—no text-book can teach that; and it is one of the good signs about Mr. Jackson's book that it does not attempt to do so. It is a question of method, of knowledge, of craftsmanship. A thorough grounding in a few universal principles, a distinct perception of certain fundamental conditions, may be communicated by teaching. These will not indeed suffice to make a good designer, but they will prevent the production of wholly foolish and worthless designs. The tendency of modern taste in decoration

has been either towards complete fidelity to extinct "styles," or to complete freedom from all formality; and the notion that true decoration is essentially conventional has been only partially grasped. The conviction that nature, as the perfection of beauty, should be left unaltered even in ornament is very strong among amateurs; and even Mr. Jackson, though his teaching is in general a protest against what may be called "the nature fallacy," might perhaps state more clearly the arguments against it. In one place we are told that it is a mistake to imitate the shine of leaves and "other accidentals" in a spray meant to decorate a plate, because the plate is movable, and therefore seldom seen in the same position or light in which it is painted. In another place he tells us that, when the imitative and realistic principles become paramount, "the style suffers, ending in certain decadence"; and that the student must be on his guard against running into mere pictorial representation, because "forms so rendered will not harmonise with the older decorative lines and figures he may be called upon to use in conjunction with them." Then, in a note, he adds that this caution is the more necessary,

"as some people, in their one-sided admiration of nature, imagine that natural forms, being beautiful, if copied, must necessarily be beautiful, however applied. They regard nature as a storehouse of ready-made ornament, instead of a book of reference for ideas and principles to be thought out with diligence and applied with care. 'Ready-made ornaments' are too often like 'ready-made clothes,' badly fitting and ill-suited to the subject."

All this, or nearly all of it, is quite true, but it is yet rather calculated to confuse. To show the shine on leaves is not only a mistake in decorating a plate, but a mistake in decorating anything, whether movable or not. To say that "style suffers, ending in certain decadence," is useless, without showing in what the "suffering" and the decadence consist; and the student of theory will naturally look for some more fundamental reason against the use of pictorial representation than the difficulty of making it harmonise with "older" decorative lines and figures. Then, of course, natural forms being beautiful, if copied, must necessarily be beautiful, however applied. "Some people" who imagine that they are so are not mistaken. They are only mistaken in thinking beautiful forms must necessarily decorate the thing to which they are applied, whereas, in fact, unless these forms are specially arranged, they will probably obliterate or obstruct any beauty it had before. That decoration is in its very nature a dependent art, and cannot, like pictorial painting or sculpture, stand alone, that it cannot free itself from certain laws and conditions, imposed not only by its own nature, but the nature of the thing decorated, are elementary principles which would seem to require no teaching; but it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no subject in regard to art on which there is such general and widespread confusion. This confusion has, no doubt, resulted from want of thorough study of the subject by teachers and designers, and it has been fostered by the revolt against worn-out conventions. The fallacy has also been greatly supported by the recent rage

for Japanese art, and the mistaken supposition that Japanese decorators paid no regard to any fixed principles, and that the whole art ornament was contained in the deft arrangement of a few bullrushes and a butterfly, copied literally from nature.

The commercial importance of good design was never so important for England as it is now. It is by excellence in this respect that she in future will alone be able to compete with foreign nations. Something has been done by our schools of art, but only in some places and in some manufactures. We do, no doubt, a much larger proportion of our own designing in china and carpets and wall-papers than we used to do; but, on the other hand, in too many places we hear that our system of education has utterly failed, and that manufacturers are obliged to import all their designers, or their patterns. At all events, there is a great deal yet to be done in teaching and fostering the art of decoration in England, and not least in importance is the education of the taste of the English consumer. Such books as this of Mr. Jackson cannot help being of benefit to a very large class of students, teachers, and amateurs. There are numbers of girls, for instance, who, during the recent "aesthetic" movement, have found remunerative employment in painting on china, and tapestry, and making semi-Japanese designs for Christmas cards and other fashionable triflings, who find that they must now go to school again if they wish to employ profitably any decorative talent they may possess. To such, a book like Mr. Jackson's will be useful, and would have been much more useful if it had been in their hands some years ago.

Mr. Jackson has one great qualification as a teacher—he can make his lessons interesting. His analysis of the discussion on the theory of decoration in Mr. Ruskin's *The Two Paths* is amusing, and will be valuable to students; and the patterns he himself makes out of the blot and the figures and the little mannikin, which the professor set as a problem in the manufacture of ornament, are pretty and ingenious. Of particular value also are his lessons with illustrations on the treatment of natural forms in the formation of patterns, and on the use of brush forms; and his chapter on the acanthus ornament is excellent.

Mr. Jackson, therefore, deserves a welcome in the field of instruction to which the author of *Every-day Art* has already devoted himself so successfully.

The Planning of Ornament is the second of the series of three textbooks, of which the *Anatomy of Pattern* was the first, and the next is to treat of the art of decoration in its relation to materials, tools, and the process of execution. There is an art in the planning of textbooks as in the planning of ornament, and these little volumes of Mr. Day's have those qualities of contrast, variety, sequence, coherence, and balance, which are of the essentials of good design. In the *Anatomy of Pattern* he endeavoured to simplify his subject as much as possible, by showing us how few were the shapes within the outlines of which all repeated patterns must be built; and in the present volume, in which he treats of the distribution of ornament over a given space, he has confined his teaching mainly to the decoration of parallelograms, adding a short

explanation of the manner in which the same principles apply to all other shapes. The scheme is carried out with clearness and order; and the illustrations, many of the most beautiful of which are of his own design, are carefully chosen to illustrate the text. That this is characterised by terseness and common-sense may be gathered from the following quotation, which I have chosen for its bearing on the questions discussed in relation to Mr. Jackson's book. Speaking of Japanese design Mr. Day writes:

"It is refreshing to see that a man is not afraid of infringing occasionally on the margin—on sufficient grounds; but the license needs always to be justified by some excuse other than the artist's impatience of order. We have to be on our guard against a certain spirit of anarchy which appears to have taken possession of so many a modern artist. There is a class (one cannot properly call it a school) which will repudiate, not only the laws of art, but the need of all law whatsoever. Urgent need there may be of reform in our ideas of art, perhaps even of revolution; but sobriety recognises in the artistic anarchist only the enemy of art."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Messrs. MACMILLAN will shortly issue, for the Society of Dilettanti, a new and enlarged edition of Mr. F. C. Penrose's famous treatise on *The Principles of Athenian Architecture*, of which the sub-title was "The Result of a Survey conducted chiefly with reference to the Optical Refinements exhibited in the Construction of the Ancient Buildings at Athens." Mr. Penrose, it will be remembered, recently spent some months in Athens as the first director of the British School. The work will be illustrated with numerous engravings, and will also contain an essay on "The Theory of Proportion in Greek Architecture," by Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd.

MR. HOLE may be congratulated on the completion of a large original etching of the "Canterbury Pilgrims." In design it is not unlike that of Blake, the cavalcade issuing from a gateway on the left, and stretching in long line across the picture; but Mr. Hole has broken the line and the light also, by turning the procession towards the spectator as it reaches the right side, and by the introduction in the foreground of the figure of the host, a beggar, and other objects in shade. The faces of the pilgrims are well drawn and full of appropriate character, and in execution the plate is very accomplished.

In an important and interesting article on Quentin Matsys, contributed to the current number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* by M. Henri Hymans, the writer combats the received opinion that this artist never painted pictures with figures less than life-size. It is to Matsys that he would attribute the little "Crucifixion" in the National Gallery (No. 715), which is given by the catalogue to Patinir, and he points out many points of resemblance in colour, type of face, &c., between this picture and Matsys's masterpiece, the "Burial of Christ," now in the Museum at Antwerp.

THE STAGE.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AT WHITBY.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE writes to us from Whitby:

"At Terry's Theatre, Mrs. Oscar Beringer

forgot to send me seats for 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and I forgot to buy them. But this week, even at Whitby, playgoing became a pleasure, because it was not a duty; and I saw, tardily enough—yet not too late, since it is coming back to London—a most remarkable performance. Of course, Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Annie Hughes had already shown us, at the Prince of Wales's, how much there was in Mrs. Burnett's children's story that lent itself to stage illustration, tender and playful. Though Mr. Seeborn's version was not unskillfully made, Miss Mary Rorke, as the young mother, bore herself, of course, with dignity, and used her voice of music; and Miss Annie Hughes—well, Miss Annie Hughes is one of the most ingenious young women in London. Still, the complete 'Lord Fauntleroy' could hardly in this way be presented. It required a child—and a child for whom wonderful tones and gestures, revealing tones and gestures, have been invented by Mrs. Kendal—to give us, on the stage, a Lord Fauntleroy with fully all the charm and character of the weird tiny hero of Mrs. Burnett's tale. I generally detest child-acting. Little Minnie Terry and an anonymous child—was it not?—who was Hester Prynne's daughter at the Royalty, are almost the only children I remember without resentment. Now there is Vera Beringer who inspires gratitude. Pretty enough, no doubt, yet not naturally more comely than other children, we are all fortunate enough to know by the score, Vera Beringer has a distinction and decisiveness giving point to her grace. Every possible virtue and delight of thoroughness of breeding is displayed in attitude and carriage, quality of voice and its delivery. Thus the impersonation will treble the popularity of Mrs. Burnett's book—the child's means and intelligence, guided by Mrs. Kendal's penetration into character and quite unrivalled faculty for seizing opportunities of stage effect, having presented us with a Little Lord Fauntleroy better even than any of us could have imagined. Every touch in the play is appropriate, and every touch is refined—except where Minna Tipton's loudness, excellently conveyed by Miss Eden, helps to display yet better the charm of the gentlefolk; but in the impersonation of the little Lord there is more than its share of the revealing lights which display not a conventional character, but an individual and fortunate study of the best of youthful English types. Every point is worth attention. The tone of tenderness, yet almost of guardianship, with 'dearest'; the child's native graciousness and frank immediate welcoming of all the world; his bearing towards the small farmer whose tenancy is threatened; the unconscious humour of his acceptance of 'my intimate friend, he's a professional shoe black'; the child's independence yet companionableness with the aged peer of whom he entertains too good an opinion—these are only a few of the things that strike one so refreshingly as the performance goes along its way. Nor has the mistake been committed of engaging for the mother—in the absence of Miss Mary Rorke and of Miss Emery—any second-rate or unsatisfactory interpreter. A discovery seems to have been made. Miss Muriel Wyford—not having played the part in London—steps into it in the provinces, and fills it certainly with refinement, gentleness, and charm. Mr. Somerset's is a grim and veracious study of 'Lord Dorincourt,' discreet and careful as it is possible to be—not a whit overdone. Miss Eamé Beringer plays, with very humorous appreciation, the little lord's intimate friend, Dick. And the actors of quite minor parts are able, happily, to give completeness to the general interpretation.

"Since 'Sweet Lavender,' this is the best play and the best performance."

OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM: LESTER WALLACK.

THE news of the death of Lester Wallack, just flashed across the Atlantic cable, will be a sad message to those Englishmen who have been fortunate enough to know a princely comedian and most fascinating man. Here in England, doubtless, Lester Wallack was only a name, often confounded with that of James Wallack, father of the deceased; but over in America, where the strong men come uppermost and the brilliant men soon find their proper spheres, the name represented the highest achievements of modern acting and the most charming personality that ever adorned the stage. For nearly half a century Wallack reigned supreme in his own domain of brilliant romance: the ideal hero of Dumas' sparkling stage-histories, the "perfect gentleman" of old and modern comedy. I saw him for the first time in his decadence, only a few years ago. The scene was his own theatre, the play was "London Assurance," and the character was Dazzle, one of his master-efforts. When he came upon the stage the hand of Time was very heavy upon him—his face wan and wrinkled, his limbs almost infirm—but a very few minutes sufficed to show that the man was not a mincing modern player, but one of the early gods of the theatre. Though the part was unworthy of him, though the atmosphere of the play was vulgar and Boucalfian, he filled the scene with a noble humanity, and turned the miserable cockney patterer of the dramatist's conception into a figure as interesting as Arthos, and as brilliant as d'Artagnan. He was still, at sixty-four, a remarkably handsome man, with a powerfully marked and grandly outlined physiognomy, and eyes full of passionate fire. I saw him afterwards in other characters, notably as Harry Jasper in "The Bachelor of Arts"—a masterly bit of characterisation, full of humour and variety. I had heard him compared to Charles Matthews, and had expected to see another flippant, essentially commonplace, and effectively modern player. He possessed, however, what Charles Matthews never dreamed of or understood, and what is to be found, so far as I know, in no contemporary actor—the "grand" style of old comedy. He carried into modern plays the indescribable ease and grace of old costume. He looked, he walked, he moved as men walked a century ago. He seemed to have a plumed hat upon his head, a sword ever at his side; and yet with all this he never mouthed or ranted in Errol's vein, or seemed anything else but a gentleman of gentlemen—dashing, easy, and refined. His d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers" must have been a splendid bit of business! Indeed, he was d'Artagnan—handsome, fiery, ready, self-possessed, and delightful even to fascination. I have seen many players, but I never saw one who so completely realised the type of the adventurous cavalier of fortune, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Something of this character distinguished his life. Born out of his time, condemned to live in an age when adventure was scarce and gallantry out of fashion, he became an actor, inheriting the tradition of a great acting family; but even in private life he preserved the grand manner, the romantic bearing, of the last generation. I was almost about to say that he was the only English gentleman I met in America, but that would be going too far; he was, at any rate, the only gentleman who was at once courtly and familiar, fearless, frank, and kind. As the manager of Wallack's Theatre he dispensed a princely hospitality to all strangers, but his strongest affection was for England and Englishmen. Once, during a dinner he gave to me in New York, I happened to speak of him as "an American." "Don't

say that," he said, "I'm an Englishman, *thank God!*" This love for the Old Country frequently got him into trouble, as when, during a great national crisis, when relations were strained between John and Jonathan, he flew the English flag over his country house, and had it torn down by an angry mob. Even this eccentricity, as it may be considered, did not seriously affect his popularity in the States. Americans, whatever their faults may be, love a man with the courage of his opinions, and there is no longer road to their good esteem than base adulation of their country and its institutions. True, they often resent hostile and un-instructed criticism, but they dislike coarse and servile flattery far more. So they loved Lester Wallack in spite of his English proclivities; and when, a year ago, a great benefit was given in his honour, all classes flocked to contribute, the sum total gained being no less than £4,500, which princely sum the great actor immediately handed over to the leading charity of his own profession.

Now that Lester Wallack has departed, only Booth and Jefferson remain to keep up the grand tradition; but neither of these men—great actors both—possess the charm, the grace, the courtliness, and dignity of him who has just passed away. Seeing him we could understand what the old school was—what actors had been. Seeing the men who follow in his footsteps, one wonders what actors are to become. The large utterance of the early gods is surely lost for ever, here and yonder! The amateur and the dilettante, the curled Adonis of the clubs, and the theatrical man-about-town supply the place of men who knew their art and dignified their calling. It is not the so-called "poetical drama," the era of sock and buskin, that I am here bewailing. Lester Wallack, I believe, never played a "blank verse" part in his life; indeed, he hated its turgid formula, and shrank from its claptrap. He was natural when to be natural was to be grand. He walked the stage, as he walked through life, like a fearless gentleman, despising alike the vulgarities of the old "mummer" and the affectations of the modern amateur. He possessed what all contemporary comedians lack—perfect breadth of style combined with ineffable grace of manner; and this was the outcome, not merely of a long artistic education, but of supreme fitness for his vocation. The old comedian was born as well as made; the modern player was born to be anything but a comedian, which no power on earth can make him. I am thankful that I saw Lester Wallack before he ceased to brighten the sunshine, for I know now what romantic comedy used to be. Still more thankful am I that I knew the man in his habit as he lived, and shared the gracious sympathy he extended to all authors and artists of English race.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

STAGE NOTES.

MRS. KENDAL is on her provincial tour, and has been playing "The Iron Master" at Hull, where she was a favourite in very early youth.

THE opening of the New Court Theatre is appointed for next week. The first performance will be an adaptation from the French, undertaken by a strong cast.

MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

A SECOND edition of Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse's *Treatise on Musical Intervals, Temperament, and the Elementary Principles of Music* is announced to appear in a few days. This new and enlarged edition of an excellent work will be of great assistance to musical students.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

No. 856, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, 1652-1654. Edited by Edward Abbott Parry. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

READERS of Macaulay's Essay on Temple will readily recall his ardently expressed admiration for the writer of these letters—admiration called forth by the specimens of her correspondence given in Mr. Courtenay's book. From these specimens Mr. Parry constructed his account of Dorothy's love-story in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for April, 1886. Another of her admirers who had had access to the original papers, and had taken copies, placed these at Mr. Parry's disposal; and, with the consent of the owner of the letters, they are now published in this handsome volume, with ample notes and elucidations, and photographic portraits of Dorothy and her husband.

It was in 1648 that they first met—she being twenty-one and he twenty—and that she made an indelible impression on his heart by her conduct in the adventure at the inn. Her brother had written on the window-pane something highly uncomplimentary to the dominant faction. The whole party were arrested and carried before the governor, when Dorothy procured their release by taking upon herself this "delinquency." It was the beginning of an arduous wooing of nearly seven years. Temple's father, Sir John, was a Parliamentarian, and Master of the Rolls in Ireland. Sir Peter Osborne, Dorothy's father, had held Guernsey for the king. After the crash of the monarchy Sir Peter was allowed to return to Chicksands, and to enjoy some portion of his former estate. His sons were eager to raise the fallen fortunes of their house; and the hand of Dorothy was sought by several wooers, who would have been far more eligible than Temple in the matter of money. The opposition of her brothers to Dorothy's wishes amounted at times to persecution. The eldest, John, was away in Gloucestershire; but Henry Osborne was at Chicksands, watching every opportunity to get his sister "well, that is, richly" married. Personally, he was deeply attached to her. "Seriously," she writes,

"I many times receive letters from him, that were they seen without an address to me or his name, nobody would believe they were from a brother; and I cannot but tell him sometimes, that, sure he mistakes and sends me letters that were meant to his mistress, till he swears to me that he has none. . . . He many times wishes me a husband that loved me as well as he does (though he seems to doubt the possibility on't), but never desires that I should love that husband with any passion, and plainly tells me so. He says it would not be so well for him, nor perhaps for me, if I should; for he is of

opinion that all passions have more of trouble than of satisfaction in them, and therefore they are happiest that have least of them."

Dorothy did full justice to her brother's affection, though its chief evidence and employment was the endeavour to make her life wretched by pressing upon her notice a succession of suitors, all equally unacceptable, if not equally odious, and urging her to make her choice.

Dorothy says of herself that she is not melancholy, though she is thought so "by those who think nobody in good humour unless they laugh perpetually." She is not the least morose, thinking good-nature

"so absolutely necessary that where it is wanting nothing can recompense the miss on't. The most contemptible person in the world, if he has that, cannot be justly hated, and the most considerable without it cannot deserve to be loved."

So her buoyant spirits and equable temper carry her triumphantly through her ordeal—with one exception, to be noticed presently. She makes rare sport with her wooers in her epistles to Temple. In the very first here given she reckons up her "escapes." *Imprimis*, there was a gentleman so weary of his liberty that he would part with it on any terms; and Dorothy, as her last refuge, got her brother to go down with him and see his house, which (as she had doubtless heard) was woefully out of repair. "This (though it were not much) I was willing to take hold of, and made it considerable enough to break the engagement." Since then, she learns, he has killed his man in a duel "and is fled upon't." She is glad to have escaped him, and sorry for his misfortune, but soon after is consoled by learning that her "fighting servant is married."

Her mother's death gave Dorothy a respite, till a gentleman liked her well enough to be very angry that her father would not give £1000 more with her; "and I liked him so ill, that I vowed if I had had £1000 less, I should have thought it too much for him." Then her cousin, Sir Thomas Osborne (afterwards Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds) cast upon her eyes of favour, and made her his formal addressee, which ended in some comical fashion, reserved for Temple's ear. Sir Thomas shortly afterwards married; and when he met Henry Osborne in town, we are told, "they have the most ado to pull off their hats to one another that can be, and never speak." Next, some "modest melancholy reserved man" began treating with her brother on the inevitable subject; and it is going on "fair and softly," while she writes. The gentleman's head is "so taken up with little philosophic studies, that I admire how I found a room there . . . 'tis very possible the next new experiment will crowd me out again."

Dorothy is not above teasing her "servant" sometimes, and it is fair to remember when reading the next extract that matters had not yet come to a definite engagement with Temple. It is her humour to represent herself as entirely fancy free:

"After this, some friends that had observed a gravity in my face that might become an elderly man's wife (as they term it) and a mother-in-law [stepmother] proposed a widower to me that had four daughters, all old enough

to be my sisters; but he had a great estate, was as fine a gentleman as ever England bred, and the very pattern of wisdom. I, that knew how much I wanted it, thought this the safest place for me to engage in, and was mightily pleased to think that I had met with one at last that had wit enough for himself and me too. But, shall I tell you what I thought when I knew him (you will say nothing on't): 'twas the vainest, impertinent, self-conceited, learned coxcomb that ever yet I saw."

This solemn foggy was Sir Justinian Isham of Lamport, Northampton, and on him ("the Emperor," as she dubs him) Dorothy bestows some of the choicest hits of her mischievous pen. He enlivens the correspondence wonderfully. Sometimes Dorothy jestingly thinks she will have him, and then marry Temple to one of her daughters. For their sakes she regrets her refusal:

"O my conscience! we should have all joined against him as the common enemy, for those poor young wenches are as weary of his government as I could have been. He keeps them so much prisoners to a vile house he has in Northamptonshire that, if but once I had let them loose, they and his learning would have been sufficient to have made him mad without my help."

She never had but one letter from him, but that "was worth twenty of anybody else's to make sport with." He wrote a Latin letter about her, which she wishes she had to show Temple, "'twould serve you to laugh at this seven years."

"The worst of my faults was a height (he would not call it pride) that was, as he had heard, the humour of my family; and the best of my commendations was, that I was capable of being company and conversation for him."

She relates how he had bragged as if he might have married Lady Sunderland (Waller's Sacharissa, and Algernon Sidney's sister), and that Lady Sunderland was jealous of his attentions to herself, "which certainly was a lie, as well as the other." When her brother tells her that with all his wisdom, Sir Justinian could be made an ass of, and governed completely by any woman that had wit and discretion, her comment is, "I could not have flattered him into a belief that I admired him, to gain more than he and all his generation are worth."

Dorothy disposes of her "parcel of wooers" as gaily as Portia. They are heart whole, with more courage than to die upon a denial. "No (thanks be to God) none of my servants are given to that; I hear of many every day that do marry, but of none that do worse." Then she pretends to bewail herself:

"Never anybody had such luck with servants; what with marrying and what with dying, they all leave me. Just now I have news brought me of the death of a rich old knight that has promised me this seven years to marry me whensoever his wife died, and now he's dead before her, and has left her such a widow, it makes me mad to think on't—£1200 a year jointure and £20,000 in money, and all this I might have had if Mr. Death had been pleased to have taken her instead of him. Well, who can help these things?"

Of Dorothy's life at Chicksands she can give an exact account, "not only for the present, but for seven years to come, if I stay here so long." After rising reasonably early she saunters about in house or garden till ten,

then dresses and goes into her father's chamber,

"from whence to dinner, where my cousin Molle [a fussy valetudinarian bachelor] and I sit in great state, in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. B. [a suitor] comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly, when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind; and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to return too. When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, when I sit down and wish you were with me (you had best say this is not kind neither). In earnest, 'tis a pleasant place, and would be much more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed."

As to her reading, it is mainly in the French romances then in vogue. For the translations of them she has no patience. They are still so French in words and phrases that no one ignorant of that language could make anything of them. She is for a plain style, prefers "writing" to "putting pen to paper," and dislikes her brother-in-law Peyton's letters—"excellent for what I know, and the more likely because I do not understand them"—as much as the affectation of an acquaintance, who would never say "the weather grew cold," but that "winter began to salute us." She sees the poems of Lady Newcastle, and is "satisfied that there are many soberer people in Bedlam." In one particular Macaulay is hard on Dorothy. He speaks of her style as sometimes namby-pamby. Passing over the anachronism, we note the injustice. She writes always with self-respect, though very frankly; and if often tender, is never weak. And, if her good taste is ever at fault, it is in imitating the turns of her favourite romances. But this happens very seldom. The endings of her letters warm, significantly and gradually, from "your humble servant" to "your faithful" and "your affectionate friend and servant," to "yours" (or "your" sometimes with no signature at all), till at last—after fifteen years of wedded life—she is her "best dear's most affectionate D. T." If she were really the correspondent of Queen Mary, it was an unequal match between the two good women—one of whom wrote in her Bible that it was given "the king and I on our coronation day."

Dorothy has a friend whom she greatly admires, and whose acquaintance she is eager that Temple should make—Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland—"who

makes so many sore eyes with looking on her," though "her beauty is the least of her excellencies." The poor lady came to have sore eyes (literally) herself, and thereby, it seems, lost a lover. It mattered little. Aubrey tells the story of her strange meeting with herself, as in a looking-glass, in the grounds of Holland House, and of her death soon after.

Into the Promised Land of marriage Dorothy is continually gazing, as from some Pisgah—some "specular mount"—and taking note of the ways of married folk, "for example of life and instruction of manners." She doubts that marriage alters some people strangely, from the instance of one she had known,

"so handsome, so capable of being made a pretty gentleman, transformed into the direct shape of a great boy newly come from school. To see him wholly taken up with running errands for his wife and teaching her little dog tricks! And this was the best of him, for when he was at leisure to talk, he would suffer no one else to do it."

Not that she is inclined to blame the men wholly. She rather leans to the opinion "that there is no such cross as a wife," and that "much of the blame lies in us." For let the husband be what he will,

"his anger alone when it meets with nothing to resist it cannot be loud enough to disturb the neighbours. And such a wife may be said to do as a kinswoman of ours that had a husband that was not always himself; and when he was otherwise his humour was to rise in the night, and with two bedstaves labour on the table an hour together. She took care every night to lay a great cushion upon the table for him to strike on, that nobody might hear him and so discover his madness. But 'tis a sad thing when all one's happiness is only that the world does not know you are miserable."

She thinks it might be well that all such as intend to marry should live together in the same house for some years of probation, and if they never disagreed should then be permitted to marry. But she is struck by the reflection—"How few would do it then! If people proceeded with this caution, the world would end sooner than is expected." The calmness with which these matters are discussed almost disconcerts us till we remember that the writer is a young woman of sense, intent on making a really prudent choice, and "wanting courage to marry where she does not like," being a firm disbeliever in the theory that love will follow marriage. And she does not trust passion blindly, either. "Where there is no reason to uphold a passion, it will sink of itself; but where there is, it may last eternally."

With public matters, unless they bear on the fortunes of those she loves, Dorothy meddles not at all. When the Long Parliament is dissolved, she is only anxious to know whether Temple is at all concerned in it. "For if you are not I am not, only if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer of Henry Cromwell, I might have been in a fair way of preferment, for sure, they will be greater now than ever." She enquires whether Algernon Sidney was really turned out, and wonders whether Mr. Pym might not have thought this as great a breach of privilege as demanding the five members.

"But I shall be talking treason by and by if I do not look to myself."

When Temple is in London, she gives him "little idle commissions"—a quart of orange-flower water from the great shop, the Flower Pot, over the Exchange; or the setting of her seals by a Frenchman, near Salisbury House. Of her own diversions in town, besides her being every night in the Park and at New Spring Gardens, we read little. She heard Stephen Marshall preach and was disappointed:

"I listened to him as if he had been St. Paul, and what do you think he told us? Why, that if there were no kings, no queens, no lords, no ladies, no gentlemen nor gentlewomen in the world, 'twould be no loss to God Almighty at all. This we had over some forty times, which made me remember it whether I would or not."

At a later time, she helped a cousin of hers successfully in fooling the impostor Lilly, "making him contradict himself the strongest that ever you saw." But town life was not attractive to Dorothy, who had other reasons than her father's ill-health for liking to be at Chicksands. Her brother is, for a while, prevailed upon not to bring any of the suitors thither, "from the tittle-tattle that it breeds among neighbours that have nothing to do but to enquire who marries and who makes love."

But the current of life is not wholly unruffled. There are agues and spleens and (too often) teasing coxcombs—Mr. Bennett, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Fish, and Mr. Freeman—and greater troubles are ahead. Sir Peter is manifestly going. Dorothy's marriage therefore becomes a more urgent matter with her brother, who wants to have a footing in his sister's future home. The engagement with Temple is suspected. Dorothy takes a pleasure in the recreation of confounding her brother, "and destroying all that his busy head has been working on since the last conference." All her refusals are "brought upon the stage, like Richard III.'s ghosts." From being the kindest brother and sister, they grow deadly polite, "the most complimentary couple in England." At last came the dispute referred to by Macaulay, wherein, says Dorothy, "we talked ourselves weary; he renounced me, and I defied him." It was a pity that Macaulay did not recall the reconciliation of next evening, wherein the disputants, entering on the subject of religion, talked so long of it, and so devoutly, that it laid all our anger:

"We grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit, ne'er expressed more humble charitable kindness one towards another than we. He asked my pardon, and I his; and he has promised me never to speak of it to me while he lives, but to leave the event to God Almighty."

This was no lasting relief. At Christmastide, 1653, matters grew so melancholy at Chicksands—her father dying, her favourite niece and companion gone, her lover irritated and jealous—that Dorothy for once lost heart, and longed for "a quiet and early grave." She begged Temple to give up an engagement that promised no happiness to either; and her earnestness prevailed with him, not indeed to grant her request, but to be more reasonable in future, and to help her in her troubles in-

stead of adding to them. It was time. Sir Peter died in the spring of 1654. His harsh heir came to Chicksands, and Dorothy went to London, where her aunt and her brother-in-law took charge of her by turns. Temple, her "dearest" now, was in Dublin with his father, awaiting some appointment which might enable him to marry. For Dorothy was no sentimentalist, though entirely disinterested.

"Had you £20,000 a year," she tells Temple, "I could love you no more than I do . . . but certainly I know what an estate is. But yet, I would not be thought so inconsiderate a person as not to remember that it is expected from all people that have sense that they should act with reason. . . . If any accident out of my power should bring me to necessity, though never so great, I should not doubt with God's assistance but to bear it as well as anybody . . . but if by my own folly I had put it upon myself, the case would be extremely altered."

The good Sir Thomas Peyton exerted himself here as he did in any case wherein his help was needed. At Knowlton, it seems, matters were finally arranged between the Temples and the Osbornes. As in greater diplomacies, there were punctilios, difficulties. Sir John Temple objected to Osborne's bearing a part in the negotiation, on account of the unhandy reflections cast upon his son. This was of course absurd, as Peyton could settle nothing without Osborne's consent. Dorothy, upon this, for the only time in the correspondence loses her temper, but checks herself in time. "Tis best for me to end here lest my anger should make me lose that respect I would always have for your father."

When all is settled, worry and suspense have done their work on Dorothy, and she has an attack of small-pox. But though her beauty is gone, at least for the time, her goodness guards her interest in Temple's heart. Their married life had more than an ordinary portion of sorrow. Of their nine children, but two survived their infancy. The daughter Diana died in 1684. Of her the only memorials are a charming child's letter to her father, and her name upon a tablet. The son, John Temple, a week after accepting office under William III., drowned himself in a fit of despondency. His mother bore the blow bravely. In her last extant letter, she prays that this correction may suffice to teach her her duty.

Dorothy Osborne, as Temple styles her on her gravestone, lies with her children, her husband, and his favourite sister in Westminster Abbey, in the north aisle of the nave, midway between the western door leading into the cloisters and the organ. Daily over her grave roll waves of music, which in their solemn or their jubilant strains, their notes of wailing or of rapture, are but types of the deeper, subtler, abiding harmonies of a pure and noble life.

R. C. BROWN.

Northern Afghanistan; or, Letters from the Afghan Boundary Commission. By Major C. E. Yate. (Blackwood.)

WHEN the officers of the Afghan Boundary Commission were in Cabul the Ameer showed them two pictures that adorned his new palace—one representing the English House of Lords, the other the House of Commons.

By way of improving the occasion, the Ameer observed that his visitors, having now marked out the frontier, ought to proceed to England and enlighten Parliament on the state and condition of Afghanistan. Following, so far as he could, the Ameer's advice, Major Yate has here reprinted the letters he wrote to the *Pioneer* and other newspapers during the Commission's wanderings. Except for the Blue-books, these letters form the only available record of the Commission's labours after the Panjdeh episode down to the time of its return to India; and they are published in book form, with two useful maps, at a somewhat critical juncture.

Both England and Russia are just now intently watching the progress of the struggle between the Ameer Abdul Rahman and his cousin, the Sirdar Mahomed Ishak Khan; and Major Yate is the only European writer who has described, from personal knowledge and for the benefit of the public, the scene of action and the chief characters. Of Ishak himself, however, he has not much to say, except that the Sirdar "was most affable, and was handsomely dressed in a drab-coloured, gold-embroidered coat, with a large fur cap of sable, ornamented with a decoration in diamonds." The Sirdar's son, Ishmail Khan, reminded our traveller more of a Hindu Raja than did anybody he had met elsewhere in Afghanistan. Ishmail came to see Sir West Ridgeway resplendent in an embroidered coat, gold laced trousers, and patent leather boots; an attendant carried a huge red and gold umbrella; while his two horses, with gold bridles and rich trappings, were led by grooms in front. Details of this kind hardly give us a very clear insight into the character or ability of the two Sirdars; and I may, perhaps, be allowed to point out that on these points the *Times* would seem to be labouring under a delusion. "It is interesting to note," the *Times* said the other day, "that the British officers attached to the Boundary Commission were very favourably impressed with Ishak Khan." This, however, can only refer to first impressions. Later reports told a very different story. Ishak is a bigoted fanatic, more of a priest than a soldier; and the notion that he is friendly to the English is quite a mistake. But the chances of the struggle between him and his cousin can hardly be discussed here, and even to speculate on the future of Afghan Turkestan would be out of place. Major Yate, by-the-by, mentions a tradition current among the inhabitants of Haibak, to the effect that British and Russian armies are destined to fight some day at Dasht-i-Arzanak and Dasht-i-Bakwa. The former is a plain a few miles west of Balkh, the latter lies between Farrah and Kandahar.

To the student, Major Yate's book will be chiefly valuable for the facts it embodies concerning the geography and ethnology of Bactria. Some curious ideas about the races of Central Asia were imparted to Major Yate by an old Jamshedi.

"Moghul, Kipchak, and Turk," said the Jamshedi, "were three brothers, all the sons of one father, Moghul; and from them are descended the three races of Moghuls, Kipchaks, and Kazaks. The Russians are of the same stock, but they separated from it much further back. The Hazaras and Russians are brothers, both

offshoots from the same Moghul family; but they have no affinity with the Usbeks and Turcomans who are of an entirely different origin."

The recognition of the Russians as a race of Moghul origin is not uncommon in Asia. The Chinese call the Russians long-nosed Tartars. The genealogies quoted by Fazlulla Raschid make Turk, Kazar, and Russ all three sons of Japhet. The only Kipchaks Major Yate met with belonged to a colony settled in the Kaiser valley. Their chiefs claim descent from Ghenghis Khan. Burnes and Khanikoff make the Kipchaks a section or tribe of the Usbeks. It is curious how the Kipchaks, who gave their name to the Khanate of Kipchak, and to the Kipchak Steppe, and who are now found chiefly in Kokand and Mavr-un-nehr, have been scattered. One party of them founded a dynasty in Egypt. Dwelling among the hills above the Kipchak settlements are a stray tribe, called by Major Yate Karaie. No one can say, he tells us, who they are. But Khanikoff gives both Kireit and Kari as tribes of the Usbeks; and one is almost tempted to suggest an identification with the Karait, the subjects of Prester John, who, according to Mr. Howorth, were descended from the Uighurs. The Girai, again, were a clan of the Middle Horde of Kirghiz Kazaks. It is a mere waste of time, however, to hazard conjectures from facts hurriedly collected and put together for newspaper readers; and it may be hoped that the mass of crude information acquired by the Boundary Commission will in due course be digested and properly edited by some competent authority. In any other civilised country the work would have been begun long ago. It may, perhaps, be suspected that Major Yate's studies have scarcely lain in the direction of ethnology.

Our officers of the Boundary Commission met and heard of other travellers in Afghanistan who, possibly, could have recounted stranger adventures than befel Major Yate. One was a Bengali Babu, mad from smoking *charas*. He turned up at Khamiab on the Oxus. This man had been in England, and at one time worked as purser's clerk on board a P. and O. steamer. A couple of Sikh priests were also at Khamiab, having arrived there from Bokhara. Turkestan is not always a safe country for Sikhs, though it is by no means improbable that the Afghans would rather see Sikhs in our service, on escort duty, than Mohammedans. If the Indian Government is really sending a mission to Cabul this point is worthy of notice. Another interesting wayfarer Major Yate met was a Ghazi from Zamindawar—a man who had fought against us at Maiwand. Hearing, in the summer of 1885, that the Russians were going to attack Herat, he and others had hurried northward to join in the holy war against the Russ folk. Without kith or kin, his only desire was to die fighting against the infidel.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

"Statesmen Series."—*The Life of Prince Metternich*. By Col. G. B. Malletson. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS little book shows that the accomplished author can be a valuable guide in the domain

of politics, as in the field of battle. It is a sketch of the life and career of Metternich; and, though not without defects we shall notice, it gives the reader an excellent account of the great part played on the stage of history by the celebrated minister of the House of Hapsburg, who, we fully agree with Col. Malleon, was, in diplomacy, the chief of Napoleon's enemies, and, in power, his true successor, in Europe. Some features of the portrait are, indeed, in our opinion, too strongly marked, and are placed in rather too clear relief—the narrative carries out a theory somewhat too logical to be quite exact; and, in a few particulars, we dissent from it. But Col. Malleon's estimate of the character and achievements of Metternich is, in the main, correct; his point of view is essentially just; and the conclusions he forms as to the true position of his eminent subject among the men of the time are, on the whole, well founded and accurate. In some points, especially as regards the famous negotiations of 1813, the book adds to our previous knowledge; and we can forgive a soldier—he has, indeed, our sympathy—if, in his admiration of Napoleon's genius for war, Col. Malleon is rather apt to forget the weak and evil side of that wonderful character.

The purport of this sketch is thus clearly set forth, and the theme is worked out in logical sequence—though too strictly to cover the whole of the case:

"It is the object of this little book to show how a young German diplomatist became so great a force in Europe as, on more than one occasion, to hold in his hands the fate of the most famous man the world has ever seen; on one, especially critical, to bind together the combination which ensured his overthrow; finally to rise on his ruins; to occupy, virtually, his seat; to hold it for thirty-three years; and then to descend from it at the indignant call of the people he had betrayed. And—a contrast to his predecessor—to be forgotten ever after. The name of Napoleon still lives—supreme as a warrior, great as a statesman, great in the enthusiasm it may even yet evoke. The name of Metternich arouses no recollection but that of the aphorism which, in the plenitude of his power, he is said to have borrowed from Louis XV.—'Après moi le déluge.'"

Col. Malleon rightly dwells on the youth of Metternich, for in his case, as in that of most men, it largely affected his future career. An Austrian noble, and on intimate terms with the *émigrés* in the camp of Condé, he naturally grew up with an intense dislike of the French Revolution and all its works; and this feeling was quickened by the immense reverses of the House of Hapsburg in the revolutionary war. We doubt, however, if he is sincere when he tells us that he was through life the enemy of Napoleon, the great revolutionary chief. His memoirs are not to be trusted here; and certainly, on more than one occasion, he considered Napoleon as a fellow labourer in the sacred cause of continental despotism. Col. Malleon in this respect is somewhat in error; but unquestionably, from 1805 to 1814, the genius and craft of this most remarkable man were mainly devoted to the arduous task of resisting Napoleon and his rule of the sword in the interest of the old order of Europe. The diplomatic history of the time, in fact, resolves itself largely into a contest, for years concealed and scarcely ever avowed, between

these master spirits of the time; and Metternich towers above his fellows, the Romantzoffs, the Stadions, Hardenberg, Castlereagh, as the most dangerous adversary of the great emperor. Col. Malleon has admirably illustrated this; and the reason is to be found in the peculiar gifts with which nature had endowed Metternich. Bold and unscrupulous in the highest degree, without shining parts, but with a keen judgment, above all patient, and able to wait, he was exactly the man, in the state of affairs which grew out of the Napoleonic conquests, to defend the cause of the defeated monarchies and aristocracies of the subject continent, to seize the occasion to form leagues and combinations against the great usurper, and especially to turn to the best account advantages caused by the overconfidence and extravagant projects of the crowned soldier, who seemed the arbiter of three-fourths of Christendom, and whose soaring ambition knew no limits.

The antagonism of Metternich to Napoleon may be traced back to the rout of Austerlitz, and its result—the humiliating peace of Presburg. The young statesman—then in his thirty-third year—was made ambassador to the court of Napoleon; and his mission, he tells us, was to seek the means of raising Austria again from her fallen position. He addressed himself carefully to study the character of the extraordinary man who ruled half Europe; and while, with the tact of a courtier of the old régime, he ingratiated himself with the Tuileries circle, he became the leading spirit of the high-placed intriguers who conspired against the emperor in every court in Germany. He was not dismayed by Jena and Tilsit. The insatiable ambition and the policy of force of Napoleon seemed even then to him to offer opportunities that might be turned to account, and he seized the occasion of the invasion of Spain to induce his master to renew the war. He leads us, Col. Malleon points out, to suppose that in this game of statecraft Napoleon was easily duped by him; but the emperor saw through the designs of Austria, if not, perhaps, of her astute envoy, and he thought that his sword would solve all difficulties. Eckmühl and Wagram seemed to justify this belief, though these triumphs were of an ominous kind; and Metternich was for the continuation of the war, and only yielded to the positive command of his master to negotiate peace. He had become the chancellor of the Austrian empire, and he readily assented to that "Austrian match" which contributed to Napoleon's fall, his object being to save the resources of the House of Hapsburg for another trial of strength. He was again in Paris in 1810-11, ostensibly as a mentor of the new empress. He resumed his attentive study of events, and especially of Napoleon's conduct; and once more he became the centre of the European plot which, at all times, was gathering against the imperial conqueror. A short experience made him convinced that the marriage had made no change in Napoleon; and he secretly rejoiced when he made the discovery that the invasion of Russia was being planned, for he saw that it would afford a new chance to Europe. Like every other continental statesman, he yielded, however, to the necessities of the time. He readily assented to the despatch of an Austrian con-

tingent to the grand army; and he figured in that concourse of vassal princes and statesmen who, with hate in their hearts, bowed the knee to Napoleon at Dresden as he set off for the Niemen. He tells us—perhaps to show his own sagacity, perhaps to note a defect in the emperor's character—that Napoleon assured him, when about to depart, that he would wage a slow and methodical war, but that his impatience hurried him to his fate at Moscow.

Col. Malleon's account of this first part of the career of Metternich is extremely good; but he relies, perhaps, too much on the minister's own memoirs, which exaggerate his prescience, and the strength of his purpose. The great catastrophe of 1812 gave Metternich his opportunity at last; and he played a memorable part with consummate skill. This is the most valuable part of Col. Malleon's book. He has thrown fresh light on the long game of diplomacy in which the Austrian statesman was the most prominent and successful actor; and, though we do not agree with all his views, these are usually correct and always worth noting. True to his own instincts and to those of the Hapsburgs, Metternich would have nothing to do with the rising of Germany, and with what he deemed the rash folly of Prussia; and he manoeuvred to compass the fall of Napoleon, by policy and diplomacy mainly, and exclusively in his master's interests. It is well known how he changed the position of Austria from that of a submissive satellite to that of an armed mediator which would decide events. But Col. Malleon, we think, is not correct in saying that this was chiefly due to Napoleon's belief that the Emperor Francis would always support his son-in-law. Other reasons, beyond dispute, concurred. Napoleon thought he could bribe Austria, or terrify her into an alliance with him; and in the last event he relied, as usual, on the talisman of his invincible sword—a confidence which was all but justified by the victories of Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden. Undoubtedly, however, Metternich triumphed in the negotiations of 1813. With infinitely more genius, and with not inferior craft, Napoleon had not the patience and tact of his enemy; and he admitted at St. Helena that he had made an immense mistake in insulting Metternich, and allowing him to perceive that his real purpose was to gain time and to continue a war that would be a death struggle. This exhibition of mere brutal force perhaps decided the resolve of Austria; but certainly Vittoria and Wellington's triumphs in Spain had a great deal to do with it, and Col. Malleon should have stated the fact. We do not agree with Col. Malleon that the policy of Metternich, after Leipzig, was to overthrow Napoleon and to change his dynasty. This was undoubtedly the case in 1815; but up to the fall of Paris in 1814 the Austrian minister would have preferred a peace which would have left the emperor master of France, with the frontier gained by the treaty of Basle. In truth, Metternich had already begun to distrust and fear the movement in Germany. He dreaded Russia and disliked Prussia; and he believed that Napoleon, deprived of extravagant power, would be a better ally of the House of Hapsburg, and a better supporter of the cause of

despotism—which, from early youth, was dear to his heart—than any other possible ruler of France. This seems to us proved by a great mass of evidence, notably by the *Memoirs of M. de Vitrolles*, which Col. Malleon has, perhaps, not read.

We can only refer to the book itself for an account of the last part of the career of Metternich—that which followed the peace of 1815. He had contrived the fall of the mighty conqueror; he became, virtually, lord of the continent; he held the Czar and Prussia in the hollow of his hand; he was supreme in the councils of the House of Hapsburg. This long reign continued for more than thirty years. What use did this man, who had had terrible proof of what had followed a rule of the sword, make of his domination over kings and nations? The lion was simply succeeded by the fox; a Jesuit, as Col. Malleon puts it, stood in the place of the discredited Attila; and the continent bowed under an evil despotism masked under the specious name of authority, but more odious and deadening than that of Napoleon. The genius of Metternich was for years directed to crush every national and liberal movement. He strove to divide and emasculate Germany; he endeavoured to perpetuate the rule of the Turk over eastern Christendom and the Greek race; he placed Italy in the chains of petty tyrants; he so centralised power in Austria that Hungary was deprived of her ancient liberties. He set himself, in a word, against the tendencies and free impulses of the nineteenth century; and he steadily disregarded the signs of the time seen in the risings in Spain, in Greece, and in Italy. This is decisive against his claim to rank among statesmen of the first order—with Bismarck, Cavour, or even Canning; and, but for the exhausted state of the continent, his tyranny could not have lasted so long. His policy, in short, was mere barren statecraft, supported in the last resort by the bayonet; and when the hour of deliverance came, he fell, made no sign, and disappeared from a world in which he had left no permanent traces.

This, we entirely agree with Col. Malleon, marks off Metternich by a broad line of separation from the adversary of his prime. He was a diplomatist of the first rank, but not a ruler to direct states. Napoleon, Caesar as he was, accomplished much of the best work of Caesar in the modern world. His code will outlive Marengo and Jena; and his name is still a spell even among the nations he trod under his feet in his career of conquest.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

The Present Condition of Economic Science.

By Edward Clark Lunt. (Putnam's.)

THAT the present state of economic science presents some unfavourable symptoms is not concealed by Mr. Lunt. He quotes the opinion of Laveleye that "political economy, the old orthodox political economy . . . is dead," Daniel Webster's statement that "there is no such science," and similar authoritative dicta. But Mr. Lunt is not discouraged by these appearances. For the disrepute in which political economy is held can be accounted for by various reasons. There are, first, the disputes between its professors. Mr. Lunt gives some diverting

instances of controversial amenities. Phrases such as "pestilent heresy," "most ludicrous misconception," "bestial idiotism," are freely bandied about. Horace Greeley, we are told, used to call his economic adversaries "bleary-eyed pedants." Carey used to clinch his arguments with expletives which are out of fashion in polite society. In fact, he "swore like a bargeman whenever Mill's name was mentioned." However, according to our author, there is more dispute than real disagreement between economists. He cries, "Peace, peace," where others see only a truceless war: for instance, with respect to the doctrine of the wage-fund. A great many differences relate to the applications of the science rather than to its theories. In fine, it is to be admitted that sometimes one of the disputants is in the wrong.

A hearing having thus been obtained for the English or orthodox method, Mr. Lunt proceeds to combat the demand for a radical change which has recently been made by the school known as "German," "realistic," "inductive," or "historical."

On the negative side the first criticism made by the new school is that the English method is exclusively deductive. But this is a mistake. The English method is not a "no-case" method, as Cliffe Leslie represents, though it does not pretend to be an "all-case" method. "It would be aptly described (if we may torture the mother-tongue a little more) as the 'enough-case' method." Again, our economists are accused of a tendency to state their conclusions in too absolute a form; whereas each nation, as well as each epoch, has its own political economy quite distinct from that of every other nation and every other age.

"This is what the critics say; and strangely enough this is what the criticised say also, only the latter do not say it so loudly, and do not think the statement of such importance that they must needs have it for preface and text and appendix."

Again, it is said that English political economy lays too much stress on competition. But, replies the advocate, if combination becomes an important factor, our method will adapt itself to the changed conditions. It appears to us that at this point Mr. Lunt has not fully apprehended the dictum which he quotes from Mill, that "only through the principle of competition has political economy any pretension to the character of a science." There really is a determinateness, a quasi-mathematical character, about the working of competition which is likely to be wanting under a régime of combination. Another objection to the English school is its supposed attachment to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. Mr. Lunt emphatically protests that this doctrine forms no essential part of English economics.

Turning to the positive side of the new school we find that its leading feature is insistence upon the use of history. But the English method is itself historical, as the practice of Smith, Malthus, and others shows. It is not, however, exclusively historical. But neither is the so-called "inductive" school.

"However much historical writers have derided *a priori* reasoning, and have deprecated the use of 'premature assumptions,' the same

writers have constantly used this identical reasoning, and have not scrupled to avail themselves, wherever possible, of these same assumptions with a serene disregard for their immaturity."

Thus one of the "historical" writers says "There is absolutely nothing in the new method to prevent our accepting and using any facts of the human mind." . . . "And, to be sure," remarks our author hereupon, "there is nothing to prevent this—except the use of the word 'new.'" A more legitimate title to novelty is obtained by merging economics in the general science of sociology. Mr. Lunt protests against this identification in much the same spirit as Prof. Sidgwick and Prof. Marshall, in their respective discourses on the method and present state of economic science. It is no small praise to our author that, treating a subject exhausted by so many distinguished writers, he is yet fresh and racy.

To sum up the case for the plaintiff, the new school lacks one great essential—a *raison d'être*. "One cannot help thinking that the new economists resemble the French people, who, according to a nice observer, do not know what they want and are never satisfied until they get it." Their statements are, for the most part, mere glittering generalities. "What economic reform have they effected? What important principle underlying the phenomena of wealth have they discovered?" Whereas English political economy has made itself felt upon the balance of trade theory, upon the navigation laws, colonial policy; free trade, the poor-law system, and a multitude of practical reforms are among its achievements. The whole quarrel is, indeed, a "windmill fight." Sensible people have long since gone about their business, careless whether their methods were called orthodox or historical. "The time seems now to have arrived when discussion is uncalled for, and when the question may safely be left to settle itself."

We should be more content to let our author have the last word in this controversy if his tone had been a little more conciliatory to his opponents. It must be remembered, however, that his pointed epigrams are directed, not against moderate men like Wagner, but against the extreme wing of the historical party, the hangers-on of economic science, who have caught up the phrases of some really great leader and turned them into a party cry. Understood thus, Mr. Lunt's sarcasms may appear not immoderate. At any rate, a little exaggeration for the sake of effect may be pardoned to the author of this brilliant essay, perhaps the most entertaining piece of economic literature after Scott's "Letters by Malachi Malagrowther."

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Youngest Miss Green. By F. W. Robinson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Elfriede. By Prof. Hausarth. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

A Poor Player. By West Digges. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Gehenna. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. (Spencer Blackett.)

Len Gansett. By Opie P. Read. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

Baboo Dalima. By T. H. Perelaer. (Vizetelly.)

A Tragie Mystery. By Julian Hawthorne. (Cassells.)

The Mystery of Askdale. By Edith Heraud. (Digby & Long.)

BUT for the great pains which Mr. Robinson has too obviously taken, in *The Youngest Miss Green*, to gratify the popular demand for melodramatic incident in fiction, I should have said that this is the ablest novel he has produced for nearly ten years. As things are, the plot of this story is admirably constructed, and its secret is so carefully concealed that the reader most familiar with the surprises of the novelist will be quite taken aback when he discovers who the real murderer of Drusilla Linfold is. Then Mr. Robinson gives us a positive embarrassment of riches in the way of those peculiar gnarled natures, the portraiture of which he has made his special department of literary art. It would be difficult to say, whether Jule Green—Calvinism grafted on a gipsy nature—or her father, the sometime waiter, sometime acrobat, with his maudlin affection for his family, and still more for himself, and his almost feminine vindictiveness, is the better drawn. It is in the delineation of Joan Bustable, the circus-queen converted into a lady's companion, that Mr. Robinson appears to me to force himself against his will into competition with the horror-mongers of the day. She would naturally and properly have found a place in his well-stocked gallery of passionately jealous, unhappy, but not utterly bad women. But Mr. Robinson spoils Joan by converting her into a murderess and drunkard, even although, in doing so, he perhaps, renders her actions more effective for melodramatic purposes. His heroine, too, Vanda Sherwood, is not quite satisfactory. Her caprices are those of an altogether insincere rather than of a merely jealous and self-willed girl. Even if one takes Mr. Robinson and Joan Bustable quite seriously when they do something more than hint that there is insanity in Vanda's blood, it is not easy to forgive the one for clumsily spiriting her away to Pirladoni's circus, even with the invaluable aid of the other. Mrs. Tyson, however, is one of Mr. Robinson's successes—a vigorous, hot-tempered, well-intentioned woman, who cannot help torturing the folks she loves. Her chief victim, and the hero of the story, George Tyson, is another unequivocal Robinsonian success—an impulsive, warm-hearted young fellow, who is born to get into scrapes and to get out of them. The same thing cannot be said of his rival, Alan Linfold. It is quite true that Linfold's purposes are kept in a state of unstable equilibrium by the conflict between his strong and his weak instincts. But Mr. Robinson leads one to believe that Linfold, on the whole, leans to the side of goodness; in that case he ought to have withdrawn from the life of Vanda Sherwood immediately after the death of his wife, and a full volume before he takes this eminently proper step. George's other and comic friend, Major Pipe, is also a failure. Such a man should never have been allowed to fall seriously in love, at all events with

a young woman in the position of Jule Green. Rather, he should have been heartless, like a character in Douglas Jerrold whom he resembles, and to have been in a position to erect a tombstone with the inscription:

"Beneath this weeping willow's shade,
Here, reader, lies a lady's maid."

In spite of many blamishes, however, and in spite of the preposterously hurried tragedy at the end of the third volume, *The Youngest Miss Green* is one of the most "gritty" novels that have been published for a long time. It is one of the best works of an author who has never altogether come up to the expectations of his admirers.

There is very little to be said of *Elfriede*, except that it is a story with a Darwinian purpose, and that it is well written, but that all the same it will prove a disappointment to those who augured well of its author from his *Antinous*. It is termed a romance of the Rhineland, but it is in reality a ghastly tragedy. Four infants—three boys and a girl—are christened on the same day in the same village church, and *Elfriede* illustrates the influence exerted by these four on each other's lives. Or rather it is a conflict for the soul of Nik, the highest of the four in social status, between his evil genius, as represented by another of the boys and by his own inherited weaknesses, and his good genius as represented by the two others of the quartet, the blind and good Elfriede and her brother. The struggle ends in the death of brother and sister by drowning, in the insanity of Nik, and the bringing home to his evil counsellor of the murder of his father. A certain amount of skill is shown in the evolution of this dismal story; and the red-haired and baseborn Müller, who is sometimes Nik's Iago, and sometimes his Mephistopheles, is a powerful sketch. Otherwise *Elfriede* is not in any way a notable story.

Before *A Poor Player* was written, too Puritanical wives had separated themselves from too convivial husbands, young ladies of family had attached themselves to good actors who were also good men, and young men of position had fallen in love with estimable actresses. Yet though dealing with familiar little affairs of this kind, "West Digges" gives a certain air of originality to his novel, which obviously is, besides, what it professes to be—a story of Kent. Genuine humour, too, is shown in the portrait of the deserted husband in his second rôle—that of the heavy and alcohol-saturated tragedian, Fitzroy. But before he writes again, "West Digges" must get rid of his fearful and wonderful style, which seems to be based on the stagey elocution of his own Fitzroy. It is quite impossible to stand page after page of

"Her brows were tipped with sable fringe forming two heavenly crescents jewelled with laughing liquid eyes; a wealth of nut-brown hair with a red-gold tinge crowned a head of perfect shape, poised upon a form of graceful symmetry, and so rarely delicate that forbids a vulgar tongue or pen to describe."

Mr. Wingfield, who is a born writer not of unpleasant, but of pleasant stories, has been somewhat heavily handicapped by his own purpose in *Gehenna*, which is to prove that, in spite of Charles Reade, not to speak of legislation, it is a toler-

ably easy matter, at all events for a "smart" American woman, to put a sane person into an English lunatic asylum. Mrs. Brunhilde Patterson, indeed, fails to get rid of her husband in this fashion, and so never becomes a leader of English "society" as the wife of James Dyson; but it is a mystery how she could ever have dreamed of success even with the help of her self-confidence and her Creole blood. It must be allowed, however, that both she and her curious follower, lover, and tool, the convict Nat Bodfish, are thoroughly original and as fascinating—as mere character sketches—as they are original. There is a good deal of both wandering and maundering in *Gehenna*; its plot is very loosely constructed; and Sir Arthur Dyson and his governess are not lifelike or satisfactory even as foils to James and the scheming Creole. Mr. Wingfield manages Brunhilde's draperies wonderfully. *Gehenna* is the well-dressed adventuress's manual, and nearly as man-millinerish as anything M. Guy de Maupassant—before he turned over a new leaf—ever wrote. The ambitious widow may learn from it when the bust should heave, how to wear ruby velvet, when "to clasp the head of the young man to her bosom," when "with a grand crinkle of satin to deposit her ample form upon his knee," and how to complete a victory with "Hold these hairpins, sir."

Len Gansett is one of those delightful stories of rough-diamond country life in the United States, to which unhappily there is nothing equivalent in the English fiction of to-day. It is Arkansas—or rather "Arkansas"—all over, in its rude justice, its hasty but bloody quarrels, its primitive journalism, the unfinished scoundrelism of its politics, the simplicity, combined with sagacity, of its love affairs. But apart from this, Mr. Read has achieved a distinct and great personal success in *Len Gansett*. There is not a weak character or a weak line in it. It contains at least four portraits—Len Gansett, a warm-hearted Southerner; "Ned" Hobdy, his delightful though uneducated sweetheart; Bob Gansett, his grandfather; and Magnus Dockery, journalist and politician, tippler and poltroon—than which there are nothing better to be found in the American literature of to-day. Mr. Read occasionally reminds one of Mr. Bret Harte, but he is no mere imitator of that admirable but unequal author. His views of life are sunnier, and there is more *naïveté* in his humour.

No doubt the Rev. E. J. Venning honestly believes that he has discharged a duty to humanity, and performed a service to morals, in translating Perelaer's novel—Dutch in bulk and build, but French in spirit—of *Baboo Dalima*. Unquestionably, also, the physical decay and moral depravity caused by excessive indulgence in opium, and the scandals of the Javanese traffic in the drug, are presented with a ferocious fulness which seems to place it beyond all doubt that Herr Perelaer hates that traffic and all concerned in it with a perfect hatred. But though he may be a moralist, he is not an artist. *Baboo Dalima* is of inordinate length; its plot drags woefully; and the descriptions of places are unsatisfactory in the last degree. Mr. Venning in translating this book for the

English public might, with advantage to himself, have reduced it very considerably. Then Herr Perelaer, in the passages where he describes the seduction of the unfortunate girl, the "Baboe" Dalima, and the horrors of the opium dens, sounds if not a lower, certainly a more turbid, depth of realism than has yet been reached by M. Zola or any of his followers, English or French. Not only so, but there are several passages and scenes in this book notable solely for their suggestiveness. No doubt Herr Perelaer intends to make a very effective contrast between Anna van Gulpendam, the daughter of the corrupt Dutch Resident, and her mother, Laurentia, who is a procuress in fact, and a courtesan at heart, and who, in her war-paint, consisting mainly of the familiar "corrage reduced to the very limits modesty would allow," seeks to become the rival of her own child. But one bathing scene is contrived apparently for no other purpose than to put Anna to the blush, and her dress cannot be described without our being told that

"on her bosom a little bud of tea-rose attracted attention to its delicately shaded yellow tints, while it dispersed thoughts which at that modestly veiled yet finely modelled bust might perhaps be tempted to take too wild a flight."

Surely the Rev. Mr. Venning might have accomplished his social or moral mission and yet have spared his readers such opiated sensuality as this.

It is a matter for regret that so capable a writer as Mr. Julian Hawthorne should have betaken himself to "the detective business," which is, at the best, "the kinchin lay" of fiction. On his own soil, as a keen follower of clues (rather I should say "clews") and mystery-monger, he will find it hard to beat "Lawrence Lynch" and the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. As a mere story of crime and discovery, *A Tragic Mystery* will not rank high. In it the right man follows the wrong scent; and Mr. Hawthorne's ingenuity, which is considerable, is devoted to unravelling the mystery of the private life of Louis Hanier, which has nothing to do with the secret of his murder. *A Tragic Mystery* is, in fact, a practical joke, but one which does not impose on a reader who has any knowledge of fiction of the class to which it belongs. There are, however, one or two good character-etchings in *A Tragic Mystery*, and it is more carefully written than some of Mr. Hawthorne's recent books.

Miss Heraud has made the most of the 150 pages which constitute *The Mystery of Askdale*. She gives us mysterious strangers of the sort that are in the habit of turning up in country inns (at all events in old-fashioned fiction) the apparition of a "White Lady," a blind girl that has to avenge her father's death and recover her own eyesight before she can be happily married, a villain who speaks of "the demon Temptation assailing him," a jealous squire, a slandered wife, a lady who is prepared to take that wife's place when she has been proved to be dead, and a marvellous housekeeper. This story, although it belongs to the "shocker" class, is not at all shocking; on the contrary, it is quite inoffensive. Miss Heraud should not, however, attempt such feats as "the detecting

of the heavings of a smothered human breath, rendered audible by the otherwise pervading stillness, vibrating through the passage."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME BOOKS OF SCOTCH THEOLOGY.

Principles of Christianity. By James Stuart. (Williams & Norgate.) A significant feature of the religious activity of our time is the attempts which are continually being made to re-state the older schemes of theology in a more or less modified form. This is especially the case with Calvinism. Hardly a week passes but there issues from the press some treatise in which the great Genevan reformer is himself reformed—in some cases rather freely. Now, whatever may be said of this new industry as a religious portent, we cannot help feeling that those who embark in it prove themselves to be unmindful of one remarkable fact—viz., that, as the most rigorously logical scheme of Christianity which the perverse ingenuity of men ever set itself to formulate, Calvinism does not easily lend itself to processes of reconstruction. Like a well-built arch, the removal of one or two of the largest and most important stones threatens ruin to the whole structure. In his *Principles of Christianity* Mr. Stuart attempts a re-statement of what may be called moderate Calvinism with the doctrine of imputation left out. He admits that the theory "forms an essential part of the system of Christian doctrine embodied in the standards of the leading reformed churches." But he maintains as a *per contra* that it is unsupported by any direct Scripture evidence. He discusses the question to the enormous extent of 620 pages. The book is by no means wanting in ability of the special pleading kind, nor is it devoid of research and erudition on the subject which it discusses. It must be said, however, that the author treats the literal sense of Scripture with a freedom which, if applied generally, would eliminate from Calvinism much more than the doctrine of imputation, and he holds in equally small respect the dicta of theologians. "Capricious," "inconsistent," and "unprincipled" are the epithets he applies to their determinations on this subject. While, however, Mr. Stuart vindicates for himself freedom from the dogmas of the reformers and from inconvenient texts of Scripture, he really manifests all the most obnoxious characteristics of the Calvinism from which he is a partial seceder. His method and terminology are just as aridly Scholastic as were Calvin's. He is careful to preserve in his reconstructed scheme some of the most repellent and immoral features of the older creed, as e.g., that God was angry with Christ on account of sin. His reliance on single texts of Scripture is just as bibliolatrous as was that of the reformers on their particular set of texts. We fear, therefore, that Mr. Stuart must eliminate much more than the doctrine of imputation from his creed in order to make it presentable and congenial to the Christian thought of our own time. Knowing his dislike of the name and process we feel loth to impute to him overt heresy; but we feel certain that, had Mr. Stuart lived in the days and under the domination of the Genevan autocrat, it would have taken something more than his undoubted faculty for special pleading to save him from the fate of Servetus.

System of Biblical Theology. By the late W. L. Alexander. In 2 volumes. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) "This work consists of lectures delivered by the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander to the students of the Theological Hall of the Congregational Churches in Scotland," so its Preface commences. It is possible that its publication may be justified on

the ground that the hearers of the lectures might be glad to have them as an enduring memorial of their teacher. To us its chief significance arises from the fact that, like Mr. Stuart's *Principles of Christianity*, above noticed, it manifests another new departure from the old theology of Calvin. This is admitted by his editor, who says (Preface, p. x.):

"It is no doubt true that the author had very pronounced religious opinions and beliefs, and that these were mainly on the side of what is called the Calvinistic school of theologians; but the mental independence which he brought to the study of Scripture is, I think, sufficiently shown by his fearless rejection of some of the characteristic dogmas of both the strict and moderate schools of Calvinistic theology. Of the former, he set aside as non-Scriptural the Church or Catholic form of the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Eternal Generation of the Son, and Procession of the Spirit, of Adoption, and accepted only in a moderate form the doctrine of Imputation; while of the doctrines of the latter school, to which he belonged, he set aside as failing to be an adequate exhibition of the teaching of Scripture the doctrine of an indefinite or universal Atonement," &c.

If to these modifications of Calvinism we add that this system of theology is Biblical to the very verge of literal inspiration and bibliolatry, we shall have said enough to indicate the character of the book, and the uses it may conceivably subserve.

The Obsolescence of the Westminster Confession of Faith; The Insufficiency of Revivalism as a Religious System. By R. Mackintosh. (Glasgow: Maclehose.) These two tracts may be briefly described as a still further proof—this time from the Free Church—of the disintegration of Calvinism in Scotland. The two treatises have a common object: one deals with the doctrinal standards and formulae; the other with the practice of the Church in respect of substituting emotionalism for ethical conduct as a test of religion. Both books are noteworthy as signs of the times, as well as indications of the direction of changes now impending in the religious thought of Scotland. Mr. Mackintosh, who writes with a spirit and verve not often found in controversial tracts on theology, fearlessly lays his hand on the sacred ark of Scotch orthodoxy—the Westminster Confession; and he pleads for its virtual abrogation with a persuasive reasonableness as well as with a keen insight into the religious needs of his country and time. At the same time he is too wise to insist on any such impossibility as the overt disannulling of the old formulae. He rather suggests the adoption of some such method as that which relieves the Anglican clergy from the particular tyranny of the Thirty-nine Articles; i.e., "only a general adherence to creed ought to be required from Church teachers" (p. 60). In the course of his argument, Mr. Mackintosh deals with dogmatists in a sufficiently trenchant fashion. The following points are well put, and will give our readers some idea of the style of the author, and of the pith and humour of his illustrations: "None the less it is difficult to get at the sympathetic side of a trained dogmatic theologian. In most things you may find him affable, cordial, in full fellowship with the modern spirit; but touch the technicalities of his creed, and oh! how the scene changes! His mind is built in water-tight compartments; he dare not bring his thoughts together; and when you have got the historian or philosopher on your side, the dogmatist in him remains as before hermetically sealed against truth and you."

On the other hand, as showing the broadly sympathetic character of his opinions, the following point is well put:

"Traditional theology seems to us intellectually false and morally narrow; but we do not deny that it depicts, somewhat as a bad daguerreotype

might, great part of the spiritual wealth of mankind."

Old Letters: a Layman's Thoughts on Current Religious Topics, by T. B. M. (Glasgow: Bryce), is another and sufficiently noteworthy contribution to the freer side of current religious speculation in Scotland. It consists of a series of thoughtful letters, written at various times from 1860 to 1884, on passing topics and persons of interest. They were first printed for private circulation, and are now published at the request of a considerable number of friends. In our opinion they richly merit such an extended publicity. Inspired by a genuine love of truth, distinguished by dignity and suavity of expression, animated by the noblest Catholicity, both of thought and feeling, it is impossible but that their influence should be wholesome in the greatest possible degree. That their standpoint and a good deal of their ratiocination are not exactly original does not seem to us to affect their value. The themes they deal with are of permanent interest, and the spirit with which they are treated is so unaffectedly truth-loving and Christian that its worth is as undying as themselves. For a thoughtful, many-sided discussion of recent topics which have agitated the religious world we can heartily commend *Old Letters* to our readers.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has in the press a long-deferred treatise on *Force and Energy*. The work was written some twelve years ago, and has since been corrected and revised from time to time. Mr. Allen did not intend to publish it for several years to come; but, as the main theory it contains has been incorporated in abstract by Mr. Clodd (with the author's consent) in his *Story of Creation*, and has there roused considerable criticism, he now thinks it only just, on Mr. Clodd's behalf, to lay the document in its entirety before the scientific public. The work will be published by Messrs. Longmans at an early date.

A PROSE story by Mr. Buchanan has been purchased by Mr. John Dicks, to be published serially in *Bow Bells* and a syndicate of newspapers. The same writer has also in the press the new poem announced in the ACADEMY several months ago, which will be somewhat unique in character, containing a mixture of satire and romance. Mr. Buchanan's autobiographical work, *A Foot's Pilgrimage*, to be issued by Mr. Bentley about Christmas, will contain many interesting reminiscences of Robert Owen and the old Socialists, among which the author spent his boyhood, as well as personal sketches of distinguished contemporaries. The pathetic story of David Gray will be retold in detail, and there will be a special chapter on "George Lewes and George Eliot." The work will be to a certain extent a personal history, but more particularly a record of literary and religious opinion, the author adopting as his motto the exact converse of Carlyle's famous dictum—"A thinking man is the devil's natural enemy."

MESSRS. TRUBNER will publish in October a new volume of poetry by Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled "*4th Sa'di in the Garden*," being the 14th or third chapter of the "*Bostan*" of the Persian poet Sa'di, embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. The personages introduced are a learned Mirza, two singing girls with their attendant, and an Englishman, with accompaniments of music and dancing. The larger portion is original; and it comprises, besides translations from Sa'di, lyrical pieces in the Persian manner sung by the musicians, and also oriental tales illustrating the dialogue. The volume is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

SIR W. W. HUNTER will deliver an address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of Scotland, at Edinburgh, on November 6. He has chosen for his subject "*The Historical Aspects of Indian Geography*."

PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER, of Washington University, St. Louis, has now completed the elaborate biography of Young Sir Harry Vane, upon which he has been engaged for some years past, examining the original documents in the British Museum and elsewhere, and visiting the battlefields and other sites associated with his career. The book will form a volume of about 500 pages; and it will be illustrated with a portrait, a facsimile of a letter, a copy of the great seal of the Commonwealth, and plans of Marston Moor and Naseby. It will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low.

THE work on the textual criticism of the *Divina Commedia*, on which the Rev. Dr. E. Moore, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, has been engaged for many years, is now approaching completion, and will shortly be published at the Cambridge University Press. It will contain (1) a critical account of the text of the *Divina Commedia*; (2) the collation of seventeen MSS. throughout the whole of the *Inferno*; (3) the discussion of disputed readings of 180 passages, throughout the poem which have been collated in about 250 MSS.; (4) appendices on families of MSS. and other subjects bearing on the textual criticism.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON'S promised book on the stage will be published immediately, in two volumes, by Messrs. Sampson Low. It gives the author's personal recollections of many distinguished actors and actresses who are now dead, with incidental notices of living players.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP has written a short life of Heine, which will be published as the November volume of the "*Great Writers*" series.

MESSRS. CASSELL announce the issue, in about forty monthly parts, of *Picturesque Australasia*, written by Prof. Edward R. Morris, of Melbourne University, and other colonial writers, with upwards of 1000 illustrations executed expressly for the work. Its object is to give a delineation by pen and pencil of the scenery, the towns, and the life of the people throughout the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the adjacent islands.

DR. K. D. BUELBRING is editing, and Mr. Nutt will publish, *De Foe's Compleat English Gentleman*—the only treatise which the author of *Robinson Crusoe* left unprinted at his death. Dr. Buelbring will, in his Introduction, give a sketch of the curious early poems in Dr. Furnival's *Babees Book*, and Galateo, Ascham, Mulcaster, Brinsley, Brathwaite, &c., on the training of English gentlemen.

THE Rev. Dr. Andrew Edgar, author of "*Old Church Life in Scotland*," is about to publish, with Mr. Alexander Gardner, *The Bibles of England*: a Plain Account for Plain People of the Principal Versions of the Bible in English. It will consist in all of eight chapters, beginning with the Lollards' Bible and ending with the Revised Version.

MESSRS. WALTER SMITH & INNES have in the press a new edition of Mr. Keary's *Dawn of History*, thoroughly revised and considerably enlarged. The new edition will be free from the typographical inconveniences of the former one. They will also publish during the coming season the authorised translation of Garibaldi's Autobiography. The volumes will contain several facsimiles of letters; and the full appendices by Madame Jessie White Mario will

add materially to the historical value of the book.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S novel, *In far Lochaber*, which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine*, will be published in three-volume form early in October by Messrs. Sampson Low.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces *Old Chel-sea: a Summer-day's Stroll*, by Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin, with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

THE "*Ingoldsby Legend*" chosen by Mr. Ernest M. Jessop for illustration this year is *The Witches' Frolic*. The book will be published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode early in October.

Church Windows, and other Poems, is the title of a volume of verse by Mr. John James Piatt, announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have in preparation a translation of Guimpe's *Life of Pestalozzi*. As this will not be ready for some months, they have decided, in answer to several inquiries from candidates for the teachers' certificate examinations, to issue early in October a short account of Pestalozzi and his work, based upon Guimpe's *Life*. The book will be edited by Mr. J. Russell.

MESSRS. BURNS & OATES have in the press an English version of the first part of Dr. Hettinger's *Apologie des Christenthums*, edited by Father H. S. Bowden, of the Oratory. The second part is also in preparation.

THE Authors' Alliance will publish next week a novel by Dr. Tanner, entitled *Gerald Granley's Revenge*.

MR. JULIAN CORBETT'S *Kopetua the Thirteenth*, which has been running as the serial in *Time*, will be published as a library novel by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN MARSHALL & Co. will publish early in October a new volume of detective experiences, by James McGowan, under the title of *Solved Mysteries*.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHN announce a cheap edition of *Castle Heather*, a society novel, by Lady William Lennox; *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage*, by W. C. Alvary; and Mr. Hamilton Clarke's *Two Chorus Girls*.

MESSRS. ROPER & DROWLEY'S announcements include: "*Mount Vesuvius*," by Prof. J. Logan Lobley; "*The Uses of Plants*," by Prof. Boulger; "*The Dangerous Man*," by A. J. Weyman; "*The Albino*," by Hartley Tamlyn; "*From Strength to Strength*," by Rev. E. Hobson; "*How the Gentle Shepherd careth for His Tender Lambs*."

MESSRS. HOULSTON & SONS announce the following: "*Till Death Us Do Part*," by Sarah Doudney, illustrated by D. H. Friston; "*The Keys of Saint Martin's*": A Story of To-day, bearing on the important question of Free and Open Churches; "*The Young Debater*": a Handbook for Mutual Improvement and Debating Societies, by Samuel Neil: new and revised edition; "*Drops in Life's Ocean*": verses by Arthur Ernest Viles: reprinted from *Punch*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Whitehall Review*, &c., with portrait; "*Advice to Picture Buyers: Old and Modern Masters, Engravings, &c.*," by a late member of the Printers' Association; "*Ernest and Ida*; or, Christmas at Montagu House," by Jessie F. Armstrong, illustrated by W. J. Webb; "*The Little Standard-Bearer*," by E. F. A. R., with four full-page illustrations; "*The Dairyman's Daughter*," by the Rev. Leigh Richmond: new edition; "*The Scripture Mother's Help*; or, My Children's Sunday Hour," by Mrs. New; *Campbell's Diaries for 1889*.

THE sixty-sixth session of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution will open on Monday next, October 1. The prizes obtained will be distributed by the Duchess of Albany in November. On Wednesday evenings the usual lectures will be delivered in the large theatre. Among those who are already engaged may be mentioned—Sir Robert S. Ball, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Samuel Brandram, Max O'Ball, Mr. Charles Dickens, Prof. H. Morley, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, Mr. Fred Villiers, and Mr. John Thomas.

MANY hundreds of British authors have recently appended their names to an address to be presented to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, expressing appreciation of her spirited action in contesting the right assumed by dramatists of adapting novels for the stage without the author's consent. The list is shortly to be closed, and the secretaries (Mr. A. Stannard and Mr. J. S. Little) will be glad to hear from all authors who have not yet replied, or who have not received the circular by which the movement was made known. All letters should be addressed to the offices of The Society of Authors, 4 Portugal Street, W.C.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE November number of the *Magazine of Art*, commencing a fresh year, will have for frontispiece an etching of Meissonier's "The Painter," by Guy-Bitchard. Among the special features of the new volume will be—a resumption of "Poems and Pictures," the first of these illustrated poems being one by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "The Jacobite's Farewell, 1715," while others will follow by Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, &c.; a series of articles on "Portraits," in which Mr. T. Wemyss Reid will treat of the portraits of Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti those of his brother; "Municipal Picture Galleries," written by Mr. William Armstrong; "Book Illustration, from the Point of View of the Humorous Artist, the Serious Artist, and the Author," opened by Mr. Harry Furniss; "The Rise and Development of Illustrated Journalism"; three articles on "The Literature of Art and its Value to the Student," by Prof. Hodgson; and "Magdalen College, Oxford: as it was, as it will be, and as it might have been," by Mr. T. G. Jackson.

In the October issue of the *Antiquary* will be commenced an account of Byzantine Frescoes and Rock-hewn Churches in the Terra d'Otrante, by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. Among the other contributions will be a descriptive and historical sketch of Brankome Tower, by Mr. J. B. S. Storer; an article on Gen. Pitt Rivers's Excavations at Cranbourne Chase; on the "Drake Family," by Mr. J. Waylen; and "The Marino Faliero of History," by Mr. T. Carew Martin.

Atlantis, for October (the first of the new volume), will contain the opening chapters of serials by W. E. Norris and by Mrs. L. B. Walford; and also illustrations by E. J. Poynter and G. D. Leslie.

Time for October will contain "Examinations," by A. Sonnenschein; "Religion as Esprit de Corps"; a continuation of Mdlle. Haze de Bury's "French Journalism," &c. The "Work and Workers" article will be "The Architect," by Basil Champneys.

We understand that a new weekly journal, to be devoted to the interests of South Africa, will appear in a few weeks. It will be conducted by Mr. E. P. Mathers, author of *Glimpses of the Gold Fields*.

THE *Writer*, a new monthly journal, will be published on October 25, by the English Publishing Company. It is designed as an aid to all engaged in literary work, and

will contain original articles, hints and suggestions, answers to queries, reviews, &c.

THE *Tyneside Review* will, commencing with the October issue, be published in London by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

REFUGIUM PECCATORUM.

Lo, wounded of the world and stricken of sin,
Before the gate she comes at night's dread noon;
There on the path, with fallen flowers bestrewn,
She kneels in sorrow ere she enters in:
Lone and forlorn, with features wan and thin,
A shadow crouching 'neath the shadowy moon,
One gift she craves, one hopeless, hapless boon—
"Thy pity, Lord, a breaking heart would win!"

Religion was the Refuge! In distress
There might the sinner flee, the weary press—
Haven where Sorrow, 'mid the world's mad din,
Might kneel in silence and sweet solace find;
Refugium peccatorum—shall mankind
Lay waste the sinners' home, yet keep the sin?

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

OBITUARY.

JON ARNASON.

ON September 4 died at Reykjavik, aged 70, Jon Arnason, the collector of the Icelandic fairy-tales and folk-tales. Two volumes, dedicated to Jacob Grimm, appeared at Leipzig in 1862-4; a third volume, the work of his latter years, containing riddles, games, children's rhymes, and the like, is announced. A quiet unassuming man of the type, almost extinct, of the stiller *Gelehrter*, he accomplished his work of collecting very faithfully and patiently. A disciple of Dr. Egilsson, the translator of Homer, he piously wrote that scholar's biography. When, in 1877, it was intended to send two deputies to represent Iceland at the Upsala University Centenary, it was privately suggested (Mr. Sigurdsson being too ill) that Dr. William Finsen, the lawyer, and Jon Arnason would represent most worthily Icelandic letters; but the official mind at Copenhagen was horrified. "What would you send a porter!" Jon Arnason being janitor of the Iceland High School. But scholars recognised his worth; and the late Mr. J. Campbell, of Islay, who knew him personally, would often say that he envied him the leisure and quiet retirement of his little room in Iceland. Of modern Icelandic books, next to the prose translation of Homer by the master the disciple's *Theodægur* is certainly to be placed.

He has left a widow (for he married after being a hardened bachelor for years). Their one child, a promising and clever lad, predeceased his father.

MESSRS. BELL'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"CONTEMPORARY German Art," as illustrated by paintings exhibited at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Berlin Academy of Arts, 1886, 140 photogravures, with descriptive text, by Ludwig Pietsch, translated by N. D'Anvers, 2 vols. royal 4to, handsomely bound (the edition is limited to 200 copies, privately printed); "A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," with a list of ciphers, monograms, and marks, by Michael Bryan, new edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged by R. E. Graves and Walter Armstrong, in 2 vols.; and also a third and cheaper edition, crown 8vo.; "Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer," late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Missionary to the Mohammedans of Southern Arabia, by the Rev. Robert Sinker, with portrait, map, and illustrations; "The

High-Caste Hindu Woman," by Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, with an introduction by Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania; "Parables from Nature," by the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty, a handsomely illustrated edition, with notes on the Natural History, and numerous full-page illustrations by W. Holman Hunt, E. Burne Jones, J. Tenniel, and J. Wolf. Complete edition with short Memoir by J. H. Ewing—new and complete edition, handsomely bound, with design by Gordon Browne.

Mrs. Ewing's Popular Tales—a cheap edition, with all the original illustrations by Mrs. Allingham, Cruikshank, Gordon Browne, and others, in 7 vols.: "Flat Iron for a Farthing," "Six to Sixteen," "We and the World," "Jan of the Windmill," "Melchior's Dream," "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," "A Great Emergency"; also uniform with the above, Miss F. M. Peard's "Mother Molly," "Through Rough Waters," "Princess Alethea"; Miss Shaw's "Hector"; also Mrs. Ewing's "The Brownies" and "Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire."

Chiswick Series.—In fcap. 8vo. carefully printed and neatly bound: (1) "English Sonnets by Living Writers," selected and arranged, with a note on the history of the sonnet, by S. Waddington, second edition, enlarged; (2) "English Sonnets by Poets of the Past," selected and arranged by S. Waddington; (3 and 4) "Legends and Lyrics," by Adelaide A. Procter, first series, with introduction by Charles Dickens, and second series; (5) "The Poems of S. T. Coleridge"; (6) "The Poems of George Herbert"; (7) "Florilegium Amantis," a selection from Coventry Patmore's works, edited by Dr. Richard Garnett; (8) "Greek Wit: a Collection of Smart Sayings and Anecdotes," translated from Greek prose writers, by Dr. F. A. Paley; (9) "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare"; (10) "Shakspeare's Poems and Sonnets."

"British Mooses: their Homes, Aspects, Structure, and Uses," with a coloured figure of each species etched from nature, revised edition, by F. E. Tripp, in 2 vols.; "Chronicles of Henry VIII. of England," translated from the Spanish by Major Martin T. S. Hume; "Chess Studies and End Games," systematically arranged by B. Horwitz, with a preface by W. Wayte: this volume contains the whole of Chess Studies by Horwitz and Kling, which is very scarce; "The Epistle to the Corinthians," with notes critical and practical, by Prebendary Sadler.

Classics.—"Faciliora," an elementary Latin book on a new principle, by the Rev. J. L. Seager; "Easy Translations of Nepos, Caesar, Cicero, Livy, &c.," for retranslation into Latin, with notes, by T. Collins. Cambridge Texts with Notes.—"Xenophon—Hellenica," Book ii., edited by the Rev. L. D. Dowdall; "Thucydides," Book vi., edited by Dr. F. A. Paley; "The Dramas of Sophocles," rendered in English verse, dramatic and lyric, by Sir George Young; "The Rudens of Plautus," with introduction, commentary, and English notes—a new volume of the Public School Series, by Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein. Cambridge Mathematical Series—"Mathematical Examples," pure and mixed, by J. M. Dyer and R. Powdell Smith; "A Treatise on Hydrodynamics, vol. ii., with numerous examples, by A. B. Basset."

Additions to Bohn's Libraries: "A Concise History of Painting," by the late Mrs. Heaton, new edition, revised by Cosmo Monkhouse; "A History of Prose Fiction," by John Colin Dunlop, a new edition, revised, with notes, appendices, and index, by Henry Wilson, in 2 vols.; Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple," and "Midshipman Easy," each with 8 full-page illustrations; "Plutarch's Morals," ethical essays,

translated by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto; "Schopenhauer on the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason, and on the Will in Nature," translated from the German. Additions to Bohn's Select Library: Pauli's Life of "Oliver Cromwell"; Channing's "The Perfect Life"; Trevelyan's "Ladies in Parliament"; Burke's "The Sublime and Beautiful"; Defoe's "The Great Plague"; Harvey's "Treatise on the Circulation of the Blood."

W. H. ALLEN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"FIFTY Years of a Showman's Life: or, the Life and Travels of Van Hare," by Himself; "The Falcon on the Baltic: a Voyage from London to Copenhagen in a Three Tonner," by E. F. Knight; "The Enchanted Island," by Wyke Bayliss, President of the Royal Society of British Artists; "Sketches of a Yachting Cruise," by Major E. Gambier Parry; "Ad Orientem," by A. D. Frederickson; "Rapid Field Sketching and Reconnaissance," by Capt. Willoughby Verner, of the Rifle Brigade. "The Statesmen Series," edited by Lloyd C. Sanders (new volumes): "Peel," by F. O. Montague; "Bolingbroke," by Arthur Hassall; "Prince Consort," by Charlotte M. Yonge; "Gambetta," by F. A. Marzials; "Henry Fawcett," by Sir Edward Grey; "Dalhousie," by Capt. Lionel Trotter; "Wellesley," by Col. G. B. Malleon; "Grey," by Frank H. Hill.

A library edition of Kaye's "Sepoy War" and Malleon's "Indian Mutiny," edited by Col. G. B. Malleon, to be published at intervals, in six crown octavo volumes. "The Region of the Eternal Fire," by Charles Marvin, cheap edition, with illustrations; "Lives of Indian Officers," by Sir J. W. Kaye, new edition; "Haydn's Book of Dignities," revised and enlarged by Horace Ockerby; "The Romance of Industry," by James Burnley; "Le Comte de Paris," by the Marquis De Flers, translated by Constance Majendie; "The Dairy Farm," by James Long; "The Diseases and Disorders of the Ox," by George Gresswell; "A Handbook to the Royal Gallery at Venice," by Charles L. Eastlake; "First Wilts Rifle Volunteers," by Major R. D. Gibney; "With the Harrises," by the author of "The Subaltern"; "History of the London Stage," by H. Barton Baker; "Home-made Wines," by Clements; "The Cultivated Oranges and Lemons of India," by Dr. G. Bonavia; "Old Madras Days: or, the Folk Lore of Southern India," collected by Mrs. Howard Kingscote and Pandit Natesa Sastri; "In Anarchy's Net," by S. J. Baxter; "Hints to Travellers in India," by an Anglo-Indian; "Roaring in Horses: an Experimental Research," by R. H. Clarke; "Compensation: the Publican's Case," by C. Cagney; "The Floral King: a Life of Linnaeus," translated from the Swedish by A. Alberg; "Life and Balloon Experiences," part ii., by H. Coxwell, with special chapters on military ballooning; "An Account of the Chapel of Marlborough College," by the Rev. Newton Mant; "Practical Microscopy," by George E. Davis, enlarged edition; "Half-hours with the Microscope," by E. Lankester, new and enlarged edition by Prof. E. Ray Lankester; "Student's Plane Trigonometry," by Thomas Roney; "Outlines of English History," revised and re-written in part by Arthur Hassall; "Outlines of French History," re-written by Arthur Hassall; "A Manual of Anglicised Colloquial Burmese," by F. A. Davidson; "Chinese Manual," by Prof. R. K. Douglas; "An Arabic Reading Book," by Alan B. Birdwood. "Eminent Women Series," edited by John H. Ingram (new volumes): "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by John H. Ingram; "Jane Austen," by Mrs. Malden; popular edition, in limp cloth binding.

"George Eliot," by Mathilde Blind. "Biographies of Great Composers" (new volume): "Mendelssohn," by J. Hadden; "Following the Drum: Sketches of Soldier-Life in Peace and War, Past and Present," the verses selected and illustrated by Richard Simkin; "Rural Rambles," twelve sketches in colour, with extracts from Milton, Thomson, &c., illustrating the country at morning, noon, and evening; the sketches from drawings by Alfred Woodruff and S. P. Carlill.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN, & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"BRAVE Deeds," illustrations of some of the distinguished actions of British regiments, with descriptive extracts from popular and authentic sources, illustrated and edited by Lieut. Colonel J. Marshman; "Christmas in Many Lands," a series of four small quarto books, by Florence Scannell, illustrated by Edith Scannell—(1) "Christmas in England: The Highwaymen," (2) "Christmas in France: Jean Noel," (3) "Christmas in Germany: Golden Wings," and (4) "Christmas in Italy: The Pifferari"—each contains a complete story, bringing in the different characteristics of Christmas time in each country; "The Story of the Mermaid," adapted from the German of Hans Andersen, by E. Ashe, illustrated by Laura W. Trowbridge—the gradual awakening of the soul under the influence of love is here described in verse, in the guise of a fairy tale; "When I'm a Man: or, Little Saint Christopher," by Alice Weber, illustrated by W. H. Groome; "Birdie: a Tale of Child Life," by Harriet Child-Pemberton, illustrated by W. Rainey; a new series of toy-books, called "The Old Corner Series," with original illustrations (1) "Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog," (2) "Comic Adventures of Dame Trot and her Cat," by Will Gibbons, (3) "Dick Whittington and his Cat," by John Proctor, (4) "Cock Robin," by E. Morant-Cox, (5) "The Old Woman and her Pig," by A. Chasemore, and (6) "The History of the House that Jack Built," by E. Morant-Cox; "The Old Corner Annual," a storehouse of nursery rhymes and ditties, edited by Uncle Charlie, with six coloured and hundreds of black and white illustrations; "Marmaduke Multiply's Merry Method of making Minor Mathematicians," in 3 vols., miniature quarto; "Anchor and Laurel: a tale of the Royal Marines," by J. Percy Groves, illustrated by Lieut.-Colonel J. Marshman; "The History of Arthur Penarth: sometime Gentleman of Sir Walter Raleigh," by Commander Lovett Cameron, illustrated by Stanley Berkeley; three books by William Dalton—"The War Tiger," a tale of the Conquest of China, illustrated by H. S. Melville; "The White Elephant; or, The Hunters of Ava, and the King of the Golden Foot," illustrated by H. Weir and R. H. Moore; and "Lost in Ceylon"; "Competitors," by Mrs. Seymour, illustrated by Miss E. M. Fenn; "A Week in Arcadia," by Eleanor Holmes, illustrated by Miss O. Paterson; "Japanese Fairy Tales," a series of sixteen little volumes by Japanese artists, produced in original style by Japanese printers, on Japanese crepe paper, the stories printed in English—(1) Momotaro, (2) Shitakiri Suzume, (3) Saru Kani Kassen, (4) Hanasaki Iiji, (5) Kaichi Kachi Yama, (6) Nedzumi no Yomciri, (7) Kobutori, (8) Urashima, (9) Yamata no Orochi, (10) Matsuyama Kajami, (11) Inaba no Shiro Usaji, (12) Kitsune no Tejara, (13) The Silly Jelly Fish, (14) The Prince's Fire Flash, Fire Fade, (15) My Lord Bag o' Rice, and (16) The Wooden Bowl; a new work of fiction by Mrs. Bray, entitled "Branded; or, The Sins of the Fathers shall be visited upon the Children"; "Australian Poets, 1788-1888," edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen—a selection from the

poems written in Australia during the first century of British colonisation, with a preface by the editor, and an essay concerning Australian poets, together with biographical notices of the more important writers, by A. Patchett Martin; a one-volume novel, entitled "Through the Goal of Ill"; and a small book of travel, entitled "Reminiscences of a Pleasant Voyage," by Blue Bell Shepherd; several new volumes in "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature, including Paley's 'Horae Paulinae,' and Wilberforce's 'Practical View of the Religious System of Professed Christians'; also a new edition of the Rev. W. Donne's 'Getting Ready for the Mission'; a service of 'The Form and Manner of Making Choristers,' in portable form; and 'Come unto Me,' a series of twelve scenes from the life of our Lord, with appropriate extracts from Holy Scripture, and poetry from well-known authors, illustrated by H. Hofmann.

MESSRS. CROSBY, LOCKWOOD, & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE Metallurgy of Gold: a Practical Treatise on the Metallurgical Treatment of Gold-bearing ores, including the Processes of Concentration and Chlorination, and the Assaying and Refining of Gold," by M. Eissler, formerly assistant assayer of the U.S. Mint, San Francisco, with 90 illustrations; "Practical Surveying: a Text-book for Students preparing for Examinations or the Colonies," by George W. Usill, with upwards of 330 illustrations; "Antiseptics: a Handbook for Nurses, being an epitome of the Theory and Practice of Antiseptic Treatment in Surgical, Medical, and Obstetric Cases, with notes on antiseptic substances, disinfection, monthly nursing, &c., by Annie M. Hower; "Tables, Memoranda, and Calculated Results for Farmers, Agricultural Students, Graziers, Surveyors, Land Agents, Auctioneers, &c., with a new system of farm-book keeping, selected and arranged by Sidney Francis, waistcoat-pocket size; "The Bread and Biscuit Baker's and Sugar Boiler's Assistant," including a large variety of modern recipes, &c., by Robert Wells; "The Mechanical Engineer's Office Book," by Nelson Foley, second edition, much enlarged; "Screw Threads, and Methods of Producing Them," with numerous tables and complete directions for using screw-cutting lathes, by Paul N. Hasluck, second edition; "Lockwood's Builders' and Contractors' Book" for 1889, containing the latest prices of materials and labour in all trades connected with building, edited by F. T. W. Miller; "The Number and Weight Calculator," showing in single tables the value at 421 different rates (from $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1d. to 20s.) of any number of articles from 1 to 20,000, or any number of tons, cwts., qrs. and lbs., from 1 to 1000 tons, second edition, revised and specially adapted to the apportionment of mileage charges for railway traffic.

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MESSRS. J. S. VIRTUE & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"JERUSALEM, the Holy City," by Col. Sir Charles Wilson, with about 80 engravings on steel and wood; "Celebrated Pictures at the Glasgow Exhibition," by Walter Armstrong, illustrated with nearly 100 engravings on steel and wood after pictures and sculpture by Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, L. Alma Tadema, Sir David Wilkie, J. M. W. Turner, W. Q. Orchardson, E. J. Poynter, Sir James Linton, Hamo Thornycroft, J. MacNeill Whistler, Phos. Gainsborough, John Pettie, Albert Moore, Marcus Stone, Hubert Herkomer, Corot, Millet, Maria, L'Hermitte, Rodin, &c., limited large paper edition; "Pen-and-Ink Notes at the Glasgow Exhibition," by T. Raffles Davison, written by Robert Walker, secretary to the Fine Art Section, with about 100 illustrations; "The Great Historic Families of Scotland," by James Taylor, containing accounts of the following families among many others: Monteiths, Douglasses, Maitlands, Campbells, Hamiltons, Gordons, Grahams, Hays, Mackenzie, Maxwells, new edition, in 2 vols.; "Etchings by Paul Rajon, Fortuny, and Others," a collection of 20 etchings after J. L. E. Meissonier, J. L. Gérôme, &c., limited edition, printed on Japan paper; "The Art of Decorating," by Henri Mayeux, translated by J. Gonino, and illustrated with nearly 300 engravings; "Adeline's Dictionary of Terms used in Art, Architecture, Heraldry, and Archaeology," translated and enlarged by C. Whibley, with nearly 1500 illustrations; "Switzerland; its Mountains, Valleys, Lakes, and Rivers," with nearly 200 illustrations; "Japan and its Art," by Marcus B. Huish, with over 100 illustrations; "Invalid Cookery," by Mary Davies, with instructions on the preparation of food for the sick; "The Nurse's Companion in the Sick Room," by Mary Davies; "The Art Annual for 1888," being the Christmas number of the *Art Journal*, consisting of the life and work of J. C. Hook, by F. G. Stephens, illustrated with 6 full-page plates and about 40 other engravings; "The Art Journal Volume, 1888," with 16 full-page etchings and engravings, and several hundred illustrations in the text; "The Year's Art, 1889," by Marcus B. Huish, containing a concise epitome of all matters relating to the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture which have occurred during the year 1888, together with information respecting the events of the year 1889, with portraits of the A.R.A.'s; "Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book for the Year 1889," with thoroughly revised and corrected tables of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly expenditure.

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"OVER THE HILLS," poetry by E. L. Shute, with forty-eight pages of coloured illustrations,

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MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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Girl's Story of Herself," by Rosa Mulholland, with eight full-page illustrations by Lookhart Bogle; "Storied Holidays: a Cycle of Red-letter Days," by E. S. Brooks, with twelve full-page illustrations by Howard Pyle; "Self-exiled: a Story of the High Seas and Africa," by J. A. Steuart, with six full-page illustrations by J. Schönberg; "Hugh Herbert's Inheritance," by Caroline Austin, with six full-page illustrations by C. T. Garland; "Meg's Friend," by Alice Corkran, with six full-page illustrations by Robert Fowler; "The Saucy May," by Henry Frith, with four full-page illustrations; "The Brig Audacious," by Alan Cole, illustrated by John Schönberg; "Little Lady Clare," by Evelyn Everett Green, illustrated by Robert Fowler; "Jasper Dene," by Elizabeth J. Lysaght, illustrated by T. H. Willson; "When I was a Boy in China," by Yan Phou Lee, a native of China, now resident in the United States.

New volumes of Blackie's Two Shilling Series of Reward Books, each containing three full-page illustrations: "Susan," by Amy Walton; "Swiss Stories for Children and Those who Love Children," from the German of M^{me}. Johanna Spyri, by Lucy Wheelock; "Linda and the Boys," by Cecilia Selby Lowndes.

New volumes of Blackie's Eighteenpenny Series of Reward Books, illustrated: "The Battlefield Treasure," by F. Bayford Harrison; "Joan's Adventures at the North Pole and elsewhere," by Alice Corkran; "Filled with Gold," by Jennie Perrett; "Edwy; or, Was he a Coward?" by Annette Lyster.

New volumes of the Shilling Series for Children, with frontispieces in colours: "In the Summer Holidays," by Jennett Humphreys; "How the Strike Began," by Emma Leslie; "Tales from the Russian of M^{me}. Kubalensky," by G. Jenner; "Cinderella's Cousin, and other Stories," by Penelope; "Their New Home," by Annie S. Fenn; "Janie's Holiday," by Christian Redford.

MR. DAVID NUTT'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A REPRINT, page for page, line for line, and word for word, but in Roman character, of Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur" of 1485, edited, with various readings, from Wynkyn de Worde's and later editions, and bibliographical-critical introduction by Dr. Oskar Sommer—the Spencer copy will be taken as a basis and its deficiencies supplied from the copy formerly at Osterley Park; essays upon Malory and his relation to the French romances will also, perhaps, accompany this reprint, which will be issued in a limited edition and in sumptuous form. A fourth volume of the Bibliothèque de Carabas, being the "Fables of Aesop" reprinted from Caxton's edition, with notes, appendices, and an essay upon the literary history of the fables, by J. Jacobs. The "Epistolae Ho-Eliaanae; or, Familiar and Domestic Letters," by James Howell, reprinted from the best editions, with appendix of inedited letters, historical notes, and introductory notice of the author, by J. Jacobs. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," a complete English version by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Coleridge's "Marginalia," edited by W. F. Taylor, is nearly ready. Mr. Archer's "Crusade of Richard I." will shortly be issued in the "English History from Contemporary Writers" series, and Mr. Taylor's "Charles II.," in the same series, has gone to press. An English version of Gremmli's "Excursionsflora." A "French Method for the use of Cheltenham College," by E. Clare. A "Dictionary of Difficulties met with in Speaking and Writing French," by M. Deshumbert. Revised edition of the "Wellington College French Exercise Books," &c., &c.

MESSRS. HATCHARD'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BACHE, S. Maximilien au Mexique: souvenirs de son médecin particulier, p.p. Pauline Drouard. Paris: Savine. 8 fr. 50 c.
CHILLY, Numa de. L'Espionnage. Paris: Baudoin. 7 fr. 50 c.
DEMONTE, E. La fin d'un monde: étude psychologique et sociale. Paris: Savine. 8 fr. 50 c.
LE CHATELAIN, H., et G. PILLERIN. Madagascar depuis sa découverte jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Jouvot. 5 fr. 25 c.
UNGER, J. H. W. Bibliographia van Vondel's Werken. Amsterdam: Müller. 4 fl. 50 c.
WIRTH, L. Der Stil der Oester- u. Passionspiele bis zum 15. Jahrh. incl. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

HISTORY.

DARBEZ, R. Etudes d'histoire de droit. Paris: Larose. 10 fr.
HALBE, M. Friedrich II. u. der päpstliche Stahl. Bis zur Kaiserkrönung (Nov. 1900). Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HOMER, F. Oliver Cromwell. 2. Bd. 1. Thl. Berlin: Luckhardt. 6 M.
KHAL, J. Studien zur Geschichte d. alten Aegypten. III. Tyros u. Sidon. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
MAHREHOUTZ, R. u. A. WYSSER. Grundzüge der staatlichen u. geistigen Entwicklung der europäischen Völker. Oppeln: Franck. 8 M.
MINGHEIT, Marco. Miel Ricordi. Turin: Loescher. 4 fr.
PROWE, F. Die Finanzverwaltung am Hofe Heinrichs VII. während d. Römerruges. Nach den Rechnungsberichten bei Bonaini. Berlin: Sternroth. 3 M.
SOUGHON, M. Die Papstwahl von Bonifatius VIII bis Urban VI. u. die Entstehung d. Schismas 1268. Braunschweig: Goeritz. 5 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BERNAK, A. Die Foraminiferen d. kieseligen Kalkes v. Nieder-Hollabrunn. Wien: Hölder. 3 M.
WILKINS, M. Beitrag zur Kenntnis d. Pferdegebisses m. Rücksicht auf die fossilen Equiden v. Maragha in Persien. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M. 10 Pf.
ZAHLEBRUCKER, A. Beitrag zur Flora v. Neu-Caledonien. Wien: Hölder. 3 M. 30 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

HAARE, A. Französische Syntax d. XVII. Jahrhunderts. Oppeln: Franck. 7 M.
HARTL, W. v. Kritische Versuche zur fünften Dekade d. Livius. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
KOECHWITZ, E. Neuf französische Formenlehre, nach ihrem Lautstande dargestellt. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 60 Pf.
LUBARSCHE, E. O. Ueb. Deklamation u. Rhythmus der französischen Verse. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 50 Pf.
STAE, S. Das Verbum der Mischsprache. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 30 Pf.
TOMASCHKE, W. Kritik der ältesten Nachrichten über den ägyptischen Norden. I. Ueber das aramäische Gedicht d. Aristens. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANNALS OF ULSTER.

Youghal: August 29, 1888.

Students of Irish history are indebted to the Council of the Royal Irish Academy for having issued a volume, accephalous though it is, of the Annals of Ulster. The Treasury Minute requires that each chronicle be edited to represent with all possible correctness the text, derived from a collation of the best MSS., with notes added illustrative of the various readings. Compliance with these essentials was of easy attainment here. In the first place, the text, consisting for the most part of simple items, presents but few difficulties. Furthermore, these Annals were among the materials employed by the *Four Masters*. What they omitted has been to a large extent supplied in O'Donovan's notes. Moreover, there is an English version of the seventeenth century in the British Museum, O(larendon, 49). Finally, Latin renderings of the Irish portions were given by O'Connor in his edition (*Revue Hibernica Scriptores*, vol. iv.). All the more disappointing is it, therefore, to find that the execution fails to reach the requisite standard. In fact, given some acquaintance with Irish and Latin, average diligence and tolerable capacity for comparison and induction, then, without consulting a single MS., more reliable work could have been produced from sources long accessible in print. I begin with two instances which lately I had occasion to discuss critically (ACADEMY, No. 816).

(1) The compiler, I submitted proof, was not to be taken upon trust. He had changed the native *orgain*, "plundering," into the Latin *organorum*. Turning to A.D. 814, I find here *Orgain Cluana Cremha*; and, in a note:

"Dr. O'Connor, in his edition of these *Annals*, makes a most extraordinary blunder regarding this entry, which is written quite plain in A. [one of the MSS.]. And O'Donovan (*Four Masters*, A.D. 810, note u) is scarcely more happy. It is a pity that the latter did not consult the MS. A. before constructing the note in question." [O'Donovan (xxxiv) says he compared O'Connor's text with the Bodleian and Dublin copies.]

Why, one asks in wonder, were not the "blunder" and "note" duly set forth, thereby enabling students to judge for themselves? I shall supply the omission. O'Connor gives (*ubi sup.*, 199) *direptio organorum*, adding at foot "Cod. Clarend. 49." Having quoted *direptio organorum* from "Ann. Ult.," and the *taking away of the organs* from C., O'Donovan (*loc. cit.*) proceeds:

"It looks rather remarkable that what is made *orgain*, 'plunder,' by the *Four Masters*, is made *organorum* in Latin by the compiler of the annals of Ulster. The probability seems to be that the compiler mistook the Irish word *orgain*, 'plunder,' for *orgain*, *organa*, 'organs'; but Dr. O'Connor, who thinks that the passage is genuine, adds in a note, p. 199, '[that elsewhere he had proved organs were of ancient use in the Eastern, and of not recent invention in the Western, Church]."

Now, whether *direptio* occurs in C., or is O'Connor's rendering of "taking away," as the Royal Irish Academy possesses no copy, I am unable to say. But, for the pith of the matter, that the seventeenth-century translator worked upon a text wherein the native word for "plundering" was made into the Latin for "organs" has (to pass over the critical demonstration), ever since the publication of O'Donovan's edition, been within reach of all who had eyes to perceive. For the old hand, an entry of the very next year shows, in addition to acquaintance with Latin, knew the English of *orgain*, the vocable in question.

A.D. 815 . . . *Loecadh ocus orggain Foibrein*, . . . *ubi plurimi occisi sunt ignobiles*—[who] burnt and praised Foivrein, . . . where many ignobles were killed" (O'D., i. 424).

See, then, what we have got here. One authority gives one reading, another of at least equal value disagrees therewith. Whereupon, the less probable lection is given, and the more reliable ignored. One editor falls into a very natural error; another points it out in a note that is a model of discernment and caution. The authority on which both proceeded is suppressed, and they are each pilloried for their pains. Such are the ways of "official scholarship!"

(2) The compiler, A.D. 791, dubbed Malruen and two Aidans bishops. To show the mischief of this commentitious entry, it may be mentioned that it led astray Dr. Reeves, in his work on the *Culdees* (*Trans. R. I. A.*, xxiv. 126). I made good the fact that the attribution was to be restricted to one of the namesakes. Here, however, the corrupt text is followed blindly, all three personages being made "bishops and soldiers [*sic*] of Christ."

(3) Identical in construction is the following:

"A.D. 795. *Dubhittir Finlaist ocus Colguu nepu Duinecho, Olchohur, mas Flaimn, Alis Eire, rex Mumhain, scribas et episcopi et ancoritas, dormierunt*—D. and O., O. son of Flann, king of Munster, '[and] scribes and bishops and anchorites fell asleep.'"

They are, it is to be feared, not the only persons who have fallen asleep in this place. The new "king of Munster," I would fain believe, was the creation of some ignorant scribe, confounding this O. with king O., son of Keneth, who died more than half a century later, A.D. 850. Who the contemporary ruler was we ascertain from an entry, A.D. 792, thus rendered in C.: "The ordination of Artroi mac Cahail upon the kingdom of Mounster" (O'D., i. 395). Furthermore, the emendation and version, "[and] scribes," &c., are, it is easily shown, entirely erroneous. For O., son of F., was a scribe, bishop, and anachorite (*Four Masters*, A.D. 792). *Scribas, episcopi, ancoritas*, accordingly, qualify Olchohur. The true reading is consequently obtained by omitting *Rex Mumhain* and *dormierunt*, prefixing *Dormitatio* and placing D., C. and O. with the dependent words in the genitive. Whether this O. was the same as the O. of Scatter Island, whose obit the *Four Masters* give A.D. 792, is beside the present question.

The following will show how a minimum of research among published authorities would have sufficed to amend a text that is worthless as it stands here.

(4) "A.D. 534. *Dormitatio Muchti xiiii. Kal. Septembris*." Read *xiii. Kal. Sept.* The *Calendar of Oengus* (ed. Stokes, cxxiv.) and the *Four Masters* (A.D. 534) place the demise on the 19th, not the 20th, of August.

(5) "A.D. 628. *Visio quam vidit Furcus, religiosus, episcopus*." But Bede, who devotes a chapter of his *Ecclesiastical History* (iii. 19) to Fursey, says never a word of his being a bishop.

(6) "A.D. 748 . . . *et ventus magnus. Dimersio familiae Iae*." Here, as we learn from the corresponding entry in the *Four Masters*, a single sentence has been cut into two. A.D. 744, "A great storm came in this year, so that a great throng of the family of Iona of Colum Cille was drowned." The scribe omitted the connective. A better lection has been preserved in C.: *D. f. I., propter ventum magnum* (O'D., i. 347).

(7) A.D. 755. *Bellum Gronnas magnae*—"The battle of Gronn-mor." Gronn-mor is a brilliant discovery in Irish topography. The editor evidently looks upon Gronn as a native vocable. But *gronna*, if he will allow me, is Latin. The word is to be found (to quote only such works as were published before the editor essayed this task) in O'Connor's *Stowe Catalogue* (131) and Mr. Stokes's *Irish Glosses* (118). It means a "bog," Irish *moin*. Hence the fight was fought in a locality called *Moin mor*—"big bog." "The place," the note says, "has not

been identified." The initial step in that direction has now been taken in the recovery of the native designation.

(8) A.D. 780. *Magna contentio in Ard Machae, in quinquagesima die, in qua cecidit Condalach, mac Ailello*—"Great confusion in A.-M. on quinquagesima day." In a note: "Quinquagesima—'Shrovetide,' Ann. Clonmacnoise." This is a very serious error. But it is instructive as furnishing fresh proof of the futility of mere dictionary knowledge in cases demanding discrimination. Reference to the Stowe Missal shows at once what *quinquagesima dies* meant in the Early Irish Church.

"Pentecosten: et diem sacratissimam celebrantes quinquagesimae Domini nostri, Ihesu Christi, in qua Spiritus Sanctus super apostolos descendit" (vol. 24b; my ed., p. 211)

In the note I quote "De Pascha usque Quinquagesimam" from one of the Canons of the Second Council of Tours (A.D. 567). Its omission from the Corpus Missal proves that Quinquagesima Sunday was of no special significance even in the Mediaeval Irish Church. The contest in question took place, accordingly, on Pentecost Day.

(9) This entry enables another to be completed. (It is naturally passed over in the present edition without remark.) A.D. 788. *Contentio in Ard Machae [in quinquagesima die], in qua iugulatus est vir in hostio oratoris lapidei*. The similarity of *in quin-* and *in qua-* led the scribe to omit the bracketed words.

Connected herewith are two cognate events which, lying, as they do, outside the beaten track, I do not tax the editor with inability to elucidate. Their novelty and importance demand more attention than can be devoted to them in this place. In due time I shall revert to the subject.

(a) A.D. 818. *Cengciyes Aird Machae cenaigi, cea tucbail scrine, ocus cumusc ann, i torchair mac Echdach, mic Fiachnae*—Pentecost of Armagh without celebration, without elevation of shrine, and contention therein, in which fell Mac E., son of F.

Elevation of shrine, the note states, was "some Whitsuntide ceremony, or procession, at Armagh, of which no notice occurs elsewhere, so far as the editor is aware."

(b) A.D. 892. *Cumusc a cengcigis i n-Ard Macha, dir cinel n-Eogain ocus Ultu, du i torchadar ili*—Thus translated in C. "Contention in Ardmac in Whitsontide, between Tyreowen and the rest of Ulster, where many were slain" (O'D., i. 543).

The explanation of these four occurrences is supplied by the *Liber Anguli* in the Book of Armagh (fol. 21d):

"Fundamentum orationis in unaquaque die dominica in Alto Machae ad Sargifagum [sarcophagum] martyrum* adeundum ab eoque revertendum: id est, 'Domine, clamavi ad te' [Ps. 140]. usque in finem; 'Ut quid, Deus, repulisti in finem' [Ps. 73]; et 'Beati immaculati in via' [Ps. 118]. usque in finem; benedictionis [see]; et quinaedem psalmi gaudium [Ps. 119-133]."

Ad *sargifagum martyrum* is glossed, on the left (centre) margin, *du ferti martur*—"to tomb of relics." The *scrib. of the Annals* is accordingly the *sargifagum* of the *Liber Anguli*. The elevation was solemn exposition of the shrine for the veneration of assembled worshippers—parishioners and pilgrims.

Disputes—sometimes, as in the instances here recorded, attended with loss of life—must have arisen frequently between rival sects respecting precedence in the procession, or within the church. In connexion with the last-mentioned brawl, the *Four Masters* (A.D. 889) had before them a most valuable document (whether they copied it correctly I do not stay

to inquire)—the sentence pronounced by the Archbishop of Armagh upon the sacrilegious combatants.

(10) A.D. 803. *Mare terram abscondit, id est, ined da boo deac di thir*—"to the extent of the land of twelve cows." But *ined* (recte *inad*) properly signifies "site." The true reading is *med*, which is given in O'Connor. That this was the vocable the translator of C. had before him appears clearly from his version, "the extent of twelve cows of land" (O'D., i. 410).

One item is such a neat illustration of the value of the (absurdly named) *Chronicon Scotorum* that the temptation to quote is irresistible. A.D. 891. *Ventus magnus in feria Martini* [November 11]. Mac Firbis [A.D. 892] reads: *Ventus magnus a mi Marta*—in the month of March! His editor (the same whose name is prefixed to the present volume) accepts the lection with touching credulity; although even the *Four Masters*, A.D. 888, gave the true date.

Here, for the present, I conclude. I deem it unnecessary to point out how far corruptions of form pervade the Latin and Irish of the text; or to what extent the notes are adequate in comprehensiveness and accuracy. Enough, it is submitted, has been advanced to establish that the work here presented is unreliable for purposes of critical and historical research.

It is not yet (fortunately there are grounds to hope) too late to suggest a partial remedy. The version in the British Museum Dr. O'Donovan appraises thus:

"The translation is exceedingly valuable; for it has preserved to posterity the equivalent English of a great portion of the Irish language, as it was understood by one of the hereditary professional seannachies or chroniclers of Ireland, about two centuries ago" (*Four Mast.* xxiv).

This indicates the direction in which the economy of the present publication can be advantageously altered. Let the editorial translation be omitted and Clarendon 49, with corrective notes supplied instead. If we are unable to edit our linguistic remains in a manner commensurate with the requirements of scholarship, let us, at least, facilitate progress by furnishing inquirers with authentic copies thereof.

B. MACCARTHY.

MEDIAEVAL LATIN.—THE NAME "MOSINU."

Bath 1 Sept. 24, 1898.

I am writing away from home, and from books and MSS., but I think that memory serves me sufficiently to throw some light on the points raised in the last number of the ACADEMY by Dr. Logeman.

Almost all the phenomena that he mentions are more or less common in MSS. in no way connected with England. I do not exactly remember to have met with forms like *deb-ad, propiciad*; but in particular words, like *iniquid, deliquid, ad, adque*, the substitution of *d* for *t* in MSS. of the tenth century and older is so common that it must go back to very early archetypes indeed. The converse change in *se, apud, &c.*, is also extremely ancient. Again, the omission and insertion of *h* abounds in MSS. and inscriptions of the earliest date and most diverse origin. I am by no means sure that it would not be possible to formulate some general conclusions as to the different tendencies in different localities, but they do not lie upon the surface. The interchange of *o* and *u* (as in *muntem*) I should have said was especially common in French MSS. of the Merovingian period, but it is also found elsewhere. I would suggest to Dr. Logeman, if he wishes to find out how far such usages as those he mentions are peculiar, that he should look in the *Apparatus Criticus* and index of

the splendid edition of Gregory of Tours in the "Monumenta Germaniae Historica," or in other volumes of the series, and that he should consult the indices to the *Corp. Inscr. Lat.* I quite agree that it often needs great care to determine whether a form is original or not. Many forms are set down as provincialisms which are really widely diffused.

I take this opportunity to thank Prof. Rhys for his answer to my letter in the ACADEMY of September 15. The information which he gave was, perhaps, rather interesting in itself than available for my particular purpose. He could, however, I feel sure, tell me if it is possible, philologically, to connect the name "Mosinu" with St. Sillan. W. SANDAY.

[In Dr. Logeman's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, col. 191, l. 13, read "coherceat"; l. 17, read "æfde"; l. 18, read "hæftemæt"; and in note correct reference in *Germania* to "23,398, *tramelas*, paginas; Prudentius *Glosses*."]

THE "DAYS" OF GENESIS.

Preston Rectory, Wellington, Salop: Sept. 24, 1898.

I have only just seen Dr. Littledale's letter on the "days" of Genesis. I am obliged to him for the opportunity of modifying my statement alluded to. Instead of "no one," read "scarcely anyone." St. Augustine's explanation, however, seems to me impossible, and has failed to convince even the orthodox. Surely such expressions as "the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night," and "to divide the light from the darkness," in reference to the three post-solar days, must apply to ordinary days, and not to indefinite periods. On this question the words of Archbishop Pratt may be quoted:

"There is one class of interpreters with whom I cannot agree—I mean those who take the six days to be six periods of indefinite length. . . . Is it not a harsh and forced interpretation to suppose that in Exodus xx. the 'six days' in verse 9 do not mean the same as the 'six days' in verse 11; but that in this last place they mean 'six periods'? In reading through verse 11, it is extremely difficult to believe that the 'seventh day' is a long period, and the 'Sabbath Day' an ordinary day, that is that the same word 'day' should be used in two totally different senses in the same short sentence, and without any explanation" (*Scripture and Science*, p. 45).

Similarly also, in characteristic language, the late Dean of Chichester writes:

"Such an interpretation seems to stultify the whole narrative. A week is described. Days are spoken of, each made up of an evening and a morning. God's cessation from the work of creation on the seventh day is emphatically adduced as the reason of the Fourth Commandment—the mysterious precedent for our observance of one day of rest at the end of every six days of toil—'For in six days [it is declared] the Lord made heaven and earth.' You may not play tricks with language plain as this, and elongate a week until it shall more than embrace the span of all recorded time" (*Inspiration and Interpretation*, p. 38).

Of all classes of interpreters the philological contortionist presents the most hopeless case to deal with. Bel-like he eludes every grasp as to my "sweeping statements" (see ACADEMY, Sept. 15). I will only say that I am in accord with those writers, several of whom are of the orthodox school, who maintain that the Biblical narrative clearly indicates the universality of the Deluge; and I would willingly do a little more "sweeping" were there any reasonable prospect of brushing away into the kitchen-middens of the past the dust and cobwebs of forced interpretations.

W. HOUGHTON.

* Martyrem in MS., with *m* placed over *e*, by original hand.

"CRAG," SIGNIFYING "NECK."

Merton College, Oxford: Sept. 22, 1888.

Another instance of this word is to be found in a translation of Plautus by B. Thornton (1767, vol. i., p. 327, in the edition I have consulted):

"How I shall chop the *crag* from off the chines." The Latin word is *collos*.

It is, I suppose, certainly the same word as "scrag," "a scrag of mutton," "to scrag": but what is the precise relationship of the two forms?

Is "scrag" the original one, and has the initial "s" dropped out in some dialect, as apparently in *tylos*—*tylos* in Greek? I cannot find any number of English doublets beginning with *scr*-, *cr*-; but, perhaps, "scratch," compared with German "kratzen," is parallel; and "crook" is traced by Prof. Skeat to a *√* SKARK. "Crook" is, indeed, I suppose, a cognate of this "crag," as the *√* seems to mean "shrinking," and a word meaning "shrunken" can come to mean either "crooked" or "lean, scraggy." G. R. SCOTT.

P.S.—It is curious that "crick," another variety of "crook," is now-a-days used specially of the neck. German "Kragen," neck, collar, must, I take it, go along with this word "crag."

THE COLOUR "PERS" IN CHAUCER.

London: Sept. 23, 1888.

It may interest Mr. Paget Toynbee to know that in Royal MS. 20 C 7 (a work of the time of Richard II.) is a figure of a "Doutour of Phisik" clad in a long robe of a faint, slightly neutral, purple colour, bearing some resemblance to the lighter purple of a peach. I have frequently met with this colour, and variations of it, in MSS. of this period. If it be "pers," the "Doutour," in this case, is clad in pers and green, for he wears over the robe a cape or tippet of the latter colour.

J. P. EMSLIE.

"ZABA" IN THE DIALECT OF CREMONA.

London: Sept. 24, 1888.

To dispel the doubts which Prince Bonaparte still entertains respecting the use of the word *zaba*, and the pronunciation of the *s* (not *z*) in *satt*, I can only refer him to such living authorities on the Cremonese dialect as the *Avvocato* Melchiorre Bellini (a vernacular poet) and Dr. Fulvio Cazzaniya (a distinguished writer on social questions, and the editor for many years of Cremona's best newspaper).

The criticism on Perri's dictionary came from some of his fellow-citizens at the time of its publication, and I have heard it often repeated. Prof. Biondelli, the well-known philologist, was not a Cremonese; and he was working in such a wide field of linguistic researches (old American languages, Oufic inscriptions, Gallo-Italic dialects, *lang*, &c.) that omissions or errors in a vocabulary of a dialect which was not his own may easily have escaped his attention.

F. SACCHI.

MAIDEN'S GARLAND.

Copenhagen: Sept. 19, 1888.

Will you allow me to direct attention to two lines in Gay's mock-pastorals, *The Shepherd's Week* (1714), evidently referring to the custom of hanging maiden's garlands in parish churches. They occur in the fifth pastoral (l. 143-44), and are uttered by Grubbinol, when relating the death and burial of Blouzelind. Quoting from the second edition, I retain the ancient orthography:

"To her sweet Mem'ry flow'ry Garlands strung,
O'er her now empty Seat aloft were hung."

AD. HANSEN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3, 8 p.m. Elizabethan Literary Society: "Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine the Great,' by Mr. F. Rogers.

SCIENCE.

Dictionary and Grammar of the Kongo Language. By the Rev. W. Holman Bentley. (Trübner.)

THANKS mainly to the development of missionary work throughout Equatorial and South Africa, the materials are rapidly accumulating for the scientific study of the great Bantu linguistic family, which holds almost exclusive possession of the whole of this region from about 4° north lat. southwards. The fundamental unity of Bantu speech, first indicated by Dr. H. Lichtenstein early in the present century (*Reisen*, Berlin, 1811), and fairly established on a solid foundation by the comparative researches of Bleek, coincident with the opening of the new era of African exploration, has been strengthened, and its range widened *pari passu* with the progress of geographical discovery in the Ogoway, Kongo, and Upper Nile basins. The surprisingly homogeneous character of the dialects current throughout this immense domain is stamped upon the very territorial, and especially the ethnological, nomenclature of the countless tribes and peoples ranging in one direction from the Niger Delta to Kafirland, in another from the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza to Damaraland on the South Atlantic seaboard. It is this remarkable uniformity—which extends in varying degrees to the vocabulary, the phonetics, and grammatical structure—that lends such paramount interest to the Bantu family. Philologists here find an absolutely independent linguistic system covering a vast area; but, unlike the Aryan, for instance, not yet broken into profoundly divergent groups, whose mutual affinities cannot always be clearly determined.

In the preface to this excellent manual of the Kongo, a highly typical member of the family, Mr. Bentley draws special attention to this astonishing phenomenon, remarking that

"identical rules, words, forms, and turns of expression, are spread over the whole area inhabited by the Bantu race, and are found among peoples who can have had no intercommunication since their first separation, such as the languages spoken at the Cameroons and in Zululand, which are 3,000 miles apart."

He further informs us that, in preparing his Kongo work, he was much helped by the study of other Bantu grammars, such as the Swahili, spoken on the opposite side of the continent along the Zanzibar Coast. It is as if a student of Irish or Norse were to derive any practical aid from a knowledge, say, of Russian or Albanian.

The contrast becomes all the more striking when it is remembered that some of the Aryan tongues have been cultivated for over two thousand years, while none of the Bantu idioms have ever been reduced to written form till quite recently. Apart from the imperfect vocabularies of Brusciotto de Vetralla (1650), de Cannecatim (1804), and one or two others, the present is the first dictionary of the Kongo language that has ever been compiled. The materials both for it and for the accompanying grammar were

collected during the five years spent amid his missionary labours in the Kongo region by Mr. Bentley, who went out with Mr. Comber of the English Baptist Society in 1879. Two more years of assiduous work under much physical suffering and temporary loss of sight were devoted to the elaboration of these materials in England; and, thanks partly to the zealous co-operation of his wife and of an intelligent young native of San Salvador, Mr. Bentley may be congratulated on having produced the most comprehensive work that has yet appeared on any single member of the Bantu linguistic family. The labour bestowed on the dictionary, which comprises both an English-Kongo and Kongo-English section, is shown by some of the ingenious devices employed to make this part of the work as complete as possible. Thus,

"while the Kongo-English section was under revision, a number of words were found in a singular manner. I was working out the idea of a Kongo primer, representing all the possible combinations of consonants with vowels—*ba, be, . . . mba, mbwa, &c.* Then syllabic combinations, as *baba, beba . . .* After a few examples I took notice only of those combinations which were actually Kongo words, and sometimes a whole set of words could be found with all the vowels, as above; sometimes one vowel would have no example, and I would then ask Nlemvo [his native fellow worker] whether they had such a word, for instance, as *yaba*. 'Yes,' he would say, '*yaba* is to root up by handfuls.'"

In this way the whole alphabet was gone through at intervals during several months, the result being the finding of about 300 new roots, which would otherwise have escaped detection.

Similar conscientious care has been given to the grammatical section, as shown especially in the treatment of such characteristic features as alliterative concord illustrated with useful comparative tables of old and modern class prefixes, nominal derivation disposed under twenty separate heads, and verbal conjugation with copious and well-arranged paradigms of the modal, temporal, causal, reciprocal, negative, and other almost endless forms of the Bantu verb, as fully developed in the Kongo branch. For the first time, as far as is known to this writer, a perfectly clear explanation is given of the curiously subtle distinctions between the transitive, passive, middle, and passive middle forms of the active verb, as in *baka*=to catch, *bakwa*=to be caught, *bakama*=to get caught (middle), and *bakamwa*=to have something caught (passive middle). Thus, to take the last two: *E nkomo a mfumu yabakama*=the chief's goat got caught (middle); *O mfumu yabakamwa e nkomo*=the chief was caught as to his goat—i.e., had his goat caught, say, by a crocodile (passive middle).

Such nice distinctions, expressed with the greatest ease by perfectly regular verbal and nominal forms, abound not only in Kongo, but to a greater or less degree in all the typical members of the family. Hence the somewhat enthusiastic manner in which Mr. Bentley, in common with most Bantu students, speaks of this linguistic system.

"At every point and turn new surprises were met with, as the richness, flexibility, subtlety of idea, and nicety of expression of the language revealed themselves. We find the Kongo speaking a language so exact and truthful that

he tricks, the double intention, the falsities and illogical perversions, which are so freely perpetrated in European languages would not be possible in Kongo argument."

But while it may be admitted that the morphology or mechanism of Bantu speech approaches an almost ideal perfection, the capabilities of a language incapable of equivocation must obviously be extremely limited. A translation of the Bible is, doubtless, a severe and even an unfair test; but the attempts to render quite ordinary English texts often end in ludicrous failures. Speaking of the Yao, a Bantu dialect widely diffused throughout the Nyassa region, the Rev. Duff Macdonald frankly admits this, and gives some striking instances, such as, "morning, master," the nearest approach to the "hail, master" of Judas; "he bit" or "smelt him" for "he kissed him"; and the woful hash made of "His delight is in the Law of the Lord," extorting the remark, "I could not have believed that such nonsense was possible unless I had actually come into contact with it" (*Africana*, ii., p. 90).

Kongo, the court language of the San Salvador kings, and more or less subject to Portuguese influences for nearly four centuries, can do much better than this. But even here it is easy to see that the so-called versions of Biblical texts are for the most part a kind of *tour de force*, or linguistic jugglery, effected chiefly by giving to concrete terms abstract meanings which they do not naturally possess, and which are absolutely unintelligible to the native mind. Thus in this very dictionary the word "guilty" is rendered by *akoa*, which really means a comrade, associate, accomplice, a "pal" in fact; "innocence" is *lambama*, that is, gentleness, meekness, or docility; and to *velela* = to be bright or limpid, is appended the significant gloss: "This word has been adopted to express the idea of *to be holy*." This is all very well for the European translator, or philological student; but it cannot beguile the African neophyte, who, when he hears the "Holy of Holies" for instance, spoken of as the "Bright of Brights," or "Limpid of Limpids," thinks probably of his burnished war-axe, or of some local purling stream, and wonders what it can all mean.

At the same time, this is not the fault but rather the misfortune of Mr. Bentley, who is like other translators, to make the most of the available resources. When, however, he proceeds to derive from the assumed perfection of Bantu speech an argument for the doctrine of the Fall of Man, he at once runs counter to the whole tenor of modern thought:

"Once more," he writes, "we are brought face to face with the fact that, the further we trace the forms of speech found among barbarous, or as some are pleased to call them 'savage' people, we can but feel that there has been to them a greater past. We find them peoples whose language is superior to themselves," &c.

But it has been shown above that this superiority is a delusion; and it may be stated broadly that the speech of all peoples, whether savage or cultured, is exactly on a level with their mental capacity. In general the idioms of even the lowest tribes—Australians, Fuegians, Hottentots, Andamanese, for instance—have through continual use from age

to age acquired a marvellous excellence as apt instruments for the accurate expression of a very narrow range of ideas. We admire them as we admire the polished stone implements of the neolithic age, and we regard both as indications not of a downward but of an upward tendency. Stone has been replaced by copper, bronze, iron, and steel; the rude, but doubtless serviceable, speech of our remote Aryan ancestry has been slowly elaborated into the highly tempered instruments which, in the hands of Plato and Shakspeare, have been found adequate to the embodiment of the highest flights of human fancy. But, meanwhile, as stone is to steel, so is Bantu to Greek or English—all perfect after their kind, or nearly so.

Mr. Bentley's most useful Kongo manual is excellently printed; but by a strange oversight a much needed table of contents has been omitted.

A. H. KEANE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PAUL'S "PRINCIPLES OF THE HISTORY OF LANGUAGE."

University College, Liverpool: Sept. 24, 1888.

In his notice of my translation of Paul's *Principles* your reviewer regrets that the process of adaptation has not been carried much further than it has been. Will you allow me to point out that, in the preface to the work, it is expressly stated that my intention is to publish an appendix embodying instances from English and other languages? To have inserted these in the present volume would have made it far too unwieldy and expensive; and I deliberately, not without consultation with some of our most active workers in comparative philology, determined to adopt this plan. To have rendered the German examples into English would in most cases spoil the whole point of the example—especially where these were cited from Old-High-German and Middle-High-German.

I wish also that your reviewer had cited the name of Prof. Herford, whose fine taste and accuracy aided me in translating the most difficult German that I have met with.

HERBERT A. STRONG.

THE ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER will publish on October 1 the report of the committee appointed by the Royal Society to investigate the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, and subsequent phenomena. It is edited by Mr. G. J. Symons, the chairman of that committee, which also included Prof. George Stokes, Dr. Geikie, Prof. Bonney, Mr. Norman Lockyer, &c. After a full history of the appointment and proceedings of the committee, the following will be the main chapters:

"The Volcanic Phenomena of the Eruption, and the Nature and Distribution of the Ejected Materials," by Prof. Judd.—This part gives an epitome of the history of the volcano from the seventeenth century; describes the minor May eruption, when the smoke column was estimated to be seven miles high, and the great eruption of August, when the estimated height of the smoke column was seventeen miles, darkness extended 150 miles from the volcano, and 36,380 persons were killed, chiefly by the sea waves. Describes the geological structure of Krakatoa, and of the ejected pumice and dust, pointing out the differences in that which fell at distances up to 900 miles from the volcano.

"The Air Waves and Sounds caused by the

Eruption," by Lieut.-Gen. Strachey.—This part shows that the concussion to the atmosphere was so intense that it affected every barometer in the world, and set up a series of air waves which were traceable more than four days after the eruption; and that the sound was heard certainly 2000 and most probably 2968 miles from Krakatoa.

"The Seismic Sea Waves caused by the Eruption," by Capt. W. J. L. Wharton.—This describes the fearful loss of life and structural damage produced by the great wave 135 feet high, and the rate of translation of that wave to all the principal tide-gauges in the world. It was observed even at Havre, 10,780 miles from its starting-point.

"The Unusual Optical Phenomena of the Atmosphere 1883-86, including Twilight Effects, Coronal Appearances, Sky Haze, Coloured Suns, Moons, &c.," by the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell and Mr. E. Douglas Archibald.—This part gives descriptions of the unusual twilight glows in various parts of the world, pointing out in what respects they differed from ordinary sunsets, and discusses their proximate physical cause. It gives a list of the places and dates at which the sun or moon was observed to be blue, green, or of other unusual colour. Describes the peculiar sky-haze and its effect, also the large red corona round the sun, generally known as Bishop's ring, and Prof. Kiessling's experimental reproduction of analogous appearances. Gives a chronological list from nearly all parts of the world of the first appearances of the optical phenomena—shows their general distribution in time and space, and the velocity of translation of the smoke stream, and explains the relations between it and the ordinary movements of the atmosphere. Considers the altitude of the stratum producing the phenomena, and its gradual descent. Gives a list from A.D. 1500 to 1886 of the principal volcanic eruptions, and of remarkable optical phenomena frequently synchronous with them, and concludes with a general analysis of the evidence as to the connexion between the unusual optical phenomena of 1883-86 and the Krakatoa eruption.

"The Magnetical and Electrical Phenomena accompanying the Krakatoa Explosion," by G. M. Whipple.

The work will extend to about 500 pages, royal quarto. It will be illustrated with forty-five coloured and other plates, including chromolithographic reproductions of six crayon sketches of the twilight and after-glow of November 26, 1883, by Mr. W. Ascroft; and it will be provided with ample indexes.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. W. P. JERVIS, the author of the well-known work, in three volumes, on the mineral resources of Italy (*I Tesori sotterranei dell'Italia*) is about to publish an additional volume, which will be devoted to a description of the building stones of the country. For many years he has been engaged in studying the ancient buildings of Italy, with the view of determining the source of the stones employed in their construction; and the forthcoming volume will embody the results of his investigations.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. ASCOLI, of Milan, has just published a further instalment of his edition of the Old Irish Codex in the Ambrosiana. It comprises ff. 120^a—138^a, and is followed by forty-eight pages of his *Lexicon palaeo-hibernicum*, containing the end of A, the whole of E, and the first part of I.

A VOLUME of essays on comparative philology and Sanskrit literature is about to be published by Prof. Regnaud. The most important of these will be an "Etude sur le Rhotacisme proethnique." This essay is of an exhaustive character, and will go towards proving the untenability of the theory which sees agglutination in the suffixes of the Indo-European languages. Prof. Regnaud shows that the past history of Indo-European speech has not differed from its history to-day, and that the attachment of suffixes in the parent language was due to the same cause as that which makes the Englishman create a word like "socialism," or the Frenchmen form new verbs like "télégraphier." To use Prof. Regnaud's own words:

"La principale conséquence à tirer de l'ensemble des faits qui précèdent, c'est qu'on a beau pénétrer profondément dans le système de la dérivation indo-européenne, nulle part on ne rencontre la moindre trace d'agglutination. On voit, au contraire, partout les suffixes se développer et s'ajouter aux formes simples par voie d'emprunt analogique, d'après le procédé qui est encore vivant à l'heure qui l'est, et dont nous nous servons pour créer des mots tels que constitutionnel, socialisme, gouvernemental, &c."

FINE ART.

BARTOLOMMEO NERONI, CALLED "IL RICCIO."

THE beauty of the wood-carving in the Coro of the Cathedral of Siena has induced me to investigate the small remnant left of the history and labours of the artist Riccio who designed it. Gaetano Milanesi, the writer of the commentary on Vasari's *Lives of the Italian Painters*, who was for a time librarian of the Bibliotheca Senese, enjoyed every facility to learn much more than any stranger can pretend to concerning Siena celebrities. Yet he gives so little space to this admirable architect and painter in his reference to him as pupil and son-in-law of Sodoma (prince of Siena painters) that it is not difficult to add further details.

Riccio was born no one knows when, or precisely where, and died old and sore-stricken with gout and rheumatism in 1571, as says Milanesi; but, according to a very good authority, Romagnoli—who has left MS. notices of all the art personages of Siena—two years later. The great productions he prepared for the Coro were ordered by Messer Marcello Tegliacci, then *operaio*, or clerk of the works of the cathedral, who was ambitious to leave a name for the improvements made in his time.

The former Coro, executed by Francesco Togni of Siena, was in a ruinous state of disrepair, but part still remains on each side, distinct from the fifteen stalls in the centre from Riccio's designs. What survives of the old Coro is adorned with thirty-six inlaid panels (*tarsia*)—more or less rightfully taken from the Monastery of Montoliveto Maggiore, twenty miles distant, by Cardinal Felice Zondadari, Archbishop of Siena, when Napoleon suppressed all conventual institutions in Tuscany at the beginning of this century—forming a portion of a work by Fra Giovanni da Verona, which, it is said, occupied him from 1363 to 1397 to complete. Tegliacci was resolved to entrust the task he contemplated to Riccio, although in 1567 he was broken by age, illness, and exile, having been driven from Siena to Lucca by the disastrous events following the destruction of the Republic by Duke Cosmo of Florence. It is pitiable to read of the old painter bending his stiffened fingers to plan this immense labour of love, for such it largely was, inasmuch as, despite the anxiety of the worthy *operaio* to utilise his talents, Riccio was probably no great pecuniary gainer by the result, and an attempt was certainly made to defraud

him of the reward he so dearly earned. A prolonged lawsuit was forced on him by the ill-will of his litigious employer. The tribunals, Milanesi says, restored to him his just debt; but I read in Romagnoli's MS. that one of his two daughters had to bring an action after her father's death for 170 scudi owing for the lectern, and received a verdict awarding her only seventy. Riccio, after a life of untiring industry, died poor, not long surviving the embodiment of his creative skill in the solid form represented by the combined achievement of four dexterous wood-carvers, who carried out his designs to perfection. Their names, thenceforward to be perpetuated, were—Teseo Bartolini, of Pienza; Benedetto di Giovanni, of Montepulciano; assisted by Baccio Descherini and Domenico Chiari, two Florentine sculptors. These artificers completed the fifteen stalls of the Coro in the short space of two years (1569 and 1570) at a total cost of 16,207 scudi.*

The sketches for these, and for the *seggio ebdomadario* or *residenza* on the right of the high altar, used by the officiating priests during the celebration of the mass, are still to be seen in a faint and blurred condition as drawn by Riccio's own hand, with his memoranda written on them; and the retouching of these has been properly blamed by all persons competent to form a right judgment. The *residenza* was begun and finished in the year 1573 by Benedetto di Giovanni and a Florentine named Domenico di Filippo, and the cathedral archives show it to have cost 3920 scudi. The *leggio*, or lectern, was also finished in 1573 by Benedetto di Giovanni, of Montepulciano, and the Florentine Domenico di Filippo, then appointed chief sculptor to the cathedral. It cost 2414 scudi. Romagnoli copies twenty pages of hopelessly intricate description of these elaborate *capolavori* from Alfonso Landi, an author whose nearly forgotten volume explanatory of various art treasures at Siena is still existing in a MS. begun in 1655, and well worth careful perusal. But I prefer to leave to photographers† the task of introducing to your readers the multiplex shapes and fanciful figures in which the genius of Riccio is portrayed to us in his latest and most renewed work. The cathedral of Siena contains another instance of his versatile activity in the elegant marble staircase leading to the great pulpit of Niccolò Pisano, which is one of the glories of thirteenth-century art.

Romagnoli emphasises the peculiar fitness of the choice of Riccio to end his artistic career as he did by this magnificent Coro. He speaks of him as a "machine," whose burden of physical suffering did not prevent him sitting at all possible ease near his work-table, to make and unmake on paper what he could no longer do on canvas, or on wall; and he points out that his compulsory abstention from long familiar, but now impossible, triumphs of art left him free to indulge his love of fantastic detail, in the way so abundantly seen in the profuse decoration of this admirable conception.

This remarkable man has bequeathed many other titles to notice, and Siena is adorned by various specimens of his pictorial art and palaces of his architecture. One striking feature of his character is said to have been an ardent pursuit of the study of alchemy, adopted late in life, at a period when that science was much in vogue. The same profitless occupation is also related to have been a cause of many grievous troubles to another prominent artist then living, Parmigianino. A further record remains, and it is the only one existing of his personal appearance, viz., a miniature of

him done by himself in a choir-book, preserved in the library at Genoa, representing him in extreme youth, and showing him to have had long and blonde locks of hair, from which, likely enough, was derived his distinguishing cognomen, "Il Riccio."

There is a *taccuino*, or sketch-book, once belonging to Riccio, religiously preserved under a glass case in the Siena library; and, having turned over its sixty-six pages, I would willingly submit to others a glance at its contents. A certain Ciaccheri, of whose collection it once formed part, writes on the title-page that a few leaves, naming those marked 21 and 31, are interpolated with designs by Francesco di Giorgio di Martino, another eminent architect of this city. The descriptive handwriting on these is plainly different from that of Riccio's notes. The first thirty pages consist of sketches of fragments of columns, capitals, and cornices, with numerous embellishments; those subsequent, of revolving cranes, pulleys to draw heavy weights, water-mill machinery for grinding corn, geometrical and other figures suggesting a study of perspective; and, lastly, some graceful forms of vases. The volume, however, contains no sign of his employment as a military engineer in the repair of the fortresses of Asinalunga, Chiusi, Massa, Sovana, Monte Rotondo, and others in 1552 and 1553, when the rulers of the Republic of Siena despatched him to strengthen those places against the rising tide of its enemies. Gaetano Milanesi certifies in writing as follows: "This book, judging by comparisons made of autograph letters and papers of Riccio, is certainly from the hand of Bartolommeo Neroni detto Riccio, painter and architect in Siena."

Skilled in most branches of art, Riccio principally excelled as a painter; and, besides his many original works, he successfully completed several unfinished pictures of his father-in-law, Sodoma, whose transcendent artistic merit is now universally acknowledged. Let me say here that Sodoma's personal eccentricities, including his sporting tastes, and fondness for talking birds and strange animals, were greatly exaggerated and misunderstood by Vasari. His character only needs an unprejudiced examination of the Siena historians to acquire nobler aspects than any hitherto vouchsafed by followers of the Arezzo biographer.

In architecture Riccio's principal buildings are the Palazzo in Via del Casato, now belonging to the Panellini family; those of Francesco Tantucci alla Dogana, and of Agostino Bardi, near la Postierla, in Siena; also the Convent of the Derelitte, now destroyed, but formerly containing his best picture—"The Descent from the Cross."

In the appendix by Milanesi to Vasari's "Life of Sodoma," it is said that Riccio married, when young, Faustina, daughter of his *maestro*, by whom he had two daughters, Persenia and Beatrice; and that, at her death in 1551, he took for his second wife Giuditta di Giovanni di Giuliano Giovannangeli, who survived him. The same writer adds that Persenia married Scipione Rinaldi, and merely alludes to Beatrice as a sharer in her father's property by the terms of his will. Romagnoli, founding his statement on the strong authority of Dr. Giulio Mancini, of Siena, who wrote circa 1615, adds that one of the daughters (he does not say which) took the veil as a nun, and that the other married a wealthy and respected citizen named Pompilio Sellaro.

In the Siena archives is a document eloquent of the harassing circumstances accompanying the close of Riccio's career in the troublous times after he fled from the fatal siege and capture of Siena by Lucca in 1555. This is a petition dated 1556, in which he asks for a passport from the new governors to return permanently

* These scudi were worth seven Italian lire, equivalent to six shillings of our money, and had, 300 years ago, vastly superior purchasing power.
† Lombardi of Siena can supply them.

to Lucca with his wife, where he says he has established his two daughters and the rest of his family; and he prays for a permit to take away certain humble articles of wearing apparel and household utensils. The enumeration of these determines the state of poverty to which he was reduced, and the necessity that alone could have forced him to set a value on such trivial possessions.

In the year 1560 Ugurgieri, in his *Pompe Senesi*, speaks of Riccio's return to Siena to paint the proscenium of the theatre for the performance of the play of "Ortenzio" in the presence of the Grand Duke Cosmo of Tuscany. This proscenium was noteworthy for its masterly perspective—not inferior to Baldassare Peruzzi's style, considered insuperable in that department of art; and it was twice engraved prior to its destruction in 1647. Romagnoli, by the way, rather jeers at the above comedy, written by Monsignor Alessandro Piccolomini, at that time a church dignitary of Siena; while praising its *naturalness*, he describes it as scarcely suitable to the decorum of a theatre, and, consequently, no worthy offspring of "an Anointed of the Lord."

In 1562 Riccio was back in Lucca, where he received a deputation asking him to paint the chapel of the Santissima Trinità in Siena; but, tired of awaiting his convenience, they gave the work in 1564 to Lorenzo Rustici. In 1565 he came to Siena, on the occasion of the arrival of a valuable painted crucifix from Pisa, to be consulted by the Confraternity of Santa Catarina as to the decoration of the doors of the urn that contained it. Once more in April, 1567, he was in Siena to superintend other extensive art, works in progress at the oratory of Santa Catarina in Fontebranda. Then came the year of his commission to design the Coro under the circumstances described above. Finally we hear of him shattered by fatigue, and enduring cruel physical torments to the day of his death in 1573. He received all due funeral honours in Siena.

It happens that Vasari dated the preface of his great book in the same year (1568) that Riccio was designing the coro of the Siena Cathedral; and in his article on "Sodoma," he devotes the last page to Riccio, who, he says, was at the time of his writing "busy on many praiseworthy works in Lucca." Of those works it is supposed that, none remain; but I will not assume that concerning Riccio himself, proper research would not repay any capable enquirer; for, of chronicles, MSS., and rare printed books about interesting mediæval personages and incidents, there is no end in Italy.

I have given only a rapid *colpo d'occhio* of Riccio; but I trust sufficient to show that of him, as of a multitude of once conspicuous artists, there is much to tell now hidden in the unexplored public and private libraries and archives of Italy.

WILLIAM MERGER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE work on *Corporation Plate*, upon which the late Llewellyn Jewitt was engaged for many years, has been taken up and finished by Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, assistant secretary to the Society of Antiquaries; and it will be published this winter, in two royal quarto volumes, profusely illustrated, by Messrs. Bendoric & Sons. It embraces every borough in England and Wales, giving detailed notices of the maces, swords of state, seals, chains, arms, plate, and other treasure belonging to each.

DR. P. H. EMERSON, author of "Pictures of East Anglian Life," recently reviewed in the ACADEMY, has written a new book, entitled *Naturalistic Phenomena for Photographic Art*

Students, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low.

THE annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain will open on Monday next, October 1, in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East. On the evening of every Monday transparencies will be shown with the society's optical lantern.

A STATUE of Shakspeare, by M. Fournier, is about to be erected at Paris, where the Boulevard Hausmann intersects the Avenue de Messine. The unveiling is to take place on October 15.

WHAT is said to be the most precious collection of South American antiquities—the Centeno Collection, at Cuzco—has been bought for the Royal Museum at Berlin, and is now on its way to Europe in the German ship *Kosmos*.

IT would appear that, if we trust M. Edmond Bonaffé (and what else can we do?), the so-called Henri II. ware was not made for Henri II., and was not made at Oiron. He tells us that the royal monograms were but complimentary, and that no fine faience was ever made at the Château of the Gouffiers. These deinty bits of work were manufactured, he says, at Saint Porchaire, where there has been a pottery from 1473 to the present day. It is some comfort to find that M. Bonaffé does not rob them of their antiquity (see M. Bonaffé's letter to the *Courrier de l'Art*, of last week, and his article entitled "Inventaire de François de la Trémouille" in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for April).

THE authorities of the manufactory of Sèvres have opened an exhibition of the paintings and designs of the late M^{me}. Escallier, which includes the greater part of her works from 1875 to 1888.

AT the sale of the collection of modern pictures of the late Count Salm Reifferscheid at Munich, some large prices were realised. One—a study only—by Troyon fetched £1120, and a painting of a torrent by Achenbach £1320.

WE have received the first number of the *Owl*, a weekly newspaper and review published at Nicosia, Cyprus. A special feature is to be an archaeological *feuilleton*, under the editorship of Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, who has already received the promise of influential support. Among the subjects to be treated, with the help of illustrations, are the light thrown by early Cyprus antiquities on the Bible, on Homer, on Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Hissarlik and Mykénæ, and on the Hittite characters. The first paper, which is excellently illustrated by a coloured plate, is by Dr. Ferdinand Dümmler, of Giessen, upon the alabastron signed with the name of Pasiades—an Athenian painter of the sixth century—which was found near Poli-tis-Chrysokhou.

THE death is announced of M. Gustave Boulanger, the well-known painter of scenes from life in ancient Rome and Pompeii; and also of M. le Comte Richard de Soultrait, the distinguished archaeologist.

MUSIC.

The Nature of Harmony and Metre. By Moritz Hauptmann. Translated and Edited by W. E. Heathcote. (Sonnenschein.)

HAUPTMANN'S book is based on the Hegelian law—"Unity with the opposite of itself, and the removal of the opposite." It is a very difficult work to read, and that for three reasons—the phraseology is peculiar, there is no music-type (for the harmony part), and it is a translation. As an example of the phrase-

ology, take the following sentence: "The boundaries placed united as middle make the middle come out divided as boundaries." This is how he describes the simple chord known in harmony as leading seventh, or first inversion of a major ninth. Again, Hauptmann will have no music-type, because notes can result from fifth—or from third—generation. The difference is expressed by the ratio 80:81. So for the former he employs capital, but for the latter small letters. This distinction of notes is essential to his theory, but to read chords and progressions of chords by means of letters is somewhat fatiguing. Lastly, the translation, though apparently an excellent one, proves troublesome. Some of the sentences are highly involved, though this may be the fault of the author rather than of his interpreter; but one feels disposed to blame the latter.

Hauptmann professes to give a complete view of the central truth pervading harmony, of which other theories have afforded only a partial glimpse. Acoustic ratios, he maintains, will not explain harmony—nay, they need explanation themselves. And he adds, "So we see that the introductory chapter on acoustics in the text-books is always entirely left behind in the subsequent doctrine of chords."

For Hauptmann, a root, or octave, expresses unity, the fifth duality, and the third unity of duality, or union. The triad notion (the notion, not the triad itself) is his starting-point. The key is a "unity of a triad of triads"—tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant. Next we have a "triad of keys." The minor triad is described as an "inverted major triad," or a negation of the same. Taken as a "principal determination," it forms the basis of a minor key. Chords of the seventh are combined triads, and beyond this it is impossible to go. Hence, for Hauptmann, there are no chords of the ninth, still less of the eleventh and thirteenth.

The chapter on succession of triads is interesting. He says that two triads, to follow one another, must have a common element. As no common element exists between triads on conjunct roots, he proceeds to invent one. C e G and b d F, for example, have to be (mentally) mediated by e G b. In all well-regulated progression, he tell us, sensibly enough, a primary chord (i.e., in original position) is followed by a secondary (i.e., inversion of a chord). So consecutive fifths become impossible, for that is "a second triad trying to make itself again beginning against a first which is placed beginning." "This selfishness of the chord," he adds, "destroys the unity of the phrase."

The chord of the seventh is the result, as we have stated, "of a sounding together of two triads joined by a common interval"; e G b d, for instance, has the middle interval G b, which, by its double connexion, is a jarring element. Various resolutions of this chord are given, all of which, so far as notes go, are familiar to the musical student. Other theorists, however, explain the chord as having a different root and a different meaning according to its different resolutions. Hauptmann's analysis of the chord as chord is certainly ingenious, though, practically, of little use. His mode of reasoning is, at times, terribly intricate—a sort of intellectual puzzle. Let us try, without entering too much into detail, to give a specimen. If C e G be followed by C D F a, we seem to have two primary triads (involving fifths)—or, to use Hauptmann's expression, they have a "fifth" appearance. Pointing this out, he adds, "The time has not yet come for explanation." Later on he returns to the matter. D as root may come melodically, he says, from e as well as from C. Further on he finds, by a seventh progression, that it must come from e.

The short chapter on "the so-called chords

of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth" is somewhat of a curiosity. Why will he not allow a union of triads going beyond the harmony of the seventh? Because, he tells us, "only closely related links of a progression can be taken together simultaneously as dissonance." Then it may be asked again: What does he make, for example, of the chord known as the dominant major ninth? Does he admit that such a combination of notes is to be met with in the works of the great masters? Yes; he admits its existence, but explains it as a seventh on a pedal!

Speaking about so-called chords of the eleventh and thirteenth—and he might, he says, be told about chords of the fifteenth and seventeenth, were it not that the fifteenth fortunately coincides with the starting note—he says no generative principle of harmony will explain them. He ought to have said his generative principle will not explain them. But he is caught in the Hegelian unity web, and a theory of roots appears to him foolishness.

Enharmonic changes, so important a factor in modern music, are only noticed in a brief manner by our author. They have, for him, no natural life, and "exist only in the turbid element of the inaccuracy of tempered intonation." His theory only deals, he professes, with pure intonation; however, in dealing even with ordinary modulation he finds himself in difficulties. He is quite right in saying that composers often make enharmonic change "from over haste or want of thorough knowledge of harmony." It is certainly of the utmost importance that correct notation should be employed.

Hauptmann's theory of harmony is one prolonged argument, and it is, therefore, most difficult to pick out any portion which would not require the other links of the chain to be intelligible. We have given a summary of the briefest kind, and mentioned one or two points, so as to call attention to a work which, if not all it professes to be, is in many respects remarkable.

But there is a second part to the book, on "Metre and Rhythm." Here again the triad notion exercises full sway. Two-timed metre represents octave or unity; three-timed, fifth or opposition; and four-timed, third or unified opposition. But the last, in the process of becoming, must first be two-membered, next three-membered; so it is a union, in time, of octave, fifth, and third—in fact, a metrical triad. As the triad notion is here fully represented, there can be no five, or seven formation. Five is 2 + 3 or 3 + 2; seven is 3 + 4 or 4 + 3. This is mere juxtaposition; there is no organic relation of unity. Hauptmann says respecting such metres: "They are as little suited to the continued time-measurement of a whole piece as diminished and augmented triads for carrying out its harmony." But if different metre formations cannot be added, they may be multiplied, producing the well-known combined metres known as compound measures.

Our author, after discussing these, and by means of figures showing the relation of the parts to one another and to the whole, proceeds to unfold the notion of major and minor in metrical determination. His minor triad was the reverse of the major, so, if two-timed metre be represented by 1-2, its reverse or minor will be 2-1—in other words, a beginning on the unaccented beat. But this appears to us a fanciful and, in a double sense, a false analogy. Hauptmann takes, as stated, four-timed metre for his metrical triad. Yet now he applies the term "minor" in the one case to a reversed triad, or what he calls "higher unity," and in the other to the reversed two-timed metre, which is with him only octave, or "lower unity." And then, again, because a chord and a metre possess the common property

of reversibility, they are forthwith regarded as twins begotten of the triad notion. Later on, Hauptmann finds melody in rhythm, as before he had found harmony in metre.

The zealous studies in mathematics made by Hauptmann when a youth helped him to work out his theory of harmony and metre with great acumen and ingenuity. In the harmony everything depends on the foundation-stone—the triad notion. If that, however, prove unsteady, the whole edifice erected with so much thought and skill totters and falls to the ground. Though we have described the metre section as fanciful, one cannot but admire its cleverness.

After discussing metre in music, Hauptmann comes to speak of metre in speech. In this part of the book we meet with a passage that is interesting both for the thoughts which it contains, and for the striking way in which they are expressed. "Music," he says, "may be compared to algebra, speech to arithmetic. What music contains in a general expression, language can only express as particular." The algebraical expression $a+b=c$ can be replaced by $2+3=5$, and this application of the formula is correct. But there are an infinite number of other values which could be applied with equal correctness. So, too, music may be expounded verbally in many ways. "Hence," he tells us, "the result of trying to express instrumental music in words is always unsatisfactory." It is trying "to fix the fluid element of music, and to utter the unutterable." This recalls another neat sentence in the book. "Architecture has been called frozen music; in the same way music might be called fluid architecture."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

West Somerset Word-book. By F. T. Elworthy.

A Glossary of Words used in the County of Chester. By Robert Holland. In three Parts.

The Folk-Speech of South Cheshire. By T. Darlington.

South-west Lincolnshire Glossary (Wapentake of Graffoe). By R. E. Cole.

A Dictionary of the Kentish Dialect. By W. D. Parish and W. Frank Shaw.

Berkshire Words and Phrases. By Major B. Lowsey.

A Glossary of Words used in the Neighbourhood of Sheffield. By Sidney O. Addy.

Report on Dialect Work, May, 1885—May, 1886. By A. J. Ellis.

Second Report on Dialect Work, May, 1886—May, 1887. By A. J. Ellis.

Four Dialect Words—Clem, Lake, Oss, and Nash. By T. Hallam.

Catalogue of the English Dialect Library. Part II.

THE length of the preceding list is explained by the fact that it comprises all the works (or nearly all, Mr. Swainson's *Bird Names* having been dealt with by another critic) issued by the English Dialect Society from 1885 to the present year. The seven glossaries, which form the principal portion of the list, are of very unequal merit, but the average quality is probably higher than that of the publications of the society for any similar period in the past. There are, however, only three of the volumes—those relating to West Somerset, South Cheshire, and Kent—in which the pronunciation is accurately indicated, and only two in which the words obtained from second-hand information are distinguished from those known by the writer to be actually in use. A glossary which is imperfect in these respects, whatever other merits it may possess, must be regarded as seriously defective from the point of view of the scientific philologist. Unfortunately by far the larger number of existing books on English dialects are of this unsatisfactory type. If the society's projected general dialect dictionary (which, thanks to the generous aid of Prof. Skeat, is now actually in preparation) is not to prove a great disappointment to students of English philology, the editor and his fellow-workers will have very largely to supplement by independent research the material to be found in the glossaries already issued.

Mr. Elworthy's *West Somerset Word-book*

is probably the very best glossary of an English dialect yet published. The author is an accomplished phonetician, and his account of the pronunciation is, therefore, of peculiar value. His familiarity with the dialect is such that he claims to be able to recognise by their peculiarities of speech or intonation the natives of any particular neighbourhood within the district to which the glossary relates, viz., West Somerset and East Devon. The meanings of words are explained with more than ordinary precision, and illustrated by carefully chosen examples. With etymology Mr. Elworthy declines to meddle; and, although he is much better qualified to deal with that subject than most glossarists, it is impossible not to approve of his decision. If any fault may reasonably be found with the work, it is that the illustration is rather overdone. It scarcely seems worth while, for instance, to occupy space with re-spelling in "Glossic" the entire sentences quoted as examples.

Mr. Holland's Cheshire Glossary is a sound and careful piece of work, though the dialectal area which it covers is so wide that the work cannot have the kind of first-hand authority that belongs to Mr. Elworthy's book. The earlier glossaries of Leigh and Wilbraham have been carefully studied, and the author has spent great pains in obtaining information from different parts of the county. The absence of phonetic indications in the body of the work is in part supplied by the very able remarks on pronunciation contributed by Mr. T. Hallam. Mr. Holland's personal acquaintance with the dialect relates chiefly to the form in which it is spoken in the north of the county. The South Cheshire dialect appears to have some noteworthy peculiarities of its own, and Mr. Darlington's glossary is certainly one of the best which the society has published. One of its special features is that it contains no words but those which the author has actually heard in local use. Mr. Darlington has qualified himself for his task by habitually using the dialect himself in his conversation with those by whom it is spoken, and he has also made a serious study of phonetics. The introduction includes a somewhat elaborate comparison of the vowel-system of the dialect with that of Old-English, which is valuable, though not quite free from faults. For example, the Cheshire *brok* (broke) does not descend from Old-English *brac*, but is, like the standard form, due to the analogy of the participle; nor does the verb *lose* represent Old-English *leosan*. The vowel-quantities assigned to some of the Old-English words are also incorrect.

The Wapentake of Graffoe is an irregular quadrangle of about ten miles average diameter, with the city of Lincoln at its north-east corner. The district does not appear to have any special dialectal characteristics which mark it off from the surrounding area, and most of the words in Mr. Cole's glossary may be found in the glossaries of the dialects of the neighbouring counties. But a glossary of the speech of a small district, assuming an equal degree of intelligence and care in its preparation, is usually much more trustworthy, so far as it goes, than a glossary of an entire county; and the preparation of such works ought to be encouraged. Mr. Cole seems to

have a good knowledge of the dialect; his definitions are lucid, and the illustrative quotations are well chosen.

The title of "dictionary" which Messrs. Parish and Shaw have chosen to give to their work suggests something more ambitious than an ordinary "glossary." In point of fact, the book is rather scanty in its vocabulary, and the definitions and illustrative examples of unusual words are seldom so full as could be desired. In many cases the only examples given are from old records, and the authors have omitted to say whether the words are still current. The glossary has, however, the merit of containing scarcely any redundancies, almost every word given being genuinely dialectal. The dialect is of peculiar interest, nearly every page of the "dictionary" containing two or three noteworthy survivals of words which, in northern and midland English at least, have long been obsolete, such as *barbel* (or *barvel*), a bib or apron; *brook*, an inferior horse; *chae*, a hen-roost; *chissel*, bran; *ernful*, lamentable; *flindermouse*, *flitter-mouse*, a bat; *forestal*, a farmyard before a house; *hagister*, a magpie—to cite only a few at random. In the last-mentioned word, by the way, the *h* is etymologically superfluous; is it really pronounced, or is it due to mistake on the part of the glossarists? The introductory remarks on pronunciation do not contain anything about the treatment of the aspirate; probably it is, as in London, prefixed merely for *emphasis*.

The Berkshire Glossary is not quite up to the usual standard of the society's publications. It abounds in words which have no claim to be considered dialectal, such as "*Alf*, short name for Alfred"; "*aaype* [simply the normal local pronunciation of *ape*], to simulate or copy"; "*billy-cook*, the wide-awake hat commonly worn"; "*bran new* [in its ordinary sense]"; "*duck*, to lower the head to avoid a blow"; "*gussler*, one who is constantly drinking alcoholic liquors." If superfluous material of this kind were removed the volume would be very materially reduced in bulk. The Berkshire dialectal vocabulary can scarcely be so poor as this glossary would seem to indicate. The volume is dedicated by permission to the Queen; and in connexion with this fact it is rather amusing to note that in a dialect song given in the Introduction the too irreverent words "*vor Quane Vicky's zaake*" have been expunged with ink, and "*vor our good Quane's zaake*" substituted in MS. If Major Lowsey did not wish his readers to discover what was the original version he should have used better means for the obliteration. The introduction contains some rather interesting bits of folklore and local anecdote.

As the dialect of Sheffield and its neighbourhood is better known to me than that of any other part of England, I may be pardoned if the space allotted in this notice to Mr. Addy's volume is somewhat disproportionately large. Mr. Addy has evidently no such thorough knowledge of the Sheffield dialect as Mr. Elworthy or Mr. Darlington possess of the dialects of which they respectively treat, and probably only a small portion of his material has been verified by his own personal observation. On this account, and also on account of the entire absence of any

guide to the pronunciation, the work cannot quite claim a place in the best class of dialect glossaries. The vocabulary, however, appears to me remarkably complete, and the senses of the words are nearly always correctly given. I must confess that the book contains a large number of dialect words which are entirely unknown to me; but I have no reason for doubting their genuineness. In a few cases it seems possible that words may have been included which really belong not to Sheffield, but to the adjoining part of Derbyshire. *Hoo*, for "she," for instance, is no doubt sometimes heard in Sheffield; but I remember a Derbyshire man being ridiculed by his fellow-workmen for using it, the ordinary word being *shoo*. Although the dialects of Sheffield and of North-east Derbyshire (the limitation is important) belong to the same general type, there are some noteworthy differences. At Sheffield the "new-long" *o* (i.e., Old-English short *o* lengthened) is pronounced *ot*; thus, *coal* becomes "coil," and *hole* "hoil." At Chesterfield, twelve miles south, the sound is (or was thirty years ago) a simple long *o*. At Sheffield, the sound *aw* of standard English is replaced by *ō*, while at Chesterfield it has in general the same sound as it has farther south. Somewhat unaccountably, however, such words as *all*, *call*, *ball*, which at Sheffield are *ōl*, *kōl*, *bōl*, are at Chesterfield *ō*, *kō*, *bō*. The Sheffield dialect agrees with those of the north in using *at* for "that" as a conjunction and relative pronoun; at Chesterfield this is, or formerly was, quite unknown. Many more points of this kind might be noticed, which show that Sheffield is on or near the boundary of a distinct dialectal subdivision. On this account the absence of phonetic information in this glossary is especially to be regretted. Mr. Addy has obtained a good deal of useful illustrative matter from early local records, and frequently cites the *Promptorium* and the *Catholicon* with advantage. In the introduction he tries to show that the latter dictionary is the work of a person resident in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, and further attempts to identify the author with the tutor by whom Archbishop Rotham was educated, at the town (five miles from Sheffield) from which he derived his surname. This is an interesting speculation; but the evidence for it is somewhat unsubstantial. There seems, however, to be a good case for believing that either the *Catholicon* itself, or one of the earlier works on which it was based, may have been written in South Yorkshire.

Mr. Addy has not imitated the caution of Mr. Elworthy with regard to etymological speculations. Some of his conjectures are both ingenious and correct; but it is a pity that he did not submit his MS. to the judgment of some tolerable philologist, who would have saved him from printing such wild fancies as the comparison of *hoil* (the regular dialectal form of *hole*) with the Greek *κοῖλος*. The glossary includes a selection of place-names (in the same alphabet with the dialect words), the early documentary forms being given, usually with suggestions as to the derivation. Mr. Addy is often right in his etymologies, but quite as often wholly wide of the mark. "*Unshoven Bridge*," he says, "seems to mean unsplit; but why a bridge should be so called is not clear. It may

mean a bridge of one span." This is rather clever, but as the bridge in question is in the parish of *Hunshelf* (at the foot of a ridge called Hunshelf Bank), I think the name should be read as *Hunshilven*. The form in some maps is *Unshrioven*, which is rather a good example of interpretative corruption. *Unthank* is too common a place-name to be a corruption of *Underbank*. It probably means the abode of a squatter, who established himself *pars hūmifordes unbankes*, without the consent of the owner of the spot. An improbable etymology suggested for the name Spinkhill calls attention to one of the few missions which I have detected in the vocabulary—the word *spink*, a chaffinch. In the introduction are given some interesting particulars of local folklore, games, and customs, illustrated by references to unpublished documents. I cannot forbear pointing out an amusing mistake into which Mr. Addy has fallen in the interpretation of a Latin epitaph in Norton church. The inscription, dated 1674, states that the mortal remains of Barbara Lee are laid "in puncto perpendiculari hujusce superficiali," and ends with this wonderful couplet:

"Prima sui breviter gracilis pars defuit aevi,
Juxta distillans, igne premente, liquor."

To this Mr. Addy appends the following extraordinary comment:

"The words of the couplet which concludes the epitaph are obscure, but I take them to mean that Mrs. Barbara Lee . . . was buried under or near to the fireplace, which was then built on or near to the site of the altar. There is something ghastly in the idea of the body melting or 'sweating' away from the heat of the fire above it. The epitaph, which is copied correctly, can have no other meaning!"

The poet who is quoted in this epitaph was not exactly a modern Ovid, but his meaning is not so very obscure. Evidently *juxta* is intended in the sense of *juxta ac*, and the couplet is simply a far-fetched paraphrase of a very commonplace simile. It is always well not to be too sure of the meaning of a bit of Latin that one cannot construe.

Perhaps it may seem unfair to Mr. Addy to pick out in this way the worst parts of what is after all a serviceable and interesting book; but in reviewing a work of this kind fault-finding is the only kind of detailed criticism that is possible. I should like to impress on all intending authors of future glossaries that the funds of the society cannot be wasted on printing useless or irrelevant matter without its power of producing valuable work being to that extent diminished.

Mr. Ellis's two "Reports" form a condensed analysis of the general results to be set forth in his volume on the existing phonology of English dialects, which is now in an advanced state of preparation. It would be hard to over-estimate the labour and skill that have been required to reduce to order the enormous mass of material with which Mr. Ellis has had to deal. There can be no doubt that the forthcoming volume will make an epoch in the history of English philology, and even this brief abstract deserves careful study from all who are engaged in any work upon English dialects. Mr. Ellis acknowledges much valuable help from Mr. T. Hallam, whose little pamphlet on "Four

Dialect Words" is an excellent specimen of accurate and well-directed investigation.

The *Catalogue* of the English Dialect Society's library at Manchester forms a useful index to dialect bibliography. For the benefit of those who live within reach of the library itself, it may be mentioned that the recent additions include many volumes of glossaries enriched with annotations by Mr. J. B. Wise and other well-known dialect students.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Our Kin Across the Sea. By J. C. Firth. (Longmans.)

In a brief preface which Mr. Froude contributes to this little volume the author is introduced as a New Zealand colonist of old standing, not a man of letters but a man of business, a merchant of wealth and influence, a great landowner who farms his broad acres on the most approved principles of agriculture, and a good citizen of Auckland, who, after a long experience in developing mines and railroads at the Antipodes, has a right to discuss the like institutions and resources in the United States.

Mr. Firth, it is true, made only the usual hackneyed tour through California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas, during part of the year 1887. However, his observations on the resources and characteristics of Western America bear the imprint of a mature judgment and a keen eye. Unlike the majority of the "globe trotters'" books, his pages are not filled with the petty details of what the author ate and drank, or how he slept, or in what manner his dinner was digested. Indeed, there is very little personal narrative, the chapters being mainly occupied with condensed notes on the different features of the country visited, as they struck a colonist writing for colonists. Hence these notes, which were originally printed in the columns of a New Zealand newspaper, have a distinct value of their own. They describe America not, as is usually the case, from the European point of view, but from that of regions in a similar case.

The United States are colonies of the Old World, and it is, therefore, misleading to judge them from the standpoint of countries which have never been called upon to work out their national salvation in a like fashion. Mr. Firth regards matters very differently from an Englishman reared in England. He is a colonist who in the great Republic of North America sees states which demonstrate what the other offshoots of Europe may become, importing their arts and civilisation ready made, instead of laboriously evolving them as the mother lands have done. As a rule, his remarks are kindly and sympathetic; and he evidently speaks with feeling when he again and again refers to the ill-will engendered, owing to the sneering tone assumed by the sillier order of our countrymen on America and the Americans. At the same time, he does not pander to the oftentimes inordinate vanity of our "kin across the sea," or to that touchiness which is so characteristic of new nations which have still their position to make, or of little ones who have

seen better days. In these respects the huge United States and the tiny kingdom of Denmark are very much on a par. Mr. Firth is evidently a man with decided views on various questions, who has read and pondered much; and in common with many people who have not had many opportunities of getting their angularities rubbed off, he is at times rather crochety and even dogmatic, with a tendency to generalise more confidently than his premises permit. Good sense and sound criticism are, however, what strike us most; and it is seldom that the reader who has seen other men and cities, and has, therefore, a proper standard of comparison, will not agree with the fairness of his opinions, or even with the strength of his language. The following passage expresses in a condensed form the general tone and conclusions of the volume:

"Americans are patient, courteous, intelligent, energetic, and full of resources; but, like other people, some of them are not always wise, though they will generally submit to criticism of their achievements and of the institutions of their country with an admirable courtesy and grace so long as the criticism, though sometimes unfavourable, is animated by an evident goodwill and does not degenerate into a vulgar sneer. There are, however, numbers of Americans whose 'conceit' is not always of the true 'temper.' So long as you say 'America is a great country, its people a great people, its lands unrivalled for extent and fertility, its inventions unsurpassed, its achievements in the arts wonderful'; when you add that 'its great cities, its enormous products, its great wealth, its vast railway system, are, one and all, a grand testimony to American skill, enterprise, and genius'; so long as you say this—every word of which is true—you are declared to be the most appreciative of men, and altogether an Englishman of great commonsense. But should you, as the result of much patient investigation . . . mildly express your opinion that Americans drink too much iced water; that their politics are not quite so pure as they might be; that their railway system is a huge monopoly under whose iron rule the people are helpless; that the hoop-iron table knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suited for cutting beef; that their laws are not always well administered; that they often neglect their political duties, and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues; that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health and the requirements of a healthy life—the pleased expression leaves the face of your friend, and you are immediately told that you have not devoted sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries on these points, and it may even be hinted that you are not nearly so sensible as you were considered to be half an hour before. In all this Americans only show how extremely English they are" (p. 237).

It would not be difficult to join issue with Mr. Firth on some points. But where there are many men there must be many minds; and no two people can see the same landscape, or the same policy, with exactly the same eyes or from exactly the same aspect. It is more agreeable to acquiesce in his judgments than to differ from them, and to recommend this modest work as a trustworthy summary of an intelligent traveller's observations, than to wrangle over the statements with which fault might be found. Indeed, since Anthony Trollope wrote more than a quarter of a century ago, and Mr.

Freeman at much more recent date, we cannot recall a tourist's book in which more sound yet kindly criticism has been compressed into two hundred and fifty pages than we have in these out-spoken chapters of this shrewd Anglo-New Zealander.

ROBERT BROWN.

TWO BOOKS ON MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Madame de Maintenon. By Emily Bowles. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Madame de Maintenon d'après sa Correspondence authentique. Choix de ses Lettres et Entretiens. Par A. Geffroy. (Paris: Hachette)

"THE present moment is favourable to M^{de}. de Maintenon," said Sainte-Beuve in the *Causerie du Lundi* of July 28, 1851; and now, at thirty-seven years' distance, it may fairly be said that that favourable moment has recurred. Here I have before me two most excellent volumes, in which M. Geffroy has so selected, annotated, and edited the more important letters in her correspondence as to compose a biography of the highest interest. Here is an English life written for the general English reader, and in a most sympathetic, it might at most be said eulogistic, spirit. And has not Dr. Döllinger been lately assuring us that she was the "most influential woman in French history," and comparing her to the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria?

And, in truth, it is but just that these gleams of later sunshine should fall upon her memory, for in past times an undue amount of shadow has rested there. "Abuse and insults," as she said to someone who had come to complain to her of a libellous attack, "Why abuse and insults are our daily bread." And, unfortunately for her, the court calumnies by which she lived surrounded, instead of being suffered to die their natural death and lie forgotten, were immortalised by the genius of Saint Simon. Then, in the succeeding generation, a part of her correspondence fell into the hands of a certain La Beaumelle, whom Voltaire described as "a preacher at Copenhagen, and since then an academician, a buffoon, a gambler, a knave, and, as ill-luck would have it, a clever fellow"; and this La Beaumelle, not content with altering the text of the letters to suit his fancy, invented not a few, and so made her responsible, one way and another, for statements and sentiments of which she was quite innocent. Altogether there was great scope for the patient care, the fine critical erudition and acumen, wherewith M. Geffroy has rectified errors and collated texts. His book is an admirable book. Not only does it contain about as much of M^{de}. de Maintenon's writings as the general reader need trouble himself with, but it is a distinct gain to history.

Quite as much can scarcely be said for Miss Bowles's biography, though I am far from saying that it is not a book which can be read with pleasure. She writes, as I gather—though she does not expressly say so—from the standpoint of orthodox Roman Catholicism, and hence much that to her looms large and of vital consequence—all those matters ecclesiastical in which M^{de}.

de Maintenon took so keen a part—may well, to those whose standpoint is different, seem comparatively unimportant. Nor does she give evidence of possessing such a full knowledge of the general history of France during Louis XIV.'s reign—apart from the study of her special subject—as enables her to place her subject itself in due perspective. Certainly M^{de}. de Maintenon exercised a great influence upon the king and court, and, in a minor degree, even upon the country. She was mainly instrumental in weaning Louis from a series of love entanglements, never particularly edifying, that threatened, as he advanced in years, to grow contemptible. She surrounded his later life with an atmosphere of almost Puritanic austerity. Very religious herself, she led him to be religious too, or at least as religious as his nature would allow. But to speak as if she had inaugurated an era of good government in France—to say that, as soon as he came under her spell, "Louis XIV. made good use of his newly found happiness by letting his people share it," and "occupied himself chiefly with the personal administration of his kingdom," as if the most autocratic of monarchs had previously delegated his kingly duties to others—all this is to convey a false impression. No such transformation-scene took place. The government of France was no better when M^{de}. de Maintenon exercised her occult influence than before—in some respects it was even decidedly worse; and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had her full approval.

But how interesting her story, and what a clever woman! She herself, in her confidences to the ladies of Saint-Cyr, was in the habit of attributing her elevation to the hand of God. But we, who look for secondary causes, may well stand amazed at the skill, the persistent care and watchfulness with which she played her game of life. Everything must have seemed against her when she first entered the royal household—her father's more than doubtful character, her early poverty, her marriage to Scarron, her somewhat equivocal position as governess of the king's illegitimate children—all, even to the personal prepossessions of the king; yet against every obstacle she triumphed, and became not only the wife of the king, and he the proudest monarch in Christendom, but also the ruling influence of all the latter part of his life and the central figure in the royal family. Such a result could only have been obtained, in that court of intrigue, by daily miracles of tact.

The position had its drawbacks, no doubt. She paid the penalty of her greatness. Louis XIV.'s politeness to women went no deeper than the surface; and from his absolute selfishness, he clearly was, as Carlyle's mother said of Carlyle, "ill to live with." To keep the peace in that miscellaneous royal household must have been like one of the labours of Heracles. As the reign drew to its close, terrible calamities, private and public, fell on the king. There are certain of M^{de}. de Maintenon's letters in which one almost seems to hear the wail of starving France, and the echo of the cannon of Blenheim and Malplaquet. But against personal discomfort, ill-health, the weariness of advancing age, anxiety, and mis-

fortune, she maintained an indomitable spirit. There was real stuff in the woman.

As regards her literary position there has been, I venture to think, some little exaggeration. Unmistakably she wrote well. The style in her voluminous correspondence is perfectly clear, direct, an excellent style "of affairs," good for every practical purpose. Her notes on diplomatic or quasi-diplomatic subjects, as to the *Princesse des Ursins*, might almost be taken as a model. If she has anything to relate she does it perspicuously. If she has a point to argue she does it with precision. forcible she very often is, and almost always elegant. But the style, with all its merits, is, to me at least, a little hard and dry. It will not bear a moment's comparison with that of her great contemporary, *Mdme. de Sévigné*. It lacks fancy, imagination, sparkle, fire, tenderness, and passion. There is in it nothing of sympathy or charm. And if anyone should urge that these are wanting in *Mdme. de Maintenon's* style because they are wanting in *Mdme. de Maintenon* herself—why I, for one, shall not say him nay.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Years of Experience: an Autobiographical Narrative. By Georgiana Bruce Kirby. (Putnam's Sons.)

EMINENT persons, it is understood, are entitled to publish "recollections" and to write autobiographies for posthumous publication. Persons not eminent may tell what they know about the great ones whom they have met. What degree of eminence, or what amount of association with eminence, gives these rights is not clearly defined. Perhaps a better rule would be that persons who have something to say about their own lives, or the lives of their contemporaries, and are able to say it properly, should write such books. The revelation of an obscure, and what is termed "common-place," life may prove to be of the highest value. "I find nothing in fables more astonishing than my experience in every hour," said Emerson; "one moment of a man's life is a fact so stupendous as to take the lustre out of all fiction." One who can effectually exhibit the stupendous fact is surely worth listening to. The use of biography is that it presents, objectively, what is, or might be, our own career. Good biography is a looking-glass for the mind. For common-place folk the record of a common-place life may, really, be more stimulating than the record of the career of some transcendent saint. The essential thing is that the story shall be well told.

Mrs. Kirby has certainly told her story well. She has been a keen student of herself and of others, and has made her experiences real to her understanding as well as in her life. She seems to have been always eager for experience. She would not take things for granted, but must know the why and wherefore of them. Other children have purposely let the sawdust out of their dolls' bodies—many wantonly, some perhaps in the spirit of truth-seekers—but few, probably, at three years old, have deliberately misbehaved at school in order to know what might be the emotions of "the dull or idle children who are sent into the corner of the room and

invested with the 'fool's cap' as a punishment." That the child who did this should prove troublesome to her seniors by demanding to know "who made God, and why he made the devil," might be expected; and the discerning reader will not need to be told that, in after years, she did not take either her religious or her social creed on trust.

As a matter of fact, she got mixed up with that Transcendentalist circle in New England, where everything religious, social, moral, was being newly examined, and, if found wanting, rejected. She has much to say that is worth attention about these Transcendentalists and their organisations. An Englishwoman herself, she found "the caste spirit in Boston was harder, more insensitive, than in the mother country." It was based, not on inherited estates or titles, but on "descent either from those Puritans who came over in the *Mayflower*, or from other early emigrants of that class." However, it was not with the aristocracy of Boston, but with the Reformers that she had chiefly to do. She joined the Brook Farm Association. There she met, among other famous persons, Hawthorne, Ripley, Dana, Parker, W. H. Channing, and, most important of all to her, Margaret Fuller. Her account of the life at Brook Farm is interesting; and the historian of that famous undertaking, if he ever appear, will find it of value. Incidentally, she helps to clear the vexed question of the relation of the *Blithedale Romance* to Brook Farm. The prevailing impression—despite Hawthorne's explicit denial—has been that Zenobia and Margaret Fuller were one and the same person. But Mrs. Kirby says:

"In the *Blithedale Romance* Hawthorne adapted various characters to suit his purpose in the tale. There was at the farm a pretty black-eyed girl who, before coming there, had been used as a clairvoyante for examining the patients of a certain physician in Boston. Young in knowledge, as in years, she yet gave the result of her clear-seeing in scientific terms. I never knew whether her powers gave out or whether her confessor (for she was a Catholic) forbade her to pursue her profession. I think it was she who suggested "Priscilla" to Hawthorne. "Zenobia," a friend of Miss Peabody, was a resident at the Farm. She died lately at Florence, Italy" (p. 103.)

Still it is by no means certain that some of the characteristics of Zenobia were not suggested in Margaret Fuller. To copy from nature just as he saw it before him was not Hawthorne's method. He gathered materials from the actual, but his power lay in the readjustment of those materials. He presented human nature, not as it had been within his own observation, but as under varied circumstances he conceived it would be.

After Brook Farm came to an end, Mrs. Kirby, at the instigation of Margaret Fuller, took some considerable part in reforming the management of the female section of the New York state prison at Sing Sing. As assistant to the matron for several years, she had some striking experiences, which are here set down. The old method had been to maltreat the criminals according to the caprice of the governor and warders; the new method was to regard them as human beings in whom the good element had been temporarily over-

borne—to whom, therefore, before all else, help to re-establish it ought to be given:

"It was our intention to create kindlier feelings and purposes in these unfortunates, and so lift them out of the slough they had been born in, or had fallen into, and to impress them with the fact that all, ourselves included, were subject to the same law. We never spoke to them of their past as vicious; if they chose to speak of it to us that was quite another thing. If, at the time, we could realise our low condition, we should never be in it. The meanest landlord who ever drove a mother and her little ones out into the streets to starve and freeze did not feel himself to be a wretch or he would never have done it."

In short, the doctrine that there is no evil principle, but that evil is a lesser or perverted good, which was a favourite teaching of the Transcendentalists, was applied at Sing Sing. The treatment of the prisoners was entirely humane. Harsh punishments of all kinds were abolished, and the inmates were made in every way as comfortable as the circumstances permitted and their behaviour warranted. Mrs. Kirby and her fellow workers regarded themselves as ministers to the wants of the prisoners under their charge.

Following this came a quiet, though active, part in the emancipation movement. It is not possible to follow in detail this most interesting narrative, nor is it necessary. Enough has been said to show that the book is valuable, and the bright, critical humour of its author makes it exceedingly attractive. The only complaint that can be made is that it ends abruptly with the words "In May, 1860, I left New York for California, where I have passed the remainder of my life." Surely the thirty-six following years were not so unfruitful in experience that they deserved to be thus summarily set aside. But perhaps Mrs. Kirby thought the present volume was big enough, and will give us another by and by.

WALTER LEWIN.

The Gospel in Nature. By H. C. McCook. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It has been the custom of Dr. McCook (who is vice-president of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia) to deliver Sunday afternoon discourses in a Presbyterian church so near the University of Pennsylvania that he found many of its students in his congregation. With the laudable desire of influencing these young men for good, he adopted a wider range of subjects and a freer treatment than is usual in ordinary sermons. Each discourse was introduced by a lecture giving simple explanations of atmospheric phenomena and aspects of nature. Then moral and spiritual lessons were drawn out from these, and many of the so-called difficulties of belief at the present day, questions on the discrepancy of religion and science, and so forth, incidentally touched upon. The text of the whole volume may be said to be the author's words: "Nature is God's great book of parables." Dr. McCook's book reminds us of Dr. Child's *Benedicite*. He reads religious lessons in the dew, hail, and snow, in mountain, leaf, and cloud. He is thoughtful and devout; but his thoughts are not of that subtle and profound character which we of the Old World are wont to associate with

academic sermons, with the discourses, e.g., of Newman, Mozley, or Dean Church. And yet these lectures contain many beautiful deductions expressed in eloquent, often in burning, language; although here, again, the preacher in an English university would have toned down his ordinary paragraphs, and expressed most of his nobler passages in more chastened and simple words. Trite thought is not commended by a gorgeous effulgence of style and brilliant display of oratory. In another respect these sermons differ from an English academic discourse. That would draw illustrations from the classic tongues, and mainly, if native poetry were chosen, from the world-wide accents of our greater poets. Dr. McCook, probably to match the more modern sentiments of his hearers, never quotes those writers of Greece and Rome whose words lie so close to the hearts of scholars, but profusely cites the poets of his own land—Whittier, Watson, Longfellow, Lowell, and our own minor poets. The author is a diligent student of the lower forms of animal life and a leader of theological thought in America. His book is introduced to English readers by Mr. W. Carruthers, the accomplished president of the Linnean Society, and cannot but be welcomed as a powerful auxiliary in the warfare of religion with Agnostics and materialism. In the strong set of modern thought to the study of nature it is reassuring to find so careful an observer as Dr. McCook throwing himself with ardour into the cause of natural theology and rescuing science herself from the light-armed crowd of skirmishers which prevents her fighting her battles in her own way.

The eighth discourse may be selected as a type of these sermons. It is on "Snow-whiteness," which is taken to represent the glory of the Saviour. After showing that this whiteness is mainly owing to the complementary colours of the spectrum reflected in due proportion from the snow crystals, he draws out the Scriptural imagery of the Lord in the perfection of snow-white lights and thus shows His Divine nature and authority. Next he takes the analogy of the protective and nourishing force of snow and connects this with the love of Christ as the friend of sinners. All this is illustrated with abundant learning, and driven home with much persuasion, and is well fitted to affect a listener who, with any enthusiasm for nature, has not forgotten his Bible. Every now and then the preacher rises into a high and commanding strain of eloquence, which must strike any thoughtful reader. Thus, turning from the mist-veil of morn and evening, he says:

"To my thinking God is best glorified by an honest endeavour on the part of every man to bring and keep a blessing within the world. If, indeed, it be impossible thus to restore our world to the state of the primitive Eden, it is not impossible so to water the face of the earth by kind and noble deeds, by true and lofty aims, that this earthly home of man shall be brought as near to paradise as may be in this mortal estate, and shall be made the high vantage-ground from which man himself shall step at last into the paradise of God."

And he continues in noble words to point out how the gradual revelation of the landscape as the mist clears off resembles the clear spiritual vision which will dawn upon the soul in the future. Another beautiful pas-

sage compares "the composure, almost as of unconsciousness, which hangs about the Mosaic narrative of creation," with the impressive stillness of nature, "yet crescent in her faculty," the silent growth of the woods, the noiseless progress of the grain or bud towards perfection. Indeed, page after page teems with thoughtful teachings often as finely expressed. No one can take it up without finding suggestive passages, statements which will confer a wider grasp of truth. Dr. McCook sees, too, how essentially practical is all true religion. Take the following, for instance, and with it we must reluctantly cease to quote, and advise our readers to search the book for themselves. How much is such teaching needed in every condition of life at present!

"Is it your lot in life to labour in wood, or stone, or iron, or paper, or cloth, or other material or fabric? See to it, that, in imitation of the infinite Architect and all-wise Artisan, you carry with you to your toil a sense of pride and joy in your labour. Cherish the desire and purpose to do your best for the sake of doing your best, to produce the most perfect work, not simply because it pays, not simply because you are under pecuniary obligations to do so, but because in the exercise of your noblest manhood and womanhood you esteem it a part of your life to make your life's products as near perfection as your conditions and abilities will allow."

With so much that is excellent both in substance and expression, these sermons at times jar upon English sensibilities. The language is often florid, and occasionally degenerates into sentimentality. Lack of taste surprises the reader, such as allusions to "poor old Jumbo" and "the vegetable dish on the dinner-table." More frequently words and phrases of superfine quality, exaggerated Americanisms, astonish him, because purer idioms to express the same meaning could so easily have been employed. To "con the broader script," or "flex the arm," or "placate the angry powers," or "live for a loftier selfhood," are expressions of this kind; while "a visional image," "a power regnant," "a pivotal conflict," and the like, are certainly not expressions to be commended.

The two final discourses in the book are on the lawfulness of holding land. These examine the Scriptural evidence on the point, but scarcely do justice to the argument implied by the fact that possession of land by individuals is a limited, and therefore necessarily an allowable, fact. Power to use the air, or the water, or the earth on which we tread is, on the other hand, practically unlimited, and therefore of universal enjoyment. We must also take exception to the Calvinistic leaven of the following passage, although borne out by a line in a popular hymn of the present day:

"For myself, I can hardly conceive of the heavenly city and the heavenly country independent of some place or mansion which shall be my own, where I may retire from the great crowd—no less a crowd because they are of the redeemed—and with my friends and kindred spirits enjoy, under my own vine and fig-tree, and under my own roof, the double joy of home and heaven."

We find nothing to support this curious view of isolated bliss in Scripture, but much that contradicts it. St. John, in xiv. 2 (which

promises "abiding places" hereafter), specially uses the plural pronoun "to you," not "to thee," or "to each one separately"; and if true socialism is to exist anywhere it will be in heaven, the blessedness of which is invariably represented as consisting in communion, not as an enjoyment in severalty.

With these abatements for Cis-Atlantic readers, this volume is a substantial gain to the printed sermons of the present day—a welcome evidence of the best devotion of our brethren in the New World.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

An Imperfect Gentleman. By Katharine Lee. In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

The Death Ship. By W. Clark Russell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Beautiful Jim. By John Strange Winter. In 2 vols. (White.)

Vano's Invention: an Electrical Romance. By Walter Milbank. (Walter Scott.)

Love until Death. By R. Whelan Boyle. (Spencer Blackett.)

Rhys Lewis, Minister of Bethel: an Autobiography. By Daniel Owen. Translated from the Welsh by James Harris. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

An Imperfect Gentleman is a variation on the same theme as that once famous novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*—the inability of a man reared in comparatively humble circumstances to adapt himself to the position of a country gentleman of considerable estate, when suddenly lifted into it. But the workmanship is more delicate than Samuel Warren's slapdash manner, and the hero is not a Yahoo like Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. On the contrary, he is a kindly, clean-living, and fairly well-mannered little bank-clerk, married to a like-minded and pretty young wife. He learns that he is Sir Thomas Rowley, Baronet, with a rent-roll of eight thousand a year; and the adventures of the happy pair on taking possession of their fortune form about one-half of the book. As a foil to them another pair is brought on the scene—a Roman Catholic earl and his son, of a family ruined long ago by devotion to the Jacobite cause, and now bitterly poor, but supporting their poverty with cheerful frankness, and neither disguising nor parading it. The love-adventures of the son, Viscount Leaveland, take up most of the story which is not occupied with the Rowleys, and bring the two groups into contact, thus serving for the evolution of the plot. The natural opinion of a clerk on £300 a year that £8000 a year is boundless wealth leads to the inevitable result; and, long before he has discovered that he is only a minnow in rank and fortune among the magnates of the county, Sir Thomas Rowley has gone much of the way towards financial ruin, and both he and his wife have deteriorated in many respects, notably in their mutual relations. How the catastrophe is precipitated by the evil genius of the story, and how the ends of justice are satisfied all round at last, must be read in the author's own words, since it would be unfair to disclose it here; but the book is readable enough to make this no penalty.

Mr. Clark Russell has broken new ground to some extent in taking the *Flying Dutchman* as the subject of a sea-story. The theme has been essayed by previous novelists; and there is, notably, Capt. Marryat's *Phantom Ship* to compare and contrast with it. The two stories are wholly unlike; and Mr. Clark Russell's is the more powerful of the two, at the same time that it is less melodramatic. One peculiarity of his treatment of the legend is that he has, with keen artistic insight, made the doomed crew much more human and natural than they are commonly represented. According to Mr. Clark Russell, Vanderdecken and his fellows are not aware of the curse which lies upon them. Their memory is defective, and they run each failure to double the Cape into the preceding one, forgetting all the previous mishaps, so that 1796, the year in which the story is placed, is to their minds 1654. They also procure clothing, food, tobacco, and such matters from derelict vessels, of which there are enough in their track to yield a sufficient supply; and there is much ingenuity shown in making their inaccessibility to any knowledge of their real condition seem probable to the reader, given the circumstances. The interest of the story is concentrated on two persons—the narrator, and a beautiful young girl, both of whom have by misadventure become passengers on board of the *Flying Dutchman*, or the *Bravo*, which is the name the vessel bears here. The figure of Vanderdecken himself is boldly conceived and vividly drawn, at the same time that it is remarkably free from mere staginess; and the descriptions of the scenery of waves and storms are as copious and ornate as Mr. Russell's readers have learnt to expect. There are, however, some original mintages of words which are no gain to his diction; and we do not know whether he or the printers be responsible for an error which we have noted some twenty times in recent books, the substitution of the present "eat" where the preterite "ate" should stand. We would gladly sacrifice one of the sunsets or hurricanes for more finished English. Mr. Clark Russell has made another slip in making his narrator, who is fond of quoting the older English poets, also quote "All silent and all damned," a line not found till 1819, when the original edition of *Peter Bell*, where only it occurs, was published. This, unless we have misunderstood the chronology of the novel, is an anachronism.

The lady who is pleased to entitle herself by the masculine style of "John Strange Winter" has written this time a story that has the merits of movement and liveliness, though she has not refrained from blending a tragic element with the light comedy of the main story. The book is only a trifle, but pleasant of its kind, and will not prove too severe a mental strain for its garrison readers.

Vane's Invention is a fresh story on the well-worked theme of the jealousy and envy of an elder proficient in some art or study when outstripped by a younger man, and that younger a pupil. The special discovery in the present tale is that of a means of storing electricity in vast quantity and small bulk, so as to be readily applicable as a motor, and making steam and gas virtually obsolete. How the Professor endeavours to secure the

credit and the profit of the invention for himself, and how the matter is eventually settled, is what the author has to tell us; and he tells it with much realistic effect, the probability being heightened by his selection of an invention which does seem within measurable reach, and which would certainly bring great wealth to the fortunate discoverer.

Love until Death is a slight novelette, with the scene laid in Ireland. The love is all on one side, and unrequited; and the interest of the book lies chiefly in its local colour, which is not exaggerated, but a faithful transcript of certain aspects of Irish society.

When Sydney Smith made his classification of "Jews, Quakers, Scotchmen, and other Imperfect Sympathies," he would have been much nearer the facts if he had included Welshmen under the category, and put them first. For the Jew is eminently cosmopolitan, the Scotchman is himself a blend, and has much power of blending, and of adapting himself to new environments, while the Quaker, if somewhat exclusive in social matters, counts all mankind his kindred when it is a question of philanthropy. But the Welshman is not national, nor even provincial. He is tribal, and of the old endogamous tribal temper, regarding all outside the tribe not as strangers only, but as the material of foes, or as foes already, so that six centuries of incorporation with England politically have not yet brought about conformity in language or ideas, nor even in religion, for the sect which is most numerous in Wales, the Calvinistic Methodists, has little influence outside the Principality. This jealous isolation has kept Wales apart from the main current of national life, and has proportionally diminished the ratio of Welshmen who have attained more than local distinction, so that there are many fewer such than their numbers, as compared with the other national elements of population in the United Kingdom, would lead a statistician to expect. There is little real intercourse between Welsh and English, and the larger group has but slender knowledge of the smaller. Hence the value of books which supply real information; and of such is *Rhys Lewis*, which is of slight account as a story, but which is a minutely detailed description of Welsh life in its religious and family aspect, as seen from the Calvinistic Methodist standpoint. It is by no means light reading—the frivolous worldling might even pronounce it "stodgy"; but it lays open an interior apt to be carefully, not to say churlishly, shut in English faces, and is worth study on that account.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

SOME SCOTCH BOOKS.

Legends of the Saints in the Scottish Dialects of the Fourteenth Century. Part I. Edited by W. M. Metcalfe. (The Scottish Text Society.) The Scottish Text Society and its scholarly and painstaking secretary, Dr. Gregor, are doing, in a quiet and unpretentious way, a most valuable work in the way of elucidating and illustrating the literature, history, and archaeology of Scotland. It has as yet issued nothing better than Mr. Metcalfe's *Legends of the*

Saints. The first part only has yet appeared, and it is in the second that Mr. Metcalfe will show himself to full advantage as the expert in comparative philology he obviously is. Moreover, he will, no doubt, seek to make good the scepticism as to Barbour being the author of the "Legends" which he indicates, both by omitting the name of the Archdeacon of Aberdeen from the title-page, and by using in a prefatory note the phrase—"Whoever the author may have been." As Dr. Horstmann, the Berlin editor of the "Legends," attributes them to Barbour, we may anticipate an interesting conflict between German and Scotch scholarship. Mr. Metcalfe's task will be no easy one; but the fact that he has already been able to correct Dr. Horstmann in a number of textually important matters may be taken as evidence of the possibility, to say the least of it, that the victory may fall to him. What Mr. Metcalfe has already done is to give the text of the five "Legends" of Peter, Paul, Andrew, James, and John, with a special commentary, which their author—Barbour or another—based on such mediæval works as the *Legenda Aurea*. The text is in large and fine type, and Mr. Metcalfe has shown much judgment as well as the greatest care in comparing the passages in it with those of which they are more or less translations. But both the level-headedness and the sure-footedness of Mr. Metcalfe as a philologist are best seen in the notes in which he explains obscure words and phrases in the text. We recommend any expert in the Scotch dialect to try to read this product of the fourteenth century. The chances are that he will find himself traversing the Valley of Humiliation if not floundering in the Slough of Despond, and he will require a helping hand from Mr. Metcalfe's notes, which contain valuable information not given even by the best dictionaries and glossaries. We may have more to say of *The Legends* when Part II. appears. It must suffice to say of Part I. that it is a model of industrious editing, and of sagacious, solid, unpedantic erudition.

Caledonia. By George Chalmers. New Edition. Vols. I, II., and III. (Alexander Gardner.) This is another enterprise of which we can only give at present a partial and preliminary notice. The original *Caledonia* of George Chalmers, which began to appear in 1807, is one of the monuments of Scotch history and topography. It is incomplete, however, like the the national monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. But, more enterprising and perhaps more public spirited than the present citizens of Edinburgh, Mr. Alexander Gardner purposes completing it. Chalmers only lived long enough to publish three of the four volumes he projected, but he left in MS. the bulk of the topographical portion of the rest. Mr. Gardner means to publish this unprinted matter, with the notices in it of the various parishes of Scotland, revised, verified, and brought up to date. Meanwhile, he has reissued, in three characteristically sumptuous volumes, what Chalmers wrote on the general history of his country, including its "civil" history—a statement of its municipal, agricultural, and trading progress. While not disturbing Chalmers's text, much less his opinions, the editor of this edition of *Caledonia* has supplemented it with a great array of notes, which allow the reader to compare Chalmers with later historians. Chalmers may not be so learned as some of his successors, but we are quite sure that he is less viewy. He was certainly a master of the sometimes dangerous art of bringing up big battalions of statistics to prove points. There is every reason to believe that the new *Caledonia* will, as its publisher hopes, furnish a body of information relating to the history,

topography, and antiquities of Scotland such as the literature of no other country supplies.

Among the Old Scotch Minstrels, by William McDowall (Edinburgh: David Douglas), is a popular, and not a critical, study of over sixty Scotch ballads. As its author himself says, he "has aimed at being descriptive rather than critical. As the ballads are the product of a credulous age, and were addressed to believing audiences, he has listened to them with a receptive ear." He has, moreover, adopted a new classification of the ballads, dividing them into "historical and warlike," "border and warlike," "tragic," "amatory and tragic," "melodramatic," and "mythological"; and this classification is perhaps the strongest point in his volume, because it enables Mr. McDowall to realise his own ideal. Loving Scotch literature, and indeed saturated with it, he has portrayed old friends like "Patrick Spens," and "Johnnie Armstrong," and "Gil Morice," and mere acquaintances like "Hynde Etin" and "Alison Gross," in a way that will be sure to take with the public, for in his notes he shows himself a discriminating scholar, as well as a warm admirer. Regarded as a personally conducted tour into a well-known yet enchanted land, this little book has certainly no superior; and we doubt if it has any equal.

Legal and other Lyrics. By the late George Outram. Edited by J. H. Stoddart, LL.D. (Blackwood.) The preparation of this edition of Outram's lyrics—some of which, such as "The Annuity" are almost as popular in Scotland as all but Burns's best satirical verses—was the last literary work of that worthy and able Scotchman, Dr. James Stoddart; and it has been carefully, lovingly, and in all respects admirably done. What with explanatory notes and comic (but not too roughly comic) illustrations, Outram ought no longer to be a mystery to Englishmen. In this edition Dr. Stoddart has included some pieces which had not before been given to the general public. These will neither add to nor take from Outram's reputation.

David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer. By Marjory Kennedy. (Alexander Gardner.) This is a memorial to a Scotchman who, though possessed of no genius, nor even extraordinary talent, yet managed by industry and enthusiasm not only to carve out a special career for himself, but to obtain a true, if not very considerable, place in the hearts of his countrymen. Born in 1825, David Kennedy was only in his sixty-third year when he died, at Stratford, Ontario, of Canadian cholera, while he was on one of those tours which distinguish his career from that of any predecessor in his own particular rôle of Scotch singer, such as Wilson or Templeton. To judge from the short biography written by one of his daughters, there was nothing exceptionally eventful in his life. He had the usual "ups and downs" of a Scotchman brought up to business in a small country town; and, although he left that business for the adventurous career of a musician, no great misfortune of any kind befell him till he was well on in life, when three of his children were burned in the *Théâtre des Italiens*, at Nice, where they were pursuing musical studies. A plain, hearty, affectionate Scotchman, endowed by nature with a robust tenor voice, David Kennedy succeeded in tapping Scotch patriotism and passion for Burns wherever he went. One of his sons has written an account of the first series of singing tours taken by the Kennedy family. It is realistic, and not unreadable, but is not characterised by originality of view, or novelty in fact.

For Pair Auld Scotland's Sake (Edinburgh: Paterson) is a bright volume composed chiefly of prose essays on Scotch literary and rural subjects by a scholarly and enthusiastic Scotch-

man, belonging to what may be termed the "Christopher North" school, who writes occasionally under the pseudonym of "Hugh Haliburton." He shows to more advantage in verse than in prose. This volume is not equal to "Horace in Homespun," which preceded it. Yet some of these papers—particularly the rural sketches, of which "Herds" and "The Old Harvest Field" may be taken as specimens—are full of colour, and in every way agreeably realistic. Even the essays in literary criticism—such as "Allan Ramsay" and "Fergusson's Verse"—though conventional in tone, are graceful in style, and as critical studies are marked by sound judgment. But surely Mr. J. Logie Robertson—for he is "Hugh Haliburton"—is unnecessarily alarmed about the decay of the Scottish language and literature.

The Clyde, from its Source to the Sea. By W. J. Millar. (Blackie.) It is a genuine treat to come across a volume like this—so well arranged, so elaborately descriptive, and yet so judiciously written. Mr. Millar's title-page accurately describes his book. After tracing the Clyde from its source to the sea, lightening up his letterpress with illustrations by good artists, and quotations from such poets as Campbell, Wordsworth, and Bowring, and "stiffening" it with extracts from prosaic works like the *Transactions* of the Highland and Agricultural Society, he proceeds to deal with the topography, geology, and history of the region. Glasgow has an exhaustive chapter to itself, and so has "the river," in respect of traffic, navigation, shipping, &c. Finally, there are chapters, whose titles—such as, "Meteorological," "Defences," "Yachting," and "Light-houses"—speak to the character of their contents. To some extent this book is a compilation from other works; but, in many important respects, it is an improvement on them. Mr. Millar's leading idea is his own, and he has worked it out with admirable thoroughness.

Pollock's Diary of the Clyde (Glasgow: Menzies) is based on lines somewhat similar to those of Dickens's *Dictionary of the Thames*. It contains a great mass of information—some of it, no doubt, "conveyed" almost bodily from other works—prepared specially for the angler, the tourist, the exhibition-visitor, and the seaside frequenter, arranged in alphabetical order, dealing with the estuary of the Clyde as well as with the river. One of the best features of this book is the itinerary which precedes the dictionary proper. This dictionary, which is intended to be an annual, makes an auspicious first appearance, for an air of enterprise pervades every department of it.

SOME ENGLISH PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

The Natural History of Thought. By George Wall. (Trübner.) Attention has of late years been drawn to the genesis and development of thought both in this country and in America. The subject has a twofold interest—speculative and practical. It is the latter which Mr. Wall chiefly deals with in this very able and interesting work, though the former has also a fair share of incidental illustration. The author thus sets forth his object:

"It is to trace the birth and progress of the thinking faculty and to learn the manner of its growth from its earliest dawn to the maturity of its powers, in order to ascertain the proper means by which it may be moulded and directed during its plastic stage."

This object Mr. Wall has pursued with a very remarkable union of philosophical acumen and systematised experience, the result being a work of profound and varied usefulness which we should be glad to see in the hands of every one

engaged in the training and instruction of youth. It is surely a stupendous anachronism, with our improved acquirements in every department of knowledge, that the development of the faculty by which knowledge is acquired and extended should still be left to chance, or to the hardly less satisfactory control of a traditionalism formed before mental processes were subjected to scientific analysis and exposition. If Mr. Wall seems at times to over-rate the plasticity of thought, this is, from the educational standpoint, a fault on the right side. We can heartily commend the book to our readers as a work combining in an eminent and unusual degree speculative ability with practical utility.

From Within. By George Harwood. (Macmillan.) The subject of this book is indicated by its title, which marks its introspective character. But it is more than an exposition of philosophical idealism. It is idealism considered as an evidence of revelation. No doubt this standpoint has often been adopted before. It is the root-thought of Berkeley's philosophy; but it is dealt with by Mr. Harwood in a peculiarly fresh and vivid manner, which ought to commend his work to all religious inquirers, even to those who, as a rule, eschew metaphysics with the strictness and persistence of a religious duty. The most conspicuous defect in the work is a tendency, which Mr. Harwood shares with many other fellow-thinkers in the same field, of proving too much. His book abounds with pithy remarks and apt illustrations, as e.g., the following: "Personality can no more raise itself bodily above its own level than a man can lift himself by his own braces."

The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. (Longmans.) Mr. Thompson is the author of several works, among others *A System of Psychology*, which prove him to be conversant with philosophical subjects, and skilful in their literary presentation. The author's intention in this work is to vindicate a fair standing-ground for religion considered as a science. Such an attempt, even when not wholly successful, ought to command respect; but in Mr. Thompson's case it seems to us to have attained a considerable measure of success. As the work covers the whole range of generally accepted beliefs, both in religious speculation and practice, it is obvious that we cannot give it the space its importance requires; but we can honestly commend it to our readers as the outcome of profound thought and likely to engender such thought in qualified intellects. Mr. Thompson may be accepted as a philosophical teacher the more readily as he does not overstrain the conclusiveness of his arguments. Thus, e.g., he sets forth his belief in personal immortality as a balance of conflicting probabilities (p. 70). His style is lucid and concise, but sometimes marred with Americanisms which to Englishmen seem a little strange and harsh.

Natural Causation. An Essay in Four Parts. By C. E. Plumptre. (Fisher Unwin.) This work consists of four essays—one of which has already done service as a magazine article—on the subject of evolution. The general theme is dealt with in the first two essays on Design and Philosophical Necessity. The last two take up special branches of the subject, viz., Ethics and General Civilisation. The author has made himself acquainted with his subject, and has carefully perused the usual authorities; but we cannot say that his work breaks new ground on a theme which has of late years received so much attention and so diversified a treatment. The essays are, however, pleasantly written, and no small amount of skill is shown in vivid illustrations of the subject-matter. They ought to attain the popularity for which they are doubtless meant.

Studies in Philosophy. By Rev. J. Lightfoot. (Blackwood.) Like the work just noticed, this also is a contribution to popular philosophy. The greater part of the book consists of an Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, with special reference to the Problem of Kant. It evinces no small amount of power at grappling with philosophical questions, though the author is evidently handicapped by the limitations of time befitting a lecture. We quite agree with Mr. Lightfoot as to the ignorance of philosophical subjects in the Church of England, though his own deprecating remark (p. 51, note) on his definition of "Christianity as a special Form of Idealism" evidently proves that the free treatment of philosophical questions by clergy, to whom traditional orthodoxy is the primary requisite of their intellectual existence, is not unattended by risk.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Sir Morell Mackenzie's book on the Emperor Frederick will be published on October 20.

MESSRS. CASSELL announce a new serial issue of Gustave Doré's Illustrated Bible, in weekly numbers, at the price of one halfpenny each—which may be regarded as the cheapest enterprise yet undertaken even by that popular firm. The whole of the 200 fullpage plates of the original costly edition are to be reproduced. The first number will appear on October 31.

THE cheap edition of *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, announced by Messrs. Routledge, has been revised and brought up to date by the author. Originally published at two guineas, Miss Amelia B. Edwards's book of Nile travel was by its price excluded from most of the circulating libraries, and has now been out of print and very scarce for some years.

THE correspondence which has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* under the title "Is Marriage a Failure?" is to be republished with considerable additions under the editorship of Mr. Harry Quilter. The additional matter will comprise a preface by the editor, giving an analysis and summary of the correspondence; the paper on "The Philosophy of Marriage," which lately appeared in the *Universal Review*; and an appendix by Mr. H. Arthur Smith on the law of marriage and divorce as at present existing throughout the civilised world. The book will consist of about 200 pages, and will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish immediately a volume of Letters from Mendelssohn to Moscheles, translated and edited by M. Felix Moscheles, the son of the receiver of the Letters. The illustrations, which are numerous, include several portraits of the composer; pictures of his home and study; facsimiles of some of the original drafts of the "Songs without Words," &c.; and many of Mendelssohn's comic drawings, which are as droll as those of Thackeray.

THE second part of Mr. G. McCall Theal's *History of South Africa*, embracing the period between the years 1691 and 1795, will soon be ready.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will shortly issue vols. viii. and ix. of Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* in a "cabinet" edition, uniform with the previous volumes, together with an index to the whole work.

THE same publishers announce a new volume by Prof. Blackie, entitled *A Song of Heroes*; and also *Merlin, and other Poems*, by Prof. Veitch, of Glasgow.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in the press *Life aboard a British Privateer in the time of*

Qu'en Anne; being the Journals of Captain Woods Rogers, Master Mariner, with notes and illustrations by Mr. Robert C. Leslie.

A NOVEL of London life, *The Romance of a Shop*, by Miss Amy Levy, will be published very shortly by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHN & Co. have in the press an English edition of Victor Rydberg's *Teutonic Mythology*, translated from the Swedish by Rasmus B. Anderson, the United States' minister at Copenhagen.

THE same publishers are preparing cheaper editions of Mr. Archibald Weir's *Historical Basis of Modern Europe, 1760-1815*, an introductory study to the general history of Europe in the nineteenth century; Karl Marx's *Capital*; and Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers's *Six Centuries of Work and Wages: a History of English Labour*.

MESSRS. BELL & SONS will publish immediately *Practice and Help in the Analysis of Sentences*, by C. P. Mason. This work contains a systematic exposition of the nature and functions of the elements of sentences, with a copious apparatus of illustrative examples and exercises, and a collection of miscellaneous passages of all grades of difficulty, accompanied by indications of their construction and of the mode of analysing them.

THE next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be *Poems of Wild Life*, edited, with introduction, by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

NEXT week will be issued the second volume of "Unwin's Novel Series," *Mr. Keith's Crime*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

THE first volume of the *Universal Review*, containing four parts, will be issued shortly.

SINCE the appeal for help with the Chaucer Concordance which appeared in the *ACADEMY* of August 4, 1888, the following tales and minor poems have been undertaken by ladies and gentlemen in the order named: "Second Nun," by Miss J. Humphreys; "Nun's Priest," by Mrs. H. A. Evans; "Manciple," by Mr. S. Foxall; several Minor Poems by the Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Myles, who have also given the MS. of the difficult "Astrolabe" which they concordanced some years ago; "Parlament" and "Mars," by Mr. Walter E. P. Hogg; Books I. and II. of "Troilus," by Mrs. Haweis; "Clerk," by Mr. J. Davies; "Miller," by Mr. E. J. Thomas; "Wife of Bath," by Mr. W. T. Tee; Books I. and II. of "The House of Fame," by Miss Ellis; and Mr. F. S. Ellis has kindly promised to assist in any time left at his disposal after he has finished the Shelley Concordance. Further help is needed by W. Graham, 64 Mount Pleasant Road, Southampton, who will answer any inquiries.

MR. GOSCHEN, president of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, will give an inaugural address at the first of a course of eleven lectures on "Early English Literature," to be given by Mr. Churton Collins at Gresham College on Monday, October 15. The society has arranged for forty-two courses of lectures in various branches of science, history, literature, and art, to be delivered during the coming term at different centres in and near London.

THE first of a series of some thirteen lectures by different persons on "Centres of Spiritual Affinity and Phases of Religious Development" will be delivered on Sunday next, October 7, at 4 p.m., at the South Place Institute, Finsbury. The lecturer is Mr. Dabdhahai Naoroji, and his special subject is "The Parsi Religion." Among the other names on the list are Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, Prof. James Legge, Prof. S. Beal, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. F. Pincoff, Mr. F. H.

Balfour, and Mr. Oscar Browning. The lectures are free to all, without any collection; and they are preceded by an organ recital and a vocal solo.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just issued the first volume of a cheap edition of Charles Kingsley's most popular works, consisting of *Westward Ho!* As a frontispiece is given the vignette portrait engraved by Jeans in 1876, which is far more characteristic than the full length prefixed to the Eversley edition of the novels (1881). From the skeleton bibliography printed on the verso of the title-page, it is interesting to learn the following details. The first edition appeared in three volumes in 1855, and was reprinted in 1857. In the latter year appeared a new edition in one volume, which was reprinted three times before 1869. From 1871 onwards a new edition was called for in every year down to 1885; while in three years—1876, 1877, and 1879—the popular demand required two editions. By the way, it seems odd that no artist should yet have ventured to win for himself a name as the illustrator of *Westward Ho!*

SOME little while ago we commented upon the necessity of annotating Tennyson's "Princess," if it is to be used as an examination-book in the universities of India. Corroboration has reached us from another quarter. A correspondent of the *Boston Literary World* recently wrote to ask the interpretation of a number of *cruces* in that poem, including the following:

"She to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless call
At eight years old."

To this, another correspondent, hailing from Evanston, Ill., replies in the number for September 15—

"That is, when the boy of eight was too small to wear boots"

—which reminds us of the one joke recorded against Mary Lamb, when asked by her brother

"What is good for a bootless bene?"

TRANSLATION.

THE SWALLOW.

ENGLISHED in the measure of the original, "La Rondinella," of Tommaso Grossi in his novel, *Marco Visconti*. This poem is very popular in Italy, and is known to most Italian children.

SWALLOW past my window flying,
Thy swift course in circles winging,
From the dawn till day is dying
One sad song for ever singing,
Would its accents I might follow,
Know its meaning, pilgrim swallow!
By my faithless spouse forsaken,
Little wound left desponding,
How thy mournful plaints awaken
Earth and air to mine responding.
Ory—thy tones I fain would follow,
Fain would know their meaning, swallow.
Yet thou art not quite so wretched
As am I, with thy swift pinions
Waiting thee along outstretched,
While thy voice fills air's dominions
With soft words I strive to follow,
Little dark-clad pilgrim swallow.
Would I too—but me confineth
This dark dungeon that doth hide me,
Where no genial sunbeam shineth,
Where free air is e'en denied me,
Whence my voice can hardly follow
Thy swift flight, O pilgrim swallow.
Comes September—summer over,
Thou for southern flight preparest,
O'er far shores thy wings will hover,
Mountains, plains, and cities fairest;
Would that I thy flight might follow,
And might hear thee greet them, swallow!

But, as each cold day-dawn gleameth,
Waking I shall in my sorrow
Think I hear thy voice that seemeth
Answering to mine, and borrow
Comfort, while my fancies follow
Thy far flight, dear pilgrim swallow.
With the spring when thou returnest,
Thou shalt see a cross below thee,
Pause where thou that cross discernest,
My last resting-place 'twill show thee;
Pause and pray that peace may follow
Death's release, dear pilgrim swallow.

M. R. WELD.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for October opens with a paper of great value and interest, by Prof. Ramsay, on "Early Christian Monuments in Phrygia," as illustrating the spread of the new religion over the central plateau of Asia Minor. It ought to stir up interest in explorations, which are so fruitful of results, and cannot be postponed without a loss of precious material, "for the old marbles are being destroyed every year." Prof. Laidlaw studies Luke xv. 11-32. Can it really be that "exegesis is not much in request here"? Prof. Milligan discourses on the Melchizedek Priesthood of our Lord; Dr. Dods, in brave and eloquent words, on present scepticism and the Church's responsibility. Dr. Lansing continues his notes on the "Egypticity" of the Pentateuch. Notes on "Dante and Delitzsch" (Prof. Cheyne), and "The Woman's Language of Chaldea" (Prof. Sayce and "E") conclude the number.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO.'S
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Literature, &c.—"With Sa'di in the Garden; or, the Book of Love," by Sir Edwin Arnold. "Marriage and Divorce," including religious, practical, and political aspects of the question, by Ap. Richard; "The Moral Ideal: a Historic Study," by Julia Wedgwood—Contents: India and the Primal Unity, Persia and the Religion of Conflict, Greece and the Harmony of Opposites, Rome and the Reign of Law, The Age of Death, The Jew at Alexandria, The Problem of Evil, The Fall of Man, The Heritage of To-day; "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford and Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott, second edition, corrected, and with additions; "Social History of the Races of Mankind," third division—Aoneo-Maranonians, by A. Featherman; "The History of Canada," by William Kingsford, vol. ii. 1679-1725—the history is continued in this volume to the close of the government of the first M. de Vaudreuil, and contains an account of the negotiations which ended in the treaty of Utrecht; vol. iii. will narrate the events to the conquest of Canada, and its cession to Great Britain under the treaty of Paris, 1762, and will be published early next year; "The Unfortunate One: a Novel," by Ivan Toorgeynieff, translated from the Russian by A. R. Thompson; "Ulli: the Story of a Neglected Girl," translated from the German of Emma Biller, by A. B. Daisy Rost; "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," by Tasma; "Naples in 1888," by Eustace Neville Rolfe; "Holcombe Ingleby," with illustrations; "India: a Descriptive Poem," dedicated to the Earl of Lytton, by H. B. W. Garrick, Assistant Archaeologist to the Government of India; "The Breitmann Ballads," by Charles G. Leland, a new edition, with additions; "Count Tolstoi as Novelist and Thinker," lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, by Charles Edward Turner, English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg; and "The Narrative of the Holy Bible," by Emily Marion Harris.

Oriental Series.—"Alberuni's India," an account of the religion, philosophy, literature, geography, astronomy, customs, laws, and astrology of India, about A.D. 1030, translated from the Arabic by Dr. Edward C. Sachau. "The Life of Hiuen Tsiang," by the Shamans Hwui-li and Yen-tung, with a preface containing an account of the works of I-Tsing, by Prof. Samuel Beal—the present volume is intended to supplement the "History of the Travels of Hiuen-Tsiang" (*Si-yu-ki*), already published in two volumes, and entitled "Buddhist Records of the Western World." The original from which the translation is made is styled "History of the Master of the Law of the three Pitakas of the 'Great Loving-Kindness' Temple." It was written, probably in five chapters, in the first instance by Hwui-li, one of Hiuen-Tsiang's disciples, and afterwards enlarged and completed in ten chapters by Yen-tung, another of his followers. "Miscellaneous Papers relating to Indo-China and the Indian Archipelago," third series, reprinted for the Straits branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and edited by Dr. R. Rost; "A Sketch of the Modern Languages of Oceania," by Dr. B. N. Oust; "Dacakumaracarita of Dandin," translated by Edward J. Rapson; "The Bhagavad Gita; or, the Sacred Lay," a Sanskrit philosophical poem, translated, with notes, by John Davies, new edition.

English and Foreign Philosophical Library.—"The Philosophy of Law," by Prof. Diodato Lioy, translated by W. Hastie; "Analysis of Ethical Conception," by S. Alexander; "Johann Gottlieb Fichte's Popular Works"—The Nature of the Scholar, The Vocation of the Scholar, The Vocation of Man, The Doctrine of Religion, Characteristics of the Present Age—in 2 vols., with a Memoir by Dr. William Smith; "The Science of Knowledge" and "The Science of Rights," by J. G. Fichte, translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger, with an introduction by Prof. W. T. Harris.

Science.—"The History and Description of the Eruption of Krakatoa in the Bay of Sunda," compiled by the committee of the Royal Society, edited by G. J. Symons, with 6 chromo-lithographs of the remarkable sunsets of 1883, and 40 maps and diagrams; "South-African Butterflies: a Monograph of the Extra-Tropical Species," by Roland Trimen, Curator of the South African Museum, Cape Town, assisted by James Henry Bowker, vol. iii. completing the work; "Water Analysis: a Practical Treatise on the Examination of Potable Water," by J. Alfred Wanklyn and E. T. Chapman, new edition; "Air Analysis: a Practical Treatise on the Examination of Air," with appendix on Coal Gas, by J. A. Wanklyn and W. J. Cooper; "Rocks and Soils: their Origin, Composition, and Characteristics—Chemical, Geological, and Agricultural," by Dr. Horace Edward Stockbridge, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the Imperial College of Agriculture, Sapporo, Japan; "Lectures on the Ikosahedron, and the Solution of Equations of the Fifth Degree," by Felix Klein, Professor of Mathematics, Göttingen, translated by George Gavin Morrice; "Table of Quarter-Squares of all Numbers from 1 to 200,000, for Simplifying Multiplication, Squaring and Extraction of the Square-Root, and to render the Results of these Operations more Certain," calculated by Joseph Blater; "Table of Napier, giving the Nine Multiples of all Numbers, and permitting to perform quicker and more conveniently than by the Ordinary Proceedings the Multiplication and Division of Numbers with many Figures," by Joseph Blater, with the assistance of A. Steinhauser.

Philology.—"An Arabic-English Dictionary," on a new system, comprising about 120,000 Arabic Words, with an English index of about 50,000 words, by H. A. Salmons, Arabic Lec-

turer at University College, London; "A Handbook of Colloquial Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain; "A Grammar of the Burmese Language," by A. Judson, new edition; "A Short Grammar of the Japanese Spoken Language," by W. G. Aston, new edition; "A Sanskrit Grammar," including both the classical language, and the older language, and the older dialects of Veda and Brahmana, by Prof. W. D. Whitney, new edition; "A Simplified Grammar of the Panjabi Language," together with extracts for reading and a vocabulary, by Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, late Principal O.M.S. Training College, Amritsar; "The Italic Dialects"—I. The Text of the Inscriptions (Oscan, Paelignian, Sabine, &c.; The Oldest Latin and Faliscan; Volscian, Picentine and Umbrian), with the Italic glosses of Varro and Festus, edited and arranged by R. Seymour Conway; "Rig-Veda Samhitā: a Collection of Ancient Hindu Hymns, constituting part of the Seventh and Eighth Ashtaka of the Rig-Veda," vol. vi., translated from the original Sanskrit by H. H. Wilson, edited by W. F. Webster; and "Handbook of Chinese Buddhism: being a Sanskrit-Chinese Dictionary," with vocabularies of Buddhist terms in Pali, Singhalese, Siamese, Burmese, Tibetan, Mongolian, and Japanese, by Dr. Ernest J. Eitel, Inspector of Schools, Hong Kong—the whole of the 1547 articles contained in the first edition have been rewritten with a view to condense, as well as to correct, the subject matter, in order to admit of an addition of 577 new articles.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Theology, &c.—"The Ministry of the Christian Church," by the Rev. Charles Gore, principal of the Pusey House, Oxford; also by the same author, "Roman Catholic Claims"; "Holy Week Addresses on the Appeal and the Claim of Christ and the Words from the Cross," by the Rev. A. L. Moore, hon. canon of Christ Church; "The Bampton Lectures for 1888," by the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, entitled "The Letter and the Spirit"; "Essays on Bede's Ecclesiastical History," by the Rev. H. Hensley Henson; "Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and in Ceylon," by the Bishop of Colombo; a new volume of sermons by Canon Knox Little, entitled "The Light of Life"; two volumes of "Advent Sermons," preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, by Canon Liddon; "A Memoir of the late Archdeacon Allen," by the Rev. R. M. Grier, with portraits and two facsimile sketches by Thackeray; "Twelve Hundred Questions on the History of the Church of England," with answer-hints, &c.; "Some Urgent Questions in Christian Lights": being a selection from the Sunday afternoon lectures delivered at St. Philip's Church, Regent Street; "De Vita Pastoralis: the Office and Work of a Priest in the Church of God," by the Bishop of Lichfield; "On Behalf of Belief," sermons by Canon Scott Holland; "The Office for Holy Communion—Historically, Doctrinally, and Devotionally, set forth," by Canon Luckock; "Second Series of Sermons preached to Harrow Boys," by the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, head master; "Good Friday Addresses," by Canon Paget; "A Memoir of the late Archdeacon Harrison," by the Rev. C. T. Forster; also a volume of "Sermons," by Archdeacon Harrison. The following additions to the "Oxford House Papers": "Christianity and Evolution," by the Rev. A. L. Moore; and "Purity," by Canon Scott Holland. "Teaching as a Career for University Men," by J. J. Findlay, with a prefatory note by Arthur Sidgwick; "The Acts of the Apostles to the Revelation, with Variations of Type in the use of Capital Letters," by the Rev. E. T.

Cardale; "Memoir, and Selection from Writings, of the late Dean Edwards, of Bangor"; "The Works of John Kays, Bishop of Lincoln," vol. viii., "Miscellaneous Works," with memoir of the author; "Mohammed and Mohammedanism critically considered," by Dr. S. W. Koelle; "Religio Christi," sermons by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, sometime vicar of Holy Trinity, Knightsbridge; a volume of "Sermons," by the Rev. R. C. Moberly, vicar of Great Budworth, Cheshire.

History, &c.—The completion of Dr. Evelyn Abbott's "History of Greece"—viz., the second and third volumes, bringing the history down to the year 321 B.C.; "A History of Liberalism," by J. St. Loe Strachey; "A Translation of Leger's Histoire de L'Autriche-Hongrie," by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill, edited by W. J. Ashley, professor of Political Economy at Toronto; the completion of Prof. W. J. Ashley's "Introduction to English Economic History and Theory"; "A Contemporary History of the French Revolution, compiled from the Annual Register," by F. Bayford Harrison; "A History of the Early Empire of Rome," by the Rev. W. D. Fenning; "A History of Greece," by C. W. C. Oman; "A First History of Rome," by W. S. Robinson; "A Geography of the British Isles for Students," in 2 vols., by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "A History of the French Revolution," by Arthur Haassall; "The Story of Denmark," by Mrs. Arthur Sidgwick; "Notes on Building Construction," part iv., "Calculations for Structures," with numerous illustrations.

Educational.—"The Laws of Motion: an Elementary Treatise on Dynamics," by the Rev. W. H. Laverly; "Analytical Geometry," by David Munn; "A Supplement to Mr. Hamblin Smith's Elementary Algebra," by W. F. Pelton; "The Harpur Euclid," Books III. and IV., edited by E. M. Langley and W. S. Phillips; "An Elementary Textbook on Heat," by H. G. Madan; "A Treatise on Heat," by L. Cumming; "An Elementary Treatise on Chemistry," by W. A. Shenstone; a translation, by D. Robertson, of Dr. Tumlirz's "Potential, and its Application to the Explanation of Electrical Phenomena"; "A First French Writer for Lower and Middle Forms," by A. A. Somerville; "French Prose Composition for Advanced Classes," by H. C. Steel; "An Easy French Reading Book of Interesting Stories," by W. E. Russell; Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and Viollet-le-Duc's "Le Siège de la Roche Pont," edited by F. V. E. Brughera; Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin," edited by A. H. Gosset; Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," edited by H. A. Perry; "Hints towards French Prose Composition," by G. Gidley Robinson. The following new volumes of the series of "Episodes from Modern French Authors," edited by W. E. Russell, of Haileybury College: Dumas's "Pepin and Charlemagne," edited by J. D. Whyte; Daudet's "Le Petit Chose," edited by A. F. Hoare; Mérimée's "Matteo Falcone," edited by W. E. Russell; and Dumas's "Le Capitaine Pamphile," edited by Prof. E. E. Morris, of Melbourne. "Select Passages from French and German Poets," edited by C. M. O. Bévenot; "Progressive Short German Dialogues," for schools and private study, by A. an der Halden; "Easy German Examination Papers," by A. R. Lechner; also, a Key to the same; "A First German Reader," by A. R. Lechner and Herr J. Schrammen; "German Exercises," by G. J. R. Glüncke; "A German Exercise Book," by W. G. Guillemard; "Von Sybel's 'Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I.,' edited by G. Sharp; Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' edited by R. A. Floetz; Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea' and Lessing's 'Minna von Barnhelm,' edited by C. C. Perry; "An Italian Grammar," by H. E. Huntington; "Selections from

Lucian," edited by W. R. Inge and H. V. Macnaghten; "Latin Syntax for the Use of Upper Forms," by the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen; also, by the same author, "A History of Latin Literature"; "A Selection from Pliny's Letters," edited by H. B. Heatley; "A Latin-English Dictionary," for junior and middle forms, by the Rev. C. G. Gepp and A. E. Haigh; "The Hecuba of Euripides," edited by Arthur Sidgwick; a Key to Champneys and Rundall's "Easy English Pieces for Translation into Latin Prose," second series; Plato's "Republic," Book X., edited by B. D. Turner; Shakspeare's "King Henry IV.," part i., edited by Oliver Elton; Shakspeare's "As You Like It," edited by Prof. A. C. Bradley, of University College, Liverpool; Shakspeare's "King Richard III.," edited by the Rev. W. H. Payne Smith; "English Verse for School Repetition," edited by E. W. Howson. The following additions to the "English School Classics," edited by F. Storr, of Merchant Taylors' School; Milton's "Samson Agonistes," edited by C. S. Jerram; and Scott's "The Lord of the Isles," edited by F. S. Arnold.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola," translated into English by Mdme. Villari, and revised and supplemented by the author, Prof. Pasquale Villari, in 2 vols., illustrated; "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," translated by Lucy A. Toulmin Smith, and revised and supplemented by the author, J. J. Jusserand, illustrated; "The Coming of the Friars, and other Mediaeval Sketches," by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp; "The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History," by Mdme. James Darmesteter (Miss A. Mary F. Robinson); "The Economic Interpretation of History: Lectures on Political Economy delivered at Oxford, 1887-88," by Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers; "The Twilight of the Gods, and other Tales," by Dr. Richard Garnett; "Old Chelsea," written by B. E. Martin, and illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "Ranch Life in the Far West and the Hunting Trail," by Theodore Roosevelt, illustrated; "Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands," by Charles Edwardes, illustrated; "Industrial Rivers of the United Kingdom," by various well-known experts; "The House and its Builder, and other Discourses," by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox; "Crime: its Causes and Remedy," by L. Gordon Rylands; "The Five Talents of Woman: a Book for Girls and Young Women," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy; "Stephen Elderby: a Novel," by A. Hill Dreury, in 2 vols.; "Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages," compiled by Robert Christy, in 2 vols.; "Pandora's Portion," by Austin Clare; "Shamrock and Rose," by Mr. J. G. Lunn, in 3 vols.; "Sisters of Omberleigh: a Story," by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle; and "Chess: a Christmas Masque," by Louis Tylor.

In the "Nation Series"—"Mediaeval France," by Gustave Masson; "Persia," by W. S. Benjamin; and "Phoenicia," by Canon Rawlinson.

Among new editions: a cheap edition of "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat," by John Smith Moffat; a second edition of "The Fleet," by John Ashton, illustrated; a cheap edition of "Inspiration and the Bible," by Robert Horton; and a popular edition of "Faint, yet Pursuing," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy.

THE SUPPOSED SHAKSPERIAN PLAY OF "IRUS."

WITH reference to the supposed Shaksperian play of "Irus" (ACADEMY, September 22, p. 187, col. 1), Dr. Furnivall writes:

"The readers of the ACADEMY may like to see five of the six passages quoted from 'Irus' by Edward Pudssey, soon after A.D. 1600, compared with their originals in George Chapman's 'Blind Beggar of Alexandria' (1598), by Mr. P. A. Daniel:

"(1.) 'The fautes of many are bueried in their humour.'

Cf. 'And so such fautes as I of purpose doe,
Is buried in my humour.'

(Chapman's Works, p. 12, vol. i., Pearson's reprint.)

"(2.) 'To drinke to one is meant what health the wyne doth worke, shalbe employed to their comand and proper use. This y' first intent of drinking to one.'

Cf. 'I meane to drinke this to your proper good,
As if I sayde what health this wine doth
work in me,
Shall be employed for you at your com-
mande and to your proper use,
And this was first thentent of drinking to
you.'

(*Ibid.*, p. 20.)

"(3.) 'Yo' hart is greater than yo' person.'

Cf. 'Soft Mistris Burgomaister, pray you stay,
your hart is greater than your parson farre
or your state eyther,' &c.

(*Ibid.*, p. 27.)

"(4.) 'Dearer than ye pomegranet of my ey.'

Cf. 'I hold thee dearer then the Poungranet of
mine eye, and thats better by three pence
than the aples of mine eye.'

(*Ibid.*, p. 35-6.)

"(4.) 'Coming out of his moueables.'

Cf. 'Mow. Had you stayed neuer so little longer
you should have met my Lord coming out
of Leons house and out of his moueables.
Eli. How out of his moueables.'

Mow. Euen in playne troth, I see him woe
her, winner her, and went in with her.'

(*Ibid.*, p. 37.)

"The sixth extract given in Pudssey's Books I do not find in the 'Blind Beggar.' The chief character in that play is Duke Oleanthes. He pervades it in several disguises, as Irus, the Blind Beggar; Count Hermes, a violent bully and murderer; and Leon, a rich, fraudulent, and big-nosed usurer.

"P. A. DANIEL."

NOTES ON BULLEN'S OLD PLAYS, 1882-1885.

III.

VOL. III.

"SIR GYLES GOOSECAPPE."

P. 7:

"A my word (will) 'tis the Great Baboons, that was to be seen in Southwarke."

Trained baboons were in great fashion at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In "Ram Alley" (1611) many of their tricks are described and introduced as the delight of the city dames. In Chapman's masque in honour of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth an antique or mock-masque, of baboons "attired like travellers riding in a very strange manner upon asses" was introduced. An ape was trained to ride Banks's famous horse and lived in the same stable. The Bavarian or Babion was also a soubriquet of a famous dancer of the time—one like our Vokes or Girard—whom a city lady imitated in bed the following morning and could not recover her legs from over the back of her neck. It seems to have been a recognised sport to toss baboons in a blanket as may be

* From this passage and its context I take "moveables" to be a humorous and slang term for a "wife." Petruchio says that Kate "is my goods, my chattels, my household stuff" (*Shrew*, III. ii. 221-2).

gathered from "The Roaring Girl." Small sorts of apes or monkeys, called also baboons, were in great demand as ladies' pets. So late as Brome's "Wedding" (1663) the ape that was trained to sit upon his tail and frown when the Pope's name was mentioned (as in "Ram Alley") was still a favourite; and, it may be said, is to the present day. The Bavian was a character in all morris dances, and in that capacity is introduced in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," to which Mr. Skeat has appended a useful note on this subject. The special baboon here referred to is met with again in "Wily Beguiled" (1606).

"He walks as stately as the great Baboon."

P. 18:

"Tis the mind of man and woman to affect new fashions; but to our *Mynsives* forsooth, if he come like to your *Beogno*, &c."

The editor has a note to this, "People who walk with *mincing* step. I have not met the word elsewhere." It occurs in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster" (iv. 1), and means an affectation of prudishness. "Use not your city-mannerly word forsooth too often in any case; they count it too simple and *minstive*." This is rather the meaning in the present passage. Many parts of the present play are Jonsonian.

P. 26: "To break Priscian's head" was a proverbial phrase for speaking bad Latin. It occurs also in "Lady Alimony," a much later play (1659?).

"Ravisht with coaches, and upper hands, and brave men of dust." "Upper hand" means higher places at feasts, &c. It occurs in this sense in "Richard III."

P. 40:

"The right Spanish Titillation."

Ben Jonson has "the Spanish titillation in a glove, your only perfume." He makes use of the term in "The Poetaster" and "Cynthia's Revels."

P. 47: "The Lord Decem Tales," with a reference to the "Canterbury Tales," is no doubt a pun, as if it was "decent tales." It is a pity it should be lost. Careless as the Elizabethan and Jacobean writers were of decency, "A Canterbury Tale" was a little too strong for them in some cases.

P. 64:

"The quick kiese of the top of the forefinger
And other such exploytes of good *accost*."

Here "Cynthia's Revels," and the "Bare Accost" in that most tediously artificial mimicry of court wit and pastimes, is brought to mind again.

P. 70: L. 23, *Mom* (for Momford) is a misprint for *Cla* (for Clarence).

P. 83:

"I thought he had a reason for it, Lady.

"*Pes* I. And a reason of the *Sunne* too, my Lord, for his father would have been ashamed of it."

Another pun "raimin of the Sun" (son).

P. 87: Four lines from the bottom, "To beare thy coal's teeth out of thy head." Read for beare, *beate*. Is this an error in transcription or in the original?

P. 87: The use of the fashionable word "protest" being interdicted to all save experienced and recognised courtiers is frequently commented on, and especially in Ben Jonson's plays, where a good note by Gifford will be found upon it. Numerous passages could be adduced. See also Wheatley's notes to "Every Man in his Humour," and in "Romeo and Juliet" is a familiar instance (ii. 4). It seems to have been at first used as a fashionable synonym for "swear," and especially in the adjurations of lovers. The "humour of it" partly aroes, perhaps, out of the solemnity of its legal sense.

In this play "the fire of verbal quibble" appears to me most miserably unnatural stuff, but good enough possibly for Chapman, who had little skill in that direction, and to whom the play has been assigned by the editor.

"THE WISDOME OF DOCTOR DODYPOLE."

The name corresponds to our "block-head," "dunderhead," or "numskull," and is used in this sense by Latimer. In "Hicksorner" (1532), the identical name occurs,

"What master *Doctor Dodypole*?
Can you not preach well in a black bole
Or dispute any divinity."

Hazlitt's *Doddsley*, i. 179.

The present play is alluded to in Dekker's "Satiromastix" (1602).

P. 103:

"You bring stuffe for her? you bring *pudding*."

"Pudding," as used here, was a bit of low slang, and possibly is so still in out-of-the-way places. Thus in Brome's "English Moore," "We came to cast a plot. *Nat. Cast a pudding*"; and in Day's "Blind Beggar," "I'de make thee eat thy words or dig thy grave. *F. Stro. Eat a pudding's end*." Ben Jonson uses the expression also. The word "grandmother" has been substituted for "pudding" in modern Irish semi-genteel chaff.

P. 123:

"*Lass*. Must I stay, sir? *Doot*. I spit your nose."

The doctor here does not expectorate upon Lassinbergh's nose. His meaning is "I (i.e., 'aye' or 'yes'), in spite of your nose." Perhaps this may not need a note, but at any rate it needs the insertion of a comma after "I."

P. 124: For "adrianet," read "carcanet."

P. 128: For "acrostigonues" (!) read "acrostiques," or some intelligible and authorised form of acrostics.

P. 130: Possibly "Trevants" is an accident for "Servants." "S" and "T" were often confounded from MS., and the interchange of letters is very slight. The passage is:

"The Prince, my Lord, in going downe the stairs
Hath forst an axe from one of the *Trevants*."

P. 133:

"O this way by the glimmeringe of the Sunne
And the legieritie of her sweete feete
She *scowled* on."

This is exactly the Swedish *skjuta*, to shoot, to fly off quickly, given by Skeat and Jamieson—in deriving the term "scout," a taunt, by the former, and "scout" equivalent to "squirrel" by the latter. The last sense (usually pronounced "scoot") is still in use in North Ireland with several derivative shades of meaning. But the present use of the word is very rare in old English writers.

P. 139:

"If I have any *scarres* in my belly, pray God I starve, sir."

Read *starres*, and turn for corroboration to p. 133: "Eate up all the *starres*." On the latter page for "*Pes*" (l. 8) read "*Pea*."

P. 139:

"Some two myles and a *wee* bit, Sir."

That is to say a wee bit, a little bit; which, as northern pedestrians have often found to their dismay, is the biggest part of the distance. Halliwell spells it "way bit," and does not give the origin. Possibly he held with Blount's *Glossographia*, where we find "Wea-bit . . . I find it written wea-bit, but conceive it should be *way-bit*; *quasi*, a bit or part of a way." This is amusing. Ray, however, has it right. "Wee bit, *sb.* a tiny wee bit, a small piece (a pure Yorkshireism)."

P. 147:

"Where thy *courses* lay drownde;."

Read "*course*."

P. 157, l. 4: For *Alp* read *Lea*. Leandor speaks.

P. 288:

"Mary muffle."

The editor says he finds it in Dekker's "Honest Whore" as an expression of feminine impatience. This would lead one to suppose it was not of common occurrence, but many instances might be given. See Taylor's Works, 1630; Blurt's "Master Constable"; "Antonio's Revenge," and Dyce's note to "Northward Ho."

P. 289:

"I will gyrd myself with thy guts."

This elegant expression is still in use, like many other archaisms, in Her Majesty's Royal Navy. "I'll have your guts for a necklace," or, "I'll make a pair of garters of your guts." It occurs elsewhere in the early writers.

P. 299:

"Or hath some accident ocoated them."

Ocoated (accoated) here means confronted, much in the same sense as it is now in use. It is hardly necessary to retain this haphazard form of the word. Mr. Bullen inserts [*sic*] after it.

P. 303:

"There is no toyle to this walkinge of the Round."

This phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," and Whalley's note is to the point. It was the duty of the "gentlemen of the round" "to visit the sentinels, watches, and advanced guards; and from their office of 'going the round' they derive their name." In the "Alchemist" there is a double meaning attached.

H. CHICHESTER HART.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BRAITMAIER, F. Geschichte der poetischen Theorie u. Kritik von den Diskursen der Maler bis auf Lessing. 1. Th. Frauenfeld: Huber. 5 M.
COMTE, E. *Lectures à sa famille* (1775-1839). Introduction par J. H. Menos. Paris: Savine. 5 fr.
FILOW, AUG. *Amours anglais*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
GONCOURT, EDMOND et JULES de. *Préfaces et manifestes littéraires*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
HUGO, VICTOR. *Œuvres inédites de: La Fin de Satan*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
RIFFARD, LÉON. *Contes et apologues, illustrés par F. Hégamery*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHMIDT, L. Gudrun. Eine Umdichtung d. mittelhochdeutschen Gudrunhades. Wittenberg: Herrosé. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SCHREIBER, O. Oswald Heer. Lebensbild e. schweizer. Naturforschers. Zürich: Schulthess. 5 M.
VICAIRE, G. *Bibliographie de la gourmandise*. Paris: Belin. 35 fr.
VOGEL, A. Die philosophischen Grundlagen der wissenschaftlichen Systeme der Pädagogik. Langensalza: Gressler. 2 M. 70 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- DUMOUTIER, G. Le Grand-Bouddha de Hanou: étude historique, archéologique et épigraphique sur la pagode de Tran-vu. Paris: Chailam. 10 fr.
QUELLEN sur Frankfurter Geschichte. 2 Bd. Chroniken der Reformationszeit, nebst e. Darstellg. der Frankfurter Belagerung v. 1552, bearb. v. R. Jung. Frankfurt-a. M.: Jügel. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CHALLÉRIER, CH. Note sur les mouvements des corps électrisés. Basel: Georg. 3 M. 30 Pf.
CHOFFAT, P., et P. de LORIOZ. Matériaux pour l'étude stratigraphique et paléontologique de la province d'Angola. Basel: Georg. 8 M.
DZIOBEK, O. Die mathematischen Theorien der Planeten-Bewegungen. Leipzig: Barth. 9 M.
KATZKE, F. Das ältere Palaeozoicum in Mittelböhmen. Prag: Calve. 2 M.
KILIAN, W. Description géologique de la montagne de Lure (Basses-Alpes). Paris: Masson. 25 fr.
REIS, O. M. Die Oocanthinen, m. besond. Berücksicht. der im Weissen Jura Bayerns vorkomm. Gattungen. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 50 M.
RIVE, L. de la. Sur la composition des sensations et la formation de la notion d'espace. Basel: Georg. 4 M.

SCHMID, U. R. *Zur Religionsphilosophie*. Jena: Pöhl. 3 M. 50 Pf.
 SEMLER, H. *Tropische u. amerikanische Waldwirtschaft u. Holzkunde*. Berlin: Parey. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

BEYER, F. *Quæstiones Apuleianæ*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAIDEN'S GARLAND.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg: Oct. 1, 1888.

I believe these objects were formerly very common. My father told me that there were formerly three garlands hanging on the fragments of the screen in the parish church here. This screen was swept away in 1826, and the garlands perished with it. About thirty years ago I saw one or more garlands suspended in a village church somewhere not far from Bawtry. I think, but am not absolutely sure, that it was at Dinnington.

The following passage occurs in the late Dr. Raine's account of Holy Island Church:

"Two garlands, emblems of deceased youth and virginity, are withering over the middle aisle. The hapless females whom they commemorate are falling away into dust below."

(*North Durham*, p. 149.)

In Pendleton's *History of Derbyshire* we are told that

"Ashford long kept alive the custom of carrying funeral garlands in front of the coffins of girls who died unmarried, and some of these memorials still hang in the church, where loving hands so long ago placed them" (p. 108). Others are to be seen at Matlock (p. 60).

Funeral garlands are noticed in Miss Jackson's *Shropshire Word-Book*, p. 465, and in the same lady's *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 6.

In the "Bride's Burial," a ballad in the Roxburghe collection (*Ballads Soc.*, vol. i., p. 189), we read:

"A garland fresh and faire
 Of Lillies there was made,
 In signe of her virginity,
 And on her coffin laid:
 Six maidens, all in white,
 Did beare her to the ground;
 The bells did ring in solemne sort,
 And made a solemne sound."

This ditty is furnished with a rude woodcut of the maidens bearing the coffin on which the garland is laid.

Maiden's garlands are not confined to this island. Sir Charles Anderson tells us in his *Eight Weeks in Norway* that he saw at Tomlevoel "a garland of box and everlasting flowers, with the initials A. T. (Anna Tonette) hung on the screen, in memory of the landlord's young daughter, who died last year" (p. 22).

In a note the author informs us that he had seen white paper chaplets in memory of young girls at Methley and Flamborough, in Yorkshire, and at Springthorpe, in Lincolnshire.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

THE NAMES "MOSINU" AND "SILLAN."

Oxford: Oct. 1, 1888

With regard to Prof. Sanday's question as to the possible connexion between the name of "Mosinu" and that of "Sillan," my answer must be in the negative; I cannot see how they could be connected. In fact, I should be inclined to treat the latter as probably more anciently written "Silnan," *nl* being liable to be levelled into *ll*, as in the genitive of *colinn*, "corpus, caro," which occurs in the forms *colno* and *colla*. The name "Silnan" was pointed out to me long ago by Dr. Stokes, as I find it cited in my *Lectures on Welsh Philology* (p. 408), together with a seemingly related one, "Mocu-sailni." The references are to Reeves's Adamnan's *Vita*

Sancti Columbae (pp. 77, 108, 111, 126), where the editor gives "Sillanus" as the reading of one of the MSS. in the three first instances; the remaining instance comes from the heading of one of the chapters. Had Bodley's Library not been closed this week I might possibly be able to add references from other sources.

The "Book of Penagh," in my former letter, should be corrected into "Book of Fenagh"; and the actual form which "Segaman" there takes will be found to be "Segamain." A friend tells me that the right name to compare is not this, but the Italian "Semo."

J. RHYS.

"ZABA" IN THE DIALECT OF CREMONA.

London: Sept. 29, 1888.

Mr. F. Sacchi, in maintaining that the pronunciation of *z* in *zat*, as spelled by Peri, is not *z*, does not indicate what is generally the sound of Cremonese *z*. If he means by *z* the sound of English and French *z* similar to English and French voiced or soft *z*, as in *zeal*, *zele*, *rose*, or even of Italian *z* in *rosa*—"rose," nothing can be more correct; but it does not follow from this that what is not a voiced *z* ought to be a voiceless or sharp *z*, as in English *sand*, French *sel*—"salt," and Italian *sole*—"sun." In fact, just as in Italian there are at least two different sounds expressed by *z* as well as two different sounds expressed by *s*, the two first having no corresponding sounds in English or French, in which one may try to indicate them in a very rough and incorrect way by *ts* or *dz*; so there are in Cremonese, particularly in the town of Cremona itself, two *s* and two *z* sounds occupying a different place in the dictionary, according as the pronunciation belongs to the *s* or to the *z* Cremonese sounds. To my ears, *z* of *zatt* differs from *s* of Bergamasco *sat*, and is nearer Italian *z* in *zampa*—"paw" than to Italian *s* in *sale*—"salt"; while in Bergamo I hear *sat* distinctly with sharp or voiceless *s*. I found that in Cremona the distinction between *s* and *z* is observed; and this distinction is admitted not only by Biondelli and myself, who are not indeed Cremonese, but also by Peri and other Cremonese.

The quotation of Mr. Bellini, a vernacular poet, and of Dr. Cazzaniya, a distinguished writer on social (not linguistic) questions, but the editor of Cremona's (not Cremonese, but Italian) newspaper, proves nothing, if Mr. Sacchi does not quote, at the same time, the passages in which these respected authors speak of the pronunciation of the initial consonant (*z* sharp or *s* sharp) in *zatt*, and of the questionable meaning of *zaba*—"frog."

As regards Prof. Biondelli (one of the linguists who have given the most protracted attention to the study of the Gallo-Italic dialects, particularly to those of the Lombard branch, to which the dialect of Cremona belongs), he never treated the two above-mentioned topics; and, consequently, any reproach of error committed by him concerning them is quite out of place.

As I begin to be afraid, at least for my own part, of having encroached too long on the time of the readers of the ACADEMY, I abandon to Mr. Sacchi the continuation of this, after all, not very important discussion.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN AND THE SOUNDS OF OLD ENGLISH.—"PERS" IN CHAUCER.

London: Sept. 29, 1888.

I am very thankful to Prof. Sanday for the hints he so kindly gives me in to-day's ACADEMY. From what he writes, it would appear that in my previous letter I have not laid sufficient stress on the following point.

So long as we may be sure that the departures from Classical Latin are due to the literary idiosyncrasies of an English scribe, and are not common to Mediæval Latin, they fall within the range of English phonetics, no matter whether they also appear in French or German MSS. This, however, is just where the difficulty lies, for there are but very few cases in which we must not assume the spelling-differences to be common to Mediæval Latin. I would lay especial stress on the evidence afforded by such texts as those of, say, Aldhelm, of which no non-English source is known to have existed. I must remark, by the way, that the existing editions of such works should not always be trusted for this purpose, since they are usually in the "accepted" spelling. If then, even the peculiarities to be found in such MSS. can be met with e.g., in France, it would be the task of students of historical French phonetics to look into those texts.

As regards "Pers" in Chaucer, those who have recently written on this word may be interested to hear that in Dutch "paars" is quite a usual denomination for a light violet colour, sometimes verging on a blueish pink.

H. LOGEMAN.

THE ISLAND OF BECKERY, NEAR GLASTONBURY.

Hind Hayes, Street, Somerset: Oct. 1, 1888.

At a meeting of the Glastonbury Antiquarian Society, on the afternoon of September 29, when they inspected the recently uncovered remains of the chapel of St. Bridget, on rising ground, once the island of Beckery, a gentleman present stated that the derivation of Beckery was from Keltic Back or Beck, "little" and "ery" or Erin = Ireland. Now, John, of Glastonbury (p. 12, Hearn's Edition), says "Bekery, quæ parva Hibernia dicitur, ubi olim sancta Brigid perpendinavit."

May not this be the case: that the Keltic derivation was not known to the Glastonbury chronicler, but from hearsay the locality was known as "Little Ireland." Would some of your Keltic correspondents kindly give a few words confirmatory or explanatory of the derivation of the name Beckery?

I may add that Glastonbury has a well-kept and interesting museum, containing a collection of antiquities discovered in the town and neighbourhood. Some of the tiles found on the site of St. Bridget's Chapel have lately been added to the other objects of interest.

JOSEPH CLARK.

"BABIO-BABIA" IN NORTH ITALY.

Ickwell-Bury, Biggleswade: O.A. 3, 1888

I have only time briefly to state that the locality in which the collective word *babio-babia* occurs is to the north of Pinerolo—whether further afield I am unable to say—for my visits of late years have been confined to the Riviera and some of the principal towns.

I may also mention that in the same district *vindu*, "a winder," and *bran*, exactly pronounced as its English equivalent, are current words; while the pretty sounding but uncomplimentary *frôla* = *légère*, "light, frail," is exceedingly rare. I do not remember having heard it more than three or four times.

J. GONING.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 8, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.
 WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "Reproductive Condition of *Orbitolites complanata* var. *laciniata*," by Mr. H. B. Brady.
 FRIDAY, Oct. 12, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

SCIENCE.

"BĀSIM THE SMITH" IN ARABIC AND FRENCH.
Basim Le Forgeron et Hārūn Er-Rāchid.
 Par Le Comte Carlo de Landberg. (Leyden: Brill.)

It must be gratifying to Arabic students to find that the number of books that are published in or about Arabic and the Arabs is daily increasing—albeit some of these publications might well have been spared. Count Carlo de Landberg has, in the volume before us, assuredly done a service both to the student and to the scholar, especially the former.

The story of "Bāsim the Smith" is not very generally known, although Mr. W. Kelce published a translation of this amusing tale in his *Miscellanies* (1795), and another translation exists in German. Count Landberg (besides a French translation) gives two Arabic versions of the tale: one in the Egyptian dialect, from a Cairo MS.; the other in the Syrian dialect, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library. The idea of printing both versions is an exceedingly happy one, for the student is thus enabled to study the differences which exist between the Arabic spoken in Egypt and in Syria.

An opinion is maintained by some Orientalists that the Arabic of to-day is of little use to the Arabic scholar. I am glad to find, therefore, that Count Landberg gives no countenance to this view. In his preface, after speaking of the usefulness of the work to those studying the two dialects, he adds:

"Mais elle doit aussi servir au savant, déjà initié dans les secrets de la langue classique et des autres langues sémitiques. Pour l'histoire comparée de celles-ci, les dialectes de l'Arabe parlé ont une grande importance. On y retrouve beaucoup de formes qui intéressent le linguiste."

Count Landberg seems to adopt a position intermediate between those who hold that the Arabic of to-day and classical Arabic differ but slightly, and those who believe that there is as much difference between ancient and modern Arabic as between ancient and modern Greek. Arabic is properly divided into two branches—classical and modern. The classical may again be sub-divided into the pre-Islamic language, and the language from the time of Muhammad down to the fall of the Baghdad Khalifate. The modern embraces the written language from that time to the present, and the vernaculars. Of course, it must not be forgotten that there have been in classical and also in modern Arabic various styles of diction. But it is a mistake to think that written Arabic has deteriorated in modern times; and it is also almost certain that the language spoken in Egypt and Syria to-day varies but very little from that spoken in those countries in the second and third century of the Hijrah—if we exclude the few loan-words that have been introduced from Persian, Turkish, and some European languages. It is no less certain that Syriac, Hebrew, and Greek largely influenced the second classical period above alluded to. On the other hand, it is an error to think that, because there exist a few books—such as the *Arabian Nights*—written some centuries ago, these should be called "classical"; for, in truth, they are

nothing more than written colloquial Arabic, and would emphatically be denied the rank of classics by all native scholars. Nevertheless the importance of the spoken language, and the light it throws upon the classical, cannot be overlooked. There is no royal road to the study of Arabic philology; and the knowledge of Semitic languages throws but a feeble light upon the development of Arabic, which undeniably influenced other Semitic and non-Semitic languages more than it has been influenced by them. The only true and proper method of learning the philology of Arabic is by a comparative study of the vernaculars, from the present period back to the very earliest times, by the side of the written language. It is true that there are many dialects, yet these can be divided into two groups—the eastern and the western. By the eastern I mean the dialects of Egypt, Syria, and other parts of Asia, which nowhere differ much from one another; and by the western those of Algiers, Morocco, and northern Africa (*Al-Maghrib*), which, collectively, represent a lower grade. Count Landberg fails to distinguish these two groups, while he exaggerates the difference that exists between the vernaculars of Egypt and Syria.

There is little to say about the story of "Bāsim the Smith." The style (particularly that of the Syrian version) is very similar to one of the "Arabian Nights," both in conception and in diction. It is to be regretted that Count Landberg has not purged his Syrian version of the superfluous matter that is not to be found in the Egyptian—especially the verses, which, although interesting in themselves, cannot be useful to students without a translation and numerous notes. It would have been perhaps better if he had chosen this version in preference to the Egyptian for translation, as it contains more matter and is more interesting as a story. As regards the French translation, Count Landberg seems to have aimed at literalness rather than elegance, for which the student will hardly be disposed to blame him. He has added a few proverbs, with an Arabic passage illustrating the use of each as well as a translation. It would have considerably enhanced the utility of the work had he taken the trouble to mark the words that are strictly colloquial or foreign, with notes as to their derivation and use. He might have also followed a better system of transliteration, for that which he has adopted is most confusing and not very intelligible.

Nevertheless, considering the paucity of Arabic reading-books, this Arabic and French version of "Bāsim the Smith" may be recommended even to English students as a pleasant introduction to the modern language.

HABIB ANTHONY SALMONÉ.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Primordialité de l'écriture dans la Genèse du langage humain. By Louis Alotte. (Paris: Vieweg.) This little book is likely to be regarded as adding another paradox to the many already started in connexion with human language. But, paradox though it may be, it is a paradox which deserves serious consideration; and, on the whole, M. Alotte has presented his case well. It is true that his argument savours too much of "the high *a priori* road,"

and that he accepts the untenable doctrine which derives every language from a limited series of monosyllables; but this does not affect the real issues of the question which he brings forward. Is articulate speech earlier or later than the beginnings of writing? M. Alotte decides that it is later, mainly on the ground that the hands would have been used for the purpose of intercommunication before the mouth; and that when we "think of some one we do not hear him but see him." In support of the latter argument, Captain Galton's recent investigations may be instanced, which show that the majority of people think pictorially. M. Alotte further alleges the fact that in most cases of aphasia it is articulate language and not the language of signs which is affected. Some years ago I put forward a similar suggestion to that maintained by M. Alotte, pointing out that the evidence that man is a drawing animal is older than the evidence that he is a speaking animal. It is difficult for a comparative philologist to believe that language, which still shows so transparently the marks of its origin, can go back to the remote age of the palaeolithic people in the south of France who carved the figures of the reindeer and the mammoth upon bone. That it does not do so would be rendered almost a certainty if the want of the genial apophysis in "Chellean man" proved his inability to speak. In any case the theory that man communicated with his fellows by means of pictures before he communicated with them by means of articulated sounds is worth the consideration of anthropologists.

Études de Grammaire comparée: (1) "De la Véritable Nature du Pronom," (2) "De la Conjugaison objective." By R. de la Grasserie. (Louvain: Lefever; Paris: Vieweg.) These two interesting "studies" have been originally published in the *Muséon* and the *Mémoires* of the Société de Linguistique de Paris. M. de la Grasserie has once more followed in them that path of linguistic research which is so intimately connected with the great name of Wilhelm von Humboldt, but which the specialising character of modern comparative philology has allowed to be too much forgotten. Like Dr. Winckler, he has devoted himself to the solution of some of the problems presented by the philosophy of language; and he has sought a key to them where alone it can be found, in a comparison of the manifold forms of speech, ancient and modern, used in different parts of the world. All the known families of language have been laid under contribution, and M. de la Grasserie has by this means endeavoured inductively to trace the origin and development of two important elements of the sentence. The primitive use, not only of the first and second personal pronouns, but of the pronoun generally is determined to have been "subjective," the use of the pronoun as a representative of a substantive being of later growth. The objective conjugation, it is further shown, is the first stage in the development of the verb, and a "concrete" expression of thought. "Morphologically it was the expression of relations by the close union of words arranged in a certain order; psychologically the total confusion of the elements of the proposition at first regarded as indivisible."

A. H. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLAGASES III. OF PARTHIA.

Towcester: September 29, 1888.

Canon Rawlinson, in his work on *The Sixth Oriental Monarchy* (p. 323), remarks that

"The successor of Volagases II. on the Parthian throne was Volagases III., who was, most probably

his son, although of this there is no direct evidence. He ascended the throne A.D. 148 or 149." On the same page of the work referred to, the author remarks that "the effigy on the earliest coins of Volagases III. is well bearded," showing that he was not a young man at his succession.

It is a singular coincidence that in the very year, A.D. 149, when Volagases II. died, there arrived in China a celebrated Buddhist missionary, a prince royal of Parthia. He is generally called 'Am-shi-kao, that is, "Shi-kao the Arsacidan." We read of him that "when his father died he gave up the kingdom to his uncle, and he himself became a Buddhist monk" (See my "*Buddhist Literature in China*, p. 7).

It seems probable that this Buddhist monk would have been Volagases III. if he had remained in secular life; and, if so, it shows that the historical Volagases III. was brother to Volagases II. This explains the doubt as to their relationship, alluded to by Canon Rawlinson in the passage above quoted.

S. BEAL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. VIRCHOW—who was recently elected president of the united societies of German scientists—has issued a little volume, entitled *Medical Remembrances of an Egyptian Journey*, containing a narrative of his voyage up the Nile as far as the second cataract, in company with Dr. Schliemann. The treatise is full of scientific matter, with occasional references to ancient history. The broken skulls on the first great sepulchral field, dating from Roman times, he found as thick and hard as Herodotus (iii. 12) says that those of the slain Egyptians were in comparison with the brittle ones of the Persians. It will be remembered that the Greek historian explains this peculiarity by the early exposure of children to the heat of the sun; and, in many parts of Upper Egypt the German traveller actually found young children thus exposed during their parent's absence in the fields, in immense clay bowls, resembling a champagne glass with a stem, into which they were put without any shelter. Concerning the Arab doctors and medical institutions, Prof. Virchow has some interesting remarks, though he found them characterised generally by a somewhat narrow nationalism. There are also chapters on the climate, the water supply, the physical condition of the native men and women, and the prevailing diseases.

MR. C. D. SHERBORN has recently published *A Bibliography of the Foraminifera* (Dulan), dealing with both recent and fossil forms, and containing references to the literature of this group from the year 1565 to 1888. It is by far the most complete bibliographical work relating to its special group that has yet been published, representing much diligent research among rare and little known works that are likely to escape the ordinary student. The references to Hungarian literature are specially noteworthy.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE last number of *Hermathena* (London: Longmans) opens with some "Miscellaneous Critica," by Prof. Palmer, from which we must be content to quote two emendations. In Soph. *Ant.* 766, he would read:

δ μ ω ρ ο ν ἦθος καὶ γυναικὸς ὁσπερον.

In Verg. *Aen.* iv. 437, he is bold enough to suggest

"Quam mihi cum dederis, ululatum morte remittam."

Then follow four reviews by Dublin scholars of

English books—all of them, it is pleasant to note, highly complimentary. Dr. Maguire writes on Mr. Archer-Hind's edition of the *Timaeus*, mainly from the philosophical standpoint; Prof. Tyrrell, upon Mr. Newman's first two volumes of the *Politics*, protests against his conservatism in avoiding transposition of the text, and discusses the famous passage about slavery; Prof. Abbott analyses the third volume of "Old-Latin Biblical Texts," edited by the Rev. H. J. White; and Prof. Lendrum reviews Mr. Fausset's *Pro Cluentio*. Passing over the other articles, we may mention the last. The Rev. Dr. John Gwynn here publishes the Syriac passages from a MS. in the British Museum, from which (as he has already announced in the ACADEMY) he is able to reconstruct some of the opinions adverse to the authenticity of the Apocalypse held by the heretic Caius.

FINE ART.

Wood-Engraving in Italy in the XVth Century.
By Dr. Friedrich Lippmann. (Bernard Quaritch.)

THIS is a book for which lovers of art, and especially students of wood-engraving, have only to be profoundly thankful. General histories of wood-engraving exist, or are promised, in no inconsiderable number; but they labour under the disadvantage that the ground has not been sufficiently prepared, country by country, for wide generalisations to be yet possible. Detailed histories have in a few cases been written, such as my own *Woodcutters of the Netherlands*; but they are mere students' books, which no one would read for pleasure—catalogues, in fact, confessed or disguised. Dr. Lippmann has written a book which is not a catalogue and which is readable. No student of Italian art can afford to neglect it.

Dr. Lippmann's studies in Italian wood-engraving first took form in a series of articles published in the *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen*. These were reprinted with large additions and corrections. The present volume is not merely a translation of the reprint, but represents a further stage in the author's studies. If not final, it at all events presents an approach to finality. No history of Italian art will henceforward be complete which does not contain an account of what Dr. Lippmann has thus, with so much careful labour, brought together or discovered.

After the invention or introduction of printing, wood-engraving in all countries developed side by side with that craft. In Germany and the Netherlands it had a considerable history before the invention of printing. In Italy it had none. Woodcuts in Germany took the place occupied by frescoes in Italy. Italian artists addressed the ordinary man from the walls of Italian churches. Climatic conditions rendered this impossible north of the Alps. Decorative wall paintings had, of course, been numerous in all Gothic churches. But they would not last; the climate was against them. Hence, the art of wall-painting decayed in the north instead of developing. Some form of art was, however, demanded, whereby the unlettered masses might have presented to their eyes symbols of those things about which they were unable to read. Woodcuts fulfilled this purpose. The block-books and the single sheets, containing

images of the saints or other devout representations, were sold at every pilgrimage resort, at every country or city fair, and were even peddled up and down the highways of all Central Europe. Thus, especially in Germany, wood-engraving was the popular art; and out of it printing in due course emerged.

In Italy, however, there was no similar demand, and consequently no supply. Not improbably a few early engraved blocks may have been made in a tentative fashion by individual artists, and here and there a print from one or another such block may be discovered. But no large visible result came from these isolated and exceptional efforts. Frescoes sufficed for the general public who lived out of doors, and there was no sale for the single sheets which found a home in every cottage in Germany.

The demand for printed books was at first much less in Italy than north of the Alps. No one can compare a printed book (even the best) with one of the lovely MSS. of the fifteenth century, and not at once perceive how far superior in beauty is the hand-made article to the machine-made. A country so full of men of culture, and, on the whole, so rich as was Italy in the fifteenth century, maintained the demand for MSS. at its height a full decade after printed books had become general in poorer and less artistic Germany. No printed book, for instance, was admitted into the library of the Duke of Urbino, and many another similarly cultured gentleman may have nourished the same prejudice. If MS. was thus preferred to printing, how much more daintily painted miniatures to woodcuts! The earliest printers to establish themselves in Italy were all Germans, and they brought German ideas of wood-engraving with them. The rude outline illustrations, which satisfied the purchasing public of Augsburg, Nürnberg, or Köln, would have seemed ludicrously bad in the eyes of an ordinary Florentine citizen, accustomed to the great wall-illustrations of a Domenico Ghirlandajo or a Sandro Botticelli. Thus the new art was starved for some years. Line-engravings were tried as a more elegant substitute, but were doubtless too costly, and never became habitual. Eventually woodcuts had their turn, and a new development set in. At first it seems that cuts were employed, not, in our sense, as illustrations of chapters, but as a kind of heading to help in finding the place, the cut being a sort of easily understood abstract of the chapter or canto that followed it—such, at any rate, is Dr. Lippmann's opinion. No sooner, however, had woodcuts become necessary than the Italian spirit was infused into them. Italian designers were employed, and more artistic results were thus attained than were attained in Germany until the coming of Wolgemut and Dürer.

Into the course of development, the history of the various schools—Florentine, Venetian, Lombard—that arose in Italy, it is impossible for us now to enter. The reader will find them fully and most interestingly described in Dr. Lippmann's valuable work.

W. M. CONWAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

By the permission of Her Majesty, Mr. R. Harris, art master at St. Paul's School, has just completed a copy of the portrait of Dean Colet now preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor. The original, by Holbein, is in a mixture of chalk and water-colour, on a salmon-tinted ground; and, by employing the same materials, Mr. Harris has been able to reproduce the character of the drawing in a very effective manner. The portrait is lettered "John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's," in gold and sepia; and although, as Wornum showed, the lettering on this series has no authority (some of Sir Thomas More's children, for example, appearing among the portraits under other names), still the likeness to the ancient bust in St. Paul's School seems to stamp this portrait as authentic. The interesting question still remains unsolved, how and where Holbein's drawing was taken. It could hardly have been from the life, as Holbein was an infant when Colet returned from abroad about 1496, and he did not come to England till some years after Colet's death in 1519.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture, during the late autumn and early in 1889, on various subjects connected with the history and arts of ancient Egypt, and on recent explorations in the land of the Pharaohs, at Birmingham, Burton-on-Trent, Bowdon, Barrow-in-Furness, Kendal, Carlisle, Greenock, Paisley, Dundee, Edinburgh, Ayr, Hull, Leek, Nottingham, Alderley Edge, and Manchester.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce a volume by Lady Dilke, entitled *Art in the Modern State*.

The *Scottish Art Review* will in future be published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE Camera Club will have on view next week, at 21 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, a collection of photographic pictures by Mr. Frank M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby. This is the first of a series of "one man" exhibitions which are being organised by the club.

MESSRS. HOLLENDER & CREMETTI will open next week their annual winter exhibition of pictures at the Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street.

MR. T. C. HORSFALL, of Alderley Edge, the generous and indefatigable patron of Ancots Hall Art Museum, Manchester, has compiled a singularly accurate, succinct, and instructive little catalogue of the multitudinous contents of that excellent institution, price one penny. Ancots Hall Museum is situated in one of the poorest and most densely populated quarters of Manchester, and is especially designed for the instruction of the working classes.

THE trustees of the British Museum have recently issued an illustrated *Catalogue of the Engraved Gems* in the department of Greek and Roman Antiquities. The catalogue itself, which enumerates no less than 2349 objects—including the famous Portland vase—was compiled by Mr. A. H. Smith. The introduction is written by Mr. A. S. Murray, keeper of the department. The plates of autotype illustrations number seven; and the large cameo portrait of Augustus has worthily been chosen for frontispiece. The intrinsic beauty of engraved gems has, perhaps, won for them an unduly high place in public attention. In ages of luxury, when collecting is a passion—as at Rome under the early empire, in Italy during the renaissance, and, again, with the *dilettanti* of the eighteenth century—the demand for gems tends to exceed the supply, so that forgeries are abundant. From the point of view of archaeology, gems cannot be compared with coins or pottery. From the two latter we can reconstruct or verify history, and discover the channels of

prehistoric commerce, or trace the development of the alphabet. Quite lately, it is true, the form and types of the earliest Greek gems have been utilised to throw light upon the primitive intercourse of Greece with Egypt and Assyria, and upon the origin of coinage. But these lenticular and scaraboid gems are precisely those which the amateur pardonably neglects, while he reserves his admiration for those whose interest is solely aesthetic. The British Museum is now very rich in specimens of all classes, having acquired many from the Blacas and Castellani collections. And all tastes ought to be suited by this Catalogue, which charms by the delicacy of its illustrations, and supplies the needed note of criticism in its introduction.

A Guide to the Study of the History of Architecture. By Edward J. Taver. (Pettitt.) Mainly intended as a guide-book for students, this little treatise on the history of architecture will be found useful to any who may wish to look up information on the subject. The text is a compendious sketch of the various styles arranged chronologically, and the footnotes furnish full references to the authorities and the special works on the different periods.

THE French are awaking to the question of copyright in America. A committee has been formed for the protection of artistic property there, and an interesting pamphlet on the subject has been published by M. René Valadon.

THE colour of the Eiffel Tower has at length been chosen. It is described as "un rouge de rouille, sorte de sanguine au ton chaud," which will look like gold under the rays of the setting sun.

TWO of the thieves who stole the coins and jewels from the Museum of St. Louis de Carthage have been arrested at Palermo. They are brothers of the name of Michia, and have made a clean breast of it; but none of the property (valued at £20,000) has been recovered.

THE STAGE.

THE NEW COURT THEATRE AND MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

NEAR the site—not upon the site—of the little dramatic temple sacred to the hilarities of Mr. Pinero—on the other side of Sloane Square Station, in fact—there has risen the New Court Theatre, where, as it seems, the traditions of the old house are to be so far as possible maintained, and where the staple entertainment is to be a brisk farce, divided into three acts. Ah! but Mr. Pinero's work—even such work as he prepared for Sloane Square—was something more than a brisk farce, after all. Such fresh glimpses into humanity in his characterisation!—such a salt of wit in his dialogue! The successor to Mr. Pinero, for the time being, is Mr. Sydney Grundy; and Mr. Sydney Grundy, both in serious and in comic writing, has often done excellent things. Leave him to his own resources, and you have him probably at his best. But now at the Court he modestly assumes the rôle of the translator—a translation is all that his present work professes to be. In reality it is a very dexterous adaptation of the French piece in which Coquelin most of all drew the town last season—"Les Surprises du Divorce"—in which the French comedian was found by the more numerous and the less intelligent of his

clients more engaging than in Molière. The dexterity of the adaptation consists partly in the fact that the alterations are in quantity almost as slight as they are good in quality. The skilful hand has known how to effect much, with few touches. The undoubted ingenuity of construction of the French piece has absolutely gained through Mr. Grundy's manipulation, and he has adroitly softened whatever, to the broadly judging person, may have been offensive or disagreeable. For all that, "Mamma"—which may be seen once with pleasure—is not at bottom the equal of the witty creations of Mr. Pinero. You laugh at it without difficulty; but you are not at the mercy of the writer. It is good, but it is not overpowering. The building up of the piece is perhaps even more ingenious than was that of "The Magistrate," and "The Schoolmistress." But the *dramatis personae* are not as fresh, and they are not as funny.

Again, the theatre—speaking of the new place as one with the old—has lost irreparably by the death of Mr. Clayton, whose humour was so strangely sympathetic, whose gaiety was so infectious. It is true that the Court Theatre was never the home of the star. No one was there—or, if there was anybody, it was only John Clayton—whom, without regard to the presence of others, you would have traversed London to see. Mrs. John Wood came next to Mr. Clayton in this respect, so continuous is the flow and so pungent the flavour of her fun. But Mrs. Wood, though she has a very big part in the new farcical comedy, has not got a very effective one. She has many excellent moments. She has at all times her audacity, her native piquancy, her certainty of method, her perfect enunciation, her characteristic carriage. But you do not quite get over the suspicion that this noisy mother-in-law—filling the stage directly she comes upon it—is not quite so disagreeable as it is her business to be. There is no really bitter flavour about her. She is only sub-acid. Mr. Arthur Cecil, on the other hand, is fitted perfectly. Gracious, expansive, bland, a little scheming—a little nervous to boot—he gives us nothing that is new indeed, but a good deal that is still welcome. As for Mr. Hare, whatever he had, or did not have, at first, he had certainly when I saw him on the eighth evening of the run, last Tuesday, a breadth and force for which he has not, perhaps, generally been given credit. I could not ask that the part should be performed better. And after circumstances have induced him to give finish to anything so often, one is glad to see him in a character that is so prominent. Mr. Eric Lewis looks and acts quite satisfactorily as Tom Shadbolt, for whom the charms of Diana have proved too much. And Mr. Groves is nautical and manly in a part which almost betrays the French origin of the piece—the part of the useful and confidential friend, himself unconcerned with women, yet busy in furthering the love schemes of his comrades. Of the ladies, the one who has the best, though she has not a very perfect, part has been spoken of already. Mrs. Wood does get some substantial help from the dramatist; Miss Filippi and Miss Annie Hughes get almost none. They have been exceedingly well chosen, however, for the parts they are invited not so

much to fill as to cover and extend. For Diana, the daughter of the ex-dancer, something was wanted of highly strung, or individual, of saucy, of assuredly *débraillée*—dare I say? And Miss Filippi—quite an artist in her way—suggests with delicacy, by her manner, “submissive-mutinous”—like Fifi at the Fair—and a trifle more “mutinous” than “submissive.” Miss Annie Hughes—whose light at the Criterion, a couple of years ago, was hidden under a bushel—now makes her mark, and is expected to make it. Here there is, of course, denied her the occasion for such various excellencies as she evinced in “Little Lord Fauntleroy” and in “Held by the Enemy.” But the graces of the true *ingénue* she displays with refinement of nature and refinement of artistic resource.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has come forth in a new character, and springs no longer with an ape's agility and an hyena's fierceness, upon Mr. Hyde's victim, Sir Geoffrey Carew, on the Lyceum stage. Mr. Mansfield now impersonates the Baron de Chevalier in an English version of M. Octave Feuillet's “Parisian Romance.” The baron is an exceedingly wicked elderly gentleman. We are told that he is fifty-five years old, which is young for a railway director, absolutely boyish for a politician, yet advanced for a *viveur*. Now the Baron is a *viveur* of the most pronounced kind. He is more than that. He is heartless; he is steeped in iniquity. So Mr. Mansfield makes him up as an ordinary man of seventy—only he is never quite an ordinary man. Balzac's Baron de Nucingen has points in common with him; and Thackeray's Lord Steyne—wicked, brutal, grinning with Rebecca at Rebecca's villainous astuteness—is distinctly of his kindred. The story itself deals with a great deal more than the ignoble existence of the Baron. But even in these its larger dealings it is not sympathetic, it is not interesting. Is it of the nature of M. Feuillet's labour that it should be likely to be? And at the Lyceum, though the other portions of the work are presented with a certain amount of detail, it is the fortunes of the Baron—his pursuit after evil, his determined draining of the last drop in the cup that is to his liking, his threatened physical ruin, his eventual collapse—that constitute something more than the main theme. These or nothing. It is therefore a repulsive affair. I do not predict long life for it at the Lyceum, because while the charm of beauty is denied to it, it is not quite morbid enough to bring into the theatre, of a certainty, the people whom these things please. Remarkable as it is as a histrionic performance, it is not rich in variety of offence. I therefore doubt its career. But what it does—and what one is glad that it should do—is to prove that the young actor whose Mr. Hyde was so immense a performance is not a one-part actor by any means. Mr. Mansfield's Baron is a very serious, very thorough, even a very subtle study. Should the actor desire to stay in England, there can be little question, after this second impersonation—as ghastly in the unredeemed viciousness of the life as in the unconcealed hideousness of the death—that there is a place for him, and an important one, upon

our London stage. He has made one mistake—his Dr. Jekyll. He has succeeded twice, distinctly—with his Mr. Hyde and his Baron Chevalier.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE first regular performance of the “Monk's Rooms”—a piece by Mr. John Lart, introduced tentatively at a *matinée* in the summer—took place on Tuesday night. Mr. Willard, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and Miss Alma Murray acted the principal parts. We shall next week speak of the performance at greater length.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL have brought out, in the provinces, a piece of Mr. Pinero's, which is certain, of course, to be represented eventually in town. Some of those who have already seen it describe it as a play in which it is manifested that the advocates, among women, of “women's rights” are those whose love has been unsought, or, at best, has been sought unwisely. People who hold that a woman's best “right” is the right to be pleasure-giving will await the performance in London with a measure of sympathetic curiosity.

MR. WILSON BARRETT and Miss Eastlake and Mr. Barrett's London Company are still in the provinces, enjoying a successful tour. At Birmingham, at Nottingham, and at Leeds, they have lately appeared to the complete satisfaction of their audiences, both in “Claudian” and in the latest piece with which their names were associated at the Princess's.

MUSIC.

MUSIC BOOKS.

The Mapleson Memoirs. In 2 vols. (Remington.) The author, in a very short preface, tells us that he wrote his memoirs at the urgent request of numerous friends. Friends may have formulated the request; but the general public will be interested in the plans of campaign of so famous an impressario. Mr. Mapleson made his *début* as a vocalist; but, losing tonsils, uvula, and voice, he had to find out some other path to fame. In 1858 he began by managing an Italian Opera season at Drury Lane, of which the late E. T. Smith was lessee; and, in spite of strong opposition from Her Majesty's and Covent Garden, he was successful. But this experience was exceptional; for, when speaking of the season at Her Majesty's in 1860, he tells us that “matters, as usual with operatic managers, did not go well in a financial sense.” How he faced difficulties may best be told in his own words. At the end of a season at the Lyceum in 1861, he found himself a loser to the amount of £1800.

“Thereupon,” he says, “I resolved to carry on the opera in a larger locale next year, in order that I might get straight; vowing, as the Monte Carlo gambler constantly does, that as soon as I got quite straight, I would stop and never play again. I have been endeavouring during the last thirty years to get straight, and still hope to do so.”

As in the course of those thirty years, now of prosperity, now of adversity, he had dealings with all the principal operatic singers, and also travelled a great deal, it can easily be imagined that he has plenty of good stories to tell. The book, indeed, is full of anecdote; and Mr. Mapleson writes in a lively style. With so much material, it is difficult to make a selection; and, besides, to give choice extracts would spoil the pleasure of anyone intending to read the book. We, therefore, leave Mr.

Mapleson to his readers, and we can assure them that they will find the memoirs light and pleasant and often laughable. The author in an appendix gives a list of singers and operas produced by him; for reference this will be of service. There is, also, a good index, so that anyone can pick out his favourite singers or operas and read what Mr. Mapleson has to say about them.

Musical Memories. By Dr. Spark. (Sonnen-schein.) The organist of Leeds Town Hall has, during his long career, met with many distinguished musicians. It is evidently a source of great pleasure to him to recall what they said to him, and, perhaps still more, what he said to them. He is, of course, enthusiastic about Mendelssohn. The day after the production of “Elijah” at Birmingham in 1846, the great composer, looking over some of Dr. Spark's manuscript music, said—“Very nice indeed, very good.” And our author heard him play in London in 1847, and spoke with him for a few minutes. He saw Spohr in London and visited him at Cassel. In the following year the composer “fell on the ice, broke his arm, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight.” “Truly, Dr. Smart adds, “he was a great musician.” He had the advantage of telling a very long story of Beethoven's early days to Meyerbeer, and of discussing systems of teaching singing with him. Speaking about Bishop he says that “Home, sweet Home” was sung by Mme. Clari at Covent Garden. There is surely some confusion here. The melody occurs in an opera of Bishop's, entitled “Clari,” produced at Covent Garden in 1823. Dr. Smart greatly admired Thalberg as a pianist—“his bringing together, during the treatment of some simple air, the difficulties of the modern studio [*sic*], his *tremando* harmonies, and his coruscations of demi-semiquavers.” But, judging from the little attention now paid to Thalberg's music, we can scarcely agree with our author when he says that it will live long. It had its days of success, but they are gone. Dr. Smart finds genius in Macfarren's oratorios. But what can he mean by saying that “Wagnerian tit-bits” are to be found in them? The most valuable part of the book, to our thinking, are the letters on musical conductors, which appeared originally in the *Musical World*, and the paper on “Vocal Music a Necessary Branch of Education,” read at the Social Science Congress at Leeds in 1871. In the former Dr. Smart argues that “a conductor should be a composer in the full acceptance of the term.” Dr. Richter, however, is a conductor of the highest rank, but, so far as we are aware, no composer.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE thirty-third series of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will commence on October 13. There will be twenty concerts: ten before and ten after Christmas. Further efforts will be made to associate with Mr. Mann's excellent orchestra a well-balanced and carefully trained chorus. Sir A. Sullivan's “Golden Legend” and Dr. C. H. H. Parry's “Judith” are announced. Among the instrumental novelties are to be found—A Festal Symphony, by Mr. H. Gadsby; Goldmark's Second Symphony in E flat; a Benedictus for violins and wind instruments, by Dr. Mackenzie; a Concert-overture, “The dowie Dens o' Yarrow,” by Mr. Hamish MacCunn; a Suite of German Dances for strings, by Schubert, recently published in the new Breitkopf and Härtel edition of that composer's works; and a “Rhapsodie Espagnole,” by Chabrier. Mr. Fritz Hartwigson will appear at the first concert.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

No. 858, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Middlesex County Records. Vol. III. Indictments, Recognisances, &c., 1 Charles I. to 18 Charles II. Edited by John Cordy Jeaffreson. (Middlesex County Records Society.)

MR. JEAFFRESON'S work on the Middlesex County Records progresses steadily, and even, considering the bulk of documents to be dealt with, rapidly. He has now given us a third volume of the calendar on which he commenced work some three years ago. This third volume opens with the first year of Charles I. and closes with the eighteenth of Charles II. Like its predecessors, it terms with entries of value to the student of history and social life in Middlesex during the period with which it deals. The documents are of the same nature as those previously calendared—indictments, recognisances, and sessions' rolls and books—and the crimes or misdemeanors they record are, of course, to a large extent, similar to those which we have seen recorded in like documents of earlier reigns; but some of the presentments for misdemeanors in the present calendar have reference to circumstances peculiar to the period to which they belong, and for that reason may be singled out for more particular notice.

A class of misdemeanants, who appear for the first time in the sessional documents of the reign of Charles I., are the "cattiffs of both sexes," as Mr. Jeaffreson calls them, who inveigled children from their parents and servants from their masters in order to ship them off and sell them into servitude in our newly planted colonies in the West Indies. One of the earliest allusions to this form of offence appears under the date of July 28, 1647, when John Chetrost and Christiansa his wife were taxed by a London milkman with being "common spiritites" and "intioeing away his servant, Katherine Penn." The method of procedure in this case was as follows. Mrs. Chetrost had prevailed upon Katherine to leave her place with the milkman, under promise of finding her another situation where she should receive the tempting wage of £6 per annum; but, instead of fulfilling this promise, she had "conveyed her into a shipp to sell her to a merchant to be transported beyond sea." The county justice, who took the recognisance for the Chetrosts' appearance, records the fact that he believes that they "subsist by this lewed course, and have been often questioned for the like." From this date to the close of the volume under notice frequent allusion is made to similar misdemeanors; indeed, the increasing frequency with which they occur points very plainly to the ever-growing demand for labourers of all kinds in the plantations—a

demand which was ere long to be met by the transportation of persons convicted of minor offences, and also by the shipment of religious misdemeanants under the "Conventicle" Act of 1664. Of these latter more will be said presently.

The popular feeling existing against the "spiritites" in and around London is shown in the proceedings with reference to the appearance at the sessions of two persons charged with attacking a certain Margaret Emerson on the "false report" that she was a "spirit or inticer or invigler of children" from their parents to the plantations." Again, in 1657, Jonas Antherson, an Aldgate grocer, was considered to have endangered a breach of the peace by saying publicly to Nicholas Cooper, "Thou art a spirit, thou hast spirited a maide to the Barbadoes." The same year recognisances were taken for the appearance of Katherine Danvers at the next sessions to answer for

"having a girle or young mayd with her, which she proffered to sell, demanding a hundred pound for her, and afterwards would have taken fifty shillings for her, and for suspicion of being such a person that doth take up children and convey them beyond sea."

The "spirit" seems to have usually sold his or her victim in London or at the place of the departure of the vessel that conveyed the "spirited" person; the captain of the vessel effecting another sale to the planter, on which, no doubt, he made a satisfactory profit. On January 20 of 17 Charles II. we find a true bill returned against Robert Dutch for assaulting Ralph Bradshaw and "unlawfully and hurtfully" conveying him on ship-board, with the intention of carrying him to Virginia "and there selling him for the gain and profit of him, Robert Dutch."

Let us now say a word on the subject of the working of the "Conventicle" Act of July 1, 1664 (alluded to a little way back), as illustrated by entries in the Middlesex Records described by Mr. Jeaffreson. This Act—as it was no doubt administered in other parts of the country with a vigour equal to that which was displayed in its execution in and around London—must have gone some way towards supplying the demand for labour in the plantations. The illustrations which Mr. Jeaffreson gives of the working of the Act in Middlesex are perhaps the most valuable passages in the present volume; and he is, we fancy, right when he says, in concluding his preface, that the historical student of his book will be chiefly thankful for the large body of "digested data" respecting the conventiclers of the years immediately following the Restoration, which will furnish future writers on English Puritanism with an impressive assemblage of new and interesting facts. Mr. Jeaffreson's "digested data" furnishes us readily with an idea both of the number, quality, and usual meeting-places of Restoration conventiclers, and also of the degree of rigour with which the Act against them was enforced. By the statute of 1664 it was enacted that if any person of the age of sixteen years or upwards, being a subject of this realm, "shall be present at any assembly, conventicle, or meeting, under colour or pretence of any exercise of religion in other manner than is allowed by the Liturgy or practice of the Church of England," at which

meeting there shall be "five or more persons assembled together" beyond the number of the household of the house where such meeting be held, it shall be lawful for any two justices of the peace where the offence is committed, or the chief magistrate of the place ("and they are required to do so"), to make a record of such offence or offences "under their hands and seales respectively," which shall be taken as "a full and perfect conviction of every offender for such offence," and the same offender shall be committed "to the Gaole or House of Correction there to remaine without baile or mainprise" for any term not exceeding three months, unless he or she pay a sum of money not exceeding five pounds, which was to be forthwith paid "to the churchwardens for the reliefe of the poore of the parish where such offender did last inhabite." On a second conviction for the like offence, it was ordered that the offender should incur the penalty of imprisonment for any term not exceeding six months, unless he or she should pay a sum of money not exceeding £10. Finally, on conviction for a third offence, the statute directed that every person convicted "should forthwith be sent to Gaole or House of Correction," there to remain till the next sessions, and then to be arraigned for the offence like other culprits. If the conventicler should on this occasion neither plead to the general issue nor confess the indictment, judgment should be entered against him, which judgment was that he or she "be transported beyond the seas to any of his Majesties forreigne plantations (Virginia and New England only excepted), there to remaine seven years," the sheriffs of the different counties being directed, under penalty of £40, to see this sentence duly carried out. The "reasonable charges" of such transportation were to be reimbursed to the sheriff out of the offender's real or personal estate, unless he or she, or some friend, should give sufficient security for the repayment of the same charges. But, when the offender had neither real nor personal estate, and could not find the requisite surety, the Act provided that the sheriff might contract with any shipmaster for the transportation of the indigent conventicler, which shipmaster might, on arrival in the colony, "detaine or employ every such offender soe by them transported as a labourer to them or their assignes for the space of five years, to all intents as if he or she were bound by indentures." Thus, as Mr. Jeaffreson observes, "after being transported to the appointed colony, the indigent conventicler might be sold into bondage for five years by his actual transporter," who would pocket the money yielded by the bondservant in return for his expenses of carrying him or her out, so that, whether rich or poor, the conventicler paid for his passage money.

Some of the provisos and exemptions from the statute deserve consideration. On conviction for a third offence the wealthy conventicler could avoid transportation by paying a fine of £100, to be repeated on every subsequent conviction. No married woman convicted as a conventicler might be sentenced to transportation unless her husband was at the same time convicted and sent over seas. In lieu of such punishment, the wife was to be committed to the House of Correction for a term not exceeding twelve months, unless

her husband paid down a sum of money not exceeding £40 "to redeem her from imprisonment." For the benefit of persons of means, it was also provided that none be committed to the House of Correction, on a first or second conviction under the Act, having a freehold or copyhold estate of the annual value of £5, or a personal estate of the value of £50.

Once landed in the plantations, the condition of the conventicler who, if not wealthy, had at least means to pay his passage money, was rather that of a political exile than a convict. He could choose his place of abode; his occupation, or, if he determined to enter service, his master; in short, he might follow his will in all respects except as to returning home. But how with the indigent conventicler? And we shall see presently that the majority of convicted conventiclors were indigent. His position in the plantations is pitiable to reflect upon. Sold for five years out of the seven for which he was transported to the highest bidder, in order to defray the cost of conveying him thither, he endured a lot no less cruel or humiliating than penal servitude—and that for an offence no greater than religious nonconformity. For returning home before the expiration of his term of transportation, the Conventicle Act declared him guilty of felony, for which he should suffer "without benefit of clergy."

The Act came into operation on July 1, 1664. The earliest proceedings under it which Mr. Jeaffreson records appear on July 4. On this date recognisances are taken for the appearance at the next general session of the peace for the county of John Wood, of Whitechapel, scale maker, and about a dozen others, who on June 26 had been taken at a conventicle in Hatton Street. The first certificate of conviction is dated on July 17, and is given under the hands of two county magistrates sitting in the parish of Stepney. It sets out that on the same day a large number of named persons, with over one hundred others unmentioned, were taken "at the dwelling house of one William Beanes in Stepney," under colour "of exercising religion otherwise than is allowed by the liturgy and practice of the Church of England." The persons charged and convicted were drawn mostly from the "masses"; some were described as "gentlemen," and one as "knight"—namely, Sir John Vaughan. One of the "gentlemen," Alexander Parker, of "Watlin Streete," was committed to gaol for three months, the full term allowed by the Act, the option of paying £5, the full fine allowed by the Act, being offered to him. In the other cases the sentence on the prisoners was the same, but they had the option of paying a fine varying from five to forty shillings. In the same bundle with this certificate of convictions Mr. Jeaffreson found forty-seven others, dating between July 24, 1664, and December 31, 1665; and from these he has compiled some useful statistics. The number of convicted conventiclors in the county of Middlesex during that period is 782, of which number 479 were men and 303 women. Among this number only eight are described as "gentlemen," two were physicians, and half a dozen were merchants. Five of the convicted women were wives of "gentlemen," two

were wives of physicians. No doubt, therefore, Nonconformity in and round London had at this time taken but slender hold of any but the humbler ranks of society, for the trial and conviction of Sir John Vaughan is sufficient indication that social position did not exempt a Nonconformist from prosecution. The certificates furnish us with the names of eleven different houses or buildings in which Middlesex conventiclors were wont to meet. All lay to the north or east of London; in the latter direction we find one as far out as Hendon. The meetings were nearly always on Sunday. The certificates show us that offenders were brought before the justices and convicted on the very day of the offence, so that the conventiclors were most probably surprised at their meetings and marched through the streets straight away to the nearest "J.P." This proceeding must, as Mr. Jeaffreson points out, have often occasioned a good deal of somewhat "tumultuous business" on the day of "sacred rest and devout exercise." That there was a hostile feeling on the part of the populace to such a proceeding is shown by several entries of persons charged with refusing to aid the constables in conveying conventiclors to the presence of the justices. Partisans of Nonconformity will, however, do well to notice that this Conventicle Act was never enforced with the rigour with which Neale and some other writers on English puritanism have represented. For first and second offences under the Act the maximum sentence of three months imprisonment or alternative fine of £5 was only imposed on a very few occasions, and then on persons who could well afford to pay. In the majority of cases the sentence of imprisonment was short and the alternative fine proportionately small.

The first batch of convictions for a third offence under the Conventicle Act occurs at the general quarter sessions of the peace, held at Westminster before thirty-eight justices on October 6, 1664, three months after the Act came into force; twelve out of seventeen persons presented were convicted, and sentenced to transportation to Barbadoes. From this date onwards to the end of this volume we find reference to the conviction of a very large number of conventiclors charged with a third offence, with directions for carrying out the sentence in accordance with the Act. It would have been interesting to learn what number of those convicted were possessed of sufficient means to enable them to pay their passage money, and thus escape being sold into slavery by the captain of the vessel that carried them out. The married women convicted of a third offence were, as the Act directed, committed to the House of Correction, unless their husbands paid so much for their redemption from prison. This money went to the poor of the parish where the conventicler resided.

We have spoken at such length on the matters which are actually of the most importance in this volume of Mr. Jeaffreson's report on the Middlesex records that little space remains to mention entries of a lighter nature and of more general interest. Suffice it to say that they abound. Whether in connexion with burglaries at the house of some wealthy or celebrated person where plate and jewels, minutely described, were

carried off; whether in the charge against the half-dozen city merchants who, one hot summer's night in 1656, shocked a Cromwellian watchman by going along the street "in a ranting manner, with bottles of sack in their hands"—leather "botéls," Mr. Jeaffreson reminds us these were; whether in the illusions to theatrical amusements in the time of the Commonwealth; to entries relating to famous men and women; or, turning to more serious subjects, the plague and fire of London, and the unsanitary regulations with regard to the town—we find something entertaining and noteworthy which renders the volume valuable to the antiquarian enquirer, no matter what his particular taste may be.

With reference to one of these curious entries let us conclude this notice. In the year 1644 Thomas Browne, "late of St. Giles's-without-Cripplegate, yeoman," was charged with imitating the example of the famous Dr. Faustus, and, "by a certain writing," selling his own soul to "an evil and impious spirit," on condition that during life the said evil spirit should, "on the feasts of Pentecost and the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary" (there is a delicious quaintness about the reference to these ecclesiastical festivals in a compact of this kind), pay him a handsome sum of money; for forty-one years defend him from perils of body and loss of goods; and ensure him a perfect wife, health, riches, and worldly pleasure. The whole thing is so absurd that it would not be worth quotation but for the fact that the record of it shows us that a Middlesex grand jury in 1644 thought enough of the matter to return a true bill against Browne, who was either a knave, fool, or victim of a practical joke. As might have been expected, he was found on trial not guilty.

W. J. HARDY.

CHINESE TRAVELLERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Medieval Researches from Eastern Asiatic Sources: Fragments towards the Knowledge of the Geography and History of Central and Western Asia from the Thirteenth to the Seventeenth Century. By E. Bretschneider. In 2 vols. (Trübner.)

THE thirteenth century was a period of much coming and going between Europe and Eastern Asia. The mighty conquests of Jenghiz Khan and his successors opened a new chapter in the history of nations. Names of Oriental lands and of peoples which had before been unknown in Europe became as familiar as household words in the marts of Vienna and Moscow; and Chinese soldiers discussed with interest in Karakorum and Peking the condition of European states which had not up to that time dawned above the horizon of their knowledge. Not that the Chinese had been entirely ignorant of Western nations. We know that during the second century before Christ the Chinese general, Chang K'ien, advanced as far as the Caspian Sea, and that during the next few centuries there were frequent communications with India; but it was not until the thirteenth century that Chinamen, following in the wake of the conquering Mongol hosts, first penetrated beyond the confines of Asia into Eastern Europe.

The establishment of the Mongol empire in the conquered countries necessitated the con-

stant passage backwards and forwards of couriers and envoys; and even Russian princes and Armenian kings were forced to present themselves before the Great Khan in his capital at Karakorum to receive investiture at his hands. The interest and fear excited by the resistless prowess of the Mongols moved also the Pope of Rome to attempt to mitigate the savagery of their nature by the softening influence of Christianity; and with this object he sent two friars to the court of Oghotai, Jenghiz's son and successor, one of whom, Plano Carpini, has left us an account of his journey. In 1253 Rubruquis, another Franciscan, visited the court of Mangu, and has narrated his experiences. But both these records are as nothing when compared with the great book of Ser Marco Polo, which has been made familiar to every English student by the scholarly labours of Col. Yule.

On the other hand, Chinese travellers have left narratives of their journeys across Asia to the frontiers of Europe, some of which are translated in the volumes before us. These histories are extremely interesting, and have been most carefully translated and edited by Dr. Bretschneider, who enjoyed in their preparation the double advantage of having ready access to the valuable Chinese library preserved in the Russian Legation at Peking, as well as to the reports of the most recent Russian travellers in Central Asia. But, though it cannot be said that they contain any fresh geographical information, they bear clear testimony to the state of the geographical knowledge of Western countries possessed by Chinese scholars at the period named, and to the general accuracy of that knowledge.

The first of these records contains an itinerary of the army of Jenghiz Khan through Central Asia to Persia in 1219, and was written by Yelti Ch'uta'ai, a Khitan, who had been taken prisoner by Jenghiz at the capture of Yentu (Peking), and who attached himself to the court of the conqueror. The second is a short account of a journey made by an envoy through Central Asia when on a mission from the Kim Emperor of Northern China to Jenghiz Khan. The third is a very curious chronicle of the journey of a Taoist monk, named Ch'ang Ch'un, from China to Samarkand and the Hindu Kush, undertaken at the bidding of Jenghiz, whose object in desiring the presence of the holy man appears to have been to enlist on his side some of the magical powers which were believed to be the property of the Taoist sages. And the fourth is the statement of a journey made by Ch'ang Te in 1259 from Karakorum to the camp of Hulagu, who was commanding the expedition against Bagdad. These translations are followed by a series of short bibliographical, ethnological, and geographical notices connected with the peoples and countries of Central Asia, which contain in a compact form the information which lies scattered through the pages of Palladius, Hyscinth, Sevanag Seetzen, d'Ohsson, Horwath, the Yuen Shi, the works of modern explorers, &c. In short, we have in the work before us an epitome of all that is known of those Central and Western Asiatic countries which were visited by Chinese travellers during the centuries named on the title-page.

The labour necessarily entailed by researches

into so difficult a subject is considerably increased, so far as the records of Chinese travellers are concerned, by the inaccuracies of the travellers themselves and by the mischievous emendations made in the historical texts by native critics. Repeatedly Dr. Bretschneider points out obvious errors in the points of the compass mentioned in the itineraries, and the names of places suffer strange mutilations at the hands of the writers. These, however, are the kind of errors which we expect to meet with in the works of untrained travellers, but the emendations of ignorant and self-opinionated critics are what we might have hoped to have been spared. Unfortunately for students the Chinese history of the Yuan or Mongol dynasty has been re-edited four times at least by scholars appointed for the purpose during the last and present dynasties. As these commissioners knew next to nothing of the geography of Central and Western Asia, and as it was necessary that they should justify their appointments by making alterations in the text; they played havoc with the proper names, and in many instances completely metamorphosed them in accordance with their ignorant idea of their true meanings. Dr. Bretschneider's task has therefore been accompanied by unusual difficulties; and to him a deep debt of gratitude is due on the part of students of Oriental history for the researches and scholarly criticisms which have thrown so full and useful a light on this very intricate subject.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart. By John Skelton. Vol. II. (Blackwood.)

MR. SKELTON has still to round off his interesting and audacious historical enterprise—which somehow recalls Montrose's brilliant raid into the Scotland of the Covenanters—by publishing *The Letters of Lethington*. But so far as his work is at once a biography and a pamphlet, it may fairly be considered as complete. Maitland dies in the end of this second volume. Mr. Skelton buries him, puts an inscription on his tombstone, and clothes the historical skeleton of his policy with the too, too, solid flesh of Skeltonian imaginings. Then, whatever *The Letters of Lethington* may contain, they can but buttress up Mr. Skelton's case against the "Casket Letters" and the complicity of his hero in the assassination of Rizzio, and such like points in his lengthened argument.

Judged from the purely literary point of view, the second volume of Mr. Skelton's book can easily be differentiated from the first. It is cleverer and less discursive, but it is not so interesting. It contains nothing so good as those passages in the first volume in which Mr. Skelton reproduced Scottish life in the pre-Reformation period, or, rather, idealised that life, much as does the moonlight, which spreads the radiance of romance over castle and keep, but does not pierce the dark places of the earth, or reveal the squalid misery of the hut, and the insanitary horrors of the "midden." This is not altogether Mr. Skelton's misfortune; it is to some extent his fault. Could he not have given us a little of Maitland the man, the

country gentleman, and the lover, even if he had given us a little less of Maitland the tortuous diplomatist, the disputant with Knox, the adviser of Mary, the correspondent of Cecil, and the colleague of Kirkcaldy of Grange in leading the forlorn hope against Morton? Had he not been so bent on dealing a swashing blow at "the Knoxian tradition," on demonstrating Moray and not Maitland to have been the true "Michael Wyllie" of the Mary Stuart period—had he not, in fact, become bigoted in his hunt after "bigots"—what a pretty picture would he not have drawn of Lethington courting Mary Fleming while his rival Rizzio was being done to death without his active assistance and (perhaps) without his direct knowledge?

Regarded as a contribution to the history of the Scotland of John Knox and Mary Stuart, *Maitland of Lethington* is of considerable value from the negative or critical point of view. Knoxians may as well make Mr. Skelton a present of Moray, who has been much over-rated by many historians. They may also abandon the authenticity of the "Casket Letters." Mary Stuart may have been as passionate as she was fascinating, she may have been a Scotch Cleopatra; but she was not the French Nana that these letters would make her out to be. Then Mr. Skelton throws doubt on the connivance of Maitland in the conspiracy to kill Rizzio, and in the plot to make Bothwell the husband of Mary. His marshalling of pros and cons on this head is as ingenious as anything in recent historical investigation; it is, furthermore, the ingenuity not of the mere controversial quibbler, but of the earnest believer. On the whole, Mr. Skelton does make out Maitland to have been less, rather than more; self-seeking than the majority of his contemporaries, English and Scotch; and to have been really as much filled with two or three political ideas, such as the union of the Scotch and English Crowns in the person of a Scotch prince, as a distinctly sceptical mind would allow. This is in itself a genuine historical achievement of consequence. Nor is Mr. Skelton specially unjust to Knox as a man. He makes too much, indeed, of the Reformer's Old Testament phraseology, which was to him what the same phraseology was to Cromwell, and what "the Annandale vernacular" was to Carlyle. But temper and taste must have left Mr. Skelton when he wrote "Covenanter and Cameronian—the lineal descendants of Knox—became as morbidly superstitious and as crazily fanatical as any fasting saint or howling dervish." Most Knoxians deny that the Cameronian and the Covenanter are the "lineal" descendants of the reformer. In their opinion the Covenanter and the Cameronian departed from their master's creed as a theologian and his ideas as an ecclesiastic. In any case, it is a matter for regret that Mr. Skelton should have descended to the level of the intellectually superior and the spiritually superfine to sneer thus at men who may have been narrow, soured, and mistaken; but who had the courage of their convictions, their purity, and their independence. Mr. Skelton uses the word "unscrupulous" once too often in speaking of Knox—at all events in a book the hero of which writes, on his own showing: "Ever as one occasion doth fall me; I begin

to shuffle the cards of new, always keeping the same rounds."

Mr. Skelton's work will prove of slight positive historical importance. He has elaborated a theory of Maitland of Lethington as a farseeing politician and sixteenth-century Broad Churchman, who aimed not only at the union of Scotland and England under a monarch of Scotch blood, but at assimilating the Protestantism of Scotland to that of the sister kingdom, or, to use Mr. Skelton's language, "concluding a comprehensive religious peace between the two nations on a reasonable basis." In other words, Maitland aspired to play in Scotland the part that Cecil played in England. Here Mr. Skelton is probably not entirely wrong indeed, but slightly imaginative. But if he is in the right, then he proves Maitland not to have understood the people he had to deal with. In the Scotland of Mary Stuart, there was not that informal and incomplete, but yet quite real, gradation of "classes" which prepared England for Anglicanism. The Northern Kingdom was really divided between the nobles (with their retainers) on the one hand, and "the masses" on the other. Knox's political instincts were sounder than Maitland's, although his creed may have been spiritually narrow, and although he was undoubtedly overreached by the nobles who joined him for their own ends. He saw clearly that Scotland, in the large and true sense of the word, could only be made Protestant by being made a Democracy at the same time. On the whole, Mr. Burton's estimate of Lethington is sounder than Mr. Skelton's, just as Mr. Froude's estimate of Knox is sounder than Mr. Skelton's. "Lethington," says Mr. Burton, "took his inspiration from the lamp." This is the best—if Mr. Skelton pleases, let it be the worst—that can be said of him.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Vassili Verestchagin: Painter — Soldier — Traveller. Autobiographical Sketches translated from the German and the French by F. H. Peters. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

MR. VERESTCHAGIN, whose pictures excited some controversy when exhibited last year at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a soldier and a traveller as well as a painter. In the present work it is the traveller, rather than the soldier or painter, who stands out most prominently. Curiously enough nearly half of these "autobiographical sketches" are from the pen of Mrs. Verestchagin, and describe the journeyings of herself and her husband in the Eastern Himalayas and Cashmere. These travels, in countries not entirely unknown to the Anglo-Indian, seem little short of heroic to Mrs. Verestchagin, who is unceasing in her admiration for the indomitable energy and perseverance of her husband. That Mr. Verestchagin can be energetic the following incident will show:

"The *tchaprassé* [*sic*] has again amused us very much with his pig-headed belief in the superiority of his caste. One of my fowls hid itself I knew not where. In looking for it I came to the precise spot where a Takour was preparing his repast. If there had been no one present, perhaps he would have pocketed his pride, and there would have been an end of it.

But as Lodi and several other coolies were present, he felt obliged to show his zeal in maintaining the purity of his caste, and he fiercely threw away all his food, which had been polluted by our presence, and extinguished his fire. But he is well punished. My husband flies into a passion at his impudence, and, to his great alarm, not only seizes his caldron in his hand, but throws it over the wall of the monastery, telling him that he will follow it himself if he attempts to show his pride again so insolently."

There are numerous similar instances of Mr. Verestchagin's energy, and yet a complaint is registered against the unnecessary brutality of the English in India. An amusing incident is the discovery of the viceroy's residence at Simla. Not seeing any outward or visible sign by which to distinguish the vice-regal dwelling-place, Mr. Verestchagin selected the house the courtyard of which contained the largest number of champagne bottles. Fortune crowned his ingenuity with success, and proved his suspicion correct.

Mr. Verestchagin's travels in Central Asia are, perhaps, as interesting as any portion of the book; but here also we see some curious evidences of his happy knack of forgetting the beam that is in his own eye, while minutely dissecting the motes in other people's eyes. This, for instance, is on the civilising influence of Russia on the Turcomans:

"And that other class of slaves, who are not called slaves in any text-book, but whose slavery is yet the most terrible of all—the mothers, wives, and daughters of the barbarians of Central Asia—do not they also already feel the slow but sure influence of the laws and civilisation of the Caffir (infidels) upon their position and their destiny? Yes, assuredly; and proofs of this are not far to seek. It is enough to quote the complaints which my landlord poured out in conversation with me—complaints which show no less foresight than bitterness. 'The end of the world is coming,' he cried, with a gesture of despair. 'How so?' 'Why, what else is one to expect when a husband may no longer correct his wife? If you beat her, she threatens to go to the Russians.'"

I venture to think that she would probably find she had got out of the proverbial frying-pan into the fire. The Russian peasant who does not occasionally chastise his wife is reproached with not loving her. Indeed, this has passed into a proverb. Russian literature and Russian life are full of wife-beating. Though there is no country in the world where woman is theoretically more highly honoured and has more social privileges, practically the condition of the Russian peasant-woman still leaves very much to be desired.

In the second volume some space is devoted to two of Russia's greatest men, Skobelev and Tourguéniev; but neither of them receives at the hand of Mr. Verestchagin the treatment they deserve from a patriotic fellow-countryman. Mr. Verestchagin goes out of his way to paint Skobelev in his worst light. He shows him to us driving through the streets of Bucharest thrusting out his tongue at all the attractive-looking ladies he saw; he shows him to us losing his head in action, when it was Mr. Verestchagin's privilege to prevent by his timely advice the errors the hot-headed general might have committed; and he depicts him confused and trembling

with fear before his commander-in-chief, debasing himself before the emperor, &c. All this is repulsive and unnecessary. This photographic reproduction of minor defects, to which human nature is always liable, tends to destroy the true perspective of the portrait, and dwarfs its nobler characteristics. But perhaps this is inseparable from Mr. Verestchagin's artistic method. As Bulwer pointed out long ago, the real is not necessarily the true. After Skobelev we are introduced to Tourguéniev, and here one is inclined to turn away in disgust from the pitiable object which the artist's relentless pencil has reproduced. Worn out by disease, tormented by the most excruciating agonies, the great master of Russian literature was yet afraid to die, and clung with a miserable cowardice to the faintest hope of life. In giving his estimate of Tourguéniev's genius Mr. Verestchagin airily tells us that Tourguéniev "was wrong in assigning himself a too modest place among Russian authors"; and, without another reference to this most charming trait, he proceeds to patronise the greatest of Russian writers in the following fashion:

"Bielinski, to be sure, did not think highly of him . . . but in the fulness and loftiness of his creative genius he ranks next to Pushkin and Leff Tolstoy."

It is, however, much to be doubted whether either Pushkin or Tolstoy come anywhere near the universality of Tourguéniev's genius. Neither of these writers has done more than take in certain sections, certain phases, of Russian life, but Tourguéniev has made the world his studio, and has taken in the whole of nature. That Mr. Verestchagin has not the critical acumen to see this is his misfortune. His eyes are probably blinded by the partisan discussions of Russian critics, in which Tolstoy and Tourguéniev have been set up against each other at the will of angry politicians, Panславists and Liberals; for at present no subject in Russia can be separated from political colouring. But Mr. Verestchagin might have spared us the pitiable picture of genius wrecked by disease. Were he writing for Russians we might have complained of his taste, but at least we should have been prevented from impugning his patriotism. As for that matter, he gives his reason for avoiding the hospitable plains of his native land. He finds that travelling is inconvenient, that the police are vexatious, that civilisation has still much to accomplish; and so he prefers Paris. No one will blame his choice.

Towards the end of his book he gives some amusing thoughts on religion. He is condescending enough to admit that

"it would be unjust to maintain that religions have no ennobling influence upon human nature; but there is no doubt that in the course of time they lose their freshness, are tainted with formalism, and come to be mainly an affair of externals; while, on the other hand, they contribute to the development of various bad qualities in their professors, such as hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness. Even such an ideal doctrine as that of Christ will then lose its chief charm and attractiveness, and sink into an instrument for the attainment of petty ends. In this respect the impression produced upon me by England . . . is a somewhat gloomy one."

Mr. Verestchagin's book will be found to be amusing throughout; the reader will find much that is new, nothing that is uninteresting, and none of that gloom with which the author complains that England impresses him. The illustrations, from Mr. Verestchagin's pencil, are precisely what illustrations should be—they help us to understand the book. Mr. Peters has done his work so admirably that one can scarcely believe it to be a translation.

E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.

Mélanges et Portraits. By E. Caro. 2 Tomes. (Hachette.)

A FRENCH writer was once discussing the class of English books that were read in France. "There is a fate in books," he wrote. "It is not the merit of a book which brings it across the channel." More than one French book which we have read lately has made us feel that a similar destiny attends those that pass over to us. And thus it comes, perhaps, that there will be a dozen who read Caro's *Mélanges et Portraits* for every one that has read his *Philosophie de Goethe*, or his *Idée de Dieu et ses Nouveaux Critiques*. But Caro is dead, and he was one of the number of the immortals. *Mélanges et Portraits* is his *don posthume*. We are tempted to recall the story, told lately of an eminent pianist, whose portrait was put not before but after Liszt in the place of honour. "Perhaps," the eminent man was heard to remark, "you are right—Liszt is dead!" These volumes do not represent Caro at his best, but they must be put in the place of honour.

Mélanges et Portraits is a collection of various essays published in the reviews by Caro during his lifetime. The first volume is devoted to philosophical subjects, the second treats of various personages who have become famous during the last fifty years. Caro was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at the Sorbonne on the death of Adolphe Garnier in 1864, and his essays therefore on his own subject cannot but obtain the consideration which his position demands. But Caro never founded a school. Indeed, in these pages he puts very clearly his idea of the functions of a teacher of philosophy:

"Il faut essayer de comprendre ce que c'est qu'un pareil état d'âme; il faut le traduire, l'interpréter, en analyser les causes durables ou momentanées. C'est dans ces perceptions vives de l'état des esprits que réside le sens philosophique par excellence, et c'est à y correspondre le mieux possible qu'un maître de l'enseignement public doit, à ce qu'il me semble, s'attacher s'il veut être vraiment utile à ses auditeurs, s'il veut être écouté, s'il veut combattre pour ou contre des idées vivantes et non pas mener éternellement le même et stérile jeu d'une dialectique vaine autour des fantômes d'idées mortes" (i. 15).

With such an aim we are not surprised to find that in this first volume Caro has added little to the matters which he discusses. He is always clear, always an exact reasoner, always has the knack, as M. Constant Martha says of him, of "illuminating systems" so that the expounders of them see their own opinions more perfectly in reading his criticism upon them than ever they did before. There is one signal instance of

this. Caro, differing by a whole hemisphere from Littré and his school, wrote a biography of him, of such absolute fairness that in all probability the Positivists will adopt it as the best book on the subject. "La vérité," as he himself says, "à ses exigences."

Perhaps the most interesting parts of the book are the "Essais de Psychologie Sociale" and the review of François Bouillier's theories, entitled *La Responsabilité dans la Révol.* The former are indeed much more a history of psychology brought up to date than a criticism of it (Caro was a great reader of English writers on the subject), so that the practical result of the perusal of them is very small. Caro was a moralist to a pre-eminent degree, and he had the necessary qualifications. He brings his vivid faith and his intense optimism into focus on all these questions; but we feel that he is writing these essays as a diversion, in the interludes of the serious work of his life, and that into them all the most important results of his researches insert themselves. It is this which makes them agreeable rather than instructive reading. Caro does not argue, he chats. Take his strictures on Mr. Galton's views of heredity. We feel that Mr. Galton may be wrong, but we are not any the more convinced that Caro is right. Literary erudition is patent everywhere, but not the scientific spirit. Take, again, the essay on François Bouillier. It is a charming production, and most interesting. But we do not feel that we know any more about responsibility for our dreams during sleep at the end of Caro's disquisition than we knew already at the end of M. Bouillier's own work. Caro has a way of exciting our attention, but he does nothing to satisfy it. "These are, in fact," as he himself says of another's work,

"the familiar studies of a philosophic mind which wishes to render an account of certain singular phenomena in our moral life, or to examine the common topics which are circulating in the world."

But we expect more from the holder of a philosophical chair, and more from a member of the Académie française.

It is, perhaps, owing to the very qualities which we have pointed out as defects in Caro's first volume that the second, the "Portraits," strikes us as by far the more interesting. Most of the men whose features Caro draws are of that class so common in France, so rare in England, of "thinkers"—men whose labours in another age would have shown themselves in volumes of *Pensées* or *Maximes*, but who now write "Letters to their Friends" and *Journaux Intimes*. Rich in good quotations these pages are. We see in them, as we have hinted, much more the author whom he criticises than the critic who writes. Caro wrote ever for the public, never for himself. "C'est mal aimer les lettres," he wrote in expounding M. Nisard's views of criticism, "que d'y chercher des occasions de plaisir." Yet we cannot help feeling that Caro himself has often broken the rule which he so thoroughly believed in.

These pages cannot but be interesting, for they treat, among others, of such familiar names as Maurice de Guérin, Joubert, Amiel, and the Abbé Roux. It would be hard indeed to make unpleasant reading out of such personages as these. Yet here, again,

pleasant though he is and interesting as he must be, when we judge Caro by the first standard to hand, we find him failing us. It is in the slighter touches, of course, that we see the difference best. Let us take, for instance, the case of the changes of religious faith in Maurice de Guérin, and the relation in which he stood to his sister Eugénie with regard to them—that pathetic page in every man's life, which in this case was written for us by him whom England has lately lost. "Il revint sans effort à la simple foi de son enfance," says Caro of the second change (ii. 154). Matthew Arnold states the truth with more clearness than either Maurice's own sister or Caro.

"His errors were passed," says Eugénie, "his illusions were cleared away. I knew all, I followed each of his steps: out of the fiery sphere of the passions, I saw him pass into the sphere of the Christian life."

How much more insight has Arnold!

"It is probable that his divergence from his sister was never so wide as she feared, and that his reunion with her was never so complete as she hoped."

Now what, as a final test, does Sainte Beuve say?

"Il essaya de concilier le Christianisme et le culte de la Nature;—il ne réussira qu'à retarder, à lui-même, son entraînement prochain, irresistible. Il n'y a pas de milieu: la Croix barre plus ou moins la vue libre de la nature; le grand Pan n'a rien à faire avec le divin Crucifié." (Etude, p. xxix.)

Perhaps the freshest pages in these volumes are those devoted (under the title of "Un moraliste inédit") to Ximènes Doudan, who, so far as we can discover, has practically been left unknown in England. Occasional articles about him appeared in *Fraser's*, the *Edinburgh*, and the like; Henry James wrote of him in America; Sainte Beuve in his own country, praised him; but the public has let him pass. In Caro, however, he found a staunch admirer. It takes much to exceed the charm with which he tells the story of the early career of M. Doudan, in company with Saint-Marco Girardin and De Sacy. They had been leading the ideal, if bohemian, life of literature, utterly regardless of the real life around them:

"Un jour, l'aimable petite société se trouva dispersée. Pendant qu'on agissait l'avenir de la France et du monde, pendant qu'on discutait sur la nature et les limites de la raison, sur le fini et l'infini, on s'aperçut qu'il fallait vivre. . . . M. Doudan parti, M. Saint-Marco Girardin entra au *Journal des Débats*, M. de Sacy l'y suivit bientôt. Ils se jetèrent tous les deux avec intrépidité au plus fort de la mêlée, ils s'y plongèrent avec ardeur, avec délices. . . . Tous deux, avec des fortunes variées, deviennent ce que chacun sait après, &c. Tous deux ont fini, à leur heure, par entrer dans ce port tranquille de l'Académie avec le renom incontesté des beaux talents qui honorent un temps et un pays. Seul, le troisième ami d'autrefois n'est arrivé à rien: il n'a été rien, pas même académicien" (ii. 206, 6).

Caro in these volumes criticises Plutarch: "On pourrait souhaiter un plus grand métaphysique pour creuser la question; on ne peut rien trouver de plus judicieux." The criticism is far truer of Caro himself. So far as criticism of the Immortals is lawful, Caro

has been here, we hope, fairly handled; but it is with his own countrymen rather than with the vedettes of *les chers voisins* that his fame ultimately rests. If at this distance his position seems to us less exalted, we give a tale of Caro's own in defence. A beautiful sermon had been delivered, and all the congregation was in tears. One man alone remained unmoved. His neighbours asked him how it was that the preacher had not stirred him. "Que voulez-vous?" he replied coldly, "je ne suis pas de la paroisse!" It is aggravating, we must confess, to find that this very story M. Caro has somewhat disingenuously cribbed, exactly as we find it hard to remain silent when we see him incorporating whole pages of sentiments from Sainte Beuve. When of the dead we may only speak well, let us also add, *Caventa laudatores*.

There is a short sympathetic notice of Caro, by M. Constant Martha, prefixed to these volumes.

CHARLES SAYLE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Charles Strange: a Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Pit Town Coronet: a Family Mystery. By Charles J. Wills. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Mexican Girl. By Frederick Thickstun. (Boston: Ticknor.)

Misterton's Mistake. By Walter Raymond. (Sonnenschein.)

Section 558; or, the Fatal Letter. By Julian Hawthorne. (Cassell.)

The Man-Hunter: Stories from the Notebook of a Detective. By Dick Donovan. (Chatto & Windus.)

A POSTHUMOUS work is by its very nature removed in some degree from the ordinary pale of criticism, consequently we shall be moderate in our comments upon *Charles Strange*. At the same time it must be frankly said that it is not, taken as a whole, equal to many of the lamented author's earlier efforts. There are not wanting signs of writing for writing's sake, as in the case of the Clavering episode, which is simply an excrescence on the story, in no way advances the plot, and ends in a feeble sort of way. The supposed abstraction of Sir Ralph's will is particularly weak. The narrative is given partly by verbal communication from the young solicitor, Charles Strange himself, and partly in the third person; and the effect of the whole is not so artistic in its blending as might have been expected from so practised a writer. This is specially evident towards the close of the novel, for which fact sufficient good reasons might perhaps be adduced. Also it must generally be allowed that Charles's opening relation of his childhood and youth, which occupies a considerable portion of the first volume, is tedious; and it is not until after Mrs. Carlen's death, and the beginning of Tom Heriot's disasters that the reader begins to taste any intelligent interest in the book. The family relations are rather mixed. Charles's father, Mr. Strange, the rector of White Littleham, while newly-widowed,

marries the fascinating widow, Mrs. Heriot, who has two children, Tom and Blanche. Then he is killed, after a warning dream; and she marries Major Carlen, an elderly *roué*, who adopts the whole family. After her death, Blanche goes back to board at the rectory, while Tom, who is in the army, comes to utter grief, and Charles gradually makes his way as a solicitor under Mr. Brightman. The Major fetches Blanche to keep his house in Gloucester Gate, where, after jilting Captain Cross in a most cavalier manner, she marries Lord Level, a nobleman about whose antecedents there is some mystery. Tom is tried for forgery, and, though innocent, transported, but manages to escape and return to this country at the risk of his life, where he is befriended by Charles. Lord Level has a country house, Marshdale, to which the mystery attaches, and which he is constantly visiting, thus giving rise to jealousy on the part of Blanche, who has detected him at Pisa in company with a beautiful Italian girl, whom she chooses to believe is his mistress and hidden in the English house, and when he is stabbed she fixes on the invisible Nina as the culprit. Of course all her suspicions were groundless; but what was the real secret of Marshdale we will not reveal. Poor, harum-scarum Tom—the most lovable character in the book—dies of consumption, but otherwise all ends happily. There are plenty of minor incidents, such as Lennard's illness, the theft and recovery of Coney's money, Brightman's death, and his wife's affliction; but these must be left to the reader's own discovery.

An exciting novel, bearing some traces of juvenile work, is *The Pit Town Coronet*. The story is not a very pleasant one, since the plot turns upon the substitution of Lucy Warrender's illegitimate son for a supposititious child of her married cousin, Georgie Haggard, and the misery arising from the natural complications which ensue. But there is no denying the author's power any more than his gift of humour. The village scenes are inimitable, and so is Mrs. Dodd, the masterful parson's wife—her Dorcas meeting is exquisitely droll. Haggard the hero, in spite of his personal attributes, is little better than a ruffian, and deserved a worse end than he receives. The character of Lucy is a mistake—one ought to have been able to feel some sympathy with her, whereas she is utterly cold-blooded and heartless. Georgie is rather weak. Even she ought to have known the value of an oath taken under compulsion. Old Lord Pitt Town and his *umbr* Dr. Wolff are capital studies of *virtuosi*. The catastrophe is brought about by such simple and natural means, viz., the death of Lucius—what did he die of, by the bye?—that there was no need for some of the more striking episodes just before—e.g., Capt's drowning, Georgie's dumbness, Lucy's suicide, or even Haggard's death. It is an exciting story, and had a narrow escape of being a good one.

Since *A Mexican Girl* comes from America, the preface is, of course, eulogistic in the extreme; but we are a little tired of Western idylls, and, in fact, of American stories as a rule, except when they come from the very first of pens. The idea is that a rough settler at New Ripas sends for a school-

master, who at once falls in love with a girl, Panchita, no better than she should be. She returns his flame after a fashion, and, in order to keep him by her, dees his coffee with her own blood; but she escapes. It is an uncanny sort of story.

Misterton's Mistake is a charming idyll of Somersetshire, brightened up by a few studies in London society. Wycherney, the village where the main action takes place, is a good study of bucolic life, and farmer Misterton and his wife just fit it. So are the two Miss Grimeses, just the sort of bigoted Low Church old maids who live in such places. Are we to understand that old Rebecca had made a slip in her early days, and that Edith was really her daughter by John Mullett? Misterton's mistake was of course in marrying Annie instead of Edith.

A young lady threatening a Wall Street financier with sudden death in the name of the Almighty is a sufficiently novel idea, and would probably not have occurred to anyone with a less vivid imagination than Mr. Julian Hawthorne. Miss Kitty Clive, the individual in question, is a New York opera-singer, as good as gold, but whose ugliness is only equalled by the beauty of her voice. She takes it into her head that Mr. Golding has ruined her sweetheart (who lost his money by speculation) and sends him anonymous letters—apparently not being aware that *chantage* is a punishable offence. However, General Weymouth brings her to her senses; and all would end happily if only she had married Frank. Is it likely that her friends would always call her by her stage name?

Graced by rather a catch-penny title, Mr. Donovan's collection of detective stories is not bad of its kind, though we think that the kind is being overdone. Of course the reader must not take all *au grand sérieux*. Of those which appear to be true, a "Tut of Red Hair" is perhaps the most striking.

B. MONTGOMERIE BANKING.

SOME SERIAL THEOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Gospel according to St. Mark*. By the Very Rev. S. A. Chadwick. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton propose to issue six of these handsomely printed volumes yearly till they have completed "The Expositor's Bible." The expositions, written by "the foremost preachers and theologians of the day," will be "essentially popular, and adapted to general readers quite as much as to the clergy." The editor of the series is the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. The undertaking is ably begun by Dean Chadwick, St. Mark's Gospel being wisely chosen as the first book to be treated of. The exposition is divided according to the chapters of the Gospel, and most of the text is quoted in small type as it is expounded. The chapters are divided into suitable sections with short titles. Dr. Chadwick has performed his task admirably. He keeps close to his subject, avoiding irrelevant and lengthy comment. He is thoughtful and penetrating in his criticism, and yet concise and epigrammatic when he wishes. We cannot detect that he ever falls below his own level. His expositions of the baptism, of the character of Judas, of "the eternal sin," of the Last Supper, are good instances of the excellence and suggestiveness of his treatment of very various subjects, and of his

power of careful and exhaustive, but yet concentrated comment. He is, perhaps, a little too anxious to insist upon the minute and invariable accuracy of the Evangelist; but there can be no doubt that, if the standard of excellence reached in this volume can be maintained, "The Expositor's Bible" will be a valuable addition to theological literature.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Epistle to the Hebrews*. By T. O. Edwards. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The publishers of "The Expositor's Bible" will have good reason to congratulate themselves if all its parts are marked by the ability which characterises Dr. Edwards's *Epistle to the Hebrews*. He has entered into the spirit and purport of what he truly calls "one of the greatest and most difficult books of the New Testament" with a systematic thoroughness and fairness which cannot be too highly commended. Henceforth English students of this portion of the New Testament will have only themselves to blame if they cannot trace the connexion of thought and final purport of this epistle. Perhaps we need scarcely add that, like every other commentator of repute, whether English or continental, Dr. Edwards rejects without hesitation the Pauline authorship of the book.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Epistles of St. Paul to the Colossians and Philemon*. By Alexander MacLaren. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Dr. MacLaren's exposition is remarkable for vigour and common sense. It is strongly written, and arranged with scholarly thoroughness. But its length is excessive, and raises the very important question, how far the application of the matter expounded to modern life and circumstances should be carried. Such a volume as Dr. MacLaren's, in spite of its excellence, is purely occasional. It is specially suited for the pulpit, and will be superseded in the study by the first rival which recognises the necessity for condensation. It is, strictly speaking, not an exposition, but a series of sermons, and this accounts for its excessive length. If the other epistles of St. Paul are expounded at similar length, the "Expositor's Bible" will be very unwieldy. Dr. MacLaren uses nearly as much space in dealing with the four chapters of Colossians as Dean Chadwick gives to the Gospel of St. Mark.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Book of Genesis*. By Marcus Dods. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Dr. Dods's opening chapters on the creation and the fall are remarkable for their sound sense. The right note is struck at once:

"If anyone is in search of accurate information regarding the age of this earth, or its relation to the sun, moon, and stars, or regarding the order in which plants and animals have appeared upon it, he is referred to recent text-books in astronomy, geology, and palæontology."

This is excellent; but many readers will be disappointed to find that, as he proceeds, Dr. Dods makes no sort of attempt to criticise his documents. He takes what he finds, and moralises upon it very wisely and pleasantly; but this has been done by scores of previous commentators, and will satisfy very few students of their Bibles now-a-days. To make sermons out of history is nearly as unsatisfactory as to make science out of myths. We must, at all events, understand the history told us in Genesis before we can with any satisfaction moralise upon it; and Dr. Dods fails to help us in understanding Genesis. He ignores all the important questions raised by modern critics, and consequently limits the interest and the usefulness of his exposition.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The First Book of Samuel*. *The Second Book of Samuel*. By W. G. Blaikie. (Hodder & Stoughton.) There

can be no doubt of the care and thoroughness with which Dr. Blaikie has executed his task. From his own point of view, he has produced a solid and able piece of work, though his style is somewhat in need of animation and distinction, and will not help the reader whose interest in the subject is slight. But Prof. Blaikie takes less notice of the results of modern criticism even than does Dr. Dods in his exposition of Genesis; and, since he deals with a later period, this is particularly disappointing. David is still the evangelical monarch of the popular preacher; his doings are explained and moralised on in the old style so unsatisfactory to the student of Oriental history; and the result is that Dr. Blaikie's books will be found unreadable by any who have read such a work as Dean Stanley's *Jewish Church*, to say nothing of more recent productions. It is impossible not to feel that the audience appealed to by such expositions as those contained in these two volumes is steadily decreasing. In the interests of honest and sensible interpretation of the Old Testament books we can only rejoice in the fact; and must consider such volumes as Dr. Blaikie's distressing attempts to postpone the inevitable day when divines will begin to try to tell the truth about the Old Testament.

"ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE."—*Christ's Victory and Triumph*. By Giles Fletcher. And other Poems of the Seventeenth Century. Edited with Introductory Memoir and Notes. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This volume of the "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," which is edited by W. T. Brooke, contains, first of all, a new edition of the four parts of Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, with an excellent biographical introduction and careful notes. Mr. Brooke's memoir condenses admirably Dr. Grosart's voluminous introductory matter, for which he must be forgiven his foolish criticism that his poem's "highest praise is perhaps the theological accuracy in which the great doctrine of the Incarnation is expressed." It is a pity also that Dr. Grosart's plan of numbering the stanzas has not been adopted; but Mr. Brooke's additions to Dr. Grosart's notes, though few, are to the point, and there is at least one emendation of value. Mr. Brooke's diligence has discovered a curious proof of the contemporary study of his author in some verses by Penelope Gray, published in 1615, in a volume containing memorials of her sister who died in the previous year. Penelope Gray's five stanzas are a cento from Fletcher's poem. A cheap and good edition of *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, a poem so interesting to students of Spenser and Milton, will be welcomed by all lovers of English literature; but there is more than this in our volume. After Fletcher's poem come "illustrative poems" chosen to show "the contemporary idea of the world to come." These are followed by "inedited sacred poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, now first collected from MSS. and rare books." A selection of "Hymns from the Primers" and of "Selected Psalms in Verse" closes a most beautiful and interesting selection of sacred poetry. The book is delightful, because to Mr. Brooke the editing and arrangement of his materials has been a labour of love. He complains that, before an anthology of English sacred verse can be compiled as completely representative as Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," "much remains to be done in editorship, and still more in searching the MSS. stores of our public libraries and our colleges—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Non-conformist." He makes an admirable beginning of the work he suggests; and if occasionally a poem is rare and curious rather than poetically excellent, the enthusiasm of the editor must be

forgiven. Most of the poems are of a very high degree of merit. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to Messrs. Griffith & Farran for publishing the book at such a cheap price.

"ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE."—*The Lives of the Popes*. By B. Platina, native of Cremona, translated into English. Edited by Rev. W. Benham. Vol. I. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Students will be grateful to editor and publishers for this edition of a rare work. Two editions in folio were published in 1685 and 1688 by Sir Paul Rycaut, who states that the translation was handed to him by his bookseller, having been "rendered into English by an unknown hand." Finding that it stopped short at the death of Paul II. in 1471, Rycaut continued it himself, bringing it down to Innocent XI. Mr. Benham has written an interesting biographical preface and a judicious general introduction, and appended notes calling attention to Platina's more serious errors. His bibliographical information should have been more precise, but otherwise his arduous work is well done, and makes the book useful as history to the general reader. It is, moreover, a curious specimen of fifteenth-century historical composition, and a valuable original authority for the history of the times in which its author lived. A history of the Papacy, written by a librarian of the Vatican Library at a time when it contained only 2500 volumes, must be of permanent interest and value. The book will be welcomed by the student of English literature as an example of seventeenth-century prose.

"ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE."—*The Orations of S. Athanasius against the Arians*. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) The publishers prefer to shroud this translation in mystery. W. C. L. writes a brief preface, and somebody is responsible for three very short notes on pp. 12, 34 and 38. The translation is not so good as the racy, vigorous version of Samuel Parker, published in 1713, and, of course, inferior to Cardinal Newman's, published in the "Library of the Fathers," and republished, somewhat condensed, in his *Select Treatises of Athanasius* (1881). Cardinal Newman has annotated the orations so thoroughly, that there is no excuse for the lack of notes in this edition. We are not even told that the fourth oration is wrongly entitled "Against the Arians." It is a "collection of fragments or memoranda" against various heresies, but, "least of all," against the Arian; and, for this reason, it is omitted in Cardinal Newman's second edition. The present translation will be useful to any who cannot obtain the better works we have mentioned, but it is not up to the general standard of the series in which it occurs.

"NISBET'S THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY."—*Christianity and Evolution*. (Nisbet.) This series of papers, published originally in the *Homiletic Magazine* 1886-87, gains in interest but loses in point by being somewhat heterogeneous. It does not choose one definite issue and discuss that with rigour; but each individual writer takes that aspect of the question which attracts him most, and discourses on it without much attention to what his predecessors have been saying. Thus the Rev. George Matheson writes on "Evolution in Relation to Miracle," Dr. Momerie on "Evolution and Design," the Rev. T. W. Fowle on "Evolution and Inspiration," Sir George Cox on "Evolution and Heaven and Hell," the Rev. John Matthews on "Evolution and the Problem of Evil." The connecting link between the various authors is that on the whole they are disposed to accept the facts of evolution, so that their essays are "in the nature of an Eirenicon." The book is of value as an examination by thoughtful and

candid Christians of various important articles of the Christian creed in the light of the theory of evolution. All the papers are carefully written and reasonably short, but too much attention is given to the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. It is absurd, for instance, to class him as a thinker along with Lotze. The denomination of each contributor should have been stated after his name in the table of contents.

Expositions. By the Rev. Samuel Cox. Vol. IV. (Fisher Unwin.) We have pointed out to our readers the merits of the former volumes of Dr. Cox's *Expositions* at such length that we think it needless to say more than that his fourth volume sustains, with undiminished excellence and interest, the high qualities of the preceding volumes. We must add the expression of our unfeigned regret that this is likely to be the last of the series, the former volumes having, it appears, proved unremunerative. We hope, however, that this is a mere passing phase in their history, and that they will eventually achieve the popularity to which they are rightly entitled.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE hon. secretary of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Dr. W. Pole, has been engaged for some time past in preparing, at the request of the executors and family, a biography of the eminent member of that body, Sir William Siemens. It is now finished, and will be issued immediately by Mr. John Murray. On account of the connexion of Sir William and his family with Germany, and the interest felt there in his life and work, a German translation of the book has been demanded, and will be published in due course in Berlin.

MESSRS. ISBISTER have in preparation *The Life and Letters of Mary Howitt*, edited by her daughter.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will be the London publishers of General Sheridan's Autobiography, which will be in two volumes, illustrated with numerous portraits, maps, facsimiles of letters, and other engravings.

MR. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C., has written a volume of historical essays on the Stuart period, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, with illustrations. As might be expected, Mr. Inderwick has been specially attracted to legal questions, such as those arising out of the trial of Charles I. and the regicides, and the Bloody Assize of Jeffries.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., will publish next week the large paper edition, limited to 500 copies, of the new *Selections from Wordsworth*, by members of the Wordsworth Society, edited by the secretary, Prof. W. Knight. The volume is printed on handmade paper and bound in parchment, and will be followed shortly by a more popular edition in smaller form.

WE are glad to hear that the admirable series of articles by Mr. W. M. Acworth on the railways of England, which have recently been appearing in *Murray's Magazine*, will shortly be collected in a volume, with a large amount of new matter.

MR. L. B. SERLEY, author of "Horace Walpole and his World," has written a companion book, entitled *Fanny Burney and her Friends*, which will be illustrated with eight copperplates after Reynolds, Copley, and West.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY's Christmas book for this winter will consist of coloured illustrations to "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," together with the text of the poem, printed with Mr. Browning's sanction.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in preparation *The Scot in Ulster*; or, *The Story of the Scottish Settlement in Ulster*, by Mr. John Harrison.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER have in the press *Imperial Germany*, a critical study of fact and character, by Mr. Sidney Whitman. This book deals with some characteristics of Germany as a nation, socially, politically and intellectually, passing in broad survey over the historical development, and showing the elements by which German unity has been achieved, and specially noticing the play of the ideal element in the process. The author criticises frankly what he holds to be the defects of the nation, particularly animadverting on the tendency to Philistinism and the evils of some phases of doctrinaire Liberalism.

MESSRS. CASSELL will publish immediately a new novel, in three volumes, by Mr. Frank Barrett. Its full title is *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane*: her Surprising Curious Adventures in Strange Parts, and Happy Deliverance from Pirates, Battle, Captivity, and other Terrors, with divers Romantic and Moving Incidents, as set forth by Benet Pengilly (her Companion in Misfortune and Joy), and now first done into print.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce for publication this month *Untrodden Paths in Roumania*, by Mrs. Walker, author of "Sketches of Eastern Life and Scenery." The book will be abundantly illustrated.

AMONG the contents of the forthcoming number of the *Universal Review* will be an article on the political position of Roumania, by Prof. Geffcken; a lavishly illustrated paper on "Burlesque," by Mr. Burnand; an estimate of Marshall Bazaine, by Mrs. Crawford; a study of the business of the House of Commons, by Mr. Bradlaugh; a poem by Sir E. Arnold, with eleven large drawings to it; and an article, also illustrated, by Dr. Richard Garnett on "The Catalogue of the British Museum."

A NEW edition of Cassell's *Popular Educator* will be commenced at the end of this month. The text has been revised throughout, and a considerable portion of the work re-written. It will be furnished with new illustrations and a series of coloured plates and maps, while the text will be reset in clear type. Inasmuch as it will thus be practically a new work, it will be issued under the title of Cassell's "New Popular Educator."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces *The Dramatic Works of the late Edwin Atherstone*, author of the "Fall of Nineveh," "Israel in Egypt," &c., as in the press and to be published very shortly.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, president of the Hull Literary Club, has just completed a work on *Manners and Customs in the Time of Shakspeare*.

Robert Elsmere is now in its thirteenth edition.

PROF. W. VIETOR, of Marburg, has in preparation an edition of the Middle-English metrical romance, *Le Bone Florence of Rome*, which has before been printed only by Ritson, Vol. III. (1802). He copied some years ago the unique MS. of it in the Cambridge University Library (ff. II., 38); and, during a recent visit to Cambridge, in August and September of the present year, he made a fresh collation. On the same occasion he also had the opportunity of copying a French version (consisting of 5380 verses) from a MS. belonging to Mr. D'Arcy Hutton, of Marske Hall, Yorkshire, who lent it to him for the purpose at the request of Prof. Skeat. This French MS. has never yet been published, though Prof. Paul Meyer printed the beginning and end of it in the *Bulletin* of the Société des Anciens Textes Français for

1882. The same version, but incomplete, is found in a MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Nouv. Acq. Fr. 4192), which has been copied by one of Prof. Vietor's pupils. A second French version, differing from the first, is represented in another MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Fonds Fr. 24,384), of which Paulin Paris gave an analysis in the *Histoire Littéraire* (Part 26). Prof. Vietor intends to give an account of all these French MSS., besides discussing the sources of the romance, &c.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has at last been heard from, a letter dated July 28, at Nukuhiva, stating that the yacht *Casco*, about five weeks out from San Francisco, had just arrived there, and that all on board were fairly well. Mr. Stevenson often goes ashore, walks, talks to the natives, whom he finds courteous and good-hearted and splendid-looking fellows. He writes every day, and is in much better health than when he was in the Adirondacks. The *Casco* was to remain for two or three weeks at this point and then visit Tahoea, where the party proposed to spend a few days. From there they intended to sail to Hiva-Oa, the great tattooing island, whence they expected to sail to the Tahiti Islands. Mr. Stevenson is writing a series of letters descriptive of his experiences and observations on this cruise, which are to be published in a number of newspapers in America, Europe, India, and Australia.

THE sixteenth session of the New Shakspeare Society will be opened at University College, London, on Friday next, October 19, at 8 p.m., when Mr. Thomas Tyler will read a paper on "Shakspeare Idolatry." Among the other papers arranged for later in the session are—"Johannes de Witt's Account of the Swan Theatre," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley; "An Elizabethan Publisher, Edward Blount," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee; "Virgin Crants," by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; and some notes on "Midsummer Night's Dream," written many years ago by the late Sir H. S. Maine, in which he contends that the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. The society does not propose to have a musical evening in May, as has been the case in some recent years.

THE only son of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, after a residence of several years at Charterhouse, and a year's stay in Leipzig to acquire the German language, has just entered his father's business.

FOLLOWING the example of other religious communities, a Roman Catholic Conference is announced to be held from October 21 to 23, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society—an organisation recently founded for the purpose of providing and disseminating cheap Catholic literature. The Conference will be devoted to the discussion of matters cognate to the work of the society. On Sunday, October 21, Cardinal Manning will preach in the morning at the Oratory on behalf of the society; and the Bishop of Salford will, in the evening, occupy the pulpit at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. A meeting will be held in the afternoon at the schools near the cathedral. The conference proper will meet on the Monday and Tuesday following at Westminster Town Hall, the mornings and afternoons of these days being devoted to the discussion of papers by well-known Catholic writers, including Canon Brownlow, Father Clarke, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. B. F. C. Coetelloe, Lady Herbert, &c. A lecture on English martyrs, illustrated by slides designed expressly for the society, will be given on Monday evening, and a conversazione will be held on Tuesday evening. An exhibition of cheap Catholic literature will be a feature of the conference.

At two recent meetings of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Siméon read the introduction of a book which he has in hand. This is the translation of a historical work in the Nahuatl language, written by a Mexican called Domingo Chimalpahin, who was born in 1579. M. Siméon stated that this native chronicle corrects in many points the received account of the country before the Spanish conquest; and, in particular, that it affirms Montezuma to have been strangled by the Spaniards, and not (as Bernard Diaz asserts) killed by his own subjects.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MICHAELMAS term, at both Oxford and Cambridge, begins at the end of the present week.

It was announced, during the long vacation, that Prof. T. Fowler had resigned the chair of logic at Oxford. We understand that this announcement is, at the least, premature, and that he will lecture as usual during the present term.

THE Rev. E. S. Talbot, warden of Keble College from its foundation, has accepted the vicarage of Leeds, vacant by the promotion of Canon Jayne to the see of Chester.

THE Rev. J. B. Mayor, of St. John's College, has been appointed to the office of Lady Margaret's Preacher at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Lightfoot.

At Cambridge there are two new professors in the faculty of law—Mr. F. W. Maitland, formerly university reader in English law, who has been elected to the Downing Professorship of the Laws of England, in the room of the late W. L. Birkbeck; and Mr. J. Westlake, the successor of Sir H. S. Maine in the chair of international law. Prof. Maitland was to deliver his inaugural lecture to-day (October 13) on "Why the History of English Law is not written"; and he has announced three courses of lectures on—"Parliament," "The History of the English Manor," and "Personal Property." Prof. Westlake will deliver his inaugural lecture on Wednesday, October 17, and will also lecture during the present term on "Public International Law." Another lately elected professor at Cambridge, Sir Thomas Wade, will also lecture for the first time this term on "Chinese Language and Literature."

Dr. James Ward will deliver a course of lectures at Cambridge during this term, in connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate, upon "The Elements of Psychology and their Application to Education."

PROF. POSTGATE—whose *New Latin Primer* has just been published by Messrs. Cassell—is lecturing at Cambridge this term on "Phonetics" and also on "Latin and Greek Phonology."

MR. PATRICK GEDDES—whose articles on biological subjects in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have attracted a good deal of attention from their original views, and who is also a writer on statistics and on art exhibitions—has been appointed to the chair of botany at the University College, Dundee, recently founded by the merchants of that town.

MR. WILFRED A. GILL, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, will deliver a course of lectures to ladies on "Ethics in Theory and Practice from the Christian to the Scholastic Era," at 13, Kensington Square (King's College Department for Ladies), beginning on Tuesday, October 16, at 11.15 a.m.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DIVIDED.

"Yet will I but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!"—Robert Browning.

We stand so far apart,
Two graves between us lie—
Mine, with a cross at its head,
And flowers strewn o'er the bed,
Of the unforgotten dead
Who dreamless sleeps below.

Yours is an empty grave,
Untenanted and bare,
But you fashioned it so deep,
That forever it must keep
Us apart, although we weep,
With close clasped hands above.

You dug it in the past,
Ere I had seen your face,
And it is so deep and wide
That it parts me from your side,
Not the grave of him who died,
Who loved me long ago.

Yet, though the grave is deep,
And we stand not side by side,
Yet none other is so near,
No one else is half so dear,
Naught can come between us here,
Or loose our close clasped hands.

F. P.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE October number of the *Antiquary* is an exceptionally good one. There is not a single paper in it that is unworthy of attention. The most important one holds the place of honour at the beginning. It is an account written, from personal inspection, of certain rock-hewn churches in the South of Italy. Its author, the Rev. H. F. Tozer, has evidently mastered the history of a land concerning the fortunes of which most of us are densely ignorant. Some dreamy knowledge that the emperors at Constantinople exercised authority in the South, that it fell into the hands of the Normans, and that from time to time Greeks settled there who had fled from their own homes further East, is all that most persons know of the mediæval history of one of the most interesting districts in Europe. Of the great iconoclastic controversy we may feel assured that most people know nothing whatever beyond what is to be gathered from the pages of Gibbon. Why these interesting churches have been formed underground may admit of controversy. We conjecture that it was for much the same reason that the Roman Christians of an earlier time worshipped in the catacombs. It must be borne in mind that, whatever power was sovereign, the Terra d'Otranto was always liable to be overrun by hordes of Moslem adventurers. The paper on the excavations at Cranborne Chase is unsigned. It tells us in a few words the great work accomplished by Gen. Pitt Rivers. The period between the withdrawal of the Romans and the settlement of the Teutonic tribes is at present almost as truly prehistoric as the days of the flint implement makers. Gen. Pitt Rivers, by his long and carefully conducted explorations, is adding more than one authentic page to British history. We would direct especial attention to a note which the writer has added to his paper. No language can be too strong in which to denounce ignorant people who, because they, or their forefathers, have made money, feel themselves at liberty to spoil our great historic buildings, under the pretence of what they chose to call restoration. Mr. J. A. Sparvel-Bayly contributes an interesting paper on the Jesus Guild of Prittlewell. Much has been written on our old gilds in recent times, but there is still not a little hard drudgery

to be gone through before we realise how very much the poor have lost by the confiscation—under the pretence of religion—of the accumulated property of ages. Mr. T. Oarew Martin's paper on the Marino Faliero of history is valuable. It shows how little trust can be placed on a poet's picture of a past of which he knew little, and perhaps cared less. Lord Byron is not the hero of the hour. A time may come when he will once more be an object of worship. Then we shall have rival commentaries even on his dramas. To such annotators Mr. Martin's essay will be very useful. We have detected one error which ought not to pass uncorrected. On p. 156 a note informs the reader that "chimneys and chimney-pieces . . . were a luxury peculiar in the Middle Ages to Venice." This is assuredly a mistake. There is a fine chimney-piece of undoubted late Norman date in the keep of Conisborough Castle, Yorkshire, and many mediæval chimneys and chimney-pieces exist in France. See Didron, *Annales Archéologiques*, iv. 163, 172, 173, v. 192.

THE second number of the *Journal* of the Gipsy Lore Society (Edinburgh: Constable) shows, we think, an improvement upon the first. Many will be glad to have Mr. Grierson's paper arguing a Behar origin for the gipsies reprinted from the *Indian Antiquary*. Prof. R. von Sowa writes about the gipsy dialect of Brazil, pointing out its affinities with that of Spain; and the Rev. Wentworth Webster describes, from personal inquiry, the gipsies and mixed gipsy population of the Basque country.

MESSRS. BURNS & OATES ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NEW volume of "Miscellanies," by Cardinal Manning; a volume of "Characteristics," from the works of Archbishop Ullathorne; "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations," by Mr. Thomas W. Allies; "Leaves from St. John Chrysostom," by Miss Mary Allies; "The Haydock Papers," edited by Mr. Joseph Gillow, from MSS. illustrating the history of Roman Catholicism in England during the last century; "Records of the English Catholics of 1715," compiled from the registers and other hitherto unpublished papers at the Record Office, by Mr. John Orlebar Payne; "Eucharistic Jewels," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; "Arceus: the Story of a Vocation," by Miss Drane; "Letters from St. Francis de Sales to Persons living in Religion," edited by the Rev. H. B. Mackey, with a Preface by the Bishop of Newport; a new and enlarged edition of "Spiritual Retreats," by the Archbishop of Bombay; a new edition of the "Life and Letters of Father Faber"; a second edition of "Edward the Sixth," by Dr. Lee; and "The Wandering Knight," a mediæval "Pilgrim's Progress," by a French Carmelite, from which Bunyan largely borrowed, now newly translated into English from the edition of 1572.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"SYLVIA's Ride for Life, and other original Ballads for Recitation, and the Fireside," by Frederick G. Webb; "Queer Fish, Character Sketches," by Robert Overton, new edition, with preface by Mrs. Fanny Stirling; "Speech Studies," by Edwin Drew, editor of the *Elocutionist*, with portrait of the author, dedicated to Sir Morell Mackenzie; Plays for Young Actors—"Prince Bulbo; or, The Rose and the Ring," dramatised from Thackeray, by Amy Whinyates; "Gabrielle; or, The Red Cap of Liberty," by Amy Whinyates, with four illustrations; "The Astrologer's Spell," a Persian sensational drama, by Averall; and "Aladdin

and the Wonderful Lamp," by Amy Whynates; "Corner's History of Ireland," new and revised edition, extended to 1888, with bibliography, questions, chronological table, and fresh illustrations; Practical Guide Books—"Macaws, Cockatoos, Parrakeets, and Parrots, their Natural History, Habits, and Peculiarities," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and Capt. Thomas Brown, with forty illustrations of the different species, by Joseph B. Kidd, with chapters on Oages and Diseases by Dr. Karl Russ; "Tricks with Cards, Sleight of Hand, Conjuring, Magic and Mystery," by Charles Gilbert; "Wool and Paper Flowers, and How to Make Them," with working diagrams, by Georgina O. Clark; "Gifts, Knick-Knacks, and Pretty Trifles," for fancy fairs and homes of taste, how to make them out of shreds and patches or next to nothing, by Georgiana O. Clark; "Handbook to Breeding, Diseases, Treatment, Care and Choice of Foreign Aviary Birds, &c.," such as Parrots, Lorys, &c., including how to Tame and Teach Birds to Speak, with chapters on Management, Cages, Seeds, Food Pastes, Dainties, &c., by Dr. Karl Russ; "Washing Day; how to avoid its Troubles and perform its Work," with detailed instructions for the proper washing of every article of household use, by Julia Fisher; "Fireworks; the Art of Making, and Chemical Surprises," by Charles Gilbert; "A Christmas Kiss," edited by Mrs. E. Day, being the Christmas Part of the *Little Ones' Own Coloured Picture Paper*, containing sixteen full pages of coloured pictures, over forty pages of illustrated letterpress by Irving Montagu, Miss Sinclair, &c., and riddles and puzzles by the editor, with monotint presentation plate; "Riverside Holidays; or, the Adventures of Violet, Jack, Robin, and May, four Children, during their Holidays in the Country," by Mrs. N. C. Bishop-Culpeper; "Golden Showers," consisting of twenty-four designs by A. Hanslip, with verses selected by Christine Forrest; "The Marriage Service," an emblematic souvenir, each page embellished with appropriate designs by Harry Rogers; "A Girl's Anticipation and Realisation of Marriage," consisting of twenty designs by Lucien Besche, printed in chromo-lithography, with descriptive letterpress; "Cats in Gloves Catch No Mice," by M. G. N. Hathway.

NOTES ON BULLEN'S OLD PLAYS, 1882-1885.

IV. VOL. IV.

"THE CAPTIVES; OR, THE LOST RECOVERED."

P. 99:

This play was entered for the Cock-pit company in 1624, and it is one of the greatest boons offered by Mr. Bullen to lovers of dramatic literature. It has not been previously printed. Anyone familiar with the plays of the late Elizabethan—or, rather, Shaksperian—era will, on reading this, be led to think with me that this one had been written some twenty years prior to 1624. I believe the general style will in itself prove this to a certain extent; but other considerations in favour of this view are not wanting, and probably more careful study would supply more. On p. 196, in a conversation between Ralph and the Clowne, the former says: "Englishe, sayst thou?" And the Clowne replies, "Or Brittithe, which you please." It was on October 24, 1604, that James I. formally took the style of "King of Great Britain," although the sovereigns were so called much earlier. There are numerous immediately contemporary allusions to be found to this. Thus in "Sharpham's Fleire" (1606):

"I did pray oftener when I was an Englishman, but I have not prayed often I must confesse since I was a Brittain. But dost hear Fleire? Canst

tell me if an Englishman were in debt, whether a Brittain must pay it or not?"

In Ben Jonson's "Masque of Blackness" (1605-6) occurs

"Britannia, whose new name makes all tongues sing."

This masque was in fact written in honour of, and to celebrate, the new style. Men's minds speedily get used to an ever-present novelty, and such an allusion as this in 1624 would be quite antediluvian. On p. 203, "The disease of Naples now turn'd French" would be also an out-of-date remark in 1624. In 1599, Carlo Buffone (call him Italian, or English, it is no matter in this argument) is quite jealous that the illness should be called French: "We have them in as good form as they, man"; and endless early instances occur in all the dramatists—far too many.

On p. 192 we have a sneering reference to the ghost of Albanact in the old tragedy of "Loocrine," ridiculously attributed at one time to Shakspeare. This, like Kyd's "Jeronimo," was favourite material for satirists; and Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," Peele's "Battle of Alcazar," and the early play of "A Warning for Fair Women," all indulge in adaptations. I am aware that a reference also occurs in Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," which was not acted till 1625, but probably written considerably earlier. The line in the present play is

"Helpe, Helpe! his murdered ghost is com from Hell

On earth to cry *Vindicta*."

Peele has "Three Ghosts, within, cry *Vindicta*."

Another consideration is the introduction of the mysterious personage Sarlaboye. He appears to have been a combination of pimp and medical charlatan, and Mr. Bullen tells us his speeches are scored through in the MS. In a previous play in this series, "The Tryall of Chivalry" (1605), there are two references to this individual. Bowyer boasts (p. 290, vol. iii.), "this sword kill'd Sarlaboye, that was one rogue"; and p. 350, "And their one Sarlaboye, as arrant a bloodsucker, and as notable a coward as ever drew weapon in a dawdy-house, he carries my marke about him." The latter passage identifies the two individuals; and, if we may regard the death of Sarlaboye as a reference to his being dramatically extinguished, this would go to prove not only that "The Captives" dates 1604-5, but also that in all probability the same author (Heywood) had a hand in both plays. At any rate, the weight of evidence in favour of an earlier appearance of this play than 1624 is unquestionable. I would assign it to the close of 1604, or the commencement of 1605.

P. 107:

"You so *intyre* mee to you."

This term is glossed in Halliwell and Wright's *Nares* with a query, "*Intyred*, wholly devoted?" with a quotation from Heywood's "English Traveller," "I once loved her, and was to her *intyrd*." ["Her" should be "him," see p. 70, Pearson's reprint.] In "The Lancashire Witchee," by the same author, it occurs again. "You so *intyre* me to you" (p. 175, Pearson.) The word was a favourite of Heywood's, and I cannot at present give an instance from any other author. Glarendon and others use the term as an adjective in the sense of "faithful," loyal, "whole of heart," and it is from this meaning that Heywood's verb is derived.

P. 122:

"Did you ever looke for better from a Judas of his *hoyre*?"

Corrupt passage. In favour of Mr. Bullen's reading, of which his footnote makes him appear to be doubtful, note the term next page:

"Thin-heyred, *Sand-bearded*." "Sandy hair" is not far off what was called Judas coloured.

P. 137:

"Anould bald fellowe, *hutch shoulder'd*, crooked-nos'd," and "hutch-back" for "hunch-back" occurs again in Heywood's "Iron Age" (p. 302, Pearson). The former means "shrug back," while the latter refers to the lump. But perhaps "hutch" in the former would bear the signification of "box backed," with a lump like a box or chest on the back. "Hutch-shoulder'd," however, seems to point to the "shrug" signification.

P. 143:

"Why, hoe, my whytinge mopp
Late scapt from *feeding haddocke*."

"To feed haddocke" was, and is still, a mannerly phrase for getting sea-sick. Heywood uses it again more than once in the "Iron Age."

P. 145:

"For whom weare you a fishing? *Mild. Marry, for Mayden*."

"Maidens" has here a double meaning, the primary one being, of course, to the "grindles" that were supposed to be drowned. "Maid" is, however, a well-known provincial term for a species of ray. "I'll help you *maids* and soles" ("Witch of Edmonton"). "The females of skates are generally called *maids*" (Yarrell). "Maiden-ray" is still sometimes heard. Another early instance occurs in "A Woman Never Yexed." "Salmon, pike, and fresh cod; soles, *maids*, and plaice."

P. 157:

"Downe with these sacrelligious *silerpooreales* [?],
these unsanctified *Sarlaboyes*."

The note of interrogation is, of course, editorial. A previous note of mine on p. 317 in the first volume of this series (ACADEMY, September 1), together with a consideration of the character of Sarlaboye (see my note at the beginning of the present play), will fully reveal the meaning of this passage and the force of the use of the old form of "Sarsaparilla."

P. 159:

"*Mild. Is this law? Godf. Yes Stafford's lawe*."

Halliwell quotes from Florio and Gotgrave, both dictionary instances, but illustrations in contemporary writers do not appear frequently. Heywood himself uses it again in "The Wise Woman of Hogsden" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, p. 331) "He to him with no law but *Stafford law*." Heywood is very consistent in adhering to his favourite words and phrases. Has this saying ever received full explanation? It does not occur in the folklore books that come readily to my hand.

P. 160:

"Wee have *tee strings* to our bow."

"Two" would be a preferable reading. The elder Heywood has "many strings to our bow" in his rhyming collection of proverbs. See Mr. Sharman's reprint of the 1546 edition, p. 65.

P. 161: "Cutler," at line 4, is apparently a misprint for "outler."

P. 183:

"Had I not drawne this *leward* out of the sea, where had it bin? all drownd by this."

This substantive use of the word signifying a "waif blown to leeward" is not, I think, commonly found. I have no other instance to produce. A curious term is in use on some parts of the east coast of Ireland with the same meaning—"lairy," and "left lairy" means cast up or left by the wind and tide. This term also I have no explanation of, unless it be the northern "lairy" (i.e., marly), left on the wet shore by the receding tide. But the term is strictly confined to "flotsam and jetsam," and may be connected with Heywood's use of "leeward."

P. 188 :

"Hee's where he is in *Comens*.

The curious reader will find this term explained in *Grose's Classical Dictionary*. There is here a reference to an old ballad extant in the Papsian Collection. See vol. iv. in this series, p. 340, and note in appendix.

P. 200 :

"Then I back one mare
Lest I should ryde another."

This expression for mounting the gallows occurs in *Urquhart's Rabelais* (v. 4). There is no equivalent in the French original. It has the form to "ride the two-legged (or "three-legged") mare."

"THE COSTLY WHORE."

P. 221 :

Introduction: Mr. Bullen argues, from various internal evidence, that this play was written circa 1613, about twenty years before it was acted. In alluding to the story of Bishop Hatto and the rats, as told in the play, he might have strengthened his case had he known whence the author probably derived it. It is told in *Coryat's Crudities* (pp. 571, 572)—a new and very popular book in 1613. How does it come to pass that "Mentz" is always written "Meeth" by the playwright? Is it anything but a blunder?

P. 231 :

"That gave you *conseils* [*sic*] to forswear such beautie."

This is not an uncommon earlier form for counsel. *Conseil* is Chaucerian. It was the Norman-French version.

P. 240 :

"The Iron Mills are excellent for that
I have a patent drawn to that effect."

Mr. Bullen's argument in favour of 1613 date for the play, because of the mention of iron mills and a patent for their erection, is a little weakened by the fact that "iron mills" are mentioned in Ben Jonson's "Fox," i. 1, written in 1605. Moreover, the petition he alludes to is one for a "renewal of letters patent." *Glass-making*, another part of the evidence on the strength of patents, is also mentioned in the same passage of the "Fox."

"Have no mills for iron;
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder.
I blow no subtle glass."

Sir John Harrington, in *Epigrams*, book ii. 83, 97, inveighs against iron mills and glass-making. These were printed in 1616, but some, at least, were written several years earlier.

P. 247: "Drithe," for dryness, is a curious form of "drought," or rather a parallel derivation retaining the parent sense more literally. It is given in *Huloet's Dictionary* as synonymous with "drought." "Druth" and "Drugte" are older Saxon forms.

P. 268: The editor shows that it was in the Parliament of 1601 that the exportation of ordnance was vigorously denounced. This allusion—"Away, cannibal, would'st thou ship ordnance,"—rather dates the play earlier than 1613.

INTRODUCTION TO "EVERIE WOMAN IN
HER HUMOR."

P. 299 :

Mr. Bullen comments here, very gently, on the anonymous playwright who "owes much more than the title of the play to Ben Jonson," and gives him credit for some "inventiveness of his own" in the "hard-working hostess, constantly repining at her lot, yet seemingly not dissatisfied at heart [with] the appearance of being a faithful transcript from life." She is a faithful transcript; but the original was Lollia in *Lewis*

Machin's excellent play, "The Dumb Knight" which was first printed in 1608 and entered on the stationer's books, October 6, in that year.

Any point, or happy saying, or interesting topical hit of the time which the reader seeks to illustrate in this play will at once be found to be plagiarism either from "The Dumb Knight" or Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," with a little help from "The Poetaster" and "Cynthia's Revels." I do not know any play that contains such a medley of souvenirs as the one before us; and what is original—that is to say, the setting upon which these pickings are mounted—is most unreadable stuff. As Mr. Bullen says, "The whole play would be tolerable, if the moralisings were cut out," which would leave little that is not borrowed.

P. 316 :

The terms *Boss* uses are probably those of the old game, "post and pair," in which, besides "pair royals," "sequences" also counted to the game; at least if, as appears to be the case, "post and pair" was nearly identical with "pair and sequence" of *Rabelais* and *Cotgrave*.

P. 317 :

"Conges and kisses, the tyre, the hood, the rebato, the loose-bodied gowne, the pin in the haire, and everie day change," &c.

Compare *Machin's* "Dumb Knight" (*Hazlitt's Dodsley*, x. 121, 2). On the following page (320) the passage beginning "You have a pretty Ruffe," &c., is taken verbatim from the same play at p. 122, vol. x., *Hazlitt's Dodsley*. On p. 324, "Venus and Adonis" is introduced, and *Machin* makes much use of the same poem (pp. 158, 9). It is not necessary to specify further instances.

P. 328 :

"Lentulus and he are turning the leaves of a dog-hay . . . leaves of a worm-eaten Chronicle."

This corrupt passage may easily be made intelligible. Probably for "dog-hay" we should read "dog-eared," and "leaves of a" has no doubt been accidentally repeated, read "leaves of a dog-eared, worm-eaten Chronicle."

P. 330 :

"These bowles which we roule and turn in our lower *sypher* are by use made wodden worldings right."

"Cypher" is a joiner's term for bevelling edges so as to make one edge into two. Perhaps this gives sense here, and a punning allusion to "sphere" is also intended.

P. 333 :

"To have the wine for one"

is an old saying which will be found noted upon by *Gifford* in Ben Jonson's "Staple of News." Whether the note is satisfactory or no I leave the reader to judge, especially when comparison is made with the present passage. *Gifford* gives no instance, nor have I met elsewhere with the phrase till I found it here.

H. CHICHESTER HART.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BELOT, Ad. *Mémoires*. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
BUSSIDON, Ch. *Abyssinie et Angleterre (Théodoros)*. *Perfidies et intrigues anglaises dévoilées*. Paris: Barbier. 3 fr. 50 c.
LAFFITTE, P. *Le Suffrage universel et le régime parlementaire*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
LEBOY DE LA MARCHE, A. *L'esprit de nos aïeux: anecdotes et bons mots, tirés des manuscrits du XIII^e Siècle*. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.
MÜLLER, E. R. *Heinrich Luffenberg, a. Literaturhistor.* Untersuchung. Berlin: Weber. 2 M. 40 Pf.
NECKELMANN, F. S. *Denkmäler der Renaissance in Dänemark*. Berlin: Wasmuth. 50 M.
SÜPFLE, Th. *Geschichte d. deutschen Kultureinflusses auf Frankreich m. besond. Berücksicht. der Literat.* Einwirk. 3. Bd. 1. Abtlg. Von Lessing bis zum Ende der romantischen Schule der Franzosen. Göttingen: Thienemann. 4 M.
ZOLA, Emile. *Le Réve*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ANSHELM, V. *Die Berner Chronik*. 3. Bd. Bern: Wyss. 6 M.
CORNILLON, J. *Le Bourbonnais sous la Révolution*. 1^{re}. Paris: Durand. 5 fr.
COULANGES, Fustel de. *Histoire des institutions politiques de l'ancienne France. La Monarchie française*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE, le Vice-amiral. *L'amira Roussin*. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
KRAUSS, F. *Die nordöstliche Steiermark*. Graz: Leykam. 3 M. 80 Pf.
MAYER, F. M. *Steiermark im Franzosenzeitaler. Nach neuen Quellen*. Graz: Leykam. 2 M.
MORIS, H. *Journal de Bord du Balli de Suffren dans l'Inde 1781-1784*. Paris: Challamel. 10 fr.
NATZMER, E. E. v. *Unter den Hohenzollern. Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben d. Generals Oldwig v. Natzmer. 4. Bd. 1848-1891*. Göttingen: Perthes. 6 M.
POLOVTSOFF, Le Duc de Richelieu: correspondance et documents (1768-1822). Paris: Châmpion. 12 fr.
THEYRAS, G. *Garibaldi en France: Dôle, Autun, Dijon*. Paris: Châmpion. 10 fr.
UNGER, G. F. *Der Gang d. altrömischen Kalenders*. München: Franz. 3 M. 50 Pf.
WAGNER, A. *Finanzwissenschaft. 3. Spezielle Steuerlehre. 3. Hft. Die französ. Besteuerung seit 1789*. Leipzig: Winter. 4 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DUBAND, Th. *Index generum phanerogamorum usque ad finem anni 1887 promulgatorum in Benthami et Hookeri "genera plantarum" fundatis cum numero specierum, synonymis et area geographica*. Berlin: Borntraeger. 20 M.
GOSSELET, A. *L'Ardenne*. Paris: Baudry. 50 fr.
GRAEPE, F. *Aufgaben u. Lehrsätze aus der analytischen Geometrie d. Raumes insbesondere der Flächen zweiten Grades*. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.
HARTMANN, E. v. *Lotze's Philosophie*. Leipzig: Friedrich. 4 M.
PABST, C. *Leitfaden der theoretischen Optik*. Halle: Schmidt. 1 M. 25 Pf.
SCHAAFFHAUSEN, H. *Der Neanderthaler Fund*. Bonn: Marcus. 6 M.
SCHROETER, H. *Die Theorie der ebenen Kurven dritter Ordnung*. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- ESS, F. *Quaest. Philol. dissertatio II. De praepos. c. abl. apud Plin. Sec. usu*. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.
KÖHLER, G. *Syntactische Untersuchungen üb. Les quatre livres des Rits*. Erlangen: Deichert. 1 M. 50 Pf.
LANDGRAF, G. *Untersuchungen zu Caesar u. seinen Fortsetzern insbesondere üb. Autorschaft u. Komposition d. Bellum Alexandrinum u. Africatum*. Erlangen: Deichert. 3 M.
MIDDENDORFF, H. *Studien üb. Richard Rolle v. Hampole unter besond. Berücksicht. seiner Psalmencommentare*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
SCUDERHJELM, W. *De Saint-Laurent: Poëma Anglo-Normand du XII^e Siècle*. Paris: Welter. 4 M.
STANGL, Th. *Tulliana et Mario-Victoriniana*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
WISSMANN, F. O. *De genere dicendi Xenophonteo deque prioris Hellenicorum partis conditione quaestiones selectae*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ZACHER, K. *Die Aussprache d. Griechischen*. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

Oxford: Sept. 20, 1888.

The Book of Lismore, an Irish MS. of the fifteenth century, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, contains, in fo. 151 b 2, a bit of folklore, of which the following is a literal translation:

- "A year for the stake (*suaille*).
Three years for the field (*gort*).
Three lifetimes of the field for the hound (*cu*).
Three lifetimes of the hound for the horse (*ech*).
Three lifetimes of the horse for the human being (*duine*).
Three lifetimes of the human being for the stag (*dam allaid*).
Three lifetimes of the stag for the osel (*lom*).
Three lifetimes of the osel for the eagle (*slar*).
Three lifetimes of the eagle for the salmon (*bradan*).
Three lifetimes of the salmon for the yew (*iuabar*).
Three lifetimes of the yew for the world from its beginning to its end."

There is a poem on the same subject in the Book of Fermoy (a MS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy), and Mr. S. H. O'Grady has pointed out to me two short notes dealing with the same matter in Irish MSS. in the British Museum. From the tale of the trans-migrations of Tuan (L.U., pp. 15, 16), it may be inferred that the Irish of the eleventh century held four of the oldest animals to be

the stag, the wild boar, the hawk, and the salmon.

The Welsh had similar traditions: see the *Mabinogion*, ed. Guest, ii. 297; Rhys, *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 555; and a paper by Prof. Cowell of Cambridge, in *Y Gymnrodor* for October, 1882,* entitled "The Legend of the Oldest Animals." But in Wales the order of the animals was as follows: ouzel, stag, owl, eagle, salmon. Or thus: eagle, stag, salmon, ouzel, toad, owl. Or, lastly, according to Ap Gwilym, in his poem, *Yr Oed*: eagle, stag, owl—the lifetime of an eagle being, apparently, thrice as long as that of a man.

The parallel Greek tradition is given in the following fragment of Hesiod (ed. Lehrs, fragm. 103):

Ἐνθά τοι βίη γυνεὺς λακέρυζα κορώνη
ἀνδρῶν γαρύγανον· ἔλαφος δὲ τε τετρακόρυτος·
τρίαι δ' ἐλάφους δ' κόραξ γαρύσκειται. Ἀνὰ δ' οὖν φόνις
ἰνέει τοὺς κόρακας· δέκα δ' ἡμεῖς τοὺς φόνικας
νύμφαι ἐπὶ λακάμοι, κοῦραι δὲ αἰγιόχοιο.

Compare also Aristoph. *Aves*, 610, and Auson. *Idyll*, xviii. Prof. Cowell (*ubi supra*) seems to have overlooked the Greek tradition; but he quotes two Buddhistic stories, in one of which the animals whose ages are compared are a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant, and in the other a vulture and an owl. He also maintains that the legend originated in India.

Can any of the readers of the ACADEMY supply any other parallels? I have been told that there is one in the Old-Norse literature.

WHITLEY STOKES.

HATTON MS. 93.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: Oct. 2, 1893.

Mr. Whitley Stokes has kindly called my attention to the above MS. in the Bodleian Library; and, as nothing is generally known of it beyond a brief and misleading description in the printed catalogue of 1697, I think that a short account of its contents may be of interest to some of your readers.

It contains a Latin treatise, written in a beautiful Irish hand of the ninth century, and entitled, in a modern, probably sixteenth-century, hand, "De Officio Missae."

It commences thus:

"Primum in ordine missae antifona ad introitum canitur. Antifona graece, latine uox reciproca, interpretatur. In quo genere cantationis duo uicissim chori reciprocando melodiorum cantus alternant, uel unius uox reflexuosa ab alteri reciprociterque respondit. Introitus namque ab introduendo est dictum, eo enim cantu ad sanctae modulationis officia intratur, uel tunc christiani religionis congregatio ecclesiam intrans ad ceteras officiorum laudes preparat se intenturam," &c.

I have not been able, at present, to identify this tract with any of the similar expositions of mediaeval ritualists in the collections of Martene, Hittorpian, &c. It presents no particular features of interest. It contains no Irish words or glosses, nor any allusions to Irish liturgical customs. In short, there is nothing to show its history, or where it was written, beyond the fact that it is a beautiful specimen of early Irish handwriting, with distinctly Irish peculiarities of abbreviation, &c., well deserving a place in any series of palaeographical facsimiles. It is written on a coarse and somewhat dark and stained vellum, 8½ by 4½ inches. The signatures are peculiar. The number of lines on a page increases from fourteen to fifteen on fol. 28; but there is no sign of a change of scribe throughout. The large opening initial P is a good specimen of Irish ornamentation. Patches of dark green, yellow, and red, with the occasional use of circumambient red dots, are employed in filling up the

* For a reference to this paper I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Nutt.

interstices of capital letters, which, with the exception of the opening P and of a T on fol. 19, are not much larger than the ordinary letters of the text.

Other matters of interest are contained in this MS. volume. On the blank space of fol. 41a there is a copy of a letter from Pope Innocent II. to King Henry I., of England, written in 1132, alluding to his recent coronation of the Emperor Lothaire at Rome, to the hot weather there, and begging the king to advance the interests of the Roman Church in this country. On fol. 41b there is another letter, written by the monks of St. Mary of Worcester to Reginald, Abbot of Evesham, exhorting him to amity in connexion with a dispute which raged during the Episcopate of Simon, Bishop of Worcester (1125-51), and which was the cause of an appeal to Rome. Has either of these letters been published? Both deserve the attention of historians.

Fol. 42 is a leaf of an Anglo-Saxon missal which once, probably, belonged to Worcester, and which I would assign to the latter part of the tenth century. It contains much mutilated portions of six collects and of two proper prefaces—parts of votive masses "pro amico"—all of which can be traced in the Leofric Missal, except the preface commencing "Implor[antes tuas] maiestatis misericordiam," which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Missal of Robert of Jumieges, now at Rouen. An eleventh-century scribe has inserted on fol. 41b this inaccurate title, or rubric, "massa pro pegerendum." It is not a "missa pro itinerantibus," but a "missa pro amico fideli aut deuoto."

On the top margin of fol. 42a is the following receipt (for a cold?):

"Accipe has herbas, ysopum, marubium, senecium, et coque in uino aut in ceruicia, ita ut tertia pars sit cocta, et due partes remaneant, bibasque tepidam: ysopum incidet, alias duas herbas integras coques. At ubi habebis potatum, iterum mittes uinum aut ceruicam mollem cum herbis ante coctis, et coques sicut primitus fecisti. Hoc ter facere potes, si uis. Butirum, sine sale, simul mitte, si uis."

On the left margin of fol. 42b there are written two sets of lines, of twelve lines each; the first set beginning:

"Prima dies mensis et septima truncat ut ensis"; the second set beginning:

"Principium iani sancti tropicus capricornus."

Both series of hexameters are too well known to students of ancient calendars to need to be set forth at length in your columns.

F. E. WARREN.

BECKERY = HIBERNIA-PARVA AND BEG-ERIN.

Wynfrid, Clevedon: Oct. 2, 1888.

I have before now encountered the question about "Beckery" = "Hibernia-Parva," near Glastonbury, and "Beg-Erin." In a letter which I received, dated February 24, 1877, from the late Rev. J. F. Shearman, of Howth, author of *Loca Patriciana*, he wrote:

"At p. 70. Little Ireland, is very interesting. We have in Wrexford, Beelre or Beg-Erin, little Ireland. I suppose Beck is equivalent to our *Beg*, 'small,' 'little.'"

My reply was, that, passing by the strained identification, the termination *y*, or *is*, or *ea*, is common to many names of places in the "More," or drained marsh, or drained estuary, or mere, around Glastonbury, and arises from that natural situation. An essential part of the name Erin is thus lost by being otherwise accounted for. There can, however, be no doubt that there was a very great amount of intercourse with this part of Britain by the early Irish Christians, attested by the large

number of their dedications of churches with which both shores of the Bristol Channel are studded, besides a considerable margin inland.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

"ZABA" AND "SATT" IN THE DIALECT OF CREMONA.

London: Oct. 2, 1893.

My answer to Prince Bonaparte's last letter is that, though in the Cremonese dialect there are undoubtedly two sounds for the letter *z*—viz., a soft *z*, like the English in "zeal" (as *zaba*, *zavaj*, *zeel*, *zimarra*, *zireort*), and a hard *z*, something like the German *ts* (as *zappa*, *zappell*, *zoff*, *zoppa*, *supell*), the initial letter for the Cremonese word for "toad" is neither a soft nor a hard *z*, but a sharp *s*, and the word sounds "ssatt," and belongs to the series of words which in the Milanese dialect begin with *sci*, and in the Cremonese with *ss*, as:

Mil.	Cremon.	Engl.
Sciavattin	Ssavateon	(Cobbler).
Scibaluun	Seabeloon	(Bandy-legged).
Scioreesa	Seereesa	(Cherry).
Scimbia	Sdmia	(Monkey).
Scifun	Seifoon	(Night-table).
Sciatt	Seatt	(Toad).
Sciattin	Seateon	(Small Toad).
Sciataun	Seatoun	(Large Toad, also commonly applied to children).

F. SACCHI.

"RACK" AS A HORSE'S PACE.

Mendham, N. J.: Sept. 24, 1893.

The word "rack," which puzzles Mr. Hart (*ACADEMY*, September 15, p. 170), is very generally used in most parts of the United States. It denotes a much prized saddle-gait, for which the horses of Kentucky and Tennessee are particularly celebrated. The "rack" is neither a trot nor a "pace"; it is rather something intermediate between the two. In thinking that it is the same as the canter Mr. Hart is mistaken. A thoroughbred horse never racks. I have heard that in England both racking and pacing horses are altogether unknown. If this be true, the fact would account for Mr. Hart's embarrassment.

JOHN BAXTER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 15, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Bones of the Human Body," III., by Prof. J. Marshall.
THURSDAY, Oct. 18, 4 p.m. College of Physicians: Harveian Oration, by Dr. Latham.
FRIDAY, Oct. 19, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Joints of the Human Body," by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Shakespeare Idolatry," by Mr. T. Tyler.

SCIENCE.

THE ZOOLOGY OF THE GRÆCO-ROMAN WORLD.

Thiere des Classischen Alterthums in Cultur-geschichtlicher Beziehung. Von O. Keller. (Innsbruck: Wagner; London: Nutt.)

THE zoology of the Græco-Roman world, still imperfectly understood, is a subject of great importance as touching the history of civilisation at many points. It is an idle question, perhaps, but still an interesting one, to ask what were all the strange beasts which the efforts of imperial collectors got together to amuse the gaping public of Rome. What were the *arcoleontes* exhibited by the third Gordian? Was the *hippotigris* of Caracalla a zebra? When an ancient writer was puzzled about an animal, he generally put it

down as a hybrid; but we shrink from cutting the knot thus, and the *arcoleontes* remain a puzzle. Dr. Keller's book does not, it is true, deal with such mysterious creatures; but we find in it a full and interesting account of more important matters, of authentic animals in their relations to the human society of the time, of the ape, the camel, wild cattle, chamois and its cognates, deer, eagles, seals, dolphins, bears, lions, and other beasts of prey, the fox, the hippopotamus, the goose; in fact, of every leading animal except the snake. Considering the importance of snakes in ancient legends, we take the omission rather in ill part. We should like to know which snake it was that represented the ghost of Anchises at his tomb, and what basis of fact underlies Virgil's picture of the monsters who were the ministers of divine wrath against Laocoon. What snake was it that ate the nine little birds at Aulis? What was the sacred serpent of the Athenian acropolis, which frightened the countrywomen of Aristophanes? and what the snake whom Alexander of Abonoteichos persuaded to wear a human mask? But, after all, we must be grateful for what we have, and confess that Dr. Keller has given us a mass of curious information, such as we can give little idea of in a short notice.

In an essay on each animal he tells us what can be made out about its distribution; its connexion, if any, with historical facts; the origin of its names; its relations to mythology and thence to art; and how it was caught or killed. One man, says M. Aurelius, is as proud when he has caught a Sarmatian as another is when he has caught a bear. But some of the hunter's plans were very un-sportsmanlike, descending even to the use of poison. Then we read of what was done with the creature, if alive, and what its body or skin was used for when it was dead. The chapter on the nightingale leads to glimpses of Greek home-life, and one hears with some astonishment that the bird used to be kept alive in a cage under the chair of its mistress.

Very far-reaching were the connexions between animal-life and the mythology of the Greeks and Orientals, and strange are the forms in which their mythology found expression in art—art sometimes carrying on a religious tradition, of which the meaning must have been quite lost for the sculptor. One of the best illustrations of this is the series of monuments put together by Dr. Keller to illustrate the various steps which connect the Boy and Goose of Boethos with Assyrian or Persian figures of deity strangling geese or other creatures as a symbol of the godhead controlling nature. The imagery was traditional; its meaning was forgotten; it was reduced to smaller proportions and gentler forms, till at last we come to the work of Boethos; just as the statue of Apollo killing the lizard, which many a modern lover of living things has found rather repulsive, can be traced back to the motive of a sun-god ridding mankind of the vermin of summer. Less convincing, but at all events curious, are the comparisons of the two winged cherubs on the footstool of Jehovah in the ark, with the two lions of Mykenae and the two golden eagles of Delphi; and the comparison of Zeus flying with two eagles (on a gem in the

British Museum), with Jehovah riding the storm with cherubs (Psalm 18-10).

In many ways, too, does the ancient zoology reach up into history and even into literary questions. No panthers existed in Europe, and, therefore, the *Iliad*, which describes them so truly, must have had an Asiatic origin. The tiger is not to be seen on the reliefs of Nineveh or Babylon, nor did Xenophon find him among the other big game of the *Anabasis*; but, among the confusion and warfare which followed the fall of the Persian empire, the tiger seems to have pushed forward to the westward. So, too, the wolf multiplied in Italy with the depopulation of the country under Roman rule; and the jackal, formerly unknown in the West, must have followed the barbarian hordes into Greece, where he is still to be found. The Roman shows had the effect of driving the hippopotamus out of Lower Egypt, as Theophrastus complains; but, with the dying out of the shows, the great beast moved north again, and, by the end of the twelfth century, was abundant about Damietta. The Arab masters of the country had no *venationes*.

Dr. Keller's facts are, for the most part, carefully sifted; but he does not point out the universal error of the ancients in making the hen-nightingale sing. Nor does he cast any doubt upon Pliny's story that geese were driven from the north of France to Rome to be eaten. In what sort of condition would a goose be who (like a mediæval pilgrim) had travelled on foot over the Alps to the Eternal City? We should be glad, too, if the scientific (Latin) name of each species were invariably given.

As Englishmen, we are glad to see that Dr. Keller found the British Museum collections very useful. They must have been opened to him more liberally than to most British visitors. When the galleries are not blocked by precautions against mischief, they seem to be regularly closed for rearrangement.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT'S *Old-High-German Primer* (Oxford: Clarendon Press) is a careful and scholarly piece of work. The variety of dialects and of orthographical forms in Old-High-German renders it a difficult task to write a satisfactory elementary grammar of the language; but the author has succeeded remarkably well in combining simplicity and brevity with accuracy. It may perhaps be questioned whether in a "primer" it would not have been better to adopt a more empirical method of treatment. This, however, depends on the class of students who may use the book. For those who have no previous knowledge of any early Teutonic language, the details of comparative phonology given in the opening chapters will be merely embarrassing; but the learner who has already a fair knowledge of Anglo-Saxon or Gothic will find this information of the greatest practical value in aiding him to master the accidence. As it is not likely that many students in this country will take up Old-High-German before Old-English, Dr. Wright's method is probably the best. The reading lessons, which occupy about fifty pages, appear to be taken, with a few exceptions, from Braune's *Lesebuch*, and include extracts from "Tatian" and Otfrid, with the "Ludwigslied" and "Muspilli." The texts are accompanied by brief notes and a carefully

prepared glossary. Dr. Wright's English, by the way, is sometimes rather foreign in idiom: we do not usually say "falls together with" in the sense of *fällt zusammen mit*.

WE have received an *Elementarbuch der Sanskrit-sprache*, by Dr. Wilhelm Geiger (Munich: Kaiser), which closely resembles in size and plan the well-known manual of Stenzler. It consists of a grammar, reading lessons, and glossary. The grammar seems better adapted to the needs of beginners than that of Stenzler, clearness being gained by the omission of exceptional and rare forms which are better learned at a more advanced stage of the student's progress. The choice of reading lessons is somewhat original. The longest extract is the episode of Sāvitrī from the *Mahābhārata*, and the rest are taken from the *Pankatantra* and the *Kathā-sarīt-sāgara*. A few footnotes are given, relating chiefly to points of construction and of word-division. The glossary gives the "principal parts" of the verbs—a useful novelty in books of this kind. The book is certainly, for its size, the easiest introduction to Sanskrit that we have seen.

THE Annual Report read before the Société Asiatique by Prof. James Darmesteter—who has succeeded in this capacity M. Renan—forms a little volume of some 160 pages (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale). It opens with an obituary, which includes the names of two honorary members—Prof. Fleischer, of Berlin, who studied Arabic at Paris under Silvestre de Sacy in 1827; and Maneckji Oursedji Shroff, of Bombay, the helper of Burnouf, and the first Parsi to visit Europe, to be elected a member of the Asiatic Society, and to be appointed sheriff of his native city. The survey of oriental research during the year is divided into ten headings: (1) India, Cambodia, and Campā, in which we have a summary of the work done by the late Abel Bergaigne on the *Sanhita* of the Rig Veda, by M. Senart upon the inscriptions of Asoka, by M. Darmesteter himself upon the Persian element in the *Mahābhārata*, and by M. Aymonier upon the inscriptions of Further India; (2) Persia, with an account of M. Amiaud's theory regarding the origin of Cyrus, of M. Dieulafoy's explorations, and of the rival views of M. Oppert and M. Halévy concerning the source of the Persian alphabet; (3) Phœnicia and Carthage; (4) Judæa and Judaism—which our own Asiatic Society entirely neglects; (5) Syria, including Syriac; (6) Arabia and the Musalman World; (7) Assyria and Chaldaea, including the still mysterious Hittites, whom M. Halévy declares to be of Semitic stock; (8) Egypt, where the names of MM. Maspero, Revillout, Lefébvre, Amelineau, and Groff, are, of course, prominent; (9) Turkey; and (10) China, Annam, and Japan, where special attention is given to the numerous papers of M. de Harlez. M. Darmesteter concludes with a warning against excessive specialism, in view of the intimate connexions that are now being ascertained between the peoples of the ancient world.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. LATHAM will deliver the annual Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians on Thursday next, October 18, at 4 p.m.

AN exhaustive monograph on *The Ardennes*, by Prof. Gossélet, of Lille, has just been published as one of the memoirs of the geological survey of France. This work, representing the labour of many years, gives an elaborate description of the physical features and geological structure of the ancient rocks which form the western extremity of the great Hercynian range of mountains, separating the northern plains from the plateaux of Central Europe. Prof. Gossélet's monograph is copiously illustrated

with maps, sections, and photogravures, and promises to remain for a long time the standard work upon this region.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE second and concluding volume of Prof. Schrader's *Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*, translated by Prof. Owen Whitehouse; is at last completed, and will be published shortly. The delay has been caused by the many additions and corrections supplied by the author, and a number of additions of recent contributions to Assyriology which have been added by the translator. Messrs. Williams & Norgate are the publishers.

HERR JOHANN MARTIN SCHLEYER, the inventor of Volapük, died on Tuesday last, October 9, at Constance, of which town he was a native. He was in his fifty-second year. It was only in 1879 that his first book on Volapük was published; and the number of his followers in all countries is already estimated at a quarter of a million. It is stated that his authority, as head of the Volapükists, will now pass to his pupil, Prof. Aug. Kerckhoffs, of Dutch origin, who has long been settled in Paris as a teacher of languages in a commercial school.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions M. Joseph Halévy—who is nothing if not original—propounded an entirely new view concerning the Cimmerians, the "Gomer" of Genesis and the "Gimir" of the Assyrians. Rejecting the received opinion which places them originally in Europe, whence they crossed into Asia Minor, M. Halévy would recognise their cradle in a town of Central Cappadocia called Chamane or Chammanene, which an inscription of Sargon names "Kimir." If the Greeks, from Herodotus downward, believed their original home to be on the north-east shore of the Black Sea, that is because they found there various places called Cimmeris or Cimmerium, while the name of Kimir or Gimir had disappeared from Asia Minor together with the arrival of the Medes. But, according to M. Halévy, these Cimmerian towns on the Black Sea were really colonies from Cappadocia, founded earlier than the eighth century B.C. M. Menant confessed himself unconvinced by this theory.

THE *Classical Review* for October is made up mainly of notices of books. But it also contains Prof. Jebb's Greek Ode on the Bologna celebration, some notes by the Rev. Dr. C. Taylor on the text of the *Διάκ*, and a short article on the chronology of the Solonian legislation, by Mr. T. Case. We are glad to learn that the permanence of this excellent periodical—which may be called indispensable to the classical schoolmaster—has been secured by means of arrangements with Messrs. Ginn, of Boston. Beginning with the January number, an additional sheet will afford space for contributions from American scholars; while Profs. Seymour of Yale, Wright of Harvard, and Hale of Johns Hopkins, have agreed to act as an editorial committee for the United States.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, October 3.)

W. H. COWAN, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read on Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," by Mr. Frederick Rogers. "It is not often," said Mr. Rogers, "that a new development in literary art is ushered in by the applause of the common people. But 'Tamburlaine the Great' was a popular as well as an epoch-making play. Popular in the best, as well as in the worst, sense; popular, because it reflected alike the chivalry and the cruelty of the age in which it was written; epoch-

making because it was the first play acted in England that was written in blank verse, and having seen it men could go back to the old forms no more. But the popular audiences who applauded 'Tamburlaine' were utterly unconscious that the play which was giving them such keen pleasure was also effecting a revolution in dramatic and literary art; and the faults of it, which lie so near the surface for us, were not faults, but rather merits to them. They would understand the passion, and in a dim, half unconscious way, would understand the poetry of it; but the 'great and thundering speech' of Tamburlaine would appeal to them most, and would stir the same emotions and win the same applause that a noisy and sensational player wins from the gallery of to-day. It is a young man's play—a young man who came out of the ranks of the people, and not from among its leaders, and who, therefore, had within him many popular sympathies and popular prejudices, which his education at Cambridge might modify but would not entirely destroy. At the first glance there is much that appears superficial and childish in the aims of Tamburlaine. Tremendous energy, almost superhuman power, put forth for no higher purpose than the 'sweet fruition of an earthly crown.' But we find also in the play such a picture of the vicissitudes and misfortunes attending upon royal power and material splendour as had surely never been presented in English dramatic literature before. An epoch-making play, indeed, for it showed the men of that age that all the things they were admiring and worshipping—kings, queens, titles, thrones, even nations and kingdoms—were mere pawns to be moved hither and thither upon the chessboard of the world by any man whose supreme genius and determined will had conquered the rules of the game. A dangerous truth this, if they had been capable of understanding it, which the stage had never taught them before. Tamburlaine, notwithstanding his cruel nature, has a full share of the indomitable spirit which marked the heroes of the Elizabethan age, and is more an Elizabethan than a mediæval conqueror. There is an undercurrent of contempt for the trumpery trinkets which are the highest prizes the world can offer, and in the lulls of warfare he finds time to muse on the great spiritual realities. He conquers kings, and gives their crowns to his inferior officers. The pleasure that he values is that which comes of the exercise of his all-conquering power. The whole play is full of a profound contempt for royalty. The tributary kings are mere accessories to the mighty soldier. They occupy positions very much like those of supernumeraries in a modern pantomime. A gaoler who is false to his trust is made a king; kings are harnessed to chariots and made to do the work that slaves sometimes did in Egypt and Rome, are led about by common soldiers, beaten with whips, kept in cages, used as footstools; and the kings of Natolia and Jerusalem are described as 'two spare kings,' who are kept as men keep post horses—to be used when the other kings are tired. All this, said Colonel Cunningham, is 'glorious rant.' So no doubt it is, and it makes us laugh when it is not meant to; but, in an age when royalty was worshipped, was ever royalty so satirised before? But Tamburlaine is himself a king—a king of kings! Yes! but, by virtue of no divine right—by his splendid energy and his intellectual power. With all its imperfections on its head, 'Tamburlaine' remains for us a great English play, for in it are revealed in all their strange distorted splendour the romantic hopes and fancies of a poet who was filled with the spirit of a romantic age. Half a pagan, yet not blind to the spiritual beauty of the creed of Christ, Kit Marlowe played with the objects of men's reverence and worship as children play with toys. Not because he was without reverence for things worthy of it, but because he saw that neither the secrets of nature, nor the forces and motives which govern the actions of men, were in the keeping of kings or of churches, but were ready to become the servants of any man who had learned the secrets of their control. Not for him was any such mighty task, for he had not learned the initial secret of all—how to control himself! Like his Tamburlaine, he was a giant in his aspirations, but a headstrong boy in his actions. But because he was quickened with the life of his time, he reveals in his very imper-

fections that life to us. Life seemed to him—as it did to so many of his fellows—only a time for play and enjoyment. But men living in a time of reformation, when old things are passing away, and when passion and imagination are alike on fire with visions of a new world, must not be judged, and cannot be understood, by the standards of a colder time. Man, free, controlling all things in the world that seemed so fair, this was what Marlowe saw. What he did not see was that, before man could control the universe, he must first control the warring passions within his own breast. This was the truth that lay buried among the superstitions of the churches he despised—the truth that he, living always in an atmosphere of passion, would be the last to see and to learn."

FINE ART.

Marine Painting. By Walter W. May. (Cassell.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS observes in one of his discourses that the edifice of art has been gradually raised by the contributions of the great men of past ages, and that "much may now be taught which it required vast genius to discover." But to this proposition it may be objected that successful painters, like keen fishermen, are, as a rule, somewhat chary of imparting information concerning the means by which their successes have been attained. Philanthropy has limits, and no man can expect to be told patterns of flies. This particularly applies to painters whose works are noted for some special quality of tone or colour, such, for instance, as those of Mr. May, or Capt. May, as he would be styled by "old Arctics" and naval men who knew him before he exchanged the sword for the brush, when he sailed "the briny deep" instead of depicting it by means of pen and pencil; and we ought, therefore, to be doubly grateful to him for taking us to some extent behind the scenes.

Capt. May is well known as one of our foremost marine painters, and is a deservedly popular member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; while his exhibition of Madeira sketches last year added fresh laurels to his reputation. He has few rivals as regards truth and refinement of colour in his rendering of sea and sky, and fewer still in the subtle delicacy and purity of his atmospheric effects; while his thorough technical knowledge of vessels of every description is a sound guarantee for the correctness of his drawing. Many a good picture has been marred by mistakes arising from a lack of nautical knowledge, such as the introduction of vessels "on the same tack with two different winds, or one vessel sailing in exactly opposite direction to another, with the sails the same and the wind the same." Of course, no amount of mere verbal instruction will enable a student to paint a picture. But such hints and illustrations as are contained in Capt. May's valuable little book will help to smooth many initial difficulties; and when patient endeavour has given a certain amount of power and freedom, they will indicate the way to higher efforts, and will be more and more appreciated with each stride in advance. There is, in fact, a great deal more in this book than appears on the surface. It is the work not only of a skilful artist but of a thorough seaman, and embodies the results of many years of training and experience in both capacities. In this respect

it is quite unique; and, as it will probably become the standard manual of marine painting, it may be hoped that the author will open still further his stores of knowledge, and that future editions will be considerably extended.

Although Capt. May's book will be of great value to art students, it will perhaps be even more warmly welcomed by sailors, who have hitherto been unable to obtain anything at all comparable to it. In the thoroughbred seaman, to whom the changeable moods of sea and sky are an open book, and who regards his ship almost as a sentient being, there is often more poetic feeling and artistic perception than he is himself aware of, and the wealth of material at his disposal is as boundless as the very ocean. He is brought face to face with nature in her sternest and her gentlest aspects, from the chaos of opposing ice-floes, the fury of a typhoon, or the terrors of a volcanic eruption, to the dreamy loveliness of southern seas, or the glowing beauties of tropical islands; and he may be engaged in stirring adventures in his country's service, or in the more peaceful, but deeply interesting, field of discovery and exploration. With such opportunities forming a part of his very existence, a sailor may bring home drawings which prove to be beneficial to his countrymen, and, it may be added, highly profitable to himself. Unfortunately, the talent indisputably possessed by many officers in the navy and merchant service often lies dormant, owing to the difficulty of obtaining instruction when they are on one side of the world and the nearest art school is on the other. To such men Capt. May's book will prove a priceless boon; and, should it hereafter be included in the list of works with which every young officer must be provided at the outset of his career, as well as in the catalogues of the libraries supplied by the Admiralty, it may lead to results of no slight value.

In marine painting two things are of essential importance. The first, of course, is the study of the sea and sky; the second, the "peopling" the sea with numerous objects in the shape of vessels and craft of every description. And, as Capt. May regretfully observes, "the artist has already to keep a sharp look-out for the picturesque craft of the past, as iron and steam have almost done away with the numerous objects of marine interest that Stanfield and others rejoiced in." Iron steamers discharging cargo amid volumes of black smoke are, indeed, a poor substitute for the picturesque groups of shipping with sails loosed which were to be seen in every port until quite recently, though it is possible, as some modern painters have proved, to turn even steamers to good account. But to take one of the grim black monsters which have superseded the graceful frigates and stately line-of-battle ships of the last generation, and are about as pleasing to the eye as an American cooking-stove, as the *motif* of a "picture," which has been defined as "an arrangement of one or more objects and accessories so as to afford an agreeable subject of contemplation," is an enterprise on which we should like to have the views of Mr. Ruskin; and, until this difficulty has been overcome, the Alexanders of marine painting need not weep.

We cannot part with this useful and dainty little book without expressing the opinion that it is highly creditable to all concerned in its production. It is illustrated by sixteen excellent chromolithographs, which may be easily detached for mounting; and the explanatory letterpress is clear and concise—if anything perhaps a little too concise. Its binding recalls to mind the deep blue water of the gulf stream, and looks extremely well on a drawing-room table; and, finally, its marvellous cheapness brings it within the reach of all.

GEORGE T. TEMPLE.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF EARLY MINIATURISTS AND SCRIBES.

Oxford: September, 1888.

IN turning over my archaeological notes and portfolios I have met with a few additional names of early miniaturists and scribes omitted in my two articles in the *ACADEMY* of September 17, 1887, and September 8, 1888, which I beg to forward.

I may add that in my last-mentioned article (*ACADEMY*, No. 853, p. 157, middle column, last line but one), the word "lithographed" was printed by mistake for "photographed."

J. O. WESTWOOD.

Among the MSS. stolen by Libri, and sold by him to Lord Ashburnham, was the Book of the Gospels of St. Gatien at Tours (where I searched for it in vain). It was written by an Irish scribe who has inserted his name on the recto of the last leaf of the codex.

"Ego HOLCUNDUS mihi trinitas misereator (for misereatur) Amen. Precor vos omnes xpiani ut pro me commonem de dipredimini (for deprece-mini)." &c.

Facsimiles of the commencement of St. Matthew's Gospel and of the text, as well as of the first line of the inscription of the writer's name, were published in the *Nouv. Tr. Diplomatique*, vol. iii., plates 37 and 55, pp. 86 and 383. I am informed that the volume has been restored to France. The name "Holcundus" (in Irish Oll-chond) was misread by Ruinart (*Gregor. Turon.* app. col. 1328) as "Holafndus."

This codex has obtained importance, having been used by Sabatier and Blanchini in their work on the ancient versions of the Bible. It is a quarto, with the text written in large rude Irish hand; and it would have been interesting to have collated it; when in England, with the Rushworth and Lichfield Gospels and the Book of Kells. The commencement of each gospel is written in a large coarsely ornamented Irish style, far inferior to the MSS. last mentioned. For the sake of deception, Libri had inscribed in brown coloured ink on the last leaf "Mo[n]asterii S. Zenonis majoris Veronae" in a hand imitating that of a scribe of the middle ages.

In the Library of the Abbey of St. Gall, I found the portrait of NOTKER in a volume of his translation of the Psalms, "Notkeri Labonis Translatio Psalmorum" (Cod. No. 21), with the inscription:

"Notker Teutonicus Dñō finitur amicis,
Gaudet ille locis in Paradisiacis."

In another codex in the library of the same abbey is a contemporary drawing of the monkish writer "LVTHIERUS" presenting his volume to "S. Gallus."

In the public library of the town of St. Gall, I also found a codex with a miniature of the artist "EBERHART" presenting his volume to St. Gall, at whose side is also seated St. Gregory with the usual figure of the Holy

Ghost (as the dove) whispering into his ear, and the inscription:

"Librum Galle tibi prior hunc Eberhart operatur
Vt per te scribi libro vitæ mereatur."

The very beautiful copy of the Gospels belonging to the Princes of Oettingen Wallenstein (of which an account, with figures of two of the chief illuminations, was published in an early number of the *Celtic Review*, and also in Miss Stokes's *Early Christian Art in Ireland*) has been deposited for some time in the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg. It is a fine specimen of Irish writing and art of the seventh or eighth century; and the name of the artist, "LAURENTIUS" (Irish, Lorean), is given in a set of verses on the last page, the first letter in each line forming the name of the writer, the first two lines being:

"Lux mundi laeta Deus hæc tibi celeri cursu
Alme potens scribai soli famulatus et uni," &c.

The fine book of the Gospels which was restored to the abbey of Fulda by Arnoul, King of Germany, in A.D. 891, is written in an Irish hand, and terminates with the usual Irish formula—"Finit Amen Deo gratias ago, VIDRUG scripsit," notwithstanding which the volume was traditionally ascribed to St. Boniface (*Act. Sanct. Junii*, t. i., p. 493), although the writing of the volume is so small and contracted that the saint in a letter to Daniel, Bishop of Winchester (A.D. 703-744), complains that he was unable to read such complicated "minutas et connexas" (minuscules), and requests him to send him "libros clavis, discretis, et absolutis litteris scriptos"—(*N. Tr. Diplom.* iii. 266).

In the chronicles of the Abbey of Gotwic, Bishop ARNON is recorded as the writer of a copy of St. Jerome's Commentary on the Books of Proverbs of Solomon, &c., in the abbey of Salzburg, written in the eighth century; and in a MS. of St. Hilary on the Psalms in the Church of Verona, written in large letters, the name of the scribe is thus recorded—"Scribit antiquarius EUTALIUS" (*N. Tr. Dipl.* iii., p. 42).

The Book of Prayers of ARDELVALD, Bishop of Lindisfarne (A.D. 721-737) is preserved in the University Library of Cambridge (No. Li., l. i. 10). This bishop is also celebrated as the illuminator of the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the British Museum (Bradley, v. i., p. 10, by whom, however, his Book of Prayers is not noticed). In the last-mentioned work the artist's name appears in some verses published in my *Miniatures and Ornaments*, in which the letters of his name are introduced at the commencement of each line of the verses thus:

"Aeterna dō donante munera servunculo ZADI,
Ejus laborib' diuinis merces in xpō paratus
Donam dignam dabit in caelis sedemq' semp' beant."

In the first of these lines the name ZADI is considered to be that of the actual scribe. This volume also contains a remarkable hymn or "lorica," occupying three pages and a half, which is found in a few other MSS., in one of which is an Irish gloss, which Mr. Whitley Stokes has published in his volume of *Irish Glosses*, printed by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society, and in which it is stated that "GILLAS hanc loriam fecit."

In the very curious Book of the Gospels of the Cathedral of Treves, written and illuminated in the early Irish style, I found the name several times repeated, either alone or "THOMAS scripsit" (*Miniatures and Ornaments*, pls. xvii. and xviii.). This name I have identified as that of the Abbot of Hohenauia, an island in the Rhine, A.D. 750-770.

Silvestre (*Pal. Univers.*, pl. 243) has published a facsimile of an interesting volume—which belonged to Louis of Germany, grandson of

Charlemagne—written by an Archbishop of Salzburg. "diotus ADALRAMMUS, servulus ipse tuus," who died in A.D. 836.

Lastly, Miss Stokes has given me the name of AMALRIC as that of the scribe of the volume of the Homilies of St. Augustine brought from Freisingen to Munich, which I have not seen.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE are glad to hear that the Burlington Fine Arts Club has decided to hold, in the beginning of the year, an exhibition of the water-colour drawings of John Sell Cotman. For this exhibition there have been already secured the best drawings in the possession of the three gentlemen—Mr. Colman, M.P., Mr. Bulwer, Q.C., and Mr. James Reeve—who were the principal exhibitors at the show recently held at Norwich in Cotman's honour; and, when the time for the Burlington Club Exhibition draws nigh, other authentic and admired contributions will, no doubt, be sought by the Committee.

MR. CHARLES GREEN, who was in Holland earlier in the season, has lately been at Hampton Court making a series of black-and-white drawings; and he has now started his important water-colour for the spring exhibition of the Royal Institute—the subject of which we shall only so far reveal as to say that it is again drawn from one of the novels of Dickens.

MR. HINE, the vice-president of the Royal Institute—who was unwell before he left town—is now at Hayward's Heath, working within easy reach of those chalk downs with whose aspects he has familiarised the world of art.

MR. T. COLLIER has been working this autumn in the neighbourhood of Sir James Linton's cottage at Milford, in Surrey—quite new ground for him, we understand.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER will publish immediately, for the Egypt Exploration Fund, the second part of *Tanis*, dealing also with Nebesha and Taphenes (Daphnae). The text is written by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie and Mr. F. L. Griffith; and the work is illustrated with no less than sixty-four plates.

Tide-Tide, Cassell's Christmas Annual for 1888, will have for its presentation plate a reproduction in colours of a picture by Mr. Arthur Stocks, entitled "At Last."

WE hear that, as soon as the Liverpool Art Gallery closes, Mr. Frank Baden-Powell will transfer his picture of "The Last Shot at the Armada" to London, where critics will be able to examine into the details of a work which has been highly praised for its historical correctness.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours will open next week at Glasgow.

ONE or two of the free studentships in the evening classes at the School of Art Wood-Carving at South Kensington, maintained by means of funds granted by the City and Guilds Institute, are vacant. To bring the benefits of the school within the reach of artisans, a remission of half fees for the evening class is made to artisan students connected with the wood-carving trade.

MESSRS. SEELEY & Co. will publish immediately a quarto volume containing twelve etchings by the late Paul Rajon, with a sketch of his life by Mr. F. G. Stephens.

OLD Nottingham, like old Bristol, or, better yet, old Paris—is having its chronicler in the art of etching. Mr. Trythall Rowe is issuing

from his house—5, Houndsgate, Nottingham—twelve etchings, several of which record already (and the rest are shortly to record) characteristic bits of the old-world town. "Wilford Green," it is true, is hardly Nottingham proper: it is outside the place, but yet, in a sense, belongs to it. "Trent Bridge Inn" is suburban. Like the other, it makes a pretty little picture. "Workhouse Yard" is dainty—suggesting almost with the needle Mrs. Allingham's order of water-colour drawing. "Hulse's Yard" is a sympathetic study of a shadowed city court. The really cleverest and most dexterous thing is a study of old wharves, by a slow stream's side. The touch here is very sensitive and the "biting" very delicate. And it required an artist to see that here was indeed a subject. We are glad that Mr. Trythall Rowe addresses himself to etching. His work in painting must already have won the approval of many good judges. To the fashionable art education of the day—a French education, of course—he adds a reasonable measure of individuality. He has learnt how to work; yet he works, to a great extent, in his own fashion.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE writes to us from Amiens: "A series of mural paintings—certainly one of the most important in all France—has but lately been completed here by M. Puvis de Chavannes. For several years now, the entrance hall and the front galleries of the Museum of Picardy have contained as their principal attraction, to the student if not to the stranger, M. Puvis de Chavannes's great decorative pictures of "Peace," "War," "Work," and "Rest." To these and to one or two others—of which the principal is "Ave Picardie Nutrix"—there has been added within the last few months a long work, "Pro Patria Ludus," singularly pale and grey of tint, restful and harmonious, spacious in sense as well as actual size as it is possible to be. The work shows, in a flatish, poplar-planted land, by a river, Picards throwing the javelin. To left and to right, women, old men, and children, watch the exploit. The energy of action, the grace and quietude of composition, suggest rather than display the learning of the author of the design, whose personal impulse towards pictorial expression is never for an instant concealed or weakened by the closeness of his study of earlier and long-accepted art. Alike without trace of the Academic and of a disagreeable personal mannerism which is wont with some men to take its place, M. Puvis de Chavannes confirms his position as the finest and most independent successor which the France of this generation can show to the great mural painter of the last generation, Hippolyte Flandrin. And, though Amiens holds the noblest compositions of Puvis de Chavannes, the city of Lyons—which, in its church of Ainsay, holds some of Flandrin's work—was, by a singular chance, the birth-place of both."

In the October number of the *Archaeological Review*, Mr. J. E. Price continues the series of catalogues of Roman remains in England by dealing with the county of Essex. While thanking him for the labour he has expended, we must protest against his extraordinary views with regard to historical evidence, as shown by his acceptance of the so-called Itinerary of Richard of Cirencester:

"In studying the roads, &c., the Itinerary of Richard of Cirencester may be consulted. It is well known to be spurious, but if used with caution it deserves a little consideration, inasmuch as in all traditions there is usually some element of truth. Moreover, as Gibbon remarks, 'He shows a genuine knowledge of antiquity, very extraordinary for a monk of the fourteenth century.'" (p. 95.)

Can it be possible that Mr. Price is ignorant

that the treatise "De Situ Britanniae" was written by one Bertram, at Copenhagen, in 1747, and fathered by him upon the genuine Richard? It is not a question of "tradition," but of deliberate forgery.

MR. UPOTT GILL has sent us a new edition of Col. Thorburn's *Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland*, which first appeared in 1884, and was recently revised for serial issue in monthly parts. The author himself died in 1886, and his own collection was dispersed at Sotheby's in July of last year, realising a total of £1494. We do not know who is responsible for the final revision; but we observe that he is unacquainted with Edward Burns's *Coinage of Scotland* (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black), which bears date 1887, but was, we believe, not actually published until January of the present year. We may remark, in passing, that those three quarto volumes, with their magnificent series of heliogravure plates, form by far the most sumptuous and exhaustive contribution to numismatics that has yet appeared in this country. The circumstances of its publication are also peculiarly pathetic. It is based, in the main, upon what is known as the Ferguie collection, formed by Mr. Thomas Coates, of Paisley, who died before the work was far advanced. The author, after devoting more than seven years of his life to it, himself died when only about half had been printed off. And his friend, Mr. George Sim, who saw the remainder through the press, did not, in his turn, survive to see the whole published. We cannot call to mind any similar trilogy of ill fate in the history of literature. But to return to Col. Thorburn. His elementary *Guide* deserves the success it has met with. For, though it is far from impeccable, it covers a much wider field than any of its rivals, it is abundantly illustrated, and it has the unique feature (for young collectors) of supplying approximate values. We would especially commend the series of eight plates of embossed gold and silver facsimiles in the present edition, which simulate actual coins better than any other method of illustration we have seen.

THE STAGE.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" AND "THE MONK'S ROOM."

"THE Yeomen of the Guard"—the latest result of the co-operation of Sir Arthur Sullivan with Mr. Gilbert—is a sort of half-way house—not the tent of a night literally, for it will be the tent of four hundred nights or thereabouts, I cannot question; but its method is not, I should take it, very likely to be repeated. It is neither wholly comic nor frankly serious. Yet, as even the preceding sentences have indicated, it is an immense success; the fresh and notable point about it being, perhaps, that Sir Arthur and Mr. Gilbert have contributed so unequally to the preparation of this triumph. Here, however, let us be a little more precise. The contributions have not really been so unequal, but they have been made under such very different conditions. Sir Arthur Sullivan has put forth, with his best effort, his very finest qualities. As fertile of melody, well nigh, as Schubert was, his musical construction has never been happier or more learned: his orchestration is the theme of many a musical person's admiring comment. Now Mr. Gilbert's most serious qualities—the qualities of mind that allowed him to write such a drama as "Charity," for instance—have hardly been called upon at all. Even when it was

question of his coadjutor's loveliest music, Mr. Gilbert, in his own contribution to the work, has been content to be a buffoon. He has produced infinite nonsense with ingenuity; laborious nonsense, in a fashion, since there was nothing in the subject about which this man of undisputed wit could by any possibility be witty. One or two funny things—perhaps more than one or two—are scattered over the surface of the piece. Happily, too, there are one or two poems—charming song words of much more than the ordinary ballad order. But for the most part, Mr. Gilbert has addressed himself—and with a success which he has certainly never hitherto surpassed—to the task of writing for Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, pure twaddle, appropriate twaddle, exquisitely singable twaddle—words which somehow or other it is henceforth impossible to dissociate from the music. The co-operation has then been complete, though it has never involved the exercise of Mr. Gilbert's higher talents, for among the really higher talents we cannot count that facility of rhyming, that technical skill in versification, of which he gives in almost every page of the *libretto* such abundant and curious proof.

The Savoy orchestra—always, of course, a good one—has been strengthened for this performance, and from beginning to end there is hardly a cessation of charming sound. The dramatic or vocal cast is likewise extremely competent, though it would be an affectation to deny that Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mr. Durward Lely, with their quiet humour and admirable art of song, are not missed. One has been accustomed to them; one regrets their departure. Yet their places are supplied. Mr. Curtice Pounds, as the Colonel under sentence of death on Tower Green, and Mr. Denny, as his jailor, have opportunities not hitherto afforded them. Mr. Denny acts with grim humour, and Mr. Curtice Pounds sings charmingly. Mr. Grossmith is such a favourite with a large section of the public that he could induce it to receive with gratitude an utterance of no particular value and a performance of no particular merit. Variety is not his characteristic, but there is an almost universal appreciation of his one note; and when he explains to us that having been jester to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he had to leave that service because it was considered that one of his jokes was not suited to his Grace's family circle, Jack Point is felt by the public to have been an ill-used person. Miss Rosina Brandram—rich and sympathetic of voice—is Dame Carruthers; and Miss Rose Hervey's little part, of that lady's niece, is very agreeably presented. Miss Geraldine Ulmar, one of the latest of the really important additions to the Savoy Company—did I not listen to her in "The Mikado," in New York, before ever she had been heard in England?—when she sings properly within her compass, a vocalist full of charm. The very prettiest thing in the whole opera, the duet between Point and Elsie—"I have a song to sing, O!"—is a number in which Miss Ulmar has the lion's share. It is done exquisitely, and may be heard many times. It is

The song of a merry maid once so gay:
Who turned on her heel and tripped away
From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn

At the humble heart that he did not prize:
So she begged on her knees, with downcast eyes,
For the love of the merry man, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was
glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a lady!"

If Miss Ulmar is, at her best, a delightful vocalist, Miss Jessie Bond, in the new piece, reveals herself more than ever as a vocalist *doublée d'une comédienne*. Yes; she is an artist in comedy, saving more than one situation in "The Yeomen of the Guard" by her tact and lightness. Miss Bond opens the opera with a pretty, plaintive song, "When maiden loves, she sits and sighs," and before the end of the first act she has delighted her audience by her rendering of a half sentimental and half mocking ballad.

Perhaps what is called the "staging" of the piece is all that remains to be spoken of. The scenery—always the same scenery, of the Tower Green under different effects of light—is sufficiently good. Certainly the famous "White Tower"—not very "white" upon the stage, however—wants nothing of solidity. The yeomen's dresses are of course effective; but, as a whole, the period chosen for the action of the piece—the time of Henry VIII.—does not lend itself to very becoming costumes or very picturesque groupings. There is something *staccato*, so to say, in the arrangement of the colour. Subtle hues, properly mingled, are somewhat rare. But when all is said and done, the piece is attractive, the performance spirited, the music lightly exquisite.

Mr. John Lart, the promising, but, as yet, little-known author of "The Monk's Room," at the Globe, is clearly of the opinion which I once heard expressed, very decidedly, by the late "Hugh Conway," that at all times the supernatural, if it is decently handled, is sure to interest the average man; and he may, for all that I know, agree too with Mr. Fergus in opining that the supernatural is surest of all to interest the average man at a period in which, speaking broadly, it has been withheld from him. Mr. Fergus modestly suggested to me that the delicate little methods, the tiny incidents, the concentration rather upon method than matter, the perfect literary finish indeed, of the minor fiction that had preceded his own—and had had a success among professional brethren rather than with the big public—did something to prepare the way for the popular triumph of *Called Back*. And somehow similarly, perhaps, it might be argued—Mr. Lart himself might argue it—that the tea-cup-and-saucer drama, invented by Mr. Robertson and played by the Bancrofts—the comedy of *Præ-Raphaelite* fussiness in detail—the comedy, pre-eminently of

"the little more, and how much it is!

And the little less, and what worlds away!"—

had paved the road for the triumph again, among us, of the ghostly chamber, of the haunted country house. Personally, I confess, I do not share this popular preference for the creepy and the gruesome. When once the spectre has been introduced in stage or novel, my admiration is extorted only with difficulty; but I cannot on this account allow myself to mock, with the confident cheerfulness of a critical brother, whose brief essay is in another weekly print,

because of the methods which it has seemed good to Mr. Lart to employ in "The Monk's Room." The belief in the eerie and the supernatural has not half died out. Half the best people in Scotland—people with hard heads and a sense of humour too—believe in ghosts as firmly as they believe in Scottish capacity or in the North British Railway. They will tell you, with perfect gravity, stories of ghosts in their country houses—the ghost that follows the carriage as the visitor arrives; the ghost to whom is assigned the mysterious and undiscovered chamber. Mr. Lart's appeal, then, in "The Monk's Room"—even were it addressed much more exclusively than it actually is to the believers in the ghostly—would not be addressed, of necessity, to the unintelligent—would not sacrifice all claim to be seriously considered.

And, as a matter of fact, "The Monk's Room" has a well-constructed plot—touches conventionalities chiefly in the device whereby Eleanor Brandon is permitted to feel herself at last, as she has thought herself at the first, the only wife of Sir Darrell Krne—approaches weakness, almost alone, in one or two of the scenes of comedy: the first, between Sophie Orme and Geoffrey Daunt; the second, when the old-world "collector" is in ecstasies about the hundred beetles. Is Mr. Lart acquainted with M. Sardou's "Nos Intimes," I wonder? Guests of that sort are not the usual guests at the houses of even the most hospitable. But, at all events, in "Nos Intimes," unwelcome as the guests may be, their eccentricities are treated in the spirit of comedy. The eccentricity of Mr. Lart's guests—of the old collector particularly—is, for lack, perhaps, of close and individual study, hardly ever lifted above the level of farce. On the other hand, in all the serious passages—which are by far the more numerous—there is evident a research for the virtues of *terreness* and vigour. The language of the *dramatis personæ* is studied and fresh, and, in the more impassioned scenes, the author is not afraid of directness, nor afraid of poetry.

Several of the quite minor characters are played without that completeness and distinction which other people's appreciation of the performance had led me to expect. But in parts that rise to secondary importance Mr. Ivan Watson and Miss Marion Lea appear with real skill, and do all that could in any case be asked of them—they invest their parts with vitality, in short; while as regards the three principal characters—Sir Darrell, the Russian Lazinski, and Eleanor Brandon—there have been chosen for their interpretation what I may call the safest cast in London. It might be possible to represent the Russian with more colour and variety than Mr. Vesin's performance affords, but hardly with more discretion or with an art more willingly and wisely self-effacing at need. And Miss Alma Murray as Eleanor has never an inadequate moment; her real dramatic faculty being by no means exclusively displayed in the pretty love scenes of the more passionate pleadings. Indeed, the imagination of Miss Murray has rarely guided her more truly than when it guided her to the courageous quietude, the unerring directness, of her manner with Lazinski in the first words of her interview with him in the fourth act. The part that really best repays effort is the part assigned

to Mr. Willard, for the range of Sir Darrell's emotions is unquestionably extensive: love, apprehension, hate, remorse, lie all within the grasp of his experience. Mr. Willard's method is one of welcome breadth. Vigour and truth count for more than small ingenuities with him. He does nothing in his part to lessen in any degree the validity of his claim to a place of high distinction on the contemporary stage.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RUSSIAN CONCERTS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A FEW seasons back M. Dimitri Slaviansky brought his Russian choir to London, and their characteristic rendering of popular and other songs was fully appreciated. M. Alexander Alexandroff of Moscow, whose concerts at the Albert Hall commenced last Monday evening, seemed more ambitious, for he at first announced three Russian operas—"The Demon," and "Life for the Czar," both of which have been given once in London on the Italian stage; and Tchaikowsky's "Mazeppa"—quite a novelty. These works properly condensed for concert purposes, and with a suitable book of words enabling one to follow the story, might have proved interesting and successful. But the miscellaneous programme of the first evening was most unsatisfactory, and, besides, it was not strictly followed. The performers sang in Russian, and the book of words was naturally in English, so that any departure from the printed order could not fail to prove inconvenient for the audience. The first part commenced with a characteristic orchestral piece by Glinka, "Jota Aragonessa"; after which a fine song, "O Pole, Pole," from Glinka's opera, "Ruslan i Ludmila," was rendered with much feeling by M. Michael Vinogradoff. This piece was introduced by Mr. Hensohel at one of his Symphony Concerts last season. If this number be a fair sample of the rest of the work, it fully deserves the high praise bestowed on it by M. Pougin. A Romance by Tchaikowsky was passed over, and M. Coenen's "Caprice Concertant" was played by forty-eight ladies—or, as the book added, ninety-six hands on twenty-four grand pianofortes. Well, Handel's Sonata in A for solo violin is played at the Handel festival by more than two hundred violins, and since that performance was loudly applauded, it is not strange that the ladies won the hearts of the audience. But, from an artistic point of view, such an exhibition is to be condemned. And then, it may be remarked, Coenen's "Caprice" was out of place in a programme devoted, or supposed to be devoted, to Russian music. A national popular song was omitted, and the first part concluded with A. Adam's "Christmas Carol." The solo part was rendered in declamatory style by M. Vladimir Lubimoff, and the choir, the members of which were dressed in national costumes, sang with great energy. The second part commenced with a pleasing orchestral Phantasia by Glinka, entitled "Komarinskaya," which has already been given at one of the Richter Concerts. Mme. Olga Pouskova, who has a strong, rich mezzo-soprano voice, sang with great effect a showy "Valse" by Capri. A solo and chorus from "Life for the Czar," one of the successes last season at Covent Garden, was also well received. The ladies then performed the "Polonaise" from the same opera; but after that platform and programme-book were utterly at variance. Mr. J. Truffi conducted with care and intelligence.

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LITERATURE.

'83 to '87 IN THE SOUDAN.*

WHEN we first met at Jeddah (in February '74) Mr. Wylde, the son of an old and valued friend, he had already begun life as a planter in Ceylon; and, at the port of Meccah, he was domiciled with MM. Oswald and Betts (not to mention eleven varmint terriers, with a pronounced taste for native legs) in a Bachelor Hall, which was as jolly as jolly could be. He presently ('75) removed to Abyssinian Sawákin—which he had already prospected—with the view of developing trade; and, since that time, his life has been of the most energetic and eventful. He filled a variety of posts—as first vice-consul for the Red Sea, Head of the Intelligence Department, and Commandant of the Abyssinian Scouts, besides acting amateur surveyor for the Sawákin-Berber R. B., and volunteer guide and Shikári to the Adowa Mission and to a host of minor *Ausflugs*. In '75 he met at Sanheit (i. 17) Gordon Pasha and accompanied him to Khartúm, whence he rode back through the desert to Sawákin, and again forgathered with him ('79) in Abyssinia, where the governor of the Equatorial Provinces was virtually a prisoner. Gordon's letters (ii. 258-60) show that the two were on the best of terms, and the junior ever speaks of the senior with respect and reverence—a tone which is falling out of fashion. The plans for the railways being now completed were laid ('80) before that "empty-headed demagogue," Arabi Pasha. In '81, Mr. Wylde returned to England for the third time, and during the next year he visited Bombay and Karáchi with the object of extending commerce in the Red Sea. He was again at Sawákin ('82) when Europeans were being massacred at Alexandria, and he is grateful to the gallant tribesmen for pro-

tecting their strangers against the Egyptians. In '83, when his book begins, Mahdism had become a fact; and presently by our mismanagement and craven policy it was allowed to ruin the Arabian trade, reduce Jeddah to a mere *comptoir*, and threaten Sawákin with capture and massacre.

Mr. Wylde has, therefore, a right to speak *ex cathedra* concerning the Soudan and the Soudanese, and his speech has no uncertain sound. His two volumes should be earnestly read and carefully considered by the "authorities," who will, however, do nothing of the kind. They have been shown up as model incapables, and the charges against them can be met only by countercharges. A more damning record of incompetence and maladministration it will be hard to find in the annals of this century. A gallant and noble race of negroids, fighting for freedom and striving to cast out the Egyptian task-master and the Turkish tax-gatherer, has been wantonly attacked and uselessly slaughtered by Englishmen in the pay of Egypt, once more become the "baseest of kingdoms," by a friendly nation whose sons were known only as "the men who came to shoot big game." And even the process of slaughtering was not carried out without manifold disasters to the slaughterer. Verily, England is not a success in Africa, north or south. Ill-chosen and incompetent commanders, under whom even the bravest soldiers will run like hares, have made the records of "Caffre Wars" a national disgrace; but it is a far cry to the Cape, and Europe has not yet learned the dishonouring details. The Nile expedition, even in the pleasant pages of Count Gleichen (with the Camel Corps, &c.), when soldiers carried in their kits "goggles, veils, prayer-books, and spurs" (to use upon camels!) reads like a lecture upon how not to do it, and a warning, as the Arabs say, to whoso will be warned. Egypt would seem ungovernable to the Anglo-Saxon as Ireland. In the former case the cause does not lie very deep, but deep enough to escape the shallow eye of administration. Cavour, the one master politician of the nineteenth century, so packed the cards that Italy may lose as many campaigns as she pleases but still she must gain ground and weight. We have so mismanaged matters in Egypt that whatever happens we cannot win, we must lose. The various positions which have been occupied from the beginning by the "civilian home clerks who govern England," the "official nobodies who now to her cost rule our country," is the prime cause of our failure. Every man of sense knows that we ought either to have taken the Nile Valley or to have left it stewing in its own juice, without aid from the French or the Turks. But we did neither one thing nor the other; and the slippery base of a temporary occupation accounts for all our lapses and *laches*, including the short-sighted and pusillanimous policy of abandoning the Soudan.

Mr. Wylde's work consists of sport, trips, and campaigns in almost equal proportion. He is ardent after "fluff and feather," and we can complain only that he has not been more lavish of details concerning the manners and habits of the local fauna he knows so well. His visits to the tribesmen are most interesting, and prove that the Soudan is virtually a *terra incognita* whose antiquities

promise amply to reward the explorer. His notices of the battles which he witnessed are told with a reserve which we must confess to be commendable when we reflect that he must hold in reserve a most condemnable budget of follies and failures. Take this for instance:—

'It was another case of too late; everything seems to be too late with regard to the Soudan. It was too late to prevent Hicks Pasha leaving with his army from Khartoum; too late to make the Suakim and Berber Railway when it was decided on; too late for Suleiman Pasha Niazi to try pacific means with the tribes; too late sending Baker Pasha to take over affairs; too late to relieve Tokar; too late to relieve Singat, and too late to think of getting together a force to catch Osman Digna after the English troops had beaten the tribesmen' (i. 173).

But he lets out bravely when he treats of "our bureaucracy":—

"Being often in the Intelligence Department, and often asked my opinion, I could see what was going on, and I must say I do not blame the local authorities, but those at home. Had General Graham been left to do what he considered was the best, there can be no doubt that he would have let General Stewart go across the desert; but, being tied to London by the wretched telegraph wire, the policy, if any, and all instructions were issued from there, and any decision that Admiral Hewett or General Graham might have come to had to be confirmed before they could take action" (i. 175).

Here, too, is valuable testimony:—

"I have been to places where no Egyptian official has ever been, and have been treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, and what every sheikh and every one requires seems to be—leave us alone, don't try and re-tax us" (ii. 286).

And we end with:—

"In God's name let us have a settlement of the question and try to make some reparation for the amount of blood-guiltiness we have on our hands, and by our future behaviour strive to wash away the stain that disgraces the name of England in her dealings with the Soudan during the last few years" (ii. 286).

This policy of meddle and muddle, this ineptest interference with local administration for party purposes, is sapping the very foundation of our prosperity. And I may repeat my assertion that if India in 1750-1800 had been connected with England by steamers and telegraph-wires we should now probably be holding, as in China, a triad of treaty-towns, say Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. A great empire must (or, in our case, should) have an imperial policy; and it would be well if we followed that of our prosperous rivals, the Russians. But for the incapable Lord Tommodyds and Mr. Slooms of the "offices" to insist upon capable subordinates becoming mere channels for the conveyance of orders is a policy so premature that, like the grand sham termed "Free Trade," it is cutting its own throat; and England, we fear, is now living upon the capital of reputation won by her sons in times gone by.

Mr. Wylde, whose experience of the Red Sea region antedates, as we have seen, that of all his rivals, has his nostrum for medi-

* With an Account of (the late Admiral) Sir William Hewett's Mission to King John of Abyssinia | By | A B Wylde | with Map | London, Remington 1888. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 447 and 314 (=pp. 661); vol. ii. containing 5 Appendices, (1) Red Sea Track, (2) Geographical Notes, (3) Hewett's Treaty, (4) Slave-Treaty with King John, and (5) Osman Digna's family-tree. For index, we have only detailed contents of chapters—quite insufficient. The map is no credit to Mr. Stanford's well-known establishment; the negligence of the work is a constant annoyance to the student. The mapper has not taken the trouble to read the sheets—an ever-increasing nuisance—and consequently there are two sets of spelling "Zullah" (i. 46, map Sula), "Ariphale" (*ibid.* Arifale), "Lardo" (i. 55 Lado), to mention only three. This useless appendage begins, as usual, with the Nile-mouth, and runs up to S. Lat. 3°, covering far too much ground. We want a mere sketch-map of North-Eastern Africa, with detailed plans of the Sawákin and Masawwah countries. The former has been supplied by the author; but the latter, showing the route to Adowa, is conspicuous for its absence.

cining the Eastern Soudan. He is wroth with the "don't-care-a-fig-for-the-merchant" policy of late years, and his healing draught would consist of three ingredients. His first is a minimum of armed occupation, a small Anglo-Indian force for base on the seaboard, and a dromedary-corps of tribesmen to replace those model poltroons, the Egyptian fellah-soldiers. The second is a Sawákin-Berber R. B. (vol. ii., chap. v.), which would bring Khartúm within a fortnight of London; and his third is represented by the resuming of mercantile intercourse with the Soudanese. The prescription is practical, and adapted to the requirements of the case. But what would become of the "offices"? whence would come the K.C.B.-ships? and, alas! where would be the plunder? It is not to be wondered at that so versatile a young gentleman, with the peculiar habit of telling unsavoury truths, should earn such distinctive titles as "the Rebel," as "Wild by name and nature," and as "that damned Wyld"; and, lastly, that his opponents pooh-poo him as a trader who would secure a monopoly of trade. Let me suggest that if they would thoroughly silence him they could not do better than send him as Her Majesty's consul for Masawwah to succeed Plowden and Cameron.

I have no intention of criticising these volumes as a learned book, or of noticing such lapses as "Usha" for 'Ushr = *Aselepias gigantea* (i. 259), "Simoon" for *Simúm* (ii. 103), "Ras Harfoon" for *Hátún* (ii. 233), "Blue Nile" for Blue River (ii. 184), and so forth. "Sawákin" is the old survival of the Portuguese *Suanquem*, corrupted from *Sawákin* = the settlements; the word, however, may be local and dialectal. Nor would it be fair to take away the reader's interest in a host of minor details: such are the writer's peculiar views of the present Khedive's character and conduct (i. 182); of King John the Abyssinian (ii. 11); of the Border-chief, Ras Aloula, the *déte noire* of the Italians, and withal a fine and thoroughbred specimen of his race; of Mr. Portal's mission to the highlands, and of the "greatest hero of the century"—Emin Pasha (i. 235). He corrects many popular errors concerning the redoubtable Osman Digna, whom the Egyptians term Dakanah (of the beard, the Hebrew Dgna, Degens, so famous in the Kabbalah). Of less important matters we have *slow lou* and *spring lou* (i. 297); how African cows are treated by the milkmaid (i. 293), and how camels should be treated (ii. 94); the unsexing of Egyptian soldiers (i. 330) and of native lads (ii. 250)—an abomination now transferred to Arabia; the order of Solomon (ii. 14); coal-scuttles in Sawákin, the missionary so justly hated throughout Abyssinia (ii. 3), and the wretched Sawákin clique (ii. 19); ending with valuable notices of the neighbouring hill-stations (ii. 283) and the Tokar delta, the Biládu 'l-Amán = Land of Security, as the tribesmen term it. And, now that Sawákin is still garrisoned by those ignoble Nilotes, and is being pounded by the "rebels" who, I repeat, are fighting for man's birthright of freedom, these volumes may contribute not a little to abate the ignorance of England, and excite the sympathy of a well-meaning, but not a well-instructed, public.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Old-Fashioned Roses. By James Whitcomb Riley. (Longmans.)

THOUGH this book is printed and published in London, one is not long in discovering that these *Old-Fashioned Roses* have grown where morning-glories are to be plucked as well. I have not seen the *Century* "Bric-a-Brac" of late; but, if I mistake not, Mr. Riley is one of that pleasant "nest of singing-birds."

It can hardly, I think, be denied that the average of American books of verse is higher than ours. Great books are, perhaps, as rare in the one country as in the other; but, leaving those out of consideration, one may, it seems to me, more safely rely on the American rhymers than on the English for command of his vehicle. He more rarely afflicts us with such barbarities of amateurish versification and commonplace as those to which we are here all too sadly inured. At the same time, there is a family likeness noticeable in his work which is apt to grow monotonous, a certain sensuousness, or rather lushness, in his treatment, together with a careful daintiness of phrase, which, I suppose, we must attribute to discipleship of Keats and Mr Austin Dobson. This is even felt at times in growths otherwise indigenous, as in dialect poems; with the result that one often has a feeling in reading such that they are not a genuine dialect product, but translations from a more cultivated tongue.

All these remarks apply directly to Mr. Riley's charmingly printed and prettily attired volume. There is not a verse therein which is commonplace or other than in some way delightful, all bear witness to easy skill in versification, all are sensuous and dainty, and many of the best are in the Hoosier dialect. Mr. Riley's most winning of poems is one of the latter. I quote the first two verses:

"They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonelier, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin'-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes.

"I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow,
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know."

But if the seal of his tribe be upon him, Mr. Riley has none the less many fine individual qualities which are not to be derived. His fancy is quite exceptionally abundant, and there are in his work touches of that higher quality of imagination not so frequent in his school. There is, moreover, much humanity and quaint humour in his poems; and he reaches our hearts no less frequently than he charms our aesthetic sense. In "Griggsby's Station," for instance, how touching is the Hoosier parallel of Bridget Elia's famous regret!

"What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"

And how the old childhood's creepiness comes over one as we listen to "Little Orphant

Annie's" tales of "the gobble-uns 'at gits you, Ef you Don't Watch Out!":

"An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray
An' the lightain'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you Don't Watch Out!"

The section of Hoosier poems at the end of the volume, from which these quotations are made, attracts me most, but I think it can only be from personal preference; for the qualities discovered therein are no less manifest in the earlier pages. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is a delightful *ruse*, for the old sweetheart on the memory of whom the poet muses in ten verses, proves, in the eleventh, to be none other than his wife, whose "living presence" he greets as the poem closes. It is, unfortunately, too long to quote—a quality in the present case nothing but grateful to the reader, though tantalising to the reviewer. The choice of "the favourite" in any pleasant volume is always tiresome, and it seems especially so here. It might be a longer one if space permitted, but one can hardly do wrong in quoting "A Life-Lesson":

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

Surely this is very beautiful, and yet when, on another page, one sees "The Little White Hearse" go "glimmering by," one feels that *that* should have been quoted; and, indeed, the last verse shall be:

"As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry,
For a dead child even were dear to him!
And he thought of his empty life, and said:
'Loveless alive, and loveless dead—
Nor wife or child in earth or sky!
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.'"

I have given no sample of Mr. Riley's "art-poems"—those of the old gold and apple-blossom type I mean—because, beautiful as they are, they have, for the most part, that family-likeness referred to above; and I preferred to utilise the space at my disposal in exhibiting his more individual qualities.

Nevertheless, there are many of them very cherishable, such as "The Days Gone By" and "The Orchard Lands of Long Ago"; while the trifling debt of cadence in such poems as "Afterwhiles"—

"Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends," &c.

and "Away" is a small matter in relation to their qualities of freshness and vigour. My pencil, too, has marked many such images as these:

"... the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread."

"Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn."

Or,

"The ripening side of the great round earth
That swings in the smile of God;"

But I may quote no more. So I will conclude with Mr. Riley's own words—words which, after all, sum up all criticism, and might as well take the place of much wire-drawn dissertation—and say of his verses, that, however their qualities be expressed in the language of literary technicality,

"I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Adelaide Ristori: Ricordi e Studi Artistici.
(Turin and Naples: Roux.)

English Translation. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS modest and charming volume will be hailed with delight by all lovers of the stage, especially by those who can look back to the time when the great actress, after taking Paris by storm, first appeared in England in 1856. They will remember the enthusiasm she excited by her impersonations of the terrible Medea, the outraged Rosmunda, the pathetic Pia de' Tolomei, and the love-stricken Francesca da Rimini in the feeble work so well defined by a French critic as a specimen of the infancy of tragic art. The grandeur, dignity, and grace of the beautiful Italian, the varied intonations of her marvellous voice, and the thoroughly artistic power with which she lived in her parts can never be forgotten by anyone who saw her in the zenith of her fame. And admiration for her genius was enhanced by the knowledge that this perfect actress was also a perfect woman, full of goodness and strength, and a pattern of all domestic and social virtues. Her character is reflected in her book; for, while reviewing her past career with honest pride, she is evidently content with her well-earned fame, accepting age and comparative obscurity with the same simple modesty with which she enjoyed the triumphs of her youth. In fact, her reticence is almost excessive, for she only speaks of Ristori the artist, allows us no glimpse of the gracious personality of Marchesa del Grillo, and refers public curiosity to other sources for all details of her life. This delicacy is of course an added merit; yet one cannot help regretting that M^{me}. Ristori should not have been guilty of a few of those egotistic touches which give an added charm to autobiographical writing.

Even of her early days we are told little, save with reference to the stage. But she was on the boards before she could tread them, at the age of three months, as a baby

concealed in a hamper of New Year gifts, in order to soften the heart of an obdurate grandfather, whose daughter had married against his will. But when only three years old she began to play spoken parts, and was soon a recognised and most popular member of the strolling company to which her parents belonged. At twelve she was enrolled in the more famous troupe of Giuseppe Moncalvo as leading *soubrette* and *ingénue*; and at fourteen she made so great a hit in the *tiro-rôle* of "Francesca da Rimini" as to be offered the following year a permanent engagement, at a good salary as *prima donna assoluta*. Fortunately, the elder Ristori was too sagacious to expose his child to so premature an ordeal, and chose for her the less arduous post of *ingénue* in the Royal Sardinian Company, which was stationary in Turin for many months of the year, and which comprised several excellent artists. Here, in fact, Adelaide Ristori received her first serious lessons in dramatic art, and at eighteen she was acknowledged throughout Italy as a first-class tragedian. But she had had to work very hard and fight her way through many discouragements. One manager was so delighted with her comic parts that he did his best to crush her aspirations, and told her point blank that she would never succeed in tragedy.

One would like to hear the lady's own account of the romantic incidents of Marchesa del Grillo's courtship, and the troublous course of the pretty love tale; but all this is passed over with a word. They were married, the union proved exceptionally happy, and after two or three years the Marchesa resolved to retire into private life. The stage was rapidly declining under the jealous censorship of the then rulers of Italy, and the young artist felt paralysed, she tells us, by the constraint imposed by absurd and innumerable prohibitions. The word *Patria* was of course tabooed; and God, angel, devil were equally forbidden. During the pontificate of Gregory XVI. no stage character might bear the name of Gregory, nor was that of Pio permitted under his successor. One Austrian censor at Verona even pushed his zeal to the extent of changing the innocent words "bel cielo d'Italia" to "bel cielo del Lombardo-Veneto."

M^{me}. Ristori, however, loved her art too well to be able to live long without it while too young to need repose, and soon resumed her career. Then a bright idea struck her. Why not go abroad and show the world that at least art still survived in dead Italy? With characteristic energy she planned a campaign in France, overcame every difficulty, and, on May 22, 1855, appeared before the Parisian public in Pellio's "Francesca da Rimini." She was most favourably received; but her full powers were only revealed by her performance of Myrrha. Then all Paris fell at her feet. She went on from triumph to triumph, and added a wreath of roses to her tragic bays by her brilliant comedy in Giraud's "Gelosi Fortunati" and the "Locandiera" of Goldoni.

"Ce n'est pas joué, c'est vécu," wrote Méry; and Gautier, Janin, Alexandre Dumas, and George Sand were all enthusiastic in praise of the Italian tragedian. Rachel stood sullenly aloof, repulsed the friendly advances of this foreign invader, refused to meet her, and was

only sufficiently conquered by the latter's sincere and openly expressed admiration to at last send her indirectly a box for "Phèdre." There is an anecdote of Alexandre Dumas père that depicts that genial personage to the life. He could think and talk of nothing but La Ristori; and, knocking up against a friend one night, as he left the theatre after a performance of "Myrrha," he enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Well! What do you think of her?" "Of whom?" "Of Ristori. You have just seen her, haven't you?" "No! I have never seen her at all." "What! And you are not ashamed? You can still live?" And, after a frantic torrent of eulogy, he left his friend, declaiming: "If you don't go to hear that woman, I'll never look at you again."

A few days later he again met his friend in the street, and instantly asked:

"Well! What have you seen her in?" "Oh, don't bother!" replied the irritated man. "One hasn't got six francs always in one's purse, and I'm not yet reduced to the trade of a *claqueur*." "Here's six francs. I'll give them to you, and then you can clap her freely."

But the friend went off in a huff, so Dumas flung the francs on the pavement, and shouting—

"If you don't want the money, it may stay here for the first beggar that comes this way,"

vanished round the corner. The friend went on a few steps, then stopped and said to himself:

"After all six francs is not much, and I could soon pay them back, and whoever sees them on the ground will be sure to say—'Since some fool has dropped them, let them go into my pocket.'"

Hurrying back to pick them up, he found himself face to face with Dumas, who had returned for the same purpose. Thereupon both roared with laughter, and the untheatrical friend pledged his word to go and see La Ristori.

But of all the incidents of her career, that on which the actress dwells with most delight is her saving a man's life in Spain. A young soldier was condemned to death for striking a superior under gross provocation. All Madrid was stirred in his cause, but all intercession had failed. The night before the execution, Ristori was dressing for Medea, when a deputation came to pray her to intercede with the queen. Her majesty was coming to the theatre, would certainly give her audience, and as certainly grant her request. After some natural hesitation and dismay, the kind actress undertook the task; but for the details of the truly dramatic scene it is best to refer the reader to her book. Suffice to say that the prisoner's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, afterwards, and also at Ristori's prayer, reduced to a short term; and that she subsequently obtained his full pardon. Meanwhile, on her second visit to Spain, she went to see the poor fellow in prison, and learnt that he was an excellent young man and well worthy of her efforts in his favour. Here would be a subject for Mr. John Sargent's brush! The whitewashed court of a Spanish prison, M^{me}. Ristori at the head of the steps, with the commandant on one side, her grateful *protégé* on the other, and rows of convicts

kneeling and bare-headed, waiting to do her homage as she passed!

Deeds such as this rescue of a human life remain to bear fruit when stage mimicry is forgotten and the beautiful face and thrilling tones of the tragedy queen shall be among the vanished things of the past. For memory already plays us strange tricks, and side by side with the remembrance of the artist's grand rendering of Lady Macbeth, there arises in the mind of the present writer a comical vision of the twirling plaid kilt worn by the very inadequate representative of the historically killless Thane.

The fascination of Ristori's personal reminiscences has, however, detained us too long over the lesser half of her book. The rest of it consists of analytical studies of all her chief parts. These have a distinct literary and dramatic value of their own; and, if lacking in the dainty charm of Lady Martin's similar work, they attest the fine intelligence with which Ristori dissected the characters she portrayed. It is specially interesting to see how on the stern, bare framework of Alfieri's Myrrha she built up the pathetic figure struggling with all the force of maiden purity against the unholy passion inflicted by the vengeance of an offended goddess. Let daring aspirants to dramatic fame take these studies to heart, and learn with what earnestness the muse of tragedy must be wooed.

L. VILLARI.

The Universal Christ, and other Sermons. By Charles Beard. (Williams & Norgate.)

SOME time ago in reviewing a volume of sermons I took occasion to animadvert on the growing custom of naming a whole series by the title—generally striking, if not sensational—of a single one to which the others may have but a lax and remote relation. No doubt there may sometimes be a difficulty in finding titles of sermon collections which shall be at one and the same time calculated to arrest attention and fairly descriptive of the whole contents of the volume. But surely the expenditure of a little consideration and dexterity would suffice to meet most such difficulties. The resources of the English language and its biblical and theological terminology are not yet so exhausted that no common class-name can be found for a series of pulpit utterances, dealing as they mostly do with kindred themes, and approaching them from a similar standpoint.

Mrs. Beard, however, has been fortunate—or her publishers on her behalf—in selecting a title which, though nominally restricted to the first sermon in this collection of her late husband's discourses, applies with considerable felicity to all the rest. The secret of her success is obvious. She has chosen as the leading sermon one which, while calculated to represent the tone and spirit of the whole, is preeminently typical of the author's mode of thought, and claims a noteworthy and attractive title. Probably it would not be easy to find a formula which would describe with greater accuracy Dr. Beard's standpoint with reference to Christianity than that of "the Universal Christ." The phrase is further likely to arrest attention from its novelty. It indicates a conception of Christ which is not put in the forefront of the

doctrinal schemes and creeds of most Christian churches. Not that it really bears that alien aspect to genuine Christianity which superficial thinkers might suppose; on the contrary, it represents its most characteristic and essential feature. The bare notion of Christ as the embodiment of truth and righteousness of itself suggests a universalism more generous and comprehensive than the boasted catholicity of ecclesiasticism. We find it underlying the whole course of church history. Announced fully in the gospels, especially in that of St. John, it becomes allied with, even if it did not suggest, the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ. It was taught by all the more far-seeing among the early fathers, especially by those whose Christian insight and intuition were stimulated by Greek metaphysics—e.g., the Alexandrians. Even Augustine has asserted it in more than one place—e.g., "Omne Verum ab illo est qui ait *Ego sum veritas*," though it is difficult to suppose that he divined its full import. In the Middle Ages the purport of such a universalism found an expression among the freer thinkers of the Schoolmen by the supposed distinction of "explicit and implicit faith," of which on its objective side "the covenanted and uncovenanted mercies" of Calvinism was a characteristically cold and mean travesty. Campanella expanded the Universalism of Christ so as to include all forms of scientific truth. His noble words—

"Omnis autem Scientia est splendor divinæ Sapientiæ, qui est Christus"

—give us the ultimate form of the doctrine, and present us at the same time with the key to much of the freer thought of the Renaissance. Dr. Beard has indicated later forms of the same conception among Quakers and Anabaptists. His own view of the truth he thus sets forth (p. 3):

"A light that was impersonate only in a single Christ, no matter how brilliant its manifestation, would not be the true light. It must be the source of all illumination that men have ever received—the single sun of the spiritual sky. . . . When a man has once learned to believe and say that Christ was strength, purity, goodness, he will not think it much if another inverts the phrase, and whenever he sees strength, purity, goodness, calls them Christ."

But, although this universalism may be regarded as a leading feature of this remarkable volume, as it was a primary article of Dr. Beard's creed, it would be a mistake to infer that he had the least sympathy with the sentimentality—at once blind and vague—which places Christianity on the level of other religious beliefs. No advocate of traditionalism—setting aside unmeaning or intangible distinctions—could assert the superiority of Christ to all other religious teachers more fully than Dr. Beard was wont to do. In proof of this, and as representing the complementary thought to that given in the above quotations, we cull a short extract from his sermon on All Saints Day (p. 154). Speaking of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, he says:

"Though I may be wrong, it is only by an arbitrary extension of the term saint that I could apply it to them. I should have to call them philosophic saints or pagan saints, to distinguish the quality of their goodness. For holiness differs from virtue, from goodness, from

excellence, from any other word which denotes an approach to human perfectness, precisely in this that it tacitly involves the relation of the soul to a living God."

I am sorry I cannot find space for the whole passage, both because it is conceived and expressed in the loftiest strain of Christian culture and eloquence, and also because it is so characteristic of the author and of his high spiritual and religious standpoint. I must content myself by referring my readers to the volume in which it is only one eloquent passage out of many.

Another marked feature of Dr. Beard's teaching, which also finds expression in this volume, is his keen insight in detecting phases of religious truth in nature, history, the problems of social life, &c., and his rare power of transmuting them into lessons of human trust and conduct. His sermons on "The Indian's Grave" (iii.), on "Great Cities" (vii.), on "A Parable of Auvergne" (xii.), and "A Parable of Florence" (xix.), manifest this faculty in a sufficiently striking manner. He seems to have shared the intellectual susceptibility and many-sided culture of Dean Stanley, and like him to have aimed at transforming all the suggestions of his travel, as of his reading, into pulpit material. His sermons are thus not theological monologues and doctrinal dissertations. They do not discuss themes lying outside the present-day interests and pursuits of their hearers. On the contrary, they are instinct with the very life-blood of the thought, speculation, and generally multiform energies amid whose throbs and currents our actual lives are led.

There are other characteristics of this interesting volume to which I should have been glad to call attention had my space been unlimited. I must, however, note one distinctive quality of Dr. Beard's sermons for the sake of its rarity. He wholly avoids the besetting sin of most pulpit orators—of overstraining his argument. It would almost seem—so careful is he in marking the legitimate bounds of his reasoning—as if he would have ranked "the drawing out the thread of his discourse finer than the staple of his argument" in the light of an offence against veracity. However useful a conclusion or sentiment may be, however much its acceptance may contribute to human happiness or harmonise with his own opinion, he never insists upon more than just those premises and bases which may reasonably and honestly be alleged on its behalf.

On the whole, I have no hesitation in pronouncing this volume of sermons to be a collection of remarkable excellence, though this will, I fear, seem to be but lukewarm praise to those who had the pleasure of Dr. Beard's acquaintance, and who will therefore have known from other sources how inevitably such excellence must have characterised discourses to which he devoted the best powers of his intellect. It seems to me that in certain points, notably in clearness and simplicity of style, in artistic modelling not only of the theme but of each of its parts, in the complete blending of the intellect of the philosopher with the emotion of the religious teacher, this volume stands somewhat higher than any of his preceding works. I may be mistaken, but I believe I can discern a growth in these respects, as there undoubtedly is in

the calm equable tone, the ripe mellowed serenity of his exposition, during the ten years that have elapsed since his last collection of sermons (*The Soul's Way to God*) was published. His imagination also appears to have acquired greater depth and fervour; and if his emotion seems more restrained and chastened in its expression, as I think it does, this really adds to its intensity. A man of warm feelings and strong convictions, Dr. Beard's preponderant quality was his intellectual vigour. It was impossible for him to manifest any passion excepting in the guise of sweet reasonableness.

The "In Memoriam" character of this volume is doubtless known to readers of the ACADEMY. How well it is adapted to subserve this function may be gathered from what I have advanced. A more befitting tribute to the memory of a great religious thinker and teacher than this collection of thoughtful and eloquent sermons it would be difficult to conceive. All readers—and they will certainly include all who believe in the healthy union of philosophic culture with rational Christianity—will thank Mrs. Beard for the volume, which, together with his other written works, is destined, I trust, to keep his memory alive as a Christian teacher, a thinker of rare power and invincible sincerity, and, in the other and more general phases of his character, a pre-eminently cultured, wise, God-fearing man.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

This Mortal Coil. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Orthodox. By Dorothea Gerard. (Longmans.)

Philip Mordant's Ward. By Marianne Kent. (Warne)

Gerald Grantley's Revenge. By Mark Tanner, M.D. (Author's Alliance.)

A Moral Bigamist: a Story of Ourselves in India. (Sonnenschein)

Deb and the Duchess. By L. T. Moade. (Hatchards.)

Records of a Stormy Life. By Mrs. Houston. (Spencer Blackett.)

It is perhaps a trivial matter to comment upon, but it seems a pity that Mr. Grant Allen is falling into the habit of giving his novels enigmatical, meaningless, and therefore somewhat tasteless titles. In this matter of names for their stories the great masters of fiction have pronounced in favour of simplicity; and the example of the great masters—the writers of *Tom Jones*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Newcomes*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *The Mill on the Floss*—is worthy to be followed unless good reason can be shown to the contrary. *This Mortal Coil* is a title which, prior to the reading of the book, suggests nothing, and when the book has been read seems to mean nothing; for the quotation from Hamlet's soliloquy would be as appropriate to any story dealing with life and death as it is to the special story which Mr. Grant Allen has to tell. Still, as has been said, this is comparatively a trifle, and would hardly be worth mentioning save as one of two or three indications that the

author is yielding to a temptation to appeal to a class of readers which is attracted by somewhat meretricious baits, and upon which such really fine artistic workmanship as that of the first volume of his early novel *Babylon* would be lost. Another sign of the same lapse is that Mr. Grant Allen is devoting himself more and more to a rather slap-dash portraiture of villains of the old melodramatic non-human type. Such a villain occupied the place of honour, or dishonour, in *The Devil's Die*; such another villain occupies the same place in *This Mortal Coil*; and it is difficult to say whether Dr. Chichele, the scoundrel who is a man of science, or Hugh Massinger, the scoundrel who is a man of letters, be the more undesirable acquaintance. Perhaps the palm must be awarded to the doctor, for the simple reason that he is made a little more credible and realisable than the aesthetic poet. We doubt whether a man so utterly unprincipled as was Hugh Massinger ever avowed so frankly his lack of principle, and we are quite sure that such avowal would have roused in a noble-natured fellow like Warren Relf only a feeling of instinctive aversion. Of course, even so deeply-dyed a scoundrel might have deceived his betters as to his true character, but for such deception some simulation of nobleness or disinterestedness is surely necessary; and, except in his performance of the very easy task of persuading Winifred Meysey that he is in love with her and not with her money, Hugh Massinger is more parsimonious of such necessary simulation than any villain we have ever met with. When he does in earnest "practise to deceive" nothing could well be more insanely purposeless than his deception. When Elsie, driven to despair by his faithlessness, throws herself into the water, there is absolutely no evidence to connect Massinger with her disappearance; and yet he deliberately concocts evidence which, in the event of certain by no means improbable contingencies, must work his utter ruin. The portrait of Massinger the poet is more truthful and artistic than the portrait of Massinger the man. The artificial imitative singer has a certain belief in himself, but it is only a half-belief; and when his disillusioned wife tells him the truth about his empty verses it irritates him beyond measure, because he has just enough insight to feel "in his bones" that it is the truth. All this part of the book is clever—indeed, Mr. Grant Allen never writes a book which is not clever somewhere; but, on the whole, *This Mortal Coil*, in spite of its good writing, seems to me scarcely worthy of its author's antecedents.

Most of us have read with considerable interest and admiration those notable novels *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward, Preacher*; and many of us have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding our admiration, we have had, for the time being, enough of controversial theology in fiction. It may, therefore, be well to say at the outset that *Orthodox* is not a theological novel. There is not a word in it about Anglicanism, or Calvinism, or Positivism, or any of the "isms" we are always discussing and "getting no forrader." The title refers to Jewish, not Christian divisions; and most of the principal personages in Mrs. Gerard's story belong to the orthodox—that is, violently and narrowly conservative—

section of the Jews in Poland. To say that Mrs. Gerard is not enamoured of the characteristics of the Hebrew race—at any rate, as such characteristics are exhibited in the country of which she writes—is to speak very mildly. She is certainly not an adherent of the *cultus* which George Eliot endeavoured to originate; and one inclines to think that the dark colours must be laid on with too big a brush, though it is certain that the Hebrew nature, especially in a country where the Jew has no experience save of persecution and contempt, has a side much less winning than that presented to us in the pages of *Daniel Deronda*. *Orthodox* is an unrelievedly sad book. It is too sad for pleasure; but it has great beauty as well as great sadness, and it is impossible that any reader should remain unmoved by its sombre power. It is more painful than anything else we have had from Mrs. Gerard's pen; it is also more impressive. The character of Salome Marmorstein is a real creation, not merely in the sense of being endowed with recognisable life, but in the rarer sense of being an altogether new figure in the world of imagination—a stamped portrait struck from a freshly engraved and hitherto unused die. There is something profoundly tragical in the story of the poor girl's first and only love—the love which is strong enough to stand against everything except the pressure of that heavy atmosphere of tribal and religious bigotry, exclusiveness, and hatred in which she has lived, and moved, and had her being. Admire as we will—and to withhold admiration is out of the question—we cannot but feel that *Orthodox* is a cruel book; that there is something too relentlessly harrowing in the story of the winding of the web of dissimulation and treachery round the girl, whose face we see for the last time with the terrible look of despair upon it when her too-confiding lover suffers her to be led outside the door of the protesting convent. In this scene the dramatic interest of the book reaches a really magnificent climax. It is a scene which, presented on the stage, would be profoundly impressive; and, indeed, the story as a whole seems one that would lend itself very readily to the purely dramatic form of treatment. Tragic as the book is, the needful element of relieving comedy is provided by the wily, keen-sighted, bargain-driving little schemer, Surchen Marmorstein.

Such a novel as that last noticed is apt—like one of Turner's flaming sunsets—to kill any other work of art in its immediate vicinity. After the perusal of *Orthodox* the reader is likely to find any ordinary story rather thin and colourless, and to be unjust accordingly. It would be a pity if *Philip Mordant's Ward* were subjected to such injustice; for though, as the colloquial phrase has it, there may be "not much in it," what there is is decidedly pleasant and praiseworthy, to say nothing of the fact that it has the one agreeable quality of cheerfulness, which Mrs. Gerard's book certainly lacks. There are some sad pages even here, but the concluding chapter leaves us comfortable; and all's well that ends well. The motive of the novel is simple and yet unhackneyed. Mrs. Carthew has been left a wealthy widow with one daughter. Twenty-five years before the time when the story begins she has been sought in marriage by Philip Mordant. She

has rejected him and has chosen Major Carthew, only to find, after marriage, that the major has loved her fortune not herself. When we make her acquaintance she is dying of consumption; and, knowing that her days are numbered, she summons her old lover to her side and asks him to undertake the guardianship of her daughter Ella. One condition only is attached to the trust. Mrs. Carthew is devoured by a morbid fear that Ella, like herself, may fall a victim to a mere fortune hunter; and she stipulates that if the girl is received into Philip Mordant's house as his ward and the companion of his two motherless daughters, the fact that she is an heiress shall be strictly concealed, and she shall appear before everyone, the daughters included, as a mere pensioner on his bounty. The quick-minded reader will see that here is an opening for some promising complications, and these complications provide materials for a very interesting and well-told story. Miss Kant's villain is a little conventional, as the villains of fiction are wont to be; but elsewhere she has a good eye for character, and her treatment of incident is brisk and vivacious.

There is something of briskness, too, in Dr. Tanner's story; but the briskness being frankly admitted, it cannot be said that *Gerald Grantley's Revenge* has many other merits, though it is no worse than various other novels which live out their little lives on Mr. Mudie's shelves. The book is a tale of soldiering, sport, and intrigue in India, and bears a strong likeness to innumerable other members of the literary family to which it belongs. Its only novelty is a somewhat startling surprise which Dr. Tanner provides for his readers. At the opening of the story we are introduced to a certain Capt. Lowe, who heroically saves the life of Gerald Grantley, and who is, generally speaking, a *fidus Achates* and a reproachless Bayard in one. All at once, without any warning, the captain reveals himself as a blackleg and a scoundrel. He attempts to doctor his friend's horse, and succeeds in running away with his friend's fiancée; and he is the victim of the hero's magnanimous revenge, which consists in providing for Lowe's widow, after the very objectionable person, Lowe himself, has been dispatched by a tigress. The book is not exactly a reflection in a mirror held up to nature; but, then, the ordinary novel of the present hardly professes to reflect nature. It only reflects the ordinary novels of the past; and, in passing through successive mirrors, nature—to use a Fuller-like quip—loses her nature.

A Moral Bigamist resembles Dr. Tanner's novel in being an Indian story. It also resembles it in being flat and trivial. It differs from it in being as unwholesome as its silly title would lead us to expect it to be. In the concluding chapter the anonymous author provides us with a novelty in the shape of a review of his own work, which, with remarkable candour and truthfulness, he describes as "unpleasant reading." Even the author has little to say in praise of any of his characters but one, who, he tells us, is "always charming," and then goes on to declare that "it is she who redeems the book,

and makes it readable." This charming redeeming creature is in intent, though not in act, a vulgar adulteress, with no possible excuse for her sin except the excuse that her husband spends a good deal of time away from her, working to keep her in comfort and luxury. He is certainly an eccentric man, for he names his child after the scoundrel whom he knows to have been his wife's would-be seducer; but this extraordinary freak harmonises well with the rest of a thoroughly repulsive and worthless story.

We have heard a good deal about literary poetry; and, as we all know what it means, the critic is, perhaps, not guilty of unpardonable obscurity in describing Deb and her boy and girl companions as literary children. *Deb and the Duchess* is a very pretty and graceful story—probably Miss Meade could not write a story that was not pretty and graceful; but, to say that its youthful characters bear any but the most shadowy resemblance to the real thing, is impossible. Both Deb's babyishness and precociousness lack the touch of nature; and what is true of her is true of Mike and of all the other children in the book. I have discovered, however, that some real live children enjoy the story, and find no fault with it; and, as it is evidently written for such readers, senior critics may do well to withhold carping objections which might in their sweep include Dickens as well as Miss Meade.

Records of a Stormy Life seems to be a reprint. If this be so, it was probably noticed in the ACADEMY at the time of its original publication. It will suffice, therefore, to say now that it is a fair specimen of Mrs. Houston's always capable work.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

A History of Greece. By Evelyn Abbott. Part I. (Rivingtons.) We should welcome, as a real literary event, the appearance of the first instalment of an independent history of Greece upon a large scale by an English author, were it not for the uncomfortable statement in the preface that "in a second part the history will be brought down to the end of the Peloponnesian War." If Mr. Abbott really means to go no further than that, he will be disappointing the public, both lay and learned, which wants a complete history of at least the whole period of Greek independence, and will be leaving unemployed the gifts of research and of exposition in history which the present volume shows him to possess. Why should Epaminondas and Alexander be thus left out of the gallery of historical portraits which is opened to English readers? Why should the Achaean League, with its manifold points of interest for our century, be undescribed? If it be interesting and instructive to see how Greece dealt with conquering Persia, surely something may be learnt from seeing how she dealt with Persia conquered. If the successful struggle with Darius and Xerxes be worth telling and retelling, why should we not also look to learn something from the unsuccessful struggles against Philip II. and against Mummius? Cutting any history into small pieces has little to recommend it; and the attempt to cut up Greek history should be most stoutly resisted. As the affairs of Greek states become more interwoven, and the course of important events more confined to a single theatre, Mr. Abbott would probably find the story easier to tell,

and to tell in an interesting way. In the first volume, where a number of disconnected traditions have to be followed down to the meeting-place at which national feeling is called out by the Persian War, he has given us a most careful survey, with sound criticism; but it is not a survey which will appeal strongly to the public. The perhaps inevitable distraction of turning from Lakonia to Attica, from Arkadia to Egypt, has prevented him from drawing an outline firm enough for a history which shall be, in the best sense, popular. There is something to be found in the volume on all topics. It is exhaustive in its recognition of subjects, but its thread is broken too often. On two points only does Mr. Abbott leave us in doubt as to his exact meaning. About the evidence of "Homer," even on points of usage, he is sceptical. But we cannot make out whether he has considered the possibility of two eras of civilisation in Greece—one an Achaean period to which Homer belongs; the other the historical period; and the two interrupted or cut apart by an inroad of comparatively barbarian Greeks, probably the Dorians, who presently took to themselves the civilisation on which at first they warred, and redeveloped it with some new features. The former age may have outgrown the ideas of ceremonial purification from bloodshed and of ancestor-worship; the latter retained them. We know that there was an inroad of mountain tribes; why may it not have been this agency which sundered the civilisation of Homer from that of Solon? But then how did Attica stand to the change? It would be hard to say; but the question brings us to the second point on which the author's meaning is not plain. How far does he think that Attica was ever conquered? That country, he says on p. 280, was never "conquered as Lakonia, Argos, and Thessaly were conquered." But p. 281 lays down that "the union of Attica was due to an incursion of Ionians from the south," and p. 284, that "when the country was conquered, each family settled on the plot which it had secured." But, after all, it is no harder to find out the mind of Mr. Abbott than the mind of Thucydides, who used the strange word *ἀσφαλιστος*, apparently to mean "free from foreign conquest." And if we have pointed out the weak places in Mr. Abbott's treatment of his group of subjects, he will, we hope, forgive us when he sees our anxiety to have a very valuable and serious study not shorn of its completeness, but carried to its natural end.

The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. Withrow. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Withrow's confession of the somewhat polemical character of portions of this book caused us at the outset feelings of trepidation which, we are bound to say, were not well grounded. A gentler book of controversy it would be difficult to find. In the Christian inscriptions, says Mr. Withrow, "no word of bitterness even toward persecutors is to be found," and he seems to have copied this excellent spirit. Moreover, the greater part of the volume is not controversial, but merely descriptive, and very good description too. Those readers who have prowled through the dusty galleries of a catacomb with a candle or a piece of magnesium wire will be glad to have their impressions so agreeably revived, and those who have never visited Rome will find here a very handy and well-illustrated manual of information. Occasionally, it is true, we come across something which betrays imperfect acquaintance with the language of the Christian inscriptions or with Roman usage. A *magister ludi* is not likely to have been "master of the games" (p. 460) or a *procurator munerum* "procurator of the presents" (p. 419). These things, however,

only show that writers who deal with the later stages of epigraphy or of Roman customs ought also to be familiar with the earlier stages. But it is a more serious question how far the "latest results of exploration" can really be looked for in a book which speaks of Pius IX. as "the present pontiff," and of which a part at least (see p. 552) must have been written earlier than September 1870.

Etude sur Quinte Curce. Par S. Dossou (Paris: Hachette.) The mystery which hangs over the date and the person of Quintus Curtius—a mystery which it does not seem possible entirely to remove—has provoked many attempts at solution, and the Curtius-literature is of a very considerable amount. Of this literature, M. Dossou (whose own edition of Quintus Curtius appeared in 1884) has taken pains to make himself master, and he now puts before the world his summary of the little that is known and the much that is conjectured. It would, however, be a mistake to regard his essay as a mere compilation. Going carefully through other people's arguments, he has become entitled to put forward views of his own. This he does with modesty, and he generally gives the reader an opportunity of checking his conclusions, and of seeing on what grounds they are formed. After a chapter in which he discusses the silence of ancient writers with regard to Quintus Curtius, and points out how rarely one author did refer to another by name, he proceeds on grounds of style and of other evidence to decide that his author must have lived under Caligula and Claudius. Herein he is on firm ground. The character of the Latin will not readily lend itself either to the age of Augustus or to any much later date; and the evidence of this sort, which is naturally cumulative, he strengthens by a patient building up of point upon point. The famous passage in x. 9. 1 suits the accession of Claudius, and it would be out of date if published late in his reign. The work was, therefore, published about A.D. 42. The probability here is perhaps as strong as we can expect; but M. Dossou is not equally successful in showing that Quintus Curtius was identical with the consul of Tac. A. 11.21. It is possible that he was so. Perhaps it is more probable than that he was the Quintus Curtius Rufus of Suetonius; but nothing is really gained by being wise beyond what is written. After a curious chapter on Alexander the Great and the Romans, showing how such a book might well be written at such a time, we come to an appreciation of Quintus Curtius as a historian and as a writer. M. Dossou admits that if Livy was the Virgil of history, Quintus Curtius was its Lucan; but still he holds that Curtius meant to write a history, not a *roman*; that he studied authorities for himself, and decided for himself on their value. He was not a blind copier of any one authority; and, as we should expect of a man who paid so marked attention to style and to picturesqueness, he took from all sources what would work well into his book. Unfortunately he was a bit of a moralist too, and an age with a different taste in comparison finds his reflections hollow and stale. But he does not deserve the contempt which has been poured upon him as a historical writer. M. Dossou has produced a model monograph on such a subject, clearly arranged, and, though learned, very attractive. But what, by the way, was the "mot d'Enée à Néoptolème" in Virgil? We can remember none.

Der Praefectus Fabrum. Von H. C. Maué. (Halle: Niemeyer; London: Nutt.) This is one of those special studies upon which future historians will have to build, but which have only been made possible by the publication of the Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. There has never yet been published, we believe, any full account of the attitude of the

Roman emperors toward the right of association; but the inscriptions, duly worked up by men like Dr. Maué, will make such an account possible. That *praefecti fabrum* have anything to do with associations will not readily be acknowledged by everyone. But all must admit that there is something wrong in the state of our knowledge when we find Mommsen affirming that the *praefecti fabrum* lost their military character early, while Marquardt makes them commanders of a corps of engineers until Septimius Severus broke up the corps. Dr. Maué argues that there were two kinds of *praefecti fabrum*; the literature only mentions one, but the inscriptions prove the existence of the other. As to (1) those who served with proconsuls or propraetors, they cannot have been really engineer officers; for not all of them would, under the empire, have any troops to command, and the very existence of a special corps of *fabri* may be called in question. Caesar, with whom was Mumura as *praefectus fabrum*, used his legionaries for all his military works. The *praefecti fabrum* were really confidential men, not specially military (L. Aemilius Secundus says of himself that he was *praefectus fabrum ante militiam*), but told off to any important piece of work. But then, whence the name? This is a difficulty, as Dr. Maué allows. Next he goes on to argue, following hints thrown out by Forcellini and Hagenbuch, but neglected since, that there was (2) a very different class of *praefecti fabrum*, connected with the *collegii fabrum* (and perhaps with the *centenarii* and *dendrophori* too) which are mentioned in the inscriptions of many Italian and provincial towns. It cannot be an accident that we have titles of so many *praefecti fabrum* just from the towns whence we also have inscriptions of *collegia*. They must have been appointed by the emperor to watch and control the semi-military organisation of the *fabri*, the firemen of the time. Though these associations (*quibus senatus coire permittit*) were authorised by law, they might be dangerous, as Trajan thought about the firemen of Nicomedia, and as Aurelian found that the organised *monetarii* of Rome actually were. The persons appointed would naturally be expected to be loyal, and to have given proofs of attachment to the constitution. Hence, perhaps, it is that in 248 inscriptions of *praefecti fabrum* we find forty-two men who had been *flamines* of the emperors or had filled some similar post. All this hangs well together, but we cannot quite get over the difficulty that there were also special *praefecti collegii fabrum*, who cannot possibly be identified with the *praefecti fabrum*. The former are sometimes found without the latter, and we cannot see our way clearly to distinguishing the functions.

Alexandre d'Abonotichos. Par Frantz Cumont. (Bruxelles: Hayez.) Few chapters of the history of paganism are so piquant as that in which Lucian tells, with the irony of a sceptic and the zest of a personal enemy, how in the enlightened age of the Antonines a vulgar magician passed himself off as the son and the agent of a demi-god, was consulted by an emperor, and married his daughter to a Roman consular. The imperfect connexion then existing between religion and morality showed itself in the fact that he could enjoy the favours of numerous married ladies, and could venture to attempt the murder of Lucian himself. The husbands were gratified by the honour, and the governor of the province was afraid to avenge the outrage. The sacred snake, with its mask of linen, was to the false prophet Alexander all (and more) than the hind was to Sertorius. It warranted his divine nature, and the worship of it or of its successors outlasted the impostor's lifetime. All this curious story M. Cumont tells anew, and he illustrates and confirms it by the evidence of gems and

inscriptions. It is remarkable that the name and *cursus honorum* of Rutilianus, the son-in-law of Alexander and of the Moon, should have come down to us independently of Lucian, and that even Lepidus, one of Alexander's opponents in Asia, should (probably) be traceable in an inscription from Amastris. M. Cumont has also taken pains to point out in what respects the cult of Glykon, the sacred snake, differed from the ordinary rites paid to Aesculapius, of whom Glykon was held to be an incarnation, and how careless an innovator Alexander was upon the ordinary forms under which oracles were delivered. But surely he is mistaken in saying that the name of M. Antonius Onesas, who has left behind him a little dedication to Glykon, shows him to have been a freedman of Antoninus Pius. This confounds Antonius and Antoninus; and, after all, he only appears on the inscribed stone as M. Ant. Onesas. The expansion of the name must be M. Cumont's own doing.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SIR RICHARD BURTON has this week left England, in order to spend the winter on the Lake of Geneva. Before starting, he passed all the proofs of the final volume of his "Supplemental Nights," which will be issued very shortly to subscribers.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has also been compelled, by the approach of the cold weather, to leave England. He goes direct to the Italian lakes, and thence to Florence for November, spending the remainder of the winter on the Riviera.

MESSRS. BENTLEY will publish immediately the *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, from family papers in the possession of Sir Percy Shelley, by Mrs. Julian Marshall. The work will be in two volumes, with a portrait.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL, the editor of *Boswell*, has nearly ready for publication through the Clarendon Press a collection of letters from David Hume to William Strahan hitherto unpublished. In the preface he recounts the circumstances under which Lord Rosebery purchased the originals, when the authorities of the Bodleian and of the British Museum had declined them. A life of Hume is prefixed, and the letters have been fully annotated.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces two books by Janet Ross (née Duff Gordon). One is entitled *Three Generations of English Women*; or, *The Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon*; the other is *The Land of Manfred: Picturesque Excursions in Apulia and other little visited Parts of Southern Italy*, with special reference to their historical associations.

SIR CHAS. WILSON has written a new introduction to his *Jerusalem, the Holy City*, which will be published very shortly. The volume contains about eighty wood engravings, and four steel plates.

THE short stories by Mr. Andrew Lang and M. Paul Sylvester, which Messrs. Sonnenschein have in the press, are taken from French originals—not German, as was originally announced. The volume will contain *nouvelles* by Gautier, About, Mérimée, Tolstoy, Guy de Maupassant, and others. The large paper edition will be limited to fifty copies.

MESSRS. CASSELL will issue next month the fourth volume of Prof. Henry Morley's *English Writers*, dealing with Chaucer and the literature of the fourteenth century. As Prof. Morley has determined to devote himself henceforth more entirely to this great work, he hopes to publish two volumes regularly each year until it is finished.

THE next volume to appear in the "Parchment Library" will be Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN'S *Commodore Junk*—an adventure story dealing with buccannery life on the West Indian Main in the days of George I.—will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on October 29.

AMONG books of travel, Messrs. Sampson Low announce *The Kingdom of Georgia*; being Notes of Travel in a Land of Women, Wine, and Song, to which are appended historical, literary, and political sketches, specimens of the national music, and a compendious bibliography. The author is Mr. Oliver Wardrop. The book will be illustrated with a map and numerous engravings.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in the press *Hindu-Koh: Wanderings and Wild Sport on and beyond the Himalaya*, by Major-General Donald MacIntyre, V.C., late of the Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas. The volume will be illustrated.

MR. E. BELFORD BAX has in preparation a companion volume to his *Religion of Socialism*, entitled *The Ethics of Socialism*, in which he discusses ethical questions from a new standpoint. Messrs. Sonnenschein will be the publishers.

M. JULES VERNE will give us this Christmas two illustrated books of adventure—*Adrift in the Pacific*; and *The Flight to France*; or, the Memoirs of a Dragoon in the Days of Dumouriez.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have ready for immediate publication *The Narrative of the Holy Bible*, by Miss Emily Marion Harris, the author of "Estelle" and other works. The proofs have been revised by the Rev. Dr. Gaster, and the book is dedicated to the children of Baron Leopold Rothschild.

Remarkable Sayings of Remarkable Queens, by Miss Eleanor F. Cobby, author of "Victoria Regina," is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication.

ALDERMAN JOHN SYMONS, of Hull, has ready for the press a series of local historical papers.

THE Early English Text Society has nearly ready its last three books for this year: in the Original Series, Dr. H. Logeman's *Rule of St. Benet*, with Anglo-Saxon Glosses, and Mr. T. Austin's *Two Early Cookery Books*, i. the Harleian MS. 279 (circ. 1430), and ii. the Harleian MS. 4016 (circ. 1450), with a few supplementary recipes; in the Extra Series, Caxton's *Curial*, englisht from Alain Chartier, edited by Dr. Furnivall, and collated with its French original by Prof. Paul Meyer, who shows how oddly Caxton often misunderstood Chartier's French.

THE Chaucer Society's Second Series will be ready next week: *Originals and Analogues of the Canterbury Tales*, part v. (completing the volume), Eastern Analogues, ii., by Mr. W. A. Clouston; (2) John Lane's *Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale*, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall from the two MSS. in the Bodleian Library, (1616, 1630), part i., the Text and Forewords; and (3) *Supplementary Canterbury Tales*: 2, The Tale of Beryn, part ii., Forewords by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Notes by F. Vipan, &c., and Glossary by W. G. Stone; with an Essay on Analogues of the Tale, by Mr. W. A. Clouston.

THE Browning Society will commence its eighth session on October 28, when Dr. E. Berdoe will read a paper on "Paracelsus," with the Rev. Mark Wilks in the chair. On November 30 the Bishop of Ripon will address the society. The hon. secretary of the society asks us to state that he has moved from 249

Camden Road to 39 Wolsley Road, Crouch End, N.

MISS AGNES WARD, principal of the Maria Grey Training College, will deliver a course of four lectures on "The History of Education—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Spencer," at the Kensington High School for Girls, on Thursdays during November, at 5 p.m., beginning on November 8.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE November number of *Scribner's* will be of more than usual interest. It will contain the promised article, "From Gravelotte to Sedan," by the late General Sheridan, illustrated with the last portrait taken of him, engraved by Kruell; the first instalment of Mr. R. A. Stevenson's historical romance, "The Master of Ballantrae"—concerning which we are informed that the central figures are the two sons of a Scotch laird, Jacobite and Whig; the second of Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years," dealing with Charles Kean and his wife; and an essay on "Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; while Mr. Stevenson's monthly paper will give further reminiscences of his voyages with his father round the north of Scotland, including an account of a descent into the sea in a diving-dress.

MR. HUBERT HALL will open the November number of the *Antiquary* with a paper on "The King's Peace"; the Rev. H. F. Tozer's account of the Byzantine Frescoes and Book-Hewn Churches in the Terra d'Otranto will be completed; Mr. W. Brailsford will give a description of the Effigy of Richard, Lord Grey de Witton; other papers include "Saint Hilderferth," by Mr. Sparvel-Bayly, and "Serum" by Mr. Evelyn Redgrave.

AMONG the contents of the *Scottish Review* for October will be "Music in Early Scotland," by J. Cuthbert Hadden; "The Ultimate Fate of Giordano Bruno"; "Jamieson's Dictionary"; "The Romance of Robert Bruce related," and "The Universities Bill," by W. Peterson.

THE Rev. Prof. Church will contribute a serial story to the *Quiver*, which will be commenced in the November part, forming the first of a new volume. The same part will contain a complete story by Annie S. Swann, an interview with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and contributions by the Bishop of Derry, Prof. Blaikie, the Rev. P. B. Power, and the Rev. Gordon Calthorp.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S famous picture of "The Sleeping Bloodhound" will be reproduced in the November number of *Illustrations*.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN will contribute a paper on "Welsh Grievances" to the *Michaelmas* number of *Pump Court*.

THE next issue of *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, president of the Hull Literary Club, will contain notices of Lord Houghton by Aaron Watson, Sir Henry Taylor by A. J. Symington, William Watson by James Ashcroft Noble, &c.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. J. B. SEELEY is lecturing at Cambridge this term on "Europe during the Reign of Frederick the Great."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, professor of poetry at Oxford, will not lecture during the present term, on account of family bereavement.

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, Slade Professor of fine art at Cambridge, has announced a course of lectures for the present term on "Mediaeval

Art in England as applied to Domestic Purposes."

PROF. MARSHALL is delivering two courses of lectures at Cambridge this term: (1) on "Production and Distribution," designed to serve as an introduction to the study of economics, and also to meet the wants of those who desire to obtain only a general knowledge of the relations between capital and labour; (2) on "Economic Theory," primarily designed for advanced students, but secondarily for such as may desire to go straight to the central difficulties of the subject.

MR. J. L. ROGERS, son of the well-known professor of political economy, has been appointed to the vacant chair of mathematics at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

PROF. P. A. BARNETT, of Firth College, Sheffield, has been appointed principal of the British and Foreign School Society's training college in the Borough Road, London.

THE editorial committee of the *Oxford Review* have joined the staff of the *Oxford Magazine*, which is now, we believe, the only academical paper published at Oxford.

THE number for October 17 contains a somewhat severe review of Mr. Woodgate's *Boating* in the "Badminton Library," signed with the initials G. O. B.; and also a list of freshmen who have come into residence this term. The comparative numbers in the largest colleges will surprise those who have left Oxford even so lately as twenty years ago. New College comes first with 60; then Non-Collegiate (53), Christ Church (54), Balliol (47), Trinity (40), Exeter and Magdalen (each 37), Keble (35).

MR. F. MADAN, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, has printed for private circulation a volume of some 140 pages, containing the records of the Phoenix Common Room—a dining club at Brasenose College, which celebrated its centenary in 1886. Besides a general history of the club, he has given the rules (with their modifications) from the earliest times, and biographical notices of all the members. It is interesting to notice how at the beginning the county families of Cheshire and Lancashire predominate, while towards the end the chief distinctions are those of the river, the cricket-field, and the running-path. Among the members may be noticed the names of Bishop Heber and his brother the bibliophile, Squire Osbaldeston, the father of Lord Selborne, the first Lord Hatherton, two principals of the college, and two living deans. As a conundrum to our readers, we may mention that the first toast given at the dinners of the club, down to the year 1844, was "Our Old Friend."

WE have received the first number of *Critical Studies*, published by the University of Nebraska. First comes a paper on "The Transparency of the Ether," by Mr. DeWitt B. Brace, which concludes as follows:

"Ether, then, the universe must be finite; or, if infinite in extent, the average density of distribution of self-luminous bodies outside our own system must be exceedingly small, as otherwise the sky would appear of a uniform brightness, approximating that of the sun."

Next follows a paper by Dr. A. H. Edgren, in which he amplifies the view expressed in his *Sanskrit Grammar* (Tribner, 1884) that the so-called eighth verb-class in Sanskrit has no independent existence; but that the *tan*-verbs form one class with the *su*-verbs, with the present sign-*no*. But the most elaborate article is the last, by Mr. Joseph A. Fontaine, upon "The Auxiliary Verbs in the Romance Languages," which we commend to the notice of Romance philologists. The writer promises to extend his investigations hereafter to the Wallachian, Catalan, Rhaeto-romance, and other minor dialects.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TWO SONNETS.

I. Sunrise.

THE crescent morn has set: swart gipsy Night,
With all her retinue of stars, has fled:
The wide-winged kindling east is barred with
red.
Fresh from her ocean couch, engirt with light,
Fair Morning comes, in flowing raiment bright;
Each pouting wavelet lifts its shining head
To greet her, as, with easy graceful tread,
She passes o'er the threshold into sight.
The osprey quits his craggy perch, and sails
In eager quest of food o'er dawn-lit seas.
The thronging fleet of fishing junks, with sails
Let loose, run free before the humming breeze;
Throughout the night they plied their weary toil,
They now return, full-laden with their spoil.

II. Sunset.

THE sun sinks slowly in a mist-fed pyre
That flames and glows with tongues of flashing
gold;
The orient sky fast fills with heavy, bold,
Empurpled clouds, their edges fringed with fire;
The league-flung sunset splendours, rising higher
At once from east and west, at length enfold
Both wave and sky; and then, we have unrolled
A scene whose beauties one by one expire.
The fisher gathers up his home-meshed nets,
And westward, o'er the ashen main, he sets
His coarse brown sails. There, down the hill-
side way,
The goatherd with his straggling flock, now wends
His tardy steps: all through the burning day
He clomb the hills, but now he homeward binds.
Hong Kong. T. K. DEALY.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A NEW magazine — the *Jewish Quarterly Review* — edited by I. Abrahams and C. G. Montefiore, and published by David Nutt, appeals to the increasingly large public of students of religious thought. Judaism in England, as a rule, is rather practical than philosophic; but there are a few Jewish scholars and theologians who desire to take their part in the great historical inquiries of which the Old Testament is the centre, and at the same time to educate their own special public into an appreciation of Jewish research and thought. These historical inquiries demand a fuller examination of much that lies outside the Old Testament, and it devolves upon Jewish scholars to undertake this in a more critical spirit than was formerly possible. Nor can the expressions of Jewish religious thought which this Review will supply fail to interest Christian readers. We hope that the ambition so modestly and intelligently described by the editors may be realised, and that, though the matter may be scholarly, the form will be in the best sense popular. In spite of the preponderance of German names, we believe that the only continental contribution is that of Prof. Graetz. It was fitting that this should have the place of honour. This acute critic and learned historian discourses in a bright and paradoxical style on "The Significance of Judaism for the Present and Future." To this a subsequent article by S. Schechter (author of a remarkable article on the Talmud in the *Westminster Review*), on "The Dogmas of Judaism" (part i.), supplies in a certain sense a correction. There is much truth in both. Dr. Neubauer seizes upon a subject of absorbing interest to many. To the question, "Where are the Ten Tribes?" he replies by giving a clear and interesting conspectus of the traditions in the Bible, the Talmud, and the Midrashic literature. He promises to return to the subject. Dr. Friedländer discusses the design and contents of Ecclesiastes, but without examining those traces of Greek philosophic influences in which Dean Perowne at the

Church Congress professed himself a believer. Perhaps this subject will be taken up later. "The New Year and its Liturgy" is the theme of a study by M. Friedmann. It is, however, not treated with reference to recent criticism. Prof. Cheyne's article on "The Origin of the Book of Zechariah" compares the arguments for a pre-exile and a post-exile date of Zechariah, ix.-xi. and xii.-xiv., and indicates a third view in the direction of which several recent writers have been treading. Other Christian scholars have promised their co-operation; and Mr. Montefiore, one of the editors, reciprocates this friendly feeling by a singularly thorough and honestly sympathetic review of Prof. Cheyne's new book on the Psalms.

THE current number of the *Torch*, Mr. E. A. Petherick's "Colonial book circular," continues the bibliography of New South Wales from 1836 to 1849. It also gives a catalogue of the astronomical and other writings of the late E. A. Proctor, with a portrait; and a very complete list of English and American magazines and reviews. We congratulate the editor on the fact that his useful and scholarly publication has now passed into its second year.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARREY D'AUREVILLE, J. *Le Théâtre contemporain*. T. II. Paris: Quantin. 8 fr. 50 c.
BONAPARTE, Le Prince Lucien, et sa famille. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
CABO, E. *Poètes et romanciers*. Paris: Hachette. 8 fr. 50 c.
DEL LONGO, J. *Dante ne' tempi di Dante*. Bologna: Zanichelli. 5 fr.
DU CAMP, Maxime. *Une histoire d'amour*. Paris: Conquet. 12 fr.
JULIAN, F. *L'Amiral Courbet d'après ses lettres*. Paris: Palmé. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAGISTRETTI, P. *Il fuoco e la luce nella Divina Commedia*. Milan: Dumolard. 15 fr.
MARMIER, X. *Voyages et littérature*. Paris: Hachette. 8 fr. 50 c.
MAUPASSANT, Guy de. *Le Roster de Mme. Husson*. Paris: Quantin. 8 fr. 50 c.
SIEBERT, J. P. *La Marine en danger 1870-1893*. Paris: Savine. 8 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BONDOIS, Paul. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1870-71 et des origines de la troisième République*. Paris: Picard. 15 fr.
DE TARRIEN SARTANS. *Campagnes d'Alexandre Farnèse, Duc de Parme et de Plaisance (1591-2)*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 5 fr.
HIPPEAU, E. *Histoire diplomatique de la troisième République*. Paris: Dentu. 7 fr. 50 c.
LEBOUX, A. *Histoire de la Réforme dans la Marche et le Limousin*. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr. 50 c.
LODS, A. *Bernard de Santes et la réunion de la principauté de Montbéliard à la France*. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
MEMORIE e documenti per la storia della università di Parma nel medio evo. Vol. I. Parma: Battel. 8 fr.
MONUMENTI sepolcrali di lettori dello studio bolognese nei secoli XIII., XIV., XV. Bologna: Fava. 26 fr.
SCHREIER, Oh. *Les Voyages de Ludovico di Varthema, ou le Visteur en la plus grande partie de l'Orient, traduits de l'italien en Français par J. Balarin de Raconis*. Paris: Leroux. 30 fr.
VILLELE, *Mémoires et Correspondance du Comte de*. T. 2. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BAUERMEISTER, W. *Zur Philosophie d. bewussten Geistes. Eine Entwickelung d. Gottesbegriffes aus der Geschichte der religion u. Philosophie*. 1. Abth. Die Hypothese. Hannover: Helwing. 8 M.
BOVERI, Th. *Zellenstudien*. 2. Hft. Die Befruchtung. u. Teilg. d. Eies v. Ascaris megalocephala. Jena: Fischer. 7 M. 50 Pf.
FROMMEL, R. *Ueb. die Entwicklung der Placenta v. Myotis murinus*. Wiesbaden: Bergmann. 20 M.
JACOB, E. *Die Welt od. Darstellg. sämmtl. Naturwissenschaften m. den sich ergeb. allgemeinen Schlussfolgerungen*. 2. Bd. Physik. Würzburg: Stabel. 10 M. 80 Pf.
KÖNIG, E. *Die Entwicklung d. Causalproblems von Cartesius bis Kant*. Leipzig: Wigand. 5 M.
RITTER, W. *Anwendungen der graphischen Statistik*. Nach O. Culmann bearb. 1. Tl. Die im Innern e. Balkens wirkenden Kräfte. Zürich: Meyer. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ANTONIBON, G. *Studi sull' arte poetica di Orazio Flacco*. Bergamo: l'ossato. 3 fr.
FERRARI, S. *L'etica di Aristotele*. Turin: Paravia. 6 fr.
FRIEDRICH, F. *Analepticon Alexandrinorum chronologicorum particula II*. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Christ Church, Oxford: Oct. 7, 1888.

Gill and others have recorded the Polynesian belief respecting the Spirit's Rock—a precipice, generally overlooking the sea, down which the spirits of the dead are supposed to leap after death on their way to the spirit-world, and down which living persons have occasionally hurled themselves out of life. This belief obtained also among the Greeks; and *Odyssey* x., 11 presents a very clear allusion to Leucas, White-Cliff, as a way to the spirit-world. I think the idea was also known to the Teutons, for, as regards the Old English, there is a phrase, hitherto I fancy unnoticed, which seems to admit of no other interpretation. As the passage in which it occurs is of much interest, I quote it in full; it is from *Judith*, ll. 110-121 (I use A. S. Cook's handy edition), and describes the death of the "heathen hound," Holofernes, when, after the two fatal strokes,

"læg se fûla leaþ
gêrne beafstan, gæst ellor hwearf
Under neowine nas and ðær genyðerad was
sûle geseald sylðan stre,
wyrnum beurnden, witum gebunden,
hearde gehæfted in helle-bryne
æfir hinsiðe. Ne ðearf hê hopian nô,
þýstrum forðylmed, þæt hê ðonan môte
of ðam wyrmsle, ac ðær wurian seol
awa to aldre bútan ende forð
in ðam heolstran hám, hyht-wynna léas."

Here the spirit is described as disappearing down beneath the Dark Headland or Black Cliff, and, sinking into the dark Hall of Snakes, which, as a part of the Teutonic Tartarus, we know from Wolurpá,

"Sal uait-ec standa, sólo fiarri . . .
sáres undinn salr onna hryggjom."
O. P. B., ll. 627 and 640.

The passage has been strangely misunderstood, because it was not known that *neowd* was the same word as the O.N. *nól*, which occurs in *Alvimál* 117 as a synonym for "night," and denotes the black, moonless night; and, accordingly, a meaning was guessed for it—"profound," "abysmal," and the like. While, to make sense out of the passage thus misconstrued, the meaning of O.E. *nos*, which is perfectly certain, was mangled; and it was said to mean "chasm," just the opposite of jutting cape or cliff-nose, its real interpretation.

Nor does this passage stand alone in referring to this Cliff of the Dead. There is a curious passage in Gautrec's Saga (p. 7), which runs to this effect:

"There is a certain cliff . . . called Gilling's Cliff, and there hard by is a certain peak or crag, which we call the Crag of the Ancestors or Forebears, it is so high and such a fly or drop below it, that no living thing that goes over it could keep its life. It is called the Forebears' Peak, because we minish the number of our kindred there, . . . and all our ancestors die there without any sickness, and thence journey to Woden, and we need have neither trouble nor cost for our fore-bears, for this place of bliss hath ever been open to our ancestors."

A citation which, like its context, is exceedingly Polynesian in its practical humour.

Breda, too, tells of the people of the South Saxon, under stress of famine, leaping hand in hand over cliffs in companies.

There are probably allusions among the Low and High Germans to the Cliff of the Dead, which others could supply; but I do not wish now to do more than call attention to this curious and neglected survival of a very primitive theory of the Spirit's Journey among the Old English.

F. YORK POWELL.

THE COLOUR "PERS" IN CHAUCER.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Oct. 8, 1888.

By way of supplement to my former letter on this subject (*ACADEMY*, September 22), I

may add the following quotations in illustration of the word "pers."

In Méon's *Blasons des XV et XVI^{es} Siècles* I find it applied, as distinct from blue, to the gilly-flower:

"Giroffées sont fleurs communes,
Mais en leur couleur différentes,
Les unes sont blanches, aulcunes
Sont bleues, mais plus apparentes
Sont les perces et plus fréquentes
En médecine."

(*Blason des Fleurs*, p. 295.)

Assuming, as seems most probable, that the flower intended is the clove gilly-flower (Lat. *Caryophyllus*), not the stock gilly-flower, "pers" here would be a shade of red, in fact, pink or carnation. This appears to be its meaning in the following passage also, where it is mentioned along with several other shades of red—a gentleman is giving orders to his "garderober" as to what purchases he is to make:

"Je vull que vous en irez a mon draper, et vous achateriez de lui douze verges de fin escarlet, six verges de rouge, huit verges de pearce, neuf verges de sanguin et atant de violet et bronnet, et quinze verges de blanket."—(*La Manière de Langage qui enseigne à Parler et à Écrire le Français*.)

The recurrence in the above quotation (which is from a work by an Englishman contemporary with Chaucer) of "sangwin and pers" together is a coincidence which may be noted.

In the subjoined extracts from the *Blason de la Marguerite* "pers" obviously indicates various shades of blue, for it is applied successively to the sapphire, the turquoise, and the agate:

"Entre les pierres merveilleuses,
On en tient sept plus précieuses,
Le diamant, le saphyr pers,
La ronde et blanche marguerite," &c.

"Mais l'escarboucle en taint diverse,
L'agate, la torquoyse perse . . .
Si précieuses ne sont certe."

"L'agate d'espece diverse
Blanche ou jaune ou rouge ou perse . . ."
(Méon, *Blasons*, pp. 339, 340, 342.)

From the examples given here and in my former letter it will be seen that the colour "pers" ranges through nearly every shade of blue, from the blue-black of hair to the greenish blue of the turquoise; and it also apparently includes shades of crimson.* Most frequently, however, it indicates a dark or livid blue; but in the absence of a determining object it is not easy to establish exactly what colour is intended.

My conjecture that, in the expressions *pers azure*, *pers noir*, &c., the word "pers" has, like *écarlate* and *pourpre* in similar expressions, lost its meaning of colour, and indicates simply a material, seems to be confirmed by the Provençal *perset vermeill*, *presset vermeil*, i.e., *pers vermeil*, given by Raynouard in his *Lexique Roman* (iv. 522); as well as by a passage in the "Paston Letters" (No. 99, vol. i., p. 134; ed. Gairdner), where mention is made of "j. gowne of fyn perse blewe furred with martens." Cf. also the *Fabliau de la Bourse pleine de Sens*, in which a "riche bourgeois" is described as going to the fair at Troies, where

"I ot assez de draperie,
Qu'il n'ot cure de friperie,
Mais d'escarlate tainte en graine,
De bons pers et de bonne laine,"

* The fact that the same word should mean both crimson and blue may be explained by its derivation (*persum* sc. *malum*), each of these colours being characteristic of the peach at different stages of its development; perhaps, however, the signification of red is due to the blossom, not the fruit, of the peach.

and whence he brings home for his "amie"

"Bone robe de bons pers d'Ypre."
(Barbazan et Méon, *Fabliaux et Contes*, vol. iii., pp. 41, 44.)

That *écarlate* came to indicate a material without reference to colour (a point upon which Littré is somewhat doubtful) is evident, not only from the above passage, but from another in *La Manière de Langage*—the dialogue is between a draper's apprentice and a customer:

"Ore regardez, biau sire, comment vous plaist il. Veicy de bon escarlet violet, sangwyttanes, et de tous autres couleurs que n'en peut nommer; ore esliez de tel que vous plest.—Donques, dit un marchand: que me costera tout cest renc d'escarlet?—Et l'autre dit ainsi: Biau sire, vous me dounrez deux milles francs."

"Scarlet" was used in English in the same way. Chaucer's "Wif of Bathe" has "hosen of fyn scarlet reed," and in the *Anatomy of Abuses* (pp. 70, 72, quoted by Morris) we read of:

"petticoates of the beste clothe that can be made. And sometimes they are not of clothe neither, for that is thought too base, but of scarlet, grograine, taffatie, silke and such like . . . they have kirtles either of silke, velvett, grograine, taffatie, satten, or scarlet, bordered with gardes, lace, fringes, &c."

And again in John Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, where the "office off a chamburlayne" is described:

"Or youre mastir depart his place, afore that this be seyn,
To brusche beally about hym; loke all be pur and playn
Whethur he were satten, sendell, vellewet, scarlet, or greyn."

(Ed. Furnivall, E.E.T.S., p. 178.)

Similarly "purple," like *pourpre*, denoted a material. Sir John Harrington, in his *Dyet for Every Day*, says: "I doe iudge it not to bee much amiste to vse garments of Silke or Bombace, or of purple" (ed. Furnivall, p. 255).

I may take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Emslie for his communication on the subject of "pers" (*ACADEMY*, September 29). It is interesting, but proves nothing one way or the other.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Oct. 13, 1888.

Another poem on the subject to which Mr. Stokes has drawn attention is to be found in the Book of Ballymote—a MS. written about the beginning of the fifteenth century (Facs. 14 a. 7). It is the beginning of a collection of numerical memoranda, which ends on l. 38 of the same column. The words are:

Tre	gort	crans.
Tre	crans	cu.
Tre	cu	maroc.
Tre	marcc	doen.
Tre	doen	set.
Tre	set	nasc.
Tre	nasc	iach.
Tre	iach	eo.
Tre	eo	bith.
Bitá	beo	dia.

With some uncertainty about *set* and *nasc*, they may be translated:

Three fields a tree.
Three trees a hound.
Three hounds a horse.
Three horses a human being.
Three human beings a path.
Three paths a chain.
Three chains a salmon.
Three salmon a yew.
Three yews the world.
Forever living—God.

The *bradan* of the version which Mr. Stokes gives is an interesting confirmation of the gloss on *iac* printed by Windisch (*Wörterbuch*, 610)

from Leabhar na Huidhri (Facs. 16 b. 38, 39), *lódra irricht iac gl. i. bratán*, when placed beside the Ballymote version.

NORMAN MOORE.

GLASTONBURY AND "LITTLE IRELAND."

London: October 13, 1888.

The traditional connexion of St. Patrick with Glastonbury would receive further confirmation if it could be shown that the saint had ever been in this region. I venture to throw out the following suggested explanation of Bonaven Tabernae:

Bon=foot, applied to rivers, e.g., Bundoran, &c., cognate with English "bottom," German "Boden," Latin "Fundus."

Aven=Amhain, pronounced Aven, gen. sing. of Amhan=river.

Tabernae=t Saberne, gen. sing., with initial S eclipsed by t after the nasal n, of Sabern, the probable early form of the Sabrina of the Romans and the Hafren of the Welsh. Thus, Mac an Saggart (Sacerdos) becomes Mac an Taggart. The Romans probably got this name from Gaelic and not Cymric lips.

With regard to Beckery there is in the Notes from the Leabar Breac to the Calendar of Oengus the following (p. lxxvi., *Calendar of Oengus*, edited by Whitley Stokes):

"This is the Bishop Ibaire, who had the great conflict with Patrick. . . . Patrick is enraged with him, and this is what he said, 'Thou shalt not be in Ireland,' quoth Patrick. 'Ireland (Ér) shall be the name of the place wherein I am,' quoth Bishop Ibaire. *Unde Bae-Ér nominatus est*, i.e., an island which is in Uí Cennselagh and out on the sea it is. This island is now called Beggary Island in Wexford."

P.S.—The editor of the *Senchus Mor* (vol. ii., pp. xiii. et seq.) gives some cogent reasons for identifying St. Patrick's alleged birthplace, Nempthor (i.e., *Nem*=holy, heavenly; *Tor*=eminence), with St. Michael's Tor near Glastonbury, and Caer Britton with Bristol.

Charter 567, *Cod. Diplom.*, which, although spurious, is probably of the twelfth century, makes Beocherie=Farva Hibernia.

EDMUND MCCLURE.

ROCK-HEWN CHURCHES IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY.

Ocombe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Oct. 15, 1888.

In this month's number of the *Antiquary* the Rev. H. F. Tozer gives an account of certain rock-hewn churches in the south of Italy. The writer of a notice thereof in the *ACADEMY* (October 13) says:

"Why these interesting churches have been formed underground may admit of controversy. We conjecture that it was for much the same reason that the Roman Christians of an earlier time worshipped in the catacombs. It must be borne in mind that, whatever power was sovereign, the Terra d'Otranto was always liable to be overrun by hordes of Moslem adventurers."

On my way home from Greece, in 1885, I landed at Brindisi, and went by rail, first, in a north-western direction, to Foggia, then, in a southern, to Rocchetta di Melfi. On May 30 I made my way thence to Melfi, and climbed Monte Vulture, the Vultur of Horace. After being dragged, by a rope, out of a rift in that mountain, I was, till June 1, the guest, at Barile, of Signor Bozza, a man who has held offices in the Italian ministry. On May 31, he told me that Barile contained 4000 inhabitants. On my expressing my surprise at the number, he said that the poor lived in caves hollowed out of the side of Monte Vulture; and he took me into one of these rock-hewn dwellings. On June 1, he escorted me to Venosa (Venusia), where his brother owns the castle. On our way, we breakfasted at a sort of little farmhouse

belonging to him, which was hollowed out of the side of a rock.

The existence of these rock-hewn dwellings is to be accounted for by the facility with which they are formed. May not this have something to do with the existence of the rock-hewn churches?

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHAM.

"THE ASTONISHING HISTORY OF TROY TOWN."

Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames: Oct. 2, 1888.

Will you grant me space to clear up a small misunderstanding?

On p. 256 of a recent story—*The Astonishing History of Troy Town* (Cassell)—I have quoted as part of an old song some lines lately published by Mr. W. E. Henley in his *Book of Verses* (David Nutt).

Two years ago a friend sent me a page of the *Family Herald* containing an article on old songs, where the lines in question were given as a veritable antique; and from this source I took them, in my simplicity believing the song to be a shamefully forgotten gem. The explanation is that Mr. Henley gave away a copy of his verses in MS., and thus they crept into print without his knowledge. It is only due to him, I think, to ask you to insert this explanation.

Q.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

5 p.m. Hellenic Society: "The Temple at Delphi," by Prof. J. H. Middleton.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Browning Society: "Paracelsus," by Dr. E. Berdoe.

SCIENCE.

Logic; or, the Morphology of Knowledge.
By Bernard Bosanquet. In 2 vols.
(Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

This book is very much the most important philosophical work that has been published in the English language since Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*; and I do not in saying this overlook either Jevons's *Principles of Science* or Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*. It has a wider scope than Prof. Green's works ever had, and it differs from Jevons's work by being both metaphysic and literature, as well as a treatise on the logic of science. Mr. Bosanquet has not, indeed, quite the amount of scientific illustration at his disposal that Jevons had; but his range is wide enough, including as it does not only examples from mathematics, acoustics, botany, anthropology, and other sciences—and examples, too, of a really valuable kind—but illustrations from the blunders of an examinee (ii., p. 22), and from the love of moving in the lower categories of thought which is exhibited by Sir J. F. Stephen (i., p. 263).

But I venture to think that the true interest of the work lies in its historical significance. It is really the last word of the movement which some people miscall Neo-Kantian, and which future historians may perhaps call Scoto-Oxonian. That movement, which has so powerfully affected the minds of the younger men at Oxford for the last fifteen years, seems, indeed, but a feeble reflection of its German counterpart. Beginning in a misinterpretation of a portion of Kant's *Kritik*, it seems to have gone through phases like those of the post-Kantian movement in

Germany. Prof. Green was its Fichte; Mr. Bosanquet is, in a kind of way, its Hegel. At least, his book is at bottom an attempt to exhibit all knowing as the gradual development of an Absolute Thought; and his exploitation of the worlds of science and art, as well as of the most recent discoveries in logic—his repeated protests against the "one-sided and mechanical" view of nature, which is the only view that ordinary science knows; his insistence on the "teleological aspect" as no less real than the mechanical—are a very great advance on Prof. Green's arid reproduction of the Absolute Ego for purposes which were, at least mainly, ethical and religious. Now this advance inspires the unsympathetic spectator with a hope that the movement may be freed altogether from the trammels of an obscure metaphysic in England, as it seems to have been in Germany. Mr. Seth, and at least one other prominent disciple, have already got themselves clear; and the progress from the *Prolegomena to Ethics* to *The Morphology of Knowledge* gives promise that others will follow their example. As things are, the recent advances in logical doctrine are mostly contained in this book; but they are rendered almost unintelligible by the metaphysical conceptions which they are exploited to support. To disengage them completely would take more time than any reviewer is likely to be able to spare. I can only state, with considerable diffidence, the impressions I have received during the severe exercise of reading the two volumes.

It is called the "Morphology of Knowledge" because its aim is to exhibit the leading types in which thought reveals itself—types which are successive and not wholly separable. Reality is a single system of related things (posited by Absolute Thought?). Each individual intelligence tends to become adequate to it. All knowledge may be represented as a single judgment with reality for its subject, and in the form—"Reality is such that . . ." (Hence it is not surprising to find that the distinction of subject and predicate in a judgment is of minor importance, i., p. 82, *sq.*) All knowing whatever is reducible to modes of judgment. Naming involves judgment (i., p. 34): "Judgment breaks up into judgments as rhomboidal spar into rhomboids" (i., p. 88), and inference differs from judgment proper only in the mediateness of its reference to reality (ii., p. 4). Knowing always implies the recognition of universals. The function of knowing is traced through the progressive evolution of a system of categories (which are not, however, called by that name), through inference and its varieties—mathematical reasoning, induction, and hypothesis; and the work closes with a chapter on the Laws of Thought, which appear to be reinterpreted in conformity with the rejection of the distinction between the form and the matter of thought. But these laws of thought cover only one view of the universe—that of ordinary natural science. As a system of mutually conditioned parts, the universe is not only interpretable in detail according to the Principle of Sufficient Reason, but interpretable, as a whole, by the help of certain (obscure) ethical conceptions. Beyond the mechanical view there is a teleological.

Now embedded in all this extra-logical

theory—which is very gradually revealed—there are really valuable additions to logical doctrine—some of them, indeed, not new—which can be treated independently of metaphysic. Such, for instance, are the doctrine now generally accepted that thought and language start with the sentence; the revision—after Jevons—of the relations between extent and content; the familiar attack on the logical copula and on the doctrine that judgment involves transition in time from the subject to the predicate; the no less familiar treatment of cause and effect (in the fullest sense) as essentially identical—a treatment, by the way, which leads to the conception of a timeless history (i., p. 276); a renewed attack—recalling G. H. Lewes—on Mill's unfortunate treatment of the "Plurality of Causes"; the exhibition of negation as a repulse of a suggested content—a view which does not seem to differ essentially from Mr. Bradley's; a completely new division of judgments, which involves the distinction of four varieties underlying the old universal judgment of ordinary logic, and is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the purely logical element in the book; and most elaborate and detailed chapters on scientific reasoning, which, so far as the purely scientific knowledge goes, are a long way ahead of ordinary logic books. Only we never get rid of the identical and permanent Universals, the fusion of the form and content of thought, and the rest of the metaphysical theory into whose service all knowledge is to be pressed.

As it is the chapters on the Logic of Science that will probably attract most readers, it must be said that, when Mr. Bosanquet's metaphysic is eliminated, it is difficult to see that we have got much beyond Mill and Jevons, so far as the logic is concerned. To say that

"Induction in its most general sense consists in satisfying the principle of Sufficient Reason by an analysis of experience directed to revealing the true coherence of differences within universals" (ii., p. 118),

really does not tell us much more—barring the universals—than Mill's view, that induction arrives at particular statements of causation guaranteed to be true by the general law. "Satisfying the principle" only means finding it in the phenomena; and Mr. Bosanquet thrusts his universals on us as primary, whereas the empiricist regards them as ideal and derivative, with their correspondence to sense-experience made practically certain by the law of causation which they involve. When Mr. Bosanquet goes on (p. 118) to say that "scientific analysis does not deal with instances, but only with contents," we revert to our memories of G. H. Lewes; and, when he says that "the distinction between induction and other forms of inference, erroneously described as the distinction between induction and deduction, is chiefly a distinction of aspects," or that "induction is a transient and external characteristic of inference" (ii., p. 176), the reader feels that, after all, he is not very far from J. S. Mill. Mill, of course, held that all inference is from particulars to particulars. If you sum up the particulars by the way it is induction; if you apply your summary to predict new particulars, it is deduction; but you can only predict with confidence if your summary involves a mode

of the Law of Universal Causation, and the "four methods" are simply methods of bringing these summaries into connexion with that law. It is difficult to see how we are helped by calling the resemblant elements in the particulars identical universals, or what guarantee we have, apart from metempirical theory, either that these universals are really secured, or that they will continue to correspond to particulars in the future. Mr. Bosanquet seems to admit the practical possibility of non-correspondence (ii., p. 173), but here again his theory of the Universal leads to the conclusion that final certainty of the truth of a hypothesis can be obtained without refuting all possible alternatives (ii., p. 166-7). Here, however, the unbeliever in the Universal cannot well pursue the subject further. It is a pity, because, as I have said, Mr. Bosanquet brings to the illustration of the subject an amount of scientific knowledge and a power of attractive exemplification from mathematics, physics, botany, and anthropology, which is rarely even approached by professed logicians. But, without esoteric knowledge, these cannot be fully appreciated; and one has an uncomfortable feeling that the esoteric knowledge is not worth the trouble of acquisition.

It is this remoteness and ideality of the whole book which renders it such a hopeless task for the uninitiated reader to make anything of it. We seem to see that its main design is to insist that the mechanical view of the universe, which is the view of natural science, requires to be supplemented by a teleological view, which most people would relegate to the sphere of aesthetic criticism. One cannot but reply that after all the mechanical view is real for as many as can understand it—that is, it is interpretable into terms of their sense-experience, and, so far as can be seen, likely to correspond with it in future; but that the teleological view admits of as many interpretations as there are interpreters, and lets in sympathies, prepossessions, philosophic dogmas, and, in short, the whole tribe of *Idola Specus* and *Idola Theatri*. And Mr. Bosanquet indicates this when he says (ii., p. 216 *sq.*) that his confidence as to the prolongation of human life on the earth is based "on conceptions akin to the *Bios telaios* of Aristotle—i.e., on the conception of a duration and environment of life adequate to the accomplishment of some worthy purpose." Many Christians, as Mr. Bosanquet freely admits (ii. p. 217), believe that such a life can only be lived by a select few in another world, and that the "teleological conception" points to a speedy dissolution of the present one. The authors of *The Unseen Universes* used the conception as a basis of a physical theory of immortality; and who is to decide which view it justifies by merely appealing to the "ethical core of our convictions" (cp. p. 215)? This appeal is ordinarily made in popular controversy by smiting the breast and saying "I feel it here"; but the philosophic version is only a roundabout way of doing the same thing. Indeed, the outcome of the appeal to teleology (ii., p. 218) seems simply to be that the universe has some purpose or other.

Mr. Bosanquet, however, is prevented from adopting either of the alternative views above

mentioned by his account of time and space (cp. especially vol. i., p. 183 *sqq.*), which regards their infinity as not merely unreal, but unmeaning. Thought (which yet cannot be distinctly dissociated from the material organism, ii. p. 77) seems thus to move in a limited space, like the circular and finite space posited by some mathematicians, and everything outside that sphere is treated not merely as nonexistent, but as absolutely nonsensical. Scoffers not infrequently compare this progress with that of the kitten pursuing its own tail. But if the kitten were meanwhile to analyse its consciousness, and to regard all the content of its mind apart from the pursuit of its tail as mere illusion generated during the analysis, the parallel would be as exact as such parallels can well be. The interesting thing to the mere spectator of modern Idealism—whether German or Scoto-Oxonian—is its gradual transition from a dogmatic Idealism which is barely on speaking terms with natural science to a dogmatic Realism (like Ueberweg's) which will have nothing to say to anything else. Mr. Bosanquet claims the right to regard the world from a teleological or ethical standpoint; but still there is only one world, and the next step in the movement cannot but be to realise that the teleological aspect, the identical universals, the logical categories, and the whole furniture of the system are mere machinery—mere ideal constructions for the purpose of synthesis which the philosopher had best after all reserve for his aesthetic or poetic moods. Whether it is worth while going through so much to reach so little may not unreasonably be doubted.

It is possible, of course, to misapprehend the meaning of a book which in difficulty is to the harder portions of Kant's *Kritik* as those parts are to the evening newspaper, and which is not made easier either by the fluency and perspicuity which its style appears to possess, or by any clear and explicit statement of its metaphysical presuppositions. But still I do not think I have misapprehended the general drift of the work; and it is, I think, this drift which makes it so significant in the present history of English philosophy. If only its science and logic could be disengaged from its metaphysics they would win the respect they deserve. As it is, one is reminded of a criticism on the Hegelian Erdmann: "Er schreibt nur innerhalb des Kreises"; and I cannot agree with Mr. Bosanquet's implied assertion (ii., p. 229), familiar though it is to most Oxford men, that somehow his theory is immanent in Plato and Aristotle.

JAMES SAUMAREZ MANN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A DEEP boring which is being undertaken at Streatham, by the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company, is exciting a good deal of interest in geological circles. At the Bath meeting of the British Association, Mr. W. Whitaker, of the Geological Survey, briefly described the boring, and he again called attention to it in *The Times* of last Wednesday. After piercing the tertiary, the chalk and the upper greensand, it passed through 188 feet of gault, and then, without encountering any lower greensand, entered at once into jurassic strata, probably on the horizon of the marble. The boring is now at a depth of 1,095 feet from

the surface; and although the prospect of obtaining water is not hopeful, it is greatly desired that the work should be carried on in the interests of science, and in the hope of settling the vexed question of the existence or non-existence of a sub-metropolitan coal field.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. R. E. BRÜNNOW, the first part of whose classified list of the Assyrian characters has recently been noticed in the ACADEMY, is at present engaged upon a work which will be of interest to Englishmen. It will consist of extracts from Arabic MSS., for the most part unpublished, which relate to this country.

THE Rev. J. H. Kennedy, rector of Stillorgan, near Dublin, has published a pamphlet (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.), in which he draws attention to the discovery of a new MS. containing part of the long lost commentary of Saint Hippolytus of Rome on the last six chapters of Daniel. This MS. was found a few years ago in the Theological College in the island of Chalcé by Dr. Basilios Georgiades, who has delayed his publication of the complete text until he could collate it with all the known MSS. of Hippolytus in the libraries of Western Europe. Meanwhile he has printed a portion of it in a Greek magazine at Constantinople, which Mr. Kennedy has here reprinted, together with notes, showing the importance of the quotations from the New Testament for critical purposes, and an English translation.

FINE ART.

A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery, including Notes from the Works of Mr. Ruskin. Compiled by Edward T. Cook. With Preface by John Ruskin. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

SOME such book as this has long been wanted, and if this does not supply the exact want, at least it will go far to do so; for such defects as it has are due rather to the scheme of the undertaking than to any fault on the part of the compiler. In some ways it bears a resemblance to a handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery by C. J. Fl., to which the ACADEMY recently drew attention; but in this the painters are arranged alphabetically, and the information is more terse and arranged in a more systematic manner. In Mr. Cook's handbook short biographies are furnished of each artist, the subject of each picture is described, and explanations are given, social and historical, with detailed information when required regarding the attributes of saints, and many other such accessory matters which the pictures themselves do not explain. Besides all this, each school is furnished with an introductory essay on its history and tendencies, social, moral, and religious. A full list is for the first time given of all the pictures in numerical order (which is also the order of acquisition), together with the manner of acquisition (by purchase, bequest, or gift), with other interesting facts regarding donors and prices, and references to the present position of the pictures in the Gallery. From this it will be seen that as a book of reference only it will be very useful.

The pictures are taken room by room in the order in which they are hung. This is a plan which has its convenience, though it would be somewhat embarrassing if applied to most galleries, and would have been if

applied to this a very little while ago; but now the pictures are arranged so well, the different schools so divided from one another, and the pictures within these schools so well grouped, that something like strict chronological sequence is preserved, and all the works of each master so kept together that very little turning of pages is necessary in order to find all that is to be found about each particular painter and his works. One obvious inconvenience of Mr. Cook's arrangement is that every alteration in the hanging of the pictures will upset it; but as no serious changes are likely to be made for some time, this will probably affect but slightly either the public or the author.

So far, therefore, we have a really valuable handbook to the National Gallery, including everything except the Turner watercolours, for which Mr. Ruskin's own handbook in a measure provides; and so far also Mr. Ruskin may be held fairly justified in his statement in the preface, that Mr. Cook's book contains just what everybody wishes to know about each picture in the gallery and its painter. But, besides all this information on matters of fact, Mr. Cook gives extracts, critical and descriptive, from the works of Mr. Ruskin, and where Mr. Ruskin fails him, from other writers; and also a good many poetical quotations, for the most part wisely chosen, and likely to add much to the enjoyment of the pictures by "laymen" and others than laymen. But it is in this portion of the book, especially in the extracts, of a more or less critical character, affecting the reputation of artists and the merits of particular pictures, that the weakness of the book's scheme lies. These extracts certainly do not always contain just what the reader wants to know, and do contain a good many things which the reader does not at all want to know—at least, to enable him to understand and appreciate the pictures in the National Gallery. This remark applies mainly, if not entirely, to the passages from Mr. Ruskin; for the rest are chosen because of their appropriateness, and have at least for the most part been written in reference to the pictures in regard to which they are quoted by Mr. Cook. But this is not the case in regard to a great number of the extracts of this kind from Mr. Ruskin's works. Sometimes these passages were not written with reference to the particular picture; sometimes not even with reference to the artist of the particular picture, and very often in a controversial or even a polemical temper, suitable enough, no doubt, to the purpose and occasion for which they were written, but hardly calculated to tell the visitors of the National Gallery just what they wish to know. For instance, they will learn little of Michael Angelo as an artist, except that he bandaged the heads of his figures as a cheap means of attaining sublimity, and that he learnt the body essentially from the corpse; and his knowledge of the art of Rosa Bonheur, if not supplemented from other sources, will be confined to the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, that she shrinks from painting the human face, and that till she leaves off so shrinking she will never paint the face of a horse, or a dog, or a bull, and that she has never painted a horse yet, but only the trotting bodies of horses. It is somewhat hard on these and

many other artists that they should be introduced to the visitors of the National Gallery in this fashion, and hard, also, on such of the visitors themselves as take their first impressions of artists and pictures from the National Gallery with the assistance of this handbook. There is also another point which is far from satisfactory with regard to these extracts from Mr. Ruskin, and that is that we cannot be sure that they represent his views at the present moment. That this great writer is not prepared to endorse all the views scattered through his writings, especially his earlier ones, we have abundant proof, and no more startling one than his permission to his pupils to accept M. Ernest Chesneau's criticism as his own. Mr. Cook tells us in his preface that, "beyond his general permission to reprint his past writings, Mr. Ruskin has, therefore, no responsibility for this compilation whatever." The visitor has, therefore, no guarantee that Mr. Ruskin's phrases of praise and blame attached to any picture or artist in the handbook have the authority of the writer. The criticisms from his books collected in these chapters upon the Turner Gallery, we are especially told, represent "solely his attitude to Turner at the time they were severally written." To sum up all these reasons why the book, so far as these extracts are concerned, does not contain just what the visitor wishes to know, the word "attitude" is a useful one. It is because they represent the "attitude" of the writer at a particular time, an attitude determined by other considerations than the enlightenment of the public by means of the National Gallery, that they are not so well suited as they might be for the present purpose.

Given, however, the conditions under which Mr. Cook worked, there is little to be said against the result of his labour. He has selected the extracts from Mr. Ruskin with judgment, and has sometimes shown great ingenuity in fitting them to the pictures. He has also given very numerous and well-chosen extracts from nearly everyone who has written seriously on the pictures in the gallery, besides apt quotations from others. To almost every picture the text will afford something to stimulate interest and suggest thought.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE winter exhibitions are now commencing in earnest. Next week will be opened at the Grosvenor Gallery the first collection of pastels (and pastels alone) that has ever been brought together in this country; an exhibition of watercolour drawings at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street; and a series of watercolour drawings, entitled "Our Country and our Country Folk," by two members of the Royal Water-Colour Society—Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Mr. Charles Robertson—at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, also in New Bond Street. For each of these the private view is fixed for to-day.

THE Burlington Club exhibition of drawings by John Sell Cotman will, we hear, open somewhat earlier than was originally intended. It will be ready, it is hoped, before next month is very far advanced.

MISS JANE HARRISON—who is, we understand, a candidate for the chair of archaeology at University College, vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Newton—will give a course of five lectures at the South Kensington Museum upon "The Cults and Monuments of Ancient Athens," with special reference to recent excavations. The lectures will be delivered on Fridays, at 5.15 p.m., beginning on November 2. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Wilson, 45 Colville Gardens, W.

THE first general meeting of the Hellenic Society for the current session will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, on Monday next, October 22 at 5 p.m., when Prof. J. H. Middleton will read a paper on "The Temple at Delphi."

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will issue in this country an edition, limited to 200 copies, of *German Contemporary Art*. This work, which was originally published at Munich to commemorate the centenary of the Berlin Academy of Arts, consists of 140 photogravures, with descriptive text by Ludwig Pietsch. The English translation has been made by N. D'Anvers.

THE two memorial volumes of the Glasgow International Exhibition Loan Collections of Fine Arts and Archaeology, which are being prepared by Messrs. Constable, Edinburgh, and Messrs. MacLehose, Glasgow, are now well advanced. We understand that the Queen has accepted the dedication of both volumes, and has permitted her articles exhibited in the Bishop's Palace to be reproduced for illustration.

IN connexion with Mr. A. Ludovici's art class for ladies held at his studio in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, the first adjudication of prizes to students took place last week at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell in New Bond Street. Messrs. G. H. Boughton, Albert Moore, and Mortimer Menpes were the judges. The subject given (painted in oils) was "Daylight." Miss Florence Pash was the winner of the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and ten pounds; Miss Chrissie Ash took the silver medal and five pounds; and Miss Kathleen Shaw the bronze medal and three pounds; Miss Maude Walker also received honourable mention. The works sent in by the competitors will be on view for a few days at Messrs. Dowdeswell's.

THE STAGE.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER" AND "L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN."

EVERYBODY wishes well to Mr. Rutland Barrington in his enterprise at the St. James's Theatre; but the stage is, indeed, at a low ebb if that gentleman has need to have recourse to dramatisations of the novels written by the author of *As in a Looking Glass*, to draw the public to his place of entertainment. A certain appetite for the morbid, and a somewhat unnecessary desire to inspect the raiment of Mrs. Bernard Beere, contributed largely to the pecuniary success of "As in a Looking Glass" at the Opera Comique. The attraction of raiment is not very potent at the St. James's, and "The Dean's Daughter"—though it is disagreeable—is not morbid enough. I do not prophesy for it a long career. Mr. Sydney Grundy, the adapter, who can write with energy and wit—to the excellence of whose work in other places the ACADEMY has borne willing testimony—should really address himself to better tasks than the stage adaptation of stories not unskilled in all respects, but unpleasant in tone,

and none the more voracious for their cheapish cynicism. Under the circumstances I do not profess to be very sorry that his work—or the work in which he has a share—is not particularly well interpreted.

Mr. Barrington—remembering, it is suggested, his Vicar in “The Sorcerer”—plays the Dean. He plays it intelligently, and his friends on the first night were very glad to see him. He is not, I think, quite fairly to be reproached for “not lightening the part with the geniality with which Mr. Clayton invested the Dean of St. Marvels”—I am here quoting from a generally most sagacious critic. For, as it seems to me, the characters can hardly be described as “very similar.” The Dean of St. Marvels had, indeed, many human weaknesses; but the Dean in the newer play is an altogether evil man. Mr. Barrington’s method of presenting the character seems then to be not inappropriate; and, let it be added, he is presumably not to be blamed for certain indiscretions in the dialogue which one would willingly see retrieved.

But it is when we leave this promising and interesting young actor, whose first managerial venture we can hardly regard with approval, that the weakness of the cast begins to be manifest. Even then not at once, however; for Mr. Lewis Waller is a sympathetic representative of the best young man in the piece—a young gentleman whose loves are comparatively, even if they are not altogether, harmless. Mr. Beauchamp, too, looks and plays well; and Mdlle. Adrienne Dairolles, as a sharp-witted and spiteful *soubrette*, obtains a success only second to that which I recorded in Mr. Mark Ambient’s “Christina.” Her play is significant; her method engaging. Miss Olga Nethersole, when she plays so big a part as that of the “title-rôle,” as it is called—the Dean’s daughter—has yet a good deal to learn. Aptitudes we will not deny that she possesses, but accomplished art has yet to be hers. The vivacity of Miss Caroline Hill’s Mrs. Fortescue is somewhat akin to restlessness; and one or two other parts are not rendered with particular ability. But, as has been already said, the fact that the work is not interpreted to perfection gives no just reason for regret. When the piece leaves the boards altogether—and when Mr. Grundy, for all that I know, is asked to stand upon his own legs and invent his own story—the lamentations of the judicious will not be by any means profound.

When the Evangelical or High Church Englishwoman of somewhat limited experience, but with a gift for literary expression, addresses herself to the composition of a novel which shall present to us young English girls, English young men, and a blameless beneficed clergyman, we know that we are in the way to receive a romance not precisely exciting, yet presumably innocent. The advanced daughter may permit it to her mother—it will hurt nobody. Its innocence is, however, but greyness or blackness in comparison with that spotless snow-white product which will issue from the hands of the Parisian man of letters when he addresses himself to the idyllic and the pastoral. M. Halévy’s “L’Abbé Constantin”—the piece is played at this moment at the Royalty—is a case in point. M. Halévy collabora-

ted in more than one play which evinced a knowledge of the world, withheld, generally speaking, from the English Evangelical woman. Furthermore, he wrote brilliant stories. With a width of sympathy belonging to a true creator of comedy, he analysed for us “Monsieur Cardinal”—showed us his *amour-propre*, which we were bound to respect—indicated what Monsieur Cardinal would concede in the matter of man’s relations with his daughters, and at what point—it was not a very early one—he felt bound to draw the line. A dissection by so delicate an instrument as M. Halévy’s would have commanded Balzac’s admiration. But, later on, the writer changed his tack, and in “L’Abbé Constantin,” while still graciously willing to entertain if he might, he insisted chiefly on a faultless simplicity, an unquestioned blamelessness. He produced a work in comparison with which the *Swiss Family Robinson* is risky and the *Heir of Redcliffe* indiscreet. “L’Abbé Constantin” is not a great work. It contains a little real observation, and some neat writing. But, at the book shops, if it still continues to be asked for, it will be, in part, in consequence of the dainty illustrations with which Mdlle. Madeleine Lemaire has enriched a late, and, if the truth must be told, a costly, edition of it. At the theatre, it derives its chief attraction from a cause in which the pictorial still has a part; M. Lafontaine, who, as an exponent of a character, is always able to be picturesque as well as intelligent, presents a charming vision of the delightful ecclesiastic. And M. Lafontaine is now in London, at the theatre which—but it can only be for a brief period—conspicuously advertises its invitation to the schoolmistress to bring her youngest pupil to a lesson which is all sweetness. Alas! the presentation—apart from M. Lafontaine—lacks something that it might have had. The scenery—which need never be gorgeous—is inadequate. The cast is not particularly strong; and Mdlle. Jane May—who has played, very acceptably, far other rôles—does not take to the part of Bettina with enough of seriousness. Still, who shall withhold, from a French *impresario*, tribute of praise for his aspirations towards the quite unobjectionable!

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

A VERY interesting article—though one directed, as it seems to us, a little too exclusively against the systems at present in vogue—appeared in last week’s *Saturday Review* on “The Provinces as a Dramatic School.” The general conclusions of the writer, that the old systems were a good deal better than the new—in regard, at least, to the opportunity afforded for the training of actors—we by no means care to dispute; but there are two points, at least, upon which we are not quite at one with him. Nobody in the world benefits—the *Saturday Review* seems to say—by the state of things under which the provincial theatres are supplied by specially organised companies travelling with particular pieces, instead of by stock companies located in each town. Now, we cannot but think that, in respect of the finish and sufficiency of each performance it witnesses, the public gains very much by the new system. The playgoer in Bristol, Cardiff, Nottingham, or York, loses—though the *Saturday Review* does not remind

him of that loss—the interest of following in part after part the personality of one performer who, by this means, he used to thoroughly know, and who was, because of this, not only an entertainer, but a familiar friend to him. But surely the playgoer is now permitted to witness—thanks to the travelling company—performance not immature and hurried, but relatively complete. Again, the article, in its condemnation—a just one on the whole—of travelling companies as opportunities for training, omits to take note of the kind of travelling company which Mr. Compton heads, or Mr. Benson heads—a company not organised for the performance of a single play, or two plays at most, throughout the length and breadth of the land, but provided with an extremely extensive repertory of the legitimate drama. Several of the more intelligent of our young actors and actresses have fully recognised, by their own action, the utility of such a company as that—as a means of training, not necessarily in the bigger parts, but in the higher walks of the drama.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

IT is eight years since Beethoven’s first Symphony was played at the Crystal Palace, and that the performance, last Saturday afternoon, at the first concert of the series, of this early yet interesting work of the master was welcome. Both in this Symphony and in the “Magic Flute” Overture which preceded it, the orchestra, under Mr. Manns’ direction, was heard to very great advantage. The programme included a Ballad-Overture—“The Dowie Dens o’ Yarrow,” by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The composer is a Scotchman, and he seems to take a special pride in illustrating scenes and deeds connected with the land of his birth. One would like to see him try his hand at a piece of purely abstract music. But we must take what he chooses to give us; and in this, his latest effort, he shows clearness of form combined with skilful and interesting workmanship. There is something delightfully fresh and picturesque about this Overture. Mr. MacCunn follows closely the sad tale as told in Sir Walter Scott’s ballad. There is the drinking bout and the quarrel between the two gentlemen of the Vale of Ettrick; then the musical portrait (by way of second theme) of the “Ladye Sarah.” The development section is concerned with the conflict at fearful odds, and the various themes are worked together most dexterously. The recapitulation section comes in due time. But the composer, by shortening it and adding an important coda, still follows on with the tale; and the late reminiscence of the opening theme, given out *pianissimo* by the brass instruments, fits well to the closing lines of the ballad—

“And there wi’ grief her heart did break
In the dowie dens o’ Yarrow.”

The performance was very good, and the composer was called to the platform at the close. Mr. Fritz Hartvigson, an excellent interpreter of Liszt’s music, gave a highly finished rendering of that composer’s Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, and was much applauded. This rhapsodical composition has, at least, one great merit; it gives a good pianist many opportunities of showing off his technical powers. Mdlle. Elvira Gambogi sang songs by Gounod, Schumann, and G. J. Bennett, and was well received. A Rhapsodie, “España,” by Chabrier, was placed at the end of the programme; and we must, therefore, take another opportunity of speaking about it.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

No. 860, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Edited by Alexander Allardyce, with a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

FIFTY years ago there were few more individual or better-known figures in the streets of Edinburgh than that of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—a figure never to be forgotten for its old-world oddity of aspect and attire, its brown "Brutus" wig, its blue frock-coat of long obsolete cut, its "web of white cambric round the neck," its pump-shoes disclosing silk stockings and tied with ample ribbons, and its voluminous, green, crozier-headed umbrella. To those who were admitted to his acquaintance, and permitted to visit him amid the strangely varied collection of books, pictures, and antiquities of all sorts with which, in the course of a long and leisurely life, he had surrounded himself, Mr. Sharpe was known as the very type and ideal of an antiquary of the old school. The race is now extinct. The antiquary of the past has been succeeded by the archaeologist of our own day, who is strictly scientific in the methods and objects of his research, who traces in a spirit of cold and severe accuracy the growth of customs and habits, whose mind has become—as Darwin said, rather sadly, that his own had—"a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." But the antiquary, the collector, of a former generation approached his subject in another spirit—a spirit more poetic, more ardently personal. To him the past was dear in itself, and for its own sake; not merely because it was the preface and prologue of the present. Not the general history of the race, not the main current of things, was what fascinated him. It was in the units of the past, its individual personalities, that he was interested; and he collected with the view of bringing himself close to these, treasuring personal relics that had been identified with historical personages—their books, their handwriting, best of all their portraits, anything that their hands had touched and that had formed part of their *entourage*—by means of which his own imagination might be stimulated to conceive of them more vividly, to recreate them more palpably before his mental eye. What a marvellous gathering of such things—articles of antique attire, weapons, painted glass, manuscripts, pictures and prints (including such strange items as "Flora Macdonald's Teapot used by Prince Charles"—"with attestation"; "Hair of Charles the First in a Locket"; "Fragment of the Skull of William, first Duke of Queensberry"; and "Grierson of Lag's House Clock")—Sharpe had been able to bring together was disclosed to the public at the fourteen-days' sale of his

collection at Tait & Nisbet's, Edinburgh, after his death in 1851.

A diligent student all his life, he has left comparatively few volumes to attest the fact; for his pen was never quickened by necessity, and he had a princely scorn for the public, a rooted objection to the production of anything that was merely popular. While still at college he contributed to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and in 1807 he published at Oxford a volume of original *Metrical Legends and other Poems*, which contains some spirited passages. His antiquarian works, his *Household Book of the Countess of Mar*, his editions of Law's *Memorials*, of Kirkton's *Secret and True History*, of Lord Kelly's *Minuets and Songs*, and of the *Conversion of Jane Livingstone, Lady Waristoun*, are still in request with the learned and the curious. In recent years two new editions of his *Ballad Book*, originally printed in 1824 in an edition of thirty copies, have appeared. In 1869 Messrs. Blackwood published a charming quarto of his "Etchings," including also his poems and prose fragments. Dr. Daniel Wilson, in his *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*, and Dr. Hill-Burton, under the title of "Fitzpatrick Smart," in his *Book Hunter*, have preserved vivid, if a little overdrawn, sketches of his personality and peculiarities. And now we have these two portly volumes of correspondence, from which we can glean a very accurate idea of the quaint old antiquary's personality, as he lived and moved about among his friends.

Born at Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, on May 15, 1781, the third son of Charles Sharpe, of Hoddam, by Eleanor, youngest daughter of John Renton, of Lammerton, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe claimed kinship with some of the best families of Scotland. The beautiful Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun, celebrated by Ramsay and by Hamilton of Bangour, was his mother's grandmother; and on his father's side he traced descent from the royal house of Stuart, through Lady Marie Stuart, Countess of Mar, and her father, Esmé, first Duke of Lennox. He was always proud of his aristocratic connexions; and to the end his chosen studies were genealogical, and his favourite pastime the annotation, in a singularly caustic fashion, of his copy of Douglas's *Scottish Peerage*. In 1796 he matriculated in the University of Edinburgh, and in November, 1798, he passed to Christ Church, Oxford.

The earlier letters of the present volumes deal with the period of his residence at Oxford, and are written, in a most affectionate strain, though with a freedom of expression and reference that is a little startling, to his mother. He describes his reception by Cyril Jackson, the stately head of his college, and characterises his companions in that pungent style which was his habit, and which gives a certain vividness to his briefest notes, the "Irish Christ Churchians" being his prime abhorrence. His leisure he devoted to music and to drawing, which in his later years he turned to excellent account in book-illustrations and in infinitely humorous figure-subjects. He mixed, too, freely in fashionable circles, the Margravine of Anspach and her son, Keppel Craven, author of a *Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of*

Naples, being his especial friends, and figuring prominently in his correspondence. Surtees of Mainsforth, the antiquary, was his companion at Christ Church; and it was also during college days that he made the acquaintance of Earl Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, with whom, and with his Duchess, he was afterwards in constant communication.

It was in 1802 that Sharpe first corresponded with Scott, sending him "The Twa Corbies" and the "Douglas Tragedy" for the *Minstrelsy*. In the following year the poet visited him at Oxford; but the first impression that he produced upon the fastidious Sharpe was hardly a favourable one. He writes to his mother:

"The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously invited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too poetical. He spouts without mercy, and pays one compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit, though a tolerably good shot, could not even wing one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that. He also invited me to his cottage in Scotland, and I promised him a visit with the same sincerity I practice in the affair of Mr. Yorkston's dinners. I do think a little fib of this kind is a very venial sin; only, when the ice is once broken, people very often sink with a vengeance."

A further acquaintance disclosed much that was mutually attractive; the pair became close allies in their antiquarian researches, and their voluminous correspondence forms a main attraction of the present volumes. Scott, in his diary, styles Sharpe "a very remarkable man," who in "his oddities, tastes, satire, and high aristocratic feelings resembles Horace Walpole"; and he, for his part, as an orthodox antiquary, had his own private and peculiar opinion of

"Sir Walter's harmless romances—not harmless, however, as to bad English—they contain nothing; pictures of manners they never were, are, or will be, besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costume, &c., &c., which must mislead the million who admire such captivating comfits!"

In his later days Sharpe was a more cautious and sparing correspondent. The unwarrantable publication by Lady Charlotte Bury, in her *Times of George IV.*, of certain of his familiar epistles, plentifully flavoured with that "gall of bitterness" upon which one of his early friends remarks, gave him as he said, "a hydrophobia as to ink"; and he even destroyed such of his letters as he could lay hands upon. Still we have record of his correspondence with J. G. Lockhart, busied over his memoir of Scott; with Allan Cunningham, seeking annotations for his volumes of *Scottish song*, and planning a series of *Lives of the Poets*; with Hill-Burton, who begs to introduce Mrs. Jameson to his artistic treasures; with James Maidment seeking illustrations for his "Pasquils"; and with Robert Chambers, whom he liberally aided, when, as a youth of twenty, he was at work upon his delightful *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

It is impossible in a few lines to afford an idea of the richly varied matter that is to be found in these volumes—the glimpses of the fashionable world and notable personages of

the early part of the century, the quaint anecdotes, the curious genealogical jottings, the notes on historical portraits and ancient folios—the whole given, always at least when the letter is from Sharpe's own pen, in a style characterised by the crispest and most pungent wit.

The book has been carefully edited by Mr. Allardyce. His selection of the letters seems to be judicious, and his notes are distinctly helpful and elucidatory. The memoir, by the Rev. Mr. Bedford, is adapted, with some changes, from that which was prefixed to the quarto of "Etchings," published in 1869.

Two portraits of Mr. Sharpe form the frontispieces of the volumes—one from his own sketch, a coloured full-length, in his student's gown; the second showing him in later life—from a painting by Thomas Fraser, as should have been stated. The other plates have been selected rather with a view of giving portraits of the antiquary's correspondents than of presenting the best attainable examples of his artistic skill; and the likenesses of his venerated and beautiful mother, the Margravine of Anspach, Lord Gower, the Hon. Keppel Craven, and Miss Campbell of Monzie, give an added interest to the pages of their letters. Mr. Bedford undoubtedly over-estimates his uncle's powers as a draftsman; and it is quite misleading to say that "hesketched in masterly style." Though, as we are informed by Dr. Daniel Wilson, he studied drawing under David Martin, the favourite pupil of Allan Ramsay, he was never a master or anything approaching one; never more than a clever amateur. But he was an amateur who often contrived to infuse into his work, amid all its uncouth mannerisms and crudities, a certain expressional power, who did manage really to express through his lines the quaint fancies with which his brain overflowed. He is seen at his best in that quarto of 1869 which is mainly devoted to his artistic work. His most graceful sketch is that illustrating "The Lover's Message" of the Earl of Kellie; the most irresistible touch of humour that his pencil has given us is in the figure seated in such gruesome company in that design to Hogg's "Witch of Fife," when

"The warlock men and the weird wemyng,
And the fays of the wood and the steip,
And the phantom hunteris all war there,
And the mermaidis of the deip,"

twirling his thumbs with smile of sweetest content, undismayed by the utmost efforts of the demon tormentors that surround him.

J. M. GRAY.

Imaginary Sonnets. By Eugene Lee Hamilton. (Elliot Stock.)

THE brief paragraph which Mr. Hamilton has put at the beginning of his book efficiently explains its scope:

"In the imaginary utterances to which he has given sonnet-form, the author has not attempted to imitate either the style or the language of the time to which his respective historical or legendary figures belong. The style is his own, and the language is that of his own day. He has borrowed from the Past only a number of psychological and dramatic situations which have afforded him an opportunity of passing his hand over the great key-

board of human passion, good and evil. And if in this Masque of Sonnets the dark and stormier passions play too prominent a part, it is not his fault, but that of the dark and stormy centuries themselves."

The task is manifestly a far more difficult one than that which Landor set himself in the *Imaginary Conversations*. For, in composing those, he could be as wide, as various in his phrase, as it pleased him. He felt none of the trammels which speech by metre imposes; neither had he need to deal with one character only, nor to make it utter something passionate and beautiful and moving in fourteen rhymed lines. But that is what Mr. Lee-Hamilton essays to do. He seeks to show us personages famous either in history or in legend, to take them in a supreme moment, when on the crest of some wave of emotion, and then to make them speak passionately in their own voice. So far as success can reward so bold an attempt, he gets a fair share of it. Yet Monotony, baneful spectre, rises up before us ere we can reach the last page of his book. A sense of sameness is begotten by these hundred monologues of dead celebrities, all eloquent in sonnets, all playing upon one pipe.

There is much, however, to make this volume commendable. Force of phrase, picturesqueness, truth of colour—these were the qualities that at once marked off the writer's previous work from that of the crowd. And again they appear in these sonnets to convince us that he will do finer things. He should beware of a proneness to be over-sanguinary, over-ghastly. Then, we do not like in a sonnet to have such abridgments as "I'll," "I've," "thou'lt," "how'ldst," "can't." And it jars upon our sense of poetic fitness to hear Manfred of Benevento speak of "that blood-red pill, the sun"; to hear the Duke of Milan say that "unseen daggers tickle"; to think that Saint Theresa can liken angels' faces to "bubbles winking in a golden tide"; or to believe that Domingo Lopez would have exclaimed:

"Has any painter ever dared to screw
A living model to the Cross, or tried
To seize the wriggles of the Crucified?"

Just one false word is always enough to mar a fine sonnet. Take, for instance, the lines that Mr. Hamilton puts into the mouth of the Duchess Salviati, when menacing Caterina Canacci:

"And so his Grace my husband loves to pass
Hours at thy feet, and, when thy hair's un-
rolled,
He dips his fingers in the brook of gold
Which trickles down thy shoulders, my sweet
lass?"

"Lass" strikes a Scotch or an Old-English note. It is out of place here. We think of Burns, or of "lasses and lads" in good king Charles's days. It is as if the poet had chosen it just to help his rhyme. The same blemish is to be detected in the otherwise fine sonnet of Denis Browne's to Mary Holt, of which we quote the first four lines:

"Now winter traverses the woodlands, love,
And strews his crimson berries on the snow;
The doormouse sleeps, and every wind-puff
now
Gives, as it goes, the dying year a shove."

But, if we end our fault-finding here, let us at least end it with a piece in Mr. Hamilton's best manner, a sample of his

vigour and truth of touch, albeit the lines convict Keats of a mistake. Balboa, not Cortez, was the real discoverer of the Pacific. No matter: the error has given us two noble sonnets instead of one.

"BALBOA TO THE PACIFIC.

"I SAW thee, like a strip of cloth of gold,
From the hill-crest last eve, at set of sun,
Thou new-found ocean, skimmed as yet by
none,
Save Indian light canoes; and I beheld
Thy bright waves now, in wreaths of foam un-
rolled,
Kissing my feet like panting slaves that run
Eager to lay their treasures one by one
At feet of Spain, whose banner I unfold.
Nereids and mermen, tritons of this sea,
I claim you for Don Ferdinand, and bid
Your scaly legions swear him fealty.
The gold, the pearls, the emeralds that are hid
In all your isles and caves are his; and he
Alone may force the treasure's crystal lid."

Another sonnet which ranks with the best in the book is the one addressed by Lady Jane Grey to the flowers and birds. We must give this a place here also:

"To-morrow death: and there are woods hard by,
With restless spots of sunshine on the ground,
With bees that hum and birds that pipe all
round,
And beds of moss where sparkling dewdrops lie;
To-morrow death: and there are fields of rye,
Where poppies and bright corn-flowers
abound;
And there are fragrant grasses where the
sound
Of streamlets rises, where the mowers ply.
I wonder if the woodland bells will close
A little earlier on the day I end,
Tired of the light, though free from human
woes;
And if the robin and the thrush will wend
A little sooner to their sweet repose,
To make a little mourning for their friend?"

Such of us as in these days of vellum-bound vanities watch for what is noteworthy in latter-day poetry will surely not miss this strong little book. To the question whether the sonnet is particularly well-adapted for a dramatic apostrophe, for the declaration of passion at white heat, we do not think it gives us a satisfactory answer. But to the question whether Mr. Hamilton is a poet, and a poet from whom we have a right to expect much, undoubtedly it returns us a very confident reply.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

"Historic Towns."—*Cinque Ports.* By Montagu Burrows. (Longmans.)

It is a matter of surprise that so interesting a subject as the history of the Cinque Ports should have been left so long untouched. It is not a matter of regret, for there are sources of information now open to the writer which hitherto were closed, and Prof. Burrows has shown himself to be the proper person to undertake the work. For the professor, besides being a scholar and an antiquary, is also a naval officer—a fact of no small importance when it is borne in mind that the "Royal Navy of the Cinque Ports" was for a considerable period the Royal Navy of England. He possesses, therefore, unique qualifications for the post of historian; and the interest which he displays in his treatment of the subject can scarcely fail to communicate itself to those who take his little book in hand. No doubt Lord Macaulay's average school boy

would be able to repeat without hesitation the names of the Cinque Ports and the two ancient towns which, soon after the Norman Conquest, were joined with them. But the "general reader" may be pardoned if he shall have forgotten that the confederation embraced at the outset the ports of Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe, and that the later additions were Winchelsea and Rye. Linked with the seven head ports were certain "members" or "limbs," which were from time to time brought into corporate or non-corporate union with them. Of these the most influential were Seaford, Pevensey, Deal, Faversham, Ramsgate, and Margate.

Of course, the circumstance out of which the importance of these places grew was their situation, whether regarded from a commercial or military point of view. The ships which they alike provided and sheltered could command the narrow seas and regulate the coasting trade. They were a defence to the island at its most vulnerable point, and they kept open that intercourse between it and the continent which was essential to the wealth and progress of Britain. But physical changes took place even at an early date, which affected first one and then another of the Cinque Ports by destroying their harbours. Monarchs, intent on selfish schemes, neglected the defence of the coast and invited the foreigner to burn and pillage the once thriving littoral settlements. Lastly, commerce found new and more convenient avenues of approach as trade sprung up between England and countries unknown in earlier times.

"As a living specimen of the ancient confederation in its declining period, Sandwich stands unrivalled, or only rivalled by Rye. The present Hastings is modern. Dover possesses a few objects of interest in the midst of a modern town. Hythe has all but lost the character of antiquity; nor is Romney, though more rural and retired than Hythe, very unlike any other small country town. Winchelsea, the delight of artists, is to everyone else a melancholy wreck. Sandwich and Rye alone, when deserted by the sea, have been saved by their rivers, but for nothing better than a feeble and attenuated thread of life. Both alike wear an air of patient and touching acquiescence in the fate which time has had in store for them."

The case of Sandwich is specially interesting, not only because the port has sunk lowest from having been once highest, but because its decline is clearly attributable to that remarkable change in the physical features of the channel coast which rendered the Isle of Thanet no longer insular. There was a time when the most convenient as well as the safest approach to London from the Channel was by the River Wantsum. It entered the Thames at Regulbium (Reculver) and the Channel at Rutupiae (Richborough), and was the favourite highway for shipping. Gradually, however, and even before the departure of the Romans, the waters of the Wantsum shrank—the stream became useless and its very name perished. Richborough waned with the waning waters; and Sandwich, which was then at the mouth of the Stour, took its place. But, in its turn, the Stour became choked and diverted from its former course; and now the bay of Sandwich with its miles of dreary waste cuts off from the sea the Cinque Port which once made its mark—and

that no insignificant one—in the history of England.

There is not a dull page in this little book. We may almost add that there is not a page from which the reader will not be able to gain fresh insight into the history of a most interesting past.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

"Eminent Women Series."—*Elisabeth Barrett Browning*. By John H. Ingram. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS book is certainly somewhat disappointing; but disappointment may be expressed either in a reasonable or in an unreasonable way. If any critic says in a complaining tone that the narrative is exceedingly thin, his statement is just, but his complaint is unjust, so far at any rate as Mr. Ingram is the object of it. The writer of a volume in a "series," where uniformity of size is enforced by commercial rather than literary considerations, is placed in a Procrustean bed which is chosen for him, not by him; and if, therefore, he does not cut a very graceful figure, he can hardly be held responsible for the gracelessness. When, for example, some 200 pages are allotted to a life so rich in events as that of M^{me}. Roland, and exactly the same space is compulsorily devoted to a life so poor in events as that of Mrs. Browning, it is clear that one book or the other must suffer either from awkward compression or from undue expansion of narrative.

Then, too, in this case, Mr. Ingram has had to contend with special difficulties, which he judiciously refrains from mentioning himself, but which in simple justice ought to be mentioned for him by his critics. As this is the first elaborate biography of Mrs. Browning which has been published, its author has had to rely largely on personal information. I express no opinion on the merits of the recent controversy between Mr. Browning and Mr. Ingram. But it has plainly had the unfortunate result of depriving the latter of much information—doubtless of a very interesting character—concerning the later years of Mrs. Browning's life which Mr. Browning, and he alone, could communicate; and though, indeed, Mr. Ingram has had such assistance indirectly through the medium of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's admirable article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, it is obvious that information which may give substance to a brief sketch will not perform the same office for a volume. Mr. Ingram has, therefore, been compelled to fall back upon authorities who provide records of impressions rather than of facts; and, while we admit the pleasantness of the records, we cannot but feel that they are a little unsubstantial. So far as the story he has to tell is concerned, I am inclined to think that Mr. Ingram is to be congratulated upon his success in collecting all available materials; and it is quite possible that nothing of real importance is left untold.

Where in a "series" biography facts fail to fill the given number of pages, no one blames the biographer for padding his book with literary comment, analysis, or criticism; indeed, even when facts are plentiful, a reasonable amount of this purely literary material is expected by the reader, and is not, therefore,

padding in any fair sense of the word. All that needs to be asked is whether the material is, in the first place, well chosen, and, in the second place, well treated; and, unfortunately, if this question be put with regard to Mr. Ingram's work, it cannot be answered in the affirmative. To the copious quotations from Mrs. Browning's letters no valid objection can be raised. These letters, being scattered through a number of books, are more or less difficult of access; and I think I am correct in saying that the two exceedingly interesting volumes containing her letters to Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, have been for some years out of print. In this correspondence Mrs. Browning expounds very fully her somewhat peculiar views upon rhyme and rhythm. And, instead of quarreling with Mr. Ingram for the quotations he gives us we should have been glad of more, for the subject is attractive to all students of poetical technique; and, for the reason just mentioned, the book from which the quotations are taken is not easily procurable. While, however, Mr. Ingram refrains from reproducing material which would probably have been new to the majority of his readers and interesting to all of them, he devotes literary acres of space to flat paraphrases of, and wearisomely long quotations from, Mrs. Browning's most familiar and hackneyed poems. No fewer than three pages of description, interlarded with the inevitable extracts, are devoted to "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which is known to everybody—even to people who know nothing else that Mrs. Browning has written; and this is but one example of Mr. Ingram's method of book-making, a method which seems the result of a most curious deficiency in the sense of proportion.

Of the criticism in this volume I have no desire to speak unkindly, but I am bound to speak truthfully; and the truth is that much of it is absolutely worthless. Mr. Ingram makes the most extraordinary mistakes even with regard to matters of fact. Concerning "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" (not "Rosarie," as he spells it), we are told that it

"is replete with scintillations of true poetic fervour; it is styled a ballad, but it is of a purer tone and a more etherealised spirit than is generally prevalent in ballad poetry, ancient or modern. In its circumscribed space the story is complete; and though undisfigured by the 'moral,' so frequently and needlessly dragged in by Miss Barrett, is through all its dramatic course illuminated by an under-glow of suggested meaning."

Now what are we to make of this passage? I do not refer to the first sentence about the "purer tone and more etherealised spirit," though it seems unintelligible enough, but to the second sentence about "the moral." Whether "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is "disfigured" by a moral is a moot point upon which I am not called to pass judgment; but that a moral is more plainly in evidence in this poem than in any other of Mrs. Browning's ballads is a simple fact which any reader can verify for himself. A moral I take to be the expression in set, didactic form of the ethical lesson to be derived from the narrative to which it is appended; and how otherwise than as a moral are we to describe the passage beginning with the words, "She

spoke with passion after pause," and ending with the following lines?

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God,' she cried, 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from us ere we go
to *THEE*?
We cannot guess Thee in the wood or hear Thee
in the wind?
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the
light behind?
Ay, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need
Thee on that road,
But woe being come, the soul is dumb that
crieth not of God.'"

Even more astounding than the denial of a moral to "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is the statement that the plot of "Aurora Leigh" is "evidently founded, though perhaps unconsciously, upon Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*." It is true that in both books there is a fire which destroys the sight of the hero; but as, apart from this, there is not the faintest resemblance between either the characters or the incidents in the novel and the poem, Mr. Ingram's parallel only reminds one of a still more celebrated comparison: "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmon in both." In the present case the rivers are represented by the fire, the salmon by the blindness, and our literary Fluellen has only to add *quod erat demonstrandum*.

When Mr. Ingram is not paradoxical he is apt to fall into the opposite error of triteness. It is not possible that the most juvenile student of this work can feel that an addition has been made to his knowledge when he has learned that the story told in "The Rhyme of the Duchess May" is "improbable" or that the imperfections of "Aurora Leigh" "are either wilfully introduced by the poetess, or they are the result of hasty execution." Even in Shakspeare I can find nothing to set beside this last solemn judgment. It is only to be matched by the oracular utterance of Mrs. Micawber at the time of a domestic crisis: "We must live, Mr. Copperfield; for, as I always say, if we don't live we shall die."

Mr. Ingram's style is deplorably slipshod. There are far too many sentences as inelegant as the sentence in which, *à propos* of the church scene in "Aurora Leigh," he remarks "nor could English gentlemen and gentlewomen have acted as Mrs. Browning makes her *dramatis personæ* do"; though even this is outdone by the following passage in which I do not know whether the criticism or the English be the more astonishing:

"The sonnet, a condensed and artificial form of poesy almost outside the fluent muse of Elizabeth Barrett, had several pages devoted to it, but their merits were less conspicuous, although studded with beauties, than was usual with her work."

It would surely be difficult deliberately to construct a sentence as brief as this which should be so rich in exemplifications of literary vices. It contains not a single clause that does not provide an example of some defect of style.

Nor are instances of carelessness of other kinds wanting in these pages. Mr. Ingram quotes from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* signed "E. D.," which he attributes—with, I admit, a saving note of interrogation—to Prof. E. Dowden. But what need for even the hypothetical introduction of Prof.

Dowden's name when Mr. Ingram might easily have informed himself that the article was written by Mr. Edward Dicey, who was, some years ago, a frequent contributor to *Macmillan*? Even without such inquiry a little mother-wit might have suggested that the article, which deals mainly with Mrs. Browning's opinions on Italian politics, was more likely to be from the pen of the biographer of Cavour than to be the work of a writer who has never, so far as I know, strayed from the domain of pure literature.

I am afraid Mr. Ingram will think that I have sought diligently to find flaws in his book, and that, having found them, I have made them unfairly prominent. Into the latter fault I may have been unwittingly betrayed, but of the former I am certainly not guilty. I have in past years publicly expressed my admiration for his excellent edition of the works of Edgar Poe and for his sympathetic memoir of Oliver Madox Brown. His editorship of the series to which this work belongs has been characterised by judgment and discrimination, and I looked forward to the appearance of this biography with expectations of great pleasure. I confess I have been disappointed, but I should be sorry to think that my disappointment had made me unjust. Mr. Ingram's book contains much that is interesting, and it is, therefore, worth reading; but it would have been much better worth reading had it been free from the glaring faults of arrangement and execution to which I have felt it a literary duty to call attention.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Irish Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By R. Lovett. (Religious Tract Society.)
Few who have not been drawn into the whirl of Irish politics can measure the relief with which one takes up a book about Ireland that is, in fact as well as in intent, non-political. This is why I have enjoyed reading Mr. Lovett's letterpress even more than studying his illustrations. He carefully eschews controversy; he disowns any party bias; he scarcely touches on one of Ireland's many burning questions. He proves, in fact, that a man can heartily admire and appreciatively describe Sliebh League and the Rock of Cashel without taking up the cudgels either for Mr. Dillon or for Mr. Balfour.

Starting to write a book on Irish scenery and antiquities which should give as much information as possible, not to artists and scholars but to readers of all sorts—a book, in fact, which should help to make some parts of Ireland as popular as are some parts of the Scotch Highlands—he holds to his purpose with commendable tenacity, resisting all temptations to moralise, and very seldom even indicating a comparison between Ireland as she is and as she might be.

When I read (p. 132), in the lovingly careful account of the Great Skellig Monastery—

"We might not be able to use these men's forms of prayer, we may differ altogether from their conception of life, . . . but we recognise that here men sought the great Father in heaven, . . . that in these rude stone cells men, our brothers, felt the power of the Spirit of God to cleanse, to inspire, to recreate, to exalt"—I am thankful for a catholicity of expression

only too rare in all the churches. Very neat, too, are Mr. Lovett's concessions to the inevitable. Thus of Derry he says: "Powerful religious forces act and react upon its 30,000 inhabitants"; and then, just mentioning the siege, he sends his readers to Macaulay and Dr. Witherow. Under the head of Belfast he gives the statistics of the three chief religious bodies (he might have added the Wesleyans), and, departing for an instant from his strict reserve, he prophesies "still greater prosperity" for the Presbyterians. Belfast, he tells us, "is the centre of a strong religious and philanthropic life." This judicious reticence reminds me of the Austrian military governor, who, when I insisted, in my hot youth, on being "inscribed" as an Irishman, quietly remarked: "Mein junger Freund; Ireland ist sehr merkwürdig in die Geschichte." I must, however, protest against the picture of a Kerry pig sitting where it ought not, and where, during a recent and somewhat thorough exploration of some of the wildest parts of that county, I never saw it. But this is Mr. Whympers' affair. He doubtless saw what he has sketched (as admirably as he has the Skelligs' gannet, p. 126). I have seen pigs in the parlour in North Devon and in South Wales, but that was more than thirty years ago. No one should try to establish an universal negative; all I ask is that in future editions (may they be many!) this portrait of "the lady who pays the rent" should be labelled "rare" or "unusual."

I have praised Mr. Lovett's skill in tripping gingerly over *ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. Thus of Ralegh he says: "He was present at the capture of Smerwick in 1579"—that is all. Indeed, possibly his anxiety not to have to say anything about Fort del Ore kept him out of the Dingle peninsula, to my mind the sweetest part of all Kerry, far above Valentia and its neighbourhood. But then I saw it with Sibyl Head and the Blaskets and the whole glorious coast line bathed in the sun, which oftener in Kerry than elsewhere makes "the little All Saints' Summer" a reality; and I had, too, the delight (in which Mr. Lovett does not share; he thinks the Irish a harsh tongue) of coming upon a village—Ballyferriter—where no one but a girl of twelve could speak a word of English.

Mr. Lovett does not withhold a much-needed warning against over-praise, or rather, against bombastic generalities. Perhaps one cannot overpraise Glengariff or Gougane Barra—of their kind (a very good kind) they are perfect. But Killarney has suffered from indiscriminate flattery; and so, as Mr. Lovett says, have parts of Connemara, though it would be hard to say too much for Kylemore, which years ago ought to have been, and might have been, the Irish Balmoral. He is no niggard of his praise, however; and reading his text and studying the reproductions of Lawrence of Dublin's excellent photographs, one sadly reflects how much there is to see and how few Irishmen, not to speak of Englishmen, have seen the quarter of it.

Besides his fairness, I admire Mr. Lovett's discrimination. Accurate in small things (as when he notes that the *réquies* enclosing Cormac's chapel and the other ruins is *the* Cashel; and when, unlike the railway people,

he spells Sabina's stone fort Cahirsiveen) he is equally quick at discerning the best points of landscape. I was delighted when I found that of all Irish coast scenery he gives the palm to Sliebh League, accompanying his praise with a necessary protest against that "rushing" of mountain scenery which is sure to bring disappointment. He is well up in the best books—*g.*, Lord Dunraven's and Miss Stokes's, and the Ulster *Journal of Archaeology*—and also the newest, among them, Mr. Whitley Stokes's *Tripartite Life*; and his chapter on the Royal Irish Academy Museum which, for absence of bewilderment and oneness of purpose, he compares with the Copenhagen Museum, is admirable and admirably illustrated. No one can read it without getting a clear notion of early Irish art, and, I think, wishing to know more about it. Also when describing the huge barrows at New Grange, he impresses on us the strangely continuous life of that earliest race which looked for counsel in danger and for comfort under trouble to Ængus of the Brugh and the other forefathers, buried but still conscious.

Industries do not come into his plan, though Olympia may have suggested the publication of the book at this time. To the Belleek pottery he gives due praise, though seemingly unaware of its recent revival. At Blarney he barely mentions Mahony's tweed mills, so much of the output of which is taken by Ingen of New York. Navan he rightly names as the centre of a most interesting district, including Tara Hill, and Trim, and Bective Abbey; but he says nothing of Clayton's mills, whence and from O'Brien's, of Cork, &c., Mr. M. Davitt gets the special tweeds for his American Irish Woollen Company. He does not name Baltimore or the Baroness Burdett Coutts's loan-work, or Mr. Phillips's almost equally interesting mackerel curing at Schull and Berehaven. Kilkenny Castle, too, should, I think, have a place among "Irish Pictures." It is so neat and complete—something that, like Clare College, Cambridge, you think you can roll up and carry away with you.

Tourists are a *race moutonnière*, and if Mr. Lovett can entice over a few of the bell-wethers the flock will follow. English visitors to Ireland are desirable from every point of view, not least because (as a priest said last winter) "they are angels of peace," and are sure to bring goodwill and to take back a blessing.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Weaker Vessel. By D. Christie Murray. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

From Moor Isles. By Jessie Fothergill. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Fire. By Alice Mangold Diehl. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder. (Chatto & Windus.)

Nigel Fortescue. By William Westall. (Ward & Downey.)

Tribute to Satan. By J. Belford Dayne. (Blackwood.)

Oak-Bough and Wattle-Blossom: Australian Stories. (Walter Scott.)

The Chaplain's Secret. By Leon de Tinseau. (Vizetelly.)

ONE trait of Mr. Christie Murray as a writer cannot but appeal to all readers of his books—his sterling manliness. It may be, it very probably is, the case that a nature so robustly downright as to resent any manifestation of sham is not the most suitable for a writer of novels any more than for a diplomatist; for he who becomes adamant in face of pretence, whether conscious or otherwise, is not the man to perceive the superficiality of most deceptions, the physical bases of moral weakness, or the essential usefulness of compromise, in the evolution of social life. Something of this impatience, this scorn of moral poverty as of something dishonourable, has prevented Mr. Murray from being as just to those every-day sinners, with whom he has nothing in common, as to the good and wicked personages of his tales, whose acts are the adequate measure of their intentions, who practise virtue or villainy in straightforward fashion. He has hitherto shown little sympathy with the most common type of humanity of all times, the individual who honestly believes himself free from inherent evil, and considers his peccadilloes as fully as much due to circumstances beyond his control as to responsible impulse or volition. Mr. Murray prefers the man who chuckles in his malignity to the transgressor who veils his iniquity under a cloak of sophistications. In this respect he resembles another eminent novelist to whom the complexities of certain phases of individual life are inscrutable mysteries; for, with all his skill in the unravelling of tangled skeins of human purpose and action, Mr. Besant invariably fails in all-comprehensive discernment when he has to deal with natures with whom he has absolutely nothing in common, or whose fade appear to him as the foolish vagaries. In his clever *Herr Paulus* Mr. Besant gave himself heartily to the delineation of a type of man who is probably familiar to most of us, yet the self-sophisticated Mr. Cyrus Brudenel was a caricature rather than a typical portrait. What brought Cyrus Brudenel to my mind was one of the chief personages in Mr. Christie Murray's story, for to that Grand Duke of spiritualistic London Mr. George Delamere is closely akin. Both are cultivated gentlemen, both are social shams, both are as inherently narrow-natured as in public both are philanthropically expansive. But Mr. Delamere, though his creator—as Heine would say, it is the way of creators—does not quite do him justice, is as unmistakably genuine as Mr. Brudenel is exaggerated; and he is consistent in his inconsistencies from first to last. In *The Weaker Vessel* Mr. Murray displays a sympathetic insight which, to some at least, has not always characterised his writings. He has written nothing so good save *Rainbow Gold*, and in several respects his latest book is superior to that charming story. The plot is not very novel, turning as it does upon an unfortunate marriage and the subsequent plaguing of a good man by a bad woman; and the tale is too long—it would have gained in strength as well as in interest if the absurd three-volume system had permitted. Mr. Murray has never drawn a finer character than Walter Pole; and most of the other

personages of the story are lifelike, and as variously interesting as they are intended to be. Mary Delamere, the heroine, however, fine and true woman as she is, seems to me too shadowy in every way. One does not realise her, does not see her. Her voice is always a vague echo; she is for ever evading a challenge. This is, of course, a fault that is not obviated by ample descriptions of the beautiful and high-minded woman who is so well worthy of Pole's devoted love and of her ultimate happiness after long trial and suffering. The most potent female character in the story is Pole's dissipated and disgraced wife. How the close of her vicious career will affect readers it is difficult to surmise; to the present writer it seems a little theatrical—or, rather, merely bookish, unreal. That, however, is a matter of opinion; and it is quite possible that even a nature so warped and cramped as that of Adelaide might, in the shadow of inevitable death, expand towards genuine love and unselfishness. Dramatically, I cannot but feel that Lady Worborough should have died more or less as she had lived. The woman who regretted that her husband did not beat her when she first drank to excess was at no time alert to the charming incongruities of sentiment. Another love-episode runs through *The Weaker Vessel* besides that of Walter Pole and Mary Delamere, and altogether the story is one of extreme and continuous interest. It would be worth reading for nothing else than the skilful picture of the great Mr. Delamere and his amusing satellite, Sebastian Dolmer Jones, who also finds his soul's bread in *bric-à-brac*. More than anything of his that I have read, it shows Mr. Christie Murray's aptitude for his vocation—and what more than this need the critic say, or the most exigent author expect?

Felicitous nomenclature is an art in itself. Many a good book has in a few weeks' time known the dust of oblivion simply from the fact that its title held out no promise of entertainment, contained no magical or seductive ring. A very remarkable volume of poetry fell flat a few years ago, solely, no doubt, because it was entitled *Old Spooks's Pass*. It is nonsense to assert that what is really excellent necessarily comes to the fore. 'Tis a pleasant superstition, like that which maintains that no man dies ere he has fulfilled all his capacities. Who would dream of buying a volume of verse called *Old Spooks's Pass*, by an unknown writer? Similarly, is there anyone who could be deaf to the music of the title of Miss Fothergill's new book? *From Moor Isles*—what haunting charm in these vowelled words! It is perhaps as well that Miss Fothergill should win over the reader ere the latter slowly awakes to the discovery that, notwithstanding its delightful title, this latest book by the author of *Probation* and *The First Violin* is not equal to its predecessors. It is, of course, foolish as well as unjust to be always confronting an author with his or her past productions, and clamouring for absolute equality if not for cumulative excellence; but where the critic is justified in comparisons is when a recent work by an author shows a material falling-off in narrative art from earlier compositions. And inferior as a story *From Moor Isles* certainly is when compared with

Miss Fothergill's two best-known novels. Its plot is inconsequent, its evolution too laboured and desultory, its narrative too diffuse. Yet it is not paradoxical to assert that it is an interesting and, in many respects, excellent novel. The descriptive portions are, it goes without saying, noteworthy for their truth and beauty; and most of the personages are interesting. The double plot is, however, an artistic error. The reader has, as it were, to peruse two books at once. His interest has to be divided between the fortunes of Brian Holgate, Alice Ormerod, and Lucy Barraclough on the one part, and those of Felix Arkwright and Inez Grey on the other. The dovetailing is too abrupt; the necessary mental adjustment of the focus too absolute. The first volume is much the best, though the interest is really maintained throughout the book; and one cannot but wonder what prompted Miss Fothergill to concern herself with other people than those of the sphere to which the nominal hero belongs. This hero, Brian Holgate, is a well-meaning young man of exceptional musical talent, but weak and foolish to an exasperating degree. Alice Ormerod, on the other hand, is one of the finest characters ever drawn by the author: nobly upright, self-controlled, unselfish, loyal beyond words, a very tower of strength to such a weakling as her unworthy lover, whose subjection to the coarse nature of Lucy Barraclough is the cause of his material ruin and of his stunted spiritual development in later life. It is the old story of a good and an evil woman playing for a man's salvation, and of man's inveterate tendency to be blind to the heroism of true love and to prefer the unworthy to the worthy. No novelist can write about music and moorlands with more attractiveness than Miss Fothergill; but is not the musician becoming too much of a stock-personage in her novels? In these one may calculate upon a violinist almost as assuredly as upon the "solitary horseman wending his way" in the first chapter of G. P. R. James's romances.

Fire is a badly constructed, meandering, yet withal pathetic story of love's misadventure, and of the resignation and sufferings of a good man and a loving girl. If there is nothing distinctive or even exceptionally attractive in the narrative as a whole, there are some vivid episodes in it; that of the immurement of John Holmes and Nan in the fireproof library of the burning priory is dramatic, though it would be too much to say that it is powerfully so. The author's knowledge of human nature is considerable. It should have saved her from the unreality of the heroine's death from a broken heart after years of contentment, if not of happiness.

The fantastic romance, *A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*, by an anonymous American writer, has been so well received that a small counterblast will do it no harm. It is a story of strange adventure and stranger discovery in the regions of the Antarctic. What is best in the book can hardly be considered original; its fantastic unreality is all its own. In its initial stages it very markedly derives from the far more powerful narrative of Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym*, while in its ethnological and ethical disquisitions it is not to be compared with the clever work which

has evidently in part inspired it—Mr. S. Butler's *Erewhon*. If one had never read *Erewhon*, it would be difficult not to be amused by and interested in the ironical reversal of our own social ideals, as set forth in the *Strange Manuscript*; nor would it be just to the author not to indicate that, withal, it is both interesting and able. The gilt, however, has been rubbed off the gingerbread for those who know the earlier and still more able productions. Strangers to the latter, and boys hungry for new excitements in romance, will enjoy perusal of a clever and entertaining, if a too markedly derivative and badly constructed, book. The narrative is embedded in a wearisome explanatory setting, the introductory portion of which is all very well, though the later interludes are as unnecessary as they are dull.

Nigel Fortescue, having finished his career as "A Hunted Man" in the columns of *Young Folks Paper*, now appears under his own name. This "Andean Romance," as the author sub-titles it, is much the best story of adventure which Mr. Westall has written. It has that winning air of reality which *The Phantom City*, and, still more, *A Queer Race*, lacked. As a rule, a story set forth within another account is not so interesting as one without such encumbrance; but, in the instance of *Nigel Fortescue*, the environing narrative is called for, and serves to enhance the vraisemblance of the tale. Never had man more thrilling and unusual experiences than Mr. Fortescue, and very *ennuyé* must be the reader, old or young, who cannot be absorbed in the perusal of his strange story. If the book rather flags towards the close, it is, perhaps, because the author has been too prolific of incident in the earlier chapters. Certainly there is nothing so absorbing as the bloodhound-chase described in chap. xvi. Thereafter the best thing is the hero's terrible ride on the "man-killer"—but there, I have said enough. No lover of this kind of romance could resist bloodhounds and "man-killers."

Tribute to Satan is a story of crime, about which the most remarkable thing is the part played by Edison's phonograph in the murder-trial in court. The author has not only antedated the discovery of the instrument (which, in a prefatory note, he duly apologises for), but he turns its limited capacities to a use which would astound the inventor. There is a commonplaceness about the book which will weary many readers; but the plot is sufficiently intricate to compel the attention, and the personages not so wholly uninteresting as to render the account of their joys and adversities tedious.

If a book could be foredoomed to failure by outer hideousness the fate of the collection of Australian stories edited by Mr. Patchett Martin would have been settled ere this. Fortunately the print and paper of the interior belie the cover, and are as pleasant as one of the wide-leaded Tauchnitz pages, which they closely resemble. The tales are all readable, and two are particularly good—Mr. Haddon Chambers's very pathetic "Pipe of Peace," and Mrs. Campbell Praed's curiously suggestive episode entitled "Miss Pallavant." The latter, however, is not an Australian tale. It is one of the cleverest short stories which Mrs. Campbell Praed has written, and so

should be welcome. The short tale, the "episode," is not the kind of fiction wherein our novelists have greatly distinguished themselves.

There are two stories in this translation of Leon de Tinsseau's latest book. The longer and more complicated is a very ordinary tale, something in the manner of George Ohnet; the shorter is an interesting and clever narrative, entitled "How One became a Pasha." It would afford material for an amusing comedy or burlesque. The incident of the sultan and the pasha, after the latter has won at chess, is grotesquely funny, though the author has undoubtedly taken the full measure of licence in his portrait of Abdul Aziz.

WILLIAM SHARP.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Systems of Christian Ethics. By Dr. J. A. Dorner. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) There are certain intellects which may be classed as Scholastic. They resemble the Schoolmen in the possession of enormous systematising powers. If they are naturalists, they manifest a tendency to emulate Aristotle or Cuvier. If politicians, they are apt to excoogitate some financial measure or local government bill, in which the unity of the conception runs considerable risk of being lost in the multiplicity and complexity of the details. Such an intellect among modern theologians was the late Dr. Dorner. An unrivalled and unweary systematist, he treated theology and ethics as unbounded fields for definition, partition, and sub-division. Now, the evil of all this subtle and minute ramification is that it is not easy to find the wood for the trees, that the memory becomes encumbered with the endless repetition of parts splitting up into divisions, of divisions into sections, and of sections into chapters. Human life is not long enough for the exhaustive botany which would describe a tree by carefully enumerating all its branches and leaves. Dr. Dorner's characteristics were sufficiently pronounced in his former work—his *Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*, which, in the latest edition of the translation, occupies no less than five enormous volumes; but they are just as conspicuous in this. With this qualification his *Christian Ethics* must be pronounced a most valuable repository of every subject pertaining to his central theme. The plan and structure of the book are encyclopaedic, and this probably indicates the use to which it will generally be applied; at the same time, the treatment of some of the details, even when lacking simplicity of thought and expression, is marked by excellence of a very high order. Dr. Dorner was undoubtedly a great man; indeed, much of our exception to his works is based on the feeling that for ordinary mortals and common life he was somewhat too great.

Enigmas of the Spiritual Life. By A. H. Craufurd. (David Stott.) This is a series of extremely able sermons or "sermon-essays," whose purport is well described by their title. Their object—according to the further statement of the author—is "to think out some of the gravest and most interesting problems of man's higher life as they present themselves to inquirers in the present age." Mr. Craufurd's chief characteristics appear to be a genuinely Christian width of sympathy and profound emotional tenderness. We must add that he sometimes manifests the defects of his virtues—e.g., he betrays an occasional lack of intellectual grip in seizing and presenting the standpoint of those whom he controverts.

Thus, in his sermon on "Vicarious Suffering," saturated as it is with depth of feeling and abounding in more or less appropriate illustrations, there is an entire waiving of the true causes which have made the doctrine of Christ's vicarious suffering in its ordinary form disliked by most liberal thinkers from the time of Abelard to our own day. It is not that these thinkers fail to recognise the many analogies which exist in nature and humanity of the operation of the general law, but that in the particular instance chiefly meant the transaction is represented as a mercantile compact—a cold, dry, legal bargain—in which the most essential of the Divine attributes are either caricatured or ignored.

Inspiration and the Bible. An Enquiry. By Robert F. Horton. (Fisher Unwin.) Mr. Horton has written an able and useful book, but not a book on inspiration. His first chapter explains his method. He will examine his Bible systematically and set down its characteristics, and these will form his account of inspiration. His next seven chapters are therefore practically an introduction to the study of the Bible. They present us with a clear and accurate sketch of the results at which modern scholarship has arrived up to the present in its investigation of the books of the Old and New Testament. The sketch is of course only an outline. It is intended for the unlearned reader, and will form a most useful preliminary to the study of Dr. Robertson Smith's writings, or the elaborate treatises of German writers. Such a task needs learning and candour, and some measure of caution, all of which requisites Mr. Horton possesses. It is when considered as a treatise on inspiration that the book is unsatisfactory. The last chapter returns to the question asked in the first, and finds that the examination of the Old and New Testament has left us with four axioms about inspiration, of which three are purely negative; the fourth declares that "we call our Bible inspired, because by reading it and studying it we can find our way to God, we can find what is His will for us, and how we are to carry out His will." With this we have no wish to quarrel. But it obviously permits us to include other writings than the Hebrew in the pale of inspired literature; and Mr. Horton's book is weak and unsatisfactory, if not to the "unthinking believer," at least to the "thinking unbeliever," because he does not frankly admit this, but uses language occasionally which suggests that he denies it. Mr. Horton, in fact, makes no attempt to deal logically or philosophically with his problem, for which he would deserve nothing but gratitude if he had given his book another name. But he "enquires" into inspiration, he implies that there is something in the inspiration of the Bible which is not found elsewhere in literature; and he makes no sort of effort to state what this something is. He leaves undone the particular thing he has undertaken to do.

The World to Come. By J. W. Reynolds. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) We cordially sympathise with the tender, plaintive aspirations for a future life which Prebendary Reynolds has incorporated into this volume, and we have nothing but admiration for the many-sided erudition which he has employed in support of his thesis. At the same time, we deem him guilty of an error of judgment in assuming that his researches have the effect of a demonstration, and that immortality is, as he curiously phrases it, "a physical fact." It is just this habit of over-weening assurance on the part of learned theologians which gives point to the opposite reasonings of atheists and secularists. Prebendary Reynolds, if he will pardon a suggestion respectfully made, would learn much as to the caution and moderation needed for the discussion of his subject from

Bishop Butler's well-known *Analogy*. Setting aside this fundamental objection to the object and tone of the book, we can conscientiously commend it to our readers as an important contribution to the subject it discusses.

The Reign of Causality. By R. Watts. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) All students of natural theology are aware that the teleological argument, from whichever side it is regarded, constitutes one of its main difficulties. The difficulty is perhaps inevitable—one of those antinomies profoundly grounded on the nature of things. Prof. Watts makes a very elaborate and important contribution to the subject; not that his position or his reasonings are wholly new, but that he has restated the old Paleyan view of the subject with larger erudition and increased emphasis. His point of view, to quote his own words, is

"that the principle of causality revealed as a primary belief in consciousness, fairly carried out and applied in scientific investigations, leads up to an ultimate cause—a *Causa Causarum*—possessed of all the attributes which enter into our conception of personality."

Our readers will perceive that this is the ordinary orthodox standpoint; but they may accept our assurance that in its elaboration—with some drawbacks inseparable from the line of argument chosen—the author displays a considerable amount of acumen as well as of scientific and philosophical learning. The book will well repay perusal.

The Science of Religion. By Emile Burnouf. Translated by Julie Liebe. (Sonnenschein.) This work deserved translation, as the attempt of a well-known orientalist to trace all the great world-religions to their sources, and thereby to establish a science of religions. Discarding the customary, and in our opinion the more philosophic, method of accounting for similarities in doctrine, ritual, &c., by the nature and instincts of men and their inevitable relation to their surroundings, M. Emile Burnouf resorts to a scheme of heredity. Thus he finds Christianity, its doctrines, symbols &c., in Zoroastrianism. Thence he penetrates a stage still further back and finds them in the religion of the Veda. Passing at this point the bounds of history, he arrives at a primitive Aryan religion—the fountain-head of all the great religions of the world, Christianity included. M. Burnouf describes his aim and method in the following sentences (p. 110):

"Religions have proceeded one out of the other: not only are the forms of worship in each one not original, not only are the symbols found to have crept successively into each worship, retaining and transmitting to succeeding centuries all the outward signs, which at no time underwent more than the most superficial alterations, but the mystic or rather the metaphysical doctrine also, which is hidden under these veils, and which we might term the Divine element in religions, has remained unchanged since the remotest days until ours, vivifying these symbolic figures, rites, and formulas—which constitute its outward and visible signs."

It does not seem to have occurred to the learned author that the common factors in all great religions may be accounted for by a much easier and more natural process than that which he employs. We fear that the similarities he attempts to point out between Christianity and other religions will startle many of his readers (*cf.*, pp. 152-3). But the book is a product of careful thought, and will repay consideration.

Philosophy and Religion. By A. H. Strong. (New York: Armstrong.) The author of this work is president and professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester (Baptist) Theological Seminary. In the discharge of his functions he has been called upon to deliver essays, sermons, and addresses to his classes as

well as to the general public. The subjects of these various utterances embrace a considerable diversity of topics, ranging from the higher walks of philosophy to the lowest regions of commonplace. These are collected without any apparent attempt at discrimination or arrangement into a bulky volume of over 600 pages. To say that such a medley, however interesting it might be to the author's personal friends or to the "alumni" (as he terms them) of the Rochester Theological Seminary, can be a valuable contribution either to philosophy or religion, would be a violation of the critic's most elementary duty. The papers, whether on philosophy or theology, do not rise above the level of respectable mediocrity. That the author is not devoid of literary insight is proved by the disclaimer in the preface "of any expectation that the book will be widely read." We might easily say more were it not for the unusually modest terms of the same preface, which quite disarms criticism.

Jesus, Bar Rabbai: or, *Jesus, Bar Abba?* By Henry Pratt, M.D. (Williams & Norgate.) It is not easy to give in the space at our command an accurate description of this book. Its title consists of a pun, one of its last chapters is headed "A Bewildering Travesty," and all the intermediate portions partake of the gratuitous puzzlement suggested by these headings. Perhaps its most accurate description would be: a collection of desultory observations on the Old and New Testament, partly rationalistic, partly mystical in character. The author's scholarship may be judged of from his statement (p. 77) that the designation Simon Magus was given to St. Paul, "not only because of his mysticism, but because he claimed to be greater (*majus* for 'major') than Simon Peter." Equally novel is his derivation of the name Eve (p. 311): "And the man called the name of his wife *Chavah* (smudger), for she was the stainer of life." On the other hand, we have occasional indications of spiritual insight and profound thought. Among most sane utterances are his final remarks, entitled "A Last Word," which is a plea for sceptical suspense. Though it is open to the remark that, if he had accepted that very intelligible position at first, most of his book would have remained unwritten.

The History of the Law of Tithes in England. By William Westerby. (Cambridge: University Press.) This is the Yorke Prize Essay for 1887; and a more solid piece of work than most of its kind are apt to be. It is a sensible, straightforward treatise, following a chronological order of arrangement, with certain necessary digressions. The first part of the work is chiefly historical; a chapter upon titheable matters forms a sort of backbone dividing the book in the middle; and then the second portion is concerned with procedure in questions of tithe, with analysis of the precise nature of the changes brought in by the dissolution of the religious houses, and with discharge and exemption from the payment of tithes. The closing chapter is confined to discussing the status of tithes in the City and Liberties of London. The writer has avoided politics so far as possible, and has not been led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of a tripartite or quadripartite distribution of tithe as ever having prevailed in England, though it did hold in more than one continental kingdom. There is a sufficient index, and a table of statutes referred to in the course of the discussion, thus making the volume a convenient handbook of its subject.

A Manual of Confirmation. By Rev. R. B. Kennard. Second Edition. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) It is very rarely that a manual of confirmation deserves notice as a contribution to theology, but Mr. Kennard's compact little work is altogether exceptional.

It contains more thoughtful and rational theology than is found in many a tome of far greater pretension. The chief significance of the book lies in its treatment of the sacraments, and pointing out their true Anglican and Protestant signification as distinct from recent perversions. Without entering upon controversial points, we may say that Mr. Kennard deals with this subject in a philosophical and Christian spirit; and we cordially recommend his treatise not only to candidates for confirmation but to all who would learn the teaching of the English Church in its sane sobriety, apart from sectarian extravagances of any kind.

Thoughts on Revelation and Life. Being Selections from the Writings of Canon Westcott. Arranged and Edited by Stephen Phillips. (Macmillan.) We need only point out, with reference to this daintily printed volume, that it is selected with unusual care and appreciation. Part iv., entitled "Lessons of Literature and Art," gives selections from compositions of Canon Westcott not very easily accessible, and will be found full of interest; the extracts also from the address on Mr. Browning will be new to many. Disciples of Canon Westcott owe Mr. Phillips a debt of gratitude for the pains he has taken.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Sir W. W. Hunter, the biographer of Lord Mayo, has undertaken to write the Life of Sir Bartle Frere.

MR. FREDERIC G. KITTON has now ready for immediate publication the first part of the work, entitled *Charles Dickens with Pen and Pencil*, upon which he has been engaged for more than two years. The principal features of this work are: (1) a description of all the portraits of Dickens, with unpublished memoranda concerning them; (2) records of his personal characteristics, with a collection of reminiscences contributed by surviving friends; (3) one hundred illustrations, including nearly fifty portraits, reproduced by line-engraving, mezzotint, etching, photogravure, &c. The mode of publication will be twelve parts, printed on fine paper, imperial quarto, each of which will contain three full-page plates. The edition is a limited one; and subscribers should address to Mr. F. T. Sabin, Garrick Street, W.C.

MESSRS. T. NELSON & SONS, of Edinburgh, will publish shortly *The Life and Work of Duncan McLaren*, in two volumes. During more than fifty years Mr. McLaren played a prominent part in the public affairs of Edinburgh; and when he entered Parliament as member for that city he came to be recognised in England as a representative Scotchman. He corresponded with many distinguished reformers of a past generation, including Brougham, Macaulay, Bowring, Hume, and Cobden; and extracts from their letters will be given in the book. The author is Mr. J. B. Mackie.

AN elaborate historical work—somewhat similar in scale to that of Mr. H. H. Bancroft for the Pacific States of North America—is announced from Australia. Mr. G. B. Barton, of Sydney, has undertaken to write a history of New South Wales from official records, in fifteen volumes, each volume covering the term of a governor's administration. The first volume will include the letters written by Governor Phillip previous to his departure from England and while on his voyage, and also his despatches from Sydney, which have not before been published. In the appendix will be given, besides the Act of Parliament founding the colony, the governor's commission and instructions, and the letters patent

constituting the courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction, and many other unpublished records of literary and historical interest. There will also be a bibliography of the colony down to 1808.

MR. M. T. CULLY, of Wooler Castle, Northumberland, has just sent to press for the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society next year his edition of Caxton's *Eneydos*. His Preface contains an interesting account of the curious mixture of Boccaccio and other middle-age authors with Virgil's *Aeneid*, and of the last chapters added to the classical poet's story. Though Caxton englished his book from the French, no French original of it is now known, though surely a copy must be lying hid somewhere.

DR. KARL BUELBRINGS is editing, and Mr. David Nutt will issue, Defoe's hitherto unpublished educational treatise, entitled *The Compleat English Gentleman*, from Defoe's holograph MS., purchased by the British Museum at the late Mr. Crossley's sale.

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co., will publish in a few days the fifth volume of their *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*. It contains articles on W. H. Prescott, Generals P. H. Sheridan and W. T. Sherman, Chas. Sumner, Whitelaw, Reid, &c. The sixth and concluding volume will appear next January.

A *Memoir of Orange Street Chapel*, which is one of the oldest Nonconformist Chapels in London, has been written by its minister, the Rev. Richard Free, and will shortly be published by Messrs. W. B. Whittingham & Co.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS's new book will be a collection of miscellaneous articles called by the very plain but not ineffective title of *Pen and Ink—Papers on Subjects of more or less Importance*.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for publication next week *The House and the Builder*; a Book for the Doubtful, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox.

A VOLUME of essays on literary subjects, by Mr. W. Davenport Adams, entitled *Byways in Bookland*, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. GRANT & Co.'s Christmas Number for this year, by Mr. R. E. Francillon, is to be called *A Christmas Rose: a Blossom in Seven Petals*. The scene is laid in Gloucester and the West, and is touched with the romance which gathered round Prince Charlie in the Jacobite movement of '45.

MESSRS. W. B. WHITTINGHAM & Co. will publish in a few days a second and revised edition of Dr. Blyden's *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race*, with a portrait of the author. Dr. Blyden, as readers of the ACADEMY know, is himself a negro, and writes with authority on his special subject.

MR. QUARITCH's annual trade-sale dinner took place on October 19 at Willis's Rooms. It was a pleasant old custom which has fallen into general desuetude, and is still kept up only by Messrs. Bentley and Mr. Quaritch. It flourished in the days before the growth of that intense competition in the retail trade, which has produced the "threepence in the shilling" discount, and cut the dealer's profits to the very quick. That there is still something to be done in the way of speculation, when the publisher acts with due consideration for his retail supporters, is shown by the way in which the more energetic members of the London trade, and representatives from other parts of the world, accepted Mr. Quaritch's invitation. Among those who bought most most largely at the sale which followed the dinner (and lasted till half-an-

hour before midnight) were Messrs. Sotheman & Co., and Messrs. Bickers & Son, of London; Messrs. Downing from Birmingham, George from Bristol, Commin from Exeter, Simmons from Leamington; while, on the part of the American trade, Mr. B. F. Stevens was represented by Mr. Bigmore. One of the guests was Mr. Rowney from Brisbane, Queensland. Mr. Sotheman and Mr. John Wheldon were, during the sale, reminded by Mr. Quaritch of the circumstance that he had waited upon them at a similar trade-sale dinner forty-six years before, when they were the guests and he the assistant of the late Henry Bohn.

THE winter season at the London Institution will open on Monday, November 19, when Sir E. S. Ball (Astronomer-Royal for Ireland) will deliver the first of two lectures on "Time and Tide: the Romance of Modern Science." As usual, the list of arrangements is very strong in physical science. Prof. W. E. Ayrton will lecture on "Electrical Transmission of Power"; Prof. Sylvanus Thompson on "The Colours of Polarised Light"; Prof. Charles Stewart on "The Life History of some Plants and Animals"; Prof. Flower on "Pygmies"; Prof. Ray Lankester on "Darwin versus Lamarck"; the Rev. Dr. Dallinger on "Recent Studies of some Forms of Minute Life"; Prof. Boyd Dawkins on "Our Early British Ancestors"; and Col. Gouraud on "The Phonograph." Music is represented by Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Carl Armbruster, and Prof. Ernst Pauer. And among the other announcements of general interest are: "Political Progress in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. S. B. Gardiner; "The New Forces in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter; "The English Novel in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. E. Gosse; and "Marriage Laws, Ancient and Modern," by Dr. E. B. Tylor. We also notice—what we believe to be a novelty at the London Institution—a Christmas course of three lectures specially intended for the young, by Dr. Meymott Tidy, entitled "The Story of a Tinder Box," with illustrations.

THE papers of the first half of the winter session of the Hull Literary Club included "Every-day in England in the time of Shakespeare," by Mr. William Andrews (the president); "The History of Guilds," by the Rev. Dr. Lambert; "Guns, Gunners, and Gunnery," by Col. Pudsey; "The Humorous Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. W. W. Tomlinson; "The Dalesman," by Mr. I. W. Dickinson; "Heraldic Gleanings," by Dr. Thos. Walton; "The Welsh Eisteddfod," by the Rev. H. Eleveit Lewis; and "Technical Education," by Mr. C. C. Graham. An evening will be set apart for reviewing the Hull literature published in 1888.

THE Boston *Literary World* of October 13 is still to seek for the meaning of the lines in Tennyson's "Princess"—

"She to me
Was proxy wedded with a bootless calf,
At eight years old."

A correspondent, writing from the academical town of Cambridge, Mass., gets near enough to quote from Longfellow—

"And the armed guard around them, and the
sword unsheathed between"

—and then goes on to add:

"If I mistake not, in one form of this performance, the insertion of any part of the nude body beneath the coverlet was held sufficient."

For another interpretation see the ACADEMY of October 6, p. 222.

DR. J. H. PRING, of Taunton, has reprinted from the *Western Antiquary* a biographical notice of his namesake, "Capitaine Martin

Pringe: the last of the Elizabethan Seamen" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), which we commend to those who are interested in Americana. We are glad to learn that Mr. William George, of Bristol, is engaged upon a more elaborate memorial of this Bristol worthy, whose career has to do not only with America but also with the East Indies.

Correction.—In our notice of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* in the ACADEMY of last week, we should not have implied that M. Friedmann, author of the article on "The New Year and its Liturgy," is an adopted Englishman. He is a prælector in the University of Vienna, and the editor of the old Jewish works *Mechilta* and *Siphre*.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE following are some of the special announcements for the new volume of the *Century*, which commences with the November number:—A series of wood-engraving, from the most famous Italian paintings, by Mr. Timothy Cole, who has been employed on this task in the galleries of Europe for the past four years. The engravings, which will appear in historical order, "From the Byzantines to Tintoretto," will be accompanied by historical and critical papers by Mr. W. J. Stillman. A series of papers on Ireland, written by Mr. Charles de Kay, and illustrated by Mr. T. W. Alexander, of which the early ones will deal with architectural remains, scenery, and folklore; "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana," by Mr. George W. Cable, who guarantees that they are as true as they are strange; a series of Irish-American stories, of which the scene is laid in California, by Mr. George H. Jessup; letters and drawings from Japan, by Mr. John La Farge; and a novel based upon events in the early history of Canada, entitled "The Romance of Dollard," which has won the approval of Mr. Parkman. Mr. George Kennan's remarkable account of his experiences in Siberia, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's description of English Cathedrals, will both be continued.

APART from the first instalments of some of the serials mentioned above, the November number of the *Century* will contain:—"Unpublished Letters of Nelson" (with portrait), by Mrs. Herbert Jones; "The Guilds of London" (illustrated), by Dr. Norman Moore; "Gravelotte Witnessed and Re-visited," by Murat Halstead; and a disquisition as to the exact site of "the place called Calvary," by the Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archæological Review* will continue Mr. H. Morland Simpson's translation of Dr. K. Bahnsen's descriptive account of the chief ethnographical museums in Europe. Among other articles, will be "Beginnings of Greek Sculpture," by Mr. L. R. Farnell; "The Heirship of the Youngest in South Africa," by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson; "Widowhood in Manorial Law," by Mr. G. L. Gomme; and "Crime and Accident in Norfolk, temp. Edward I.," by Mr. Walter Rye.

AMONG the contents of the November number of the *Classical Review* will be: "Italic Declensions" (concluded), by Mr. W. M. Lindsay; review of Usener's "Epicurea," by Mr. I. Bywater; Harris's "Didacho," by the Rev. Dr. C. Taylor; Postgate's "New Latin Primer," by Prof. H. Nettleship; and a paper on "The Training of Classical Teachers in Germany," by Prof. Th. Ziegler.

In the November number of *Time* will be articles on "The Church and Her Workers," by Prebendary Harry Jones; "An Irish Grouse Shooting," by Henry Jephson; "The American

Stage," by W. G. Elliott; "The Novelists of the Restoration," by W. H. Hudson; and a contribution to the "Mummer" controversy by Q. F. Austin.

St. Nicholas for November includes: "Dream Hours," by Mary Hallcock Foote; "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. F. Harrison Smith; "Great Japan: the Sunrise Kingdom," by J. O. Hodnett; and "Wood-Carving" (illustrated), by J. T. Hill. The frontispiece will reproduce Romney's "Portrait of a Young Girl."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, Clark lecturer at Trinity College, will deliver a course of six lectures this term at Cambridge upon "The Poetry of Pope, and the Place of that Writer in Literary History."

MR. A. H. SAYCE, the deputy professor of comparative philology at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Tuesday next, October 30, upon "The Primitive Home of the Aryans."

SIR T. F. WADE, the newly appointed professor of Chinese at Cambridge, proposes to give elementary instruction to those desirous of commencing the study of Chinese, and afterwards to deliver a course of lectures on the literature of China.

A BUST of the late Henry Bradshaw, executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, has been presented by the subscribers to the Cambridge university library.

THE special board for biology and geology at Cambridge recommend that a grant of £80 be made from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund to Mr. M. C. Potter, to enable him to make botanical researches and collect specimens in Ceylon during the coming winter.

A MISSA SOLENNIS in B flat major, composed by the Rev. J. H. Mee for the degree of Doctor of Music, will be performed in the Sheldonian Theatre on Friday, November 9. It is written for four solo voices, double chorus, orchestra, and organ. The chorus will consist of Mr. Broughton's Leeds choir; and Mr. Mee will conduct the performance himself.

WE may also mention that Mr. Ebenezer Prout has written a Cantata, entitled "Damon and Pythias," for the Egglefield Musical Society, of Queen's College. We understand, however, that it will not be heard in public before the annual concert in the summer term.

IT is, perhaps, significant that the India Civil Service Society at Oxford have voted, by a majority of 20 to 5, "that any extension of the principles of local self-government in India would be fatal to the interests of the Empire."

WE learn from the *Oxford Magazine* that a Persian MS. from the Ouseley collection, which had been missing from the Bodleian library for a considerable time, was discovered recently by Mr. Gordon Duff in a bookseller's shop at Inverness, and has been repurchased for £4, hardly a tenth of its real value.

THE performance of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" at Cambridge last November has found a chronicler in Mr. Francis R. Pryor, who has devoted to it a volume not unworthy to be compared with Prof. Warr's *Echoes of Hellas*. Mr. Pryor himself is responsible only for a certain amount of descriptive criticism, for the ornamental borders, and for the manufacture of the paper. The illustrations, drawn by Mr. Lawrence Speed, for the most part reproduce scenes witnessed on the Cambridge stage; but on four or five occasions the artist has given wider scope to his imagination. A very interesting feature is the script in which the Greek text of the play appears, imitated by hand from

the types of John Field, printer to the university in the latter part of the seventeenth century. We cannot sufficiently admire the patience with which Mr. H. A. Ochapman has copied out the entire play in this old-fashioned character. To match it, Mr. Pryor has written in the incidental staves of music in a notation of the same period. Altogether, this volume—which is published by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes—forms one of the most creditable specimens of book-making that we have seen for a long time.

PROF. ALBERT S. COOK has published a little pamphlet of some six pages (*Library Bulletin* of the University of California, No. 10), in which he discusses the question whether the famous Vercelli Book was brought to Italy from England by Cardinal Guala, the papal legate in the time of King John. The strongest piece of evidence seems to be Tiraboschi's statement (iv. 124, 5), that the library which the cardinal bequeathed to his monastery of St. Andrew at Vercelli included among its contents "bibliotheca de littera Anglicana."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ΑΛΟΙΔΑΦΤΟΞ.

September 30, 1888.

HOUNDRED by famine, friendless, hopeless—lo,
She tires her tresses, paints her cheek, and fares
Forth to an evil world; then, hiding tears
In her poor cloak, night's mock, flits to and fro;
O'er her a myriad stars heaven's radiance throw,
Unmoved, she loiters where the gas-lamp glares
Mid oaths and ribald laugh of fiends, nor cares
That Lust aces Love—dread pilgrimage of woe.
Next hour a nameless horror awes the night;
She lies now still, blood-dabbled, foully slain,
But on her breast a rose gleams free from stain,
Hope's angel. Shall not earth's great Judge do
right?
Through death's swift darkness burnt for her no
light?
Yea, e'en for her, Christ's love died not in vain.

M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE recommend readers of the October *Livre* to turn first to the editor's short notice (in the "modern" part) of the late Charles Oros, a middle-aged *l'arnassien* who happened to achieve by the little piece of the *Hareng Saur* a success which must have annoyed its author more than it pleased him—a belated Bohemian, a contributor to that *renaissance* in which so much of the later Parnassian work remains enshrined, and altogether a remarkable specimen, if not of the *raité*, at any rate of a class very near to *raiture*. The more dignified section has a paper by M. Eugène Asse on "Les Princesses de Bourbon Bibliophiles," from which we gather, among other things, that M. Asse, as we should have thought, does not agree with M. Scherer about the Memoirs of Mademoiselle, and which is illustrated by a sheet of group vignette portraits. As a design this is excellent; but we fear the heads will confirm a certain well-established idea that the house of Bourbon was not remarkable for female beauty. This paper, which is a very good, one, is followed by another equally good and from the equally competent hand of M. Victor Fournel, on "Pastoral Plays in the Seventeenth Century." Altogether an exceedingly good number.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy thing in the current number of *Mind* is the short but very impressive notice of Edmund Gurney, from the editor's pen. It almost shocked the few who knew what a rare masterful mind had been lost to us in the death of Gurney to see how little the great public seemed to think of the event. It was fitting that an adequate tribute should be

paid to the memory of the author of one of the most remarkable psychological productions of the age—the great and luminous treatise on music, not too happily entitled *The Power of Sound*—in a journal of psychology; and these few pregnant words of Prof. Groom Robertson will be felt to be adequate by Gurney's warmest admirers. The principal contents of the number are quite up to the high level of excellence on which the editor has strenuously insisted. Mr. G. F. Stout continues his exposition of Herbart's psychology, and succeeds in showing that it is by no means the obscure and difficult doctrine which it is sometimes supposed to be. Mr. J. H. Hyslop offers a closely-reasoned criticism of Wundt's psychological theory of vision. He has himself made some careful observations in the region of physiological, or, as it might more correctly be called, psychological, optics, and he brings the result of these to bear with considerable skill on the contending psychological hypotheses. The essayist is possibly too sanguine when he supposes that these experiments are crucial, as against the theory that seeing distance is a sort of semi-conscious process of inference. It seems strange that at this time of day an investigator can venture to reason straight away from facts of visual experience in our mature and highly developed consciousness to laws of all vision. One would say that the whole tendency of recent, and especially evolutionary, psychology had been to bring out and emphasise the truth that what seem to be the simplest mental experiences of the adult are to a large extent the residua of his past life-history. It is exceedingly doubtful whether we shall ever be able, by such experiments as Mr. Hyslop's, to make sure of getting at an original feature of the psychical mechanism. In no department of his science would the psychologist more greatly profit by an accurate report of infant experience—were such a thing attainable—than in that of vision. Of a less difficult and more practical character than this paper is an article by Dr. Bain, on the "Definition and Demarcation of the Subject-Sciences." Such a piece of work was much needed, and Dr. Bain was extremely well qualified to perform it. The article illustrates keen logical discernment wisely tempered by an adequate respect for usage. The remaining article, on "A Basis for Ethics," by Prof. Dyde, is thoughtfully and attractively written, but hardly seems to supply a new ethical first principle. Self-realisation through the community has, unless our memory slips, been eloquently urged by one recent writer at least, Mr. F. H. Bradley. Perhaps, however, it is unreasonable to expect a writer at this time of day to contribute a new ethical theory. Work in this department must, it would seem, now consist of a critical comparison, and an approximation, of the rival theories already on the field; and Prof. Dyde's paper certainly works in this direction.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"In and About Ancient Ipswich," by Dr. J. E. Taylor, curator of Ipswich Museum, with fifty illustrations by Percy E. Stimpson, in a limited edition; "Cromer, Past and Present," by Walter Rye, with numerous illustrations, containing a description of the Buried City of Shipden, The Old Squires, The Old Traders, The Fisheries, "Cromer Crabs," The Churches, The People, Discovery of the Watering Place; "Family Prayers (Morning and Evening)," by the Rev. G. S. Barrett; "All on a Summer's Day," an illustrated book for children, by Mrs. G. O. Davies. New books by Grace Stebbing—"That Bother of a Boy," illustrated by Paul Hardy; "A Will made in Haste; or, Hal Baumgarten's Adventures in a New Texas

Town," illustrated by Paul Hardy. "Sandringham Library"—"The Brown Portmanteau, and other Tales," by Curtis Yorke; "Geraldine's Husband," by Mary MacLeod. "Railway Library": "Tossed About," by W. S. Wright. Books for presentation, prizes, &c.—"Rivets of Gold," by Mrs. John Bradshaw; "A Sailor's Darling" and "Put to the Test," by Harriet Boulwood; "Frocks: or, the Rector's Charge," by A. E. G.; "Turning the Corner, and other Stories" and "The Old Clock in the Parlour, and other Stories," by Absalom Peers, illustrated; "Memories of Old Norwich," by A. Nonagenarian; "Directory of Norwich, with its Hamlets," containing Street Directory, Alphabetical List of Inhabitants, and Classified Professional and Trades Directory, published triennially.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BAUDON, P. Les rives illyriennes: Istrie, Dalmatie, Monténégro. Paris: Bataux-Bray. 7 fr.
BROKER, R. Wahrheit u. Dichtung in Ulrich v. Liechtensteins Frauenleben. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
BERTAL, G. Auguste Vaqueiro: sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris: Pigeon. 3 fr. 50 c.
BOURGNET, P. Etudes et portraits. Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr.
CHAGNET, A. H. La rhétorique et son histoire. Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.
KAWERAU, W. Culturbilder aus dem Zeitalter der Aufklärung. 2. Bd. Aus Halles Litteraturlieben. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.
MARTINET, A. Les différentes formes de l'impôt sur le revenu. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
MÜNCHENLOCH-BARTHOLOM, F. Briefe an Ignaz u. Charlotte Moscheles. Hrg. v. F. Moscheles. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
RABUSON, H. Mon Capitaine. Paris: Oalmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
THEODOREUS Hbrorum Philippi Pfister, Monacensis. Mit Anmerkgn. u. Registern hrg. v. H. Hayn. München: Uebelen. 30 M.

THEOLOGY.

BAUR, A. Zwingli's Theologie, ihr Werden u. ihr System. 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Halle: Niemeyer. 9 M.
DÜLLINGER, L. v. u. H. BAUDON. Geschichte der Moralstreitigkeiten in der römisch-katholischen Kirche seit dem 16. Jahrh. m. Beiträgen zur Geschichte u. Charakteristik d. Jesuitenordens. Nördlingen: Beck. 23 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BILFINGER, G. Die babylonische Doppelstunde. Stuttgart: Wildt. 1 M. 50 Pf.
CHASSIN, Ch. L. Les Elections et les Cahiers de Paris en 1789. T. II. Les Assemblées primaires et les Cahiers primitifs. Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.
GARRAUD, R. Traité théorique et pratique du droit pénal français. T. 3. Paris: Larose. 10 fr.
JONES, P. Römische Rechtswissenschaft zur Zeit der Republik. 1. Tl. Bis auf die Octonen. Berlin: Veit. 7 M.
KAUFMANN, D. Samson Wertheimer, der Oberhofrath u. Landesrabbiner (1658-1724), u. seine Kinder. Wien: Beck. 4 M.
KAULER, J. Papiers de Barthélemy, Ambassadeur de France en Suisse, 1792-1797. T. 3. Paris: Alcan. 18 fr.
LUDWIG, H. Strassburg vor hundert Jahren. Stuttgart: Frommann. 5 M.
NRY, M. Notes pour servir à l'histoire littéraire et doctrinale du droit en Angleterre. 1^{re} partie. Brussels: Muquardt. 3 fr. 50 c.
PANDROTES françaises, p.p. M. Rivière. T. 4. Paris: Marq. 35 fr.
PUBLICATIONEN der Gesellschaft f. rheinische Geschichtskunde. I. Kölner Schreinsurkunden d. 12. Jahrh. Hrg. v. B. Hoerner. 1. Bd. 3. Lfg. Bonn: Weber. 9 M. 50 Pf.
SCHMIDT, E. Burggraf Heinrich IV. zu Meissen, Oberkammerherr der Krone Böhmen u. seine Regierung im Vogtlande. Gera: Griesbach. 10 M.
STREVE, F. Wittelsbacher Briefe aus den J. 1590-1610. Abthg. III. München: Franz. 8 M. 50 Pf.
STORM, J. Das kaiserliche Stadium auf dem Palatin. Würzburg: Hertz. 1 M. 50 Pf.
THÜRHEIM, A. Graf Ludwig Fürst Starhemberg, ehemaliger k. k. a. o. Gesandter an den Höfen in Haag, London, Turin, etc. Graz: "Styria." 5 M. 40 Pf.
VÖGELIN, S. Das alte Zürich. 2. Bd. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Stadt Zürich u. ihrer Nachbar-gemeinden. 1. Lfg. Zürich: Füssli. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOWNE, G. Ueb. das Fibrinferment u. seine Beziehungen zum Organismus. Würzburg: Hertz. 3 M.
SARASIN, P. u. F. Ergebnisse naturwissenschaftlicher Forschungen auf Oeylen in den J. 1894-95. 1. Bd. 3. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 18 M.
SCHLOSSER, M. Die Affen, Lemuren, Chiropteren, Insektivoren, Marsupialier, Orodonten u. Carnivoren d. europäischen Tertiärs u. deren Beziehungen zu ihren lebenden u. fossilen aeneurotop. Verwandten. Wien: Holder. 16 M.

SCHWIMM, F. Ueb. den Zwischenkiefer u. seine Nachbarorgane bei Säugthieren. München: Buchholz. 6 M.
TÖRÖK, A. v. Ueb. e. Universal-Kranometer. Zur Reform der kranometrisch. Methodik. Leipzig: Thieme. 5 M.
VELAUX, Ch. Conférences de pétrographie. 1^{re} Fasc. Paris: Carré. 4 fr.
VINOGRADSKY, S. Beiträge zur Morphologie u. Physiologie der Bacterien. I. Hft. Zur Morphologie u. Physiologie der Schwefelbakterien. Leipzig: Feltz. 6 M. 40 Pf.
ZWILLER, R. Description de la flore fossile du bassin houiller de Valenciennes. Paris: Baudry. 75 fr. 25 c.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

DANIELSSON, O. A. Grammatische u. etymologische Studien. I. Upsala: Lundström. 1 M. 50 Pf.
DIECKE, W. Die Falisker. Eine geschichtliche Sprachl. Untersuchung. Strassburg: Trübner. 9 M.
HANDSCHRIFTEN-VERZEICHNISSE der k. Bibliothek zu Berlin. Verzeichnisse der Sanskrit- u. Paktit-Handschriften. v. A. Weber. Berlin: Asher. 22 M.
PIETSON, O. Beiträge zur Lehre vom altfranzösischen Relativum. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 50 Pf.
PREDIGTEN, altdeutsche. Hrg. v. A. E. Schönbeck. 2. Bd. Texte. Graz: "Styria." 9 M.
PULLIG, H. Ennio quid debuerit Lucretius. Pars 1. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

AN IDEAL EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

Pendleton: Oct. 14, 1888.

New editions of Shakspeare are constantly being brought out, and yet none, so far as I am aware, fulfils what seem to me the necessary conditions for a really useful edition for ordinary readers. May I through your columns call publishers' attention to these conditions?

1. It should be handy and legible. That is to say, the size should be duodecimo, foolscap octavo, or post octavo. The print should be small pica or long primer. These conditions would probably imply that from three to five plays only should be contained in each volume.

2. The text should be authentic. That is to say, every variation of the smallest importance from the text of the first folio or important quartos should be stated on the page itself.

3. There should be to each play a brief introduction, stating the authorities for the text, the sources of the story, and the evidence for the date. In the case of those plays which it is practically certain were not all by Shakspeare, the fact should be plainly stated either in the preface or in the margin, or perhaps by difference of type, or by brackets, &c.

4. Very brief notes or a glossary should be added to each volume, explaining obsolete words, obscure allusions, or other difficulties; but the annotating temper should be kept under very tight control.

5. Perhaps the most important condition of all (except No. 2) is the arrangement of the plays and poems in chronological order. The ordinary arrangement is difficult to remember, and utterly wrong. So much is agreed on by all scholars. Nor is there, I believe, any large disagreement as to the order of composition, except, perhaps, where the play, as we have it, retains large traces of different hands or different periods of composition. Taking the dates as given by Dowden, and making very slight deviations from chronology in order to form suitable groups, I suggest the following arrangement for an edition in ten volumes:

- I. "Titus Andronicus," 1588-90.
"1 Henry VI.," 1590-91.
"2 Henry VI.," 1591-92.
"3 Henry VI.," "
- II. "Love's Labour Lost," 1590.
"Comedy of Errors," 1591.
"Taming the Shrew," "
"Two Gentlemen of Verona," 1592-93.

- III. "Venus and Adonis," 1592.
 "Lucrece," 1593-94.
 "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1593-94.
 "Romeo and Juliet," ?
 "Sonnets and other Pieces," ?
- IV. "Richard III.," 1593.
 "Richard II.," 1594.
 "King John," 1595.
 "Merchant of Venice," 1596.
- V. "1 Henry IV.," 1597-98.
 "2 Henry IV.," ?
 "Henry V.," 1599.
 "Merry Wives," 1598.
- VI. "Much Ado," 1598.
 "As You Like It," 1599.
 "Twelfth Night," 1600-01.
 "All's Well that Ends Well," 1601-02.
- VII. "Julius Caesar," 1601.
 "Hamlet," 1602.
 "Measure for Measure," 1603.
 "Troilus and Cressida," ?
- VIII. "Othello," 1604.
 "Lear," 1605.
 "Macbeth," 1606.
 "Antony and Cleopatra," 1607.
- IX. "Coriolanus," 1608.
 "Cymbeline," 1609.
 "Tempest," 1610.
 "Winter's Tale," 1610-11.
- X. "Timon of Athens," 1607-8.
 "Pericles," 1608.
 "Two Noble Kinsmen," 1612.
 "Henry VIII.," 1612-13.

I wish some of the many competent Shaksperian scholars would undertake such an edition. I am sure it would sell, and be to many like myself a real boon.

HENRY J. ROBY

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE SEVERAL EDITIONS OF MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

6 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.: Oct. 21, 1888.

Mr. Nutt's announcement in the ACADEMY of my forthcoming edition of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, based upon Lord Spencer's copy of the Caxton, recorded my intention to give also in an appendix the various readings of the editions of Wynkyn de Worde, Copland, and East. The result of my studies of the last two weeks necessitates some little modification of that statement, as I shall explain hereafter. I am also, however, what has not yet been mentioned, going to describe minutely Malory's relation to the *Merlin* in the Huth Library, lately edited for the Société des Anciens Textes Français, and to some other of his French sources.

Sir Thomas Malory finished the MS. of his *Morte D'Arthur*, "reduced" from certain books in French, according to Caxton's statement, in the ninth year of Edward IV., i.e., about 1470. All efforts to trace his MS. in any of the libraries of the United Kingdom have hitherto proved fruitless. I am inclined to believe that the MS., being intended for the press, was much damaged during the process of printing, and was destroyed soon after the book was ready.

Wynkyn de Worde, though he gives no statement to that effect, evidently printed his edition of 1498 from Caxton, and his second of 1529 (in fact the third edition) from his first. A copy of this edition of 1529, wanting seven leaves (containing the table of contents and the preface), but otherwise in splendid condition, is in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. It deviates considerably from Caxton, and that not only in the orthography. There are also words transposed, words now and then added or omitted, especially obsolete ones frequently exchanged for more modern ones. On an average there are about twelve such variations on a page. Whether these were introduced by the compositor or by some person who read the proofs cannot be decided.

The fourth, Copland's edition of 1559, is not, as one would expect, a reprint from Caxton, but almost a facsimile of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1529. The text corresponds word for word, line for line, but not page for page, this latter difference being caused by the different size of the woodcuts preceding the several books.

Thomas East printed his two editions (about 1585 ?) either from Wynkyn de Worde or from Copland's edition; probably from the latter, as the title is similar.

Finally, the seventh and last black-letter edition, that of Th. Stansby (1834)—though differing in the arrangement of the work (instead of the whole being divided into twenty-one books, it is divided into three parts, and each of these parts into chapters), and also showing some arbitrary omissions and alterations, as well as differences in orthography—is reprinted from East's folio. This is proved, (1) as Mr. Wright has already stated in his introduction (1856), by the fact that Stansby omitted in his edition the contents of one entire sheet in East's folio edition. (According to Caxton, part of chap. i., the whole of chap. iii., and almost the whole of chap. iii. of the fourteenth book.) This sheet bears the signature Dd., and has as well as Dd, the catchword "but." It begins: "But by waye of kyndness and for good," and ends: "for a good horse would befeme you right well but." This explains both why the printer overlooked a sheet, and also how mechanically the reprint was made. (2) By the reproduction of some misprints, e.g., in book xxi., chap. xviii., East prints: "As Iesu helpe ME for hys grete myghte as HE is the s'craunt of Iesu both day and night." This ought to read, "As Iesu helpe him," as Caxton prints it. Stansby has faithfully reproduced this blunder. From this it is evident that real variations exist only between Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. Copland and East agree with the latter, and Stansby's edition is for our purpose without value.

Of the modern editions, the two of 1816 and that of 1856 are based on Stansby (1834), and that of 1817 on Caxton. With reference to this last I may state that the general opinion that it is an exact reprint of the Caxton is an error, though Southey says so in his introduction. But Southey had nothing whatever to do with the printing, which was superintended by Mr. Upcott; so that this edition, as Carew Hazlitt says, in a note to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, is a mere speculation of the bookseller.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

A PROPOSED FEET OF FINES SOCIETY.

Winchester House, Putney, S.W.: Oct. 15, 1888.

Every topographer and genealogist knows the extreme value of the Feet of Fines, and how no county history, or pedigree, is even approximately correct until they have been searched. And yet how seldom any antiquary has been able to spare the time and take the trouble to make an exhaustive analysis of the fines of his county? He may have gone through them at one time for one object, and noted all what he then thought he would be likely to want out of them; and then, later on, when he took up a new subject, found that his former notes were valueless to him, although his first search was a matter of extreme labour or, if done by deputy, of great cost.

So far as I myself am concerned, I early determined that, as to my own county (Norfolk), I would not go again and again over the same ground. And, accordingly, I prepared and have published a short calendar of them to Richard III., the indexes to which can be searched in five minutes, whereas a careful search of the original documents would have required as many weeks, and could not have been under-

taken by any professional record agent (7254 documents) for less than £15.

To compile a similar calendar down to Richard III., to index it thoroughly, and to print 100 copies, would for most counties cost somewhat under £100; and if fifty subscribers will send in their names, I propose to commence the series at once and chance the result.

Certain counties are in hand already, and, therefore, will, of course, be avoided, such as: Derby, by the Derby Archaeological and Natural History Society; Kent, by Mr. Greenstreet; York, by the Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Association; as also will Cambridge, which I have just had completed for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Suffolk I have just had calendared at my own expense; and, if the society can be formed, I shall be glad to hand over the MS., which will cause a considerable saving for the first year. I have also arranged for a calendar of Essex Fines, and this might form the second volume.

If all who feel inclined to co-operate with me will send me their names, it is very probable that the work may be put in hand before the year is out.

WALTER RYE.

JUNIOR RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

London: October 23, 1888.

Absence from England prevented my seeing earlier Dr. Neubauer's letter, in the ACADEMY of September 15, on my views respecting "Junior Right in Genesis." Perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks on it now.

So far as I understand Dr. Neubauer's position, he recognises the anomaly of the birthright passing in early Hebrew tradition with the youngest, or younger, son—an anomaly to which I believe I have been the first to call explicit attention. But he would explain this, not by assuming the existence of junior right in early Israel as I do, but by supposing a system of succession which is certainly novel but is at the same time opposed to the views of all authorities on early inheritance.

Briefly put, Dr. Neubauer's theory is that of the right of inheritance of the second son. The eldest son, in his view, was sanctified to the gods, and, if occasion required it, was sacrificed to them. The first-born being thus put aside, the next son came in for the birthright. Against this, I would point out that there is no sign of Ishmael, Esau, or Manasseh being regarded as more sacred than their younger brothers. The only instance which Dr. Neubauer adduces tells dead against his view, since it shows that even where the eldest son was *tabu'd* he had the birthright while he lived. "Then he [the King of Moab] took his eldest son that would have reigned in his stead and offered him for a burnt offering on the wall" (2 Kings, iii. 27). Indeed, writers of the school of Coulanges—e.g., the late Prof. Hearn in his admirable *Aryan Household*—regard this sanctity of the first-born as explaining his right as legitimate successor to the office of house-priest, and to the possessions that went with that office. Dr. Neubauer also applies the same reasoning towards the end of his letter to explain primogeniture, so that, in his view, the sanctity of the first-born explains both the right of succession of the second son and the primogeniture of the eldest. One naturally distrusts a theory that can blow hot and cold in this way; and, besides, there is absolutely no evidence, so far as I know, of any system of inheritance in which the birthright goes with the second son, as Dr. Neubauer's theory postulates.

On the other hand, evidence is everyday accumulating of the wide-spread and great

antiquity of the custom of junior right, which I assume to have existed in early Israel before any sanctity of the first-born had come into existence. I am not particularly concerned to explain how the custom arose, though I have had my guess at a solution like others. I believe Dr. B. Nicholson is about to offer a new interpretation in the pages of the *Archæological Review*. I simply apply the comparative method to explain the anomalies of early Hebrew tradition; and, in doing so, my views have the support of all the facts which students of early civilisation are collecting on the existence of junior right. Dr. Neubauer's proposed amendment on them has no analogy with any system of inheritance known to such inquirers, and must, therefore, I think, be rejected.

In conclusion, I would refer to one or two minor points. "Rebekah and Rachel cannot serve as an argument for junior right," says Dr. Neubauer. Why not? Junior right is found applying to women as well as to men; and the farther we go back in the history of early culture, the more important becomes the position of woman. How otherwise can we explain the fact that it is Rachel, not Leah, who takes charge of the *Teraphim* stolen from Laban? I shall also be curious to learn on what grounds Dr. Neubauer bases his denial that David was the youngest son of Jesse against the distinct assertion of 1 Sam. xvii. 14. Finally, let me express my gratification at finding so eminent an authority as Dr. Neubauer giving even a qualified adhesion to my view on the existence of junior right in early Israel.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Oct. 16, 1888.

Around the great circle in the mosaic floor before the altar at Westminster Abbey portions of an inscription remain which was given entire by Camden as below. The pavement was laid down in 1268 by two artists brought from Rome by Abbot Ware, their names Odericus and Petrus (Scott, *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 99).

"Si lector posita prudenter cuncta revolvat
Hic finem primi mobilis invenient.
Sepe trina, canes et equos homines, super addis
Cervos et corvos, aquilas, immania caete
Mundi quodque sequens pereuntis triplicat annos
Sphaeræ Archetypum globus hic monstrat
microcosmum.
Christi millennio bis centeno duodeno
Cum sexageno subductis quatuor Anno
Tertius Henricus Rex, Urbs, Odericus, et Abbas,
Hos compegere Porphyreos Lapidés."

This seems almost identical with the list of animals quoted by Mr. Stokes, and their lifetimes would also appear to agree in being the several powers of 3; at least, that gives a result nearer the actual date than any other method would appear to do.

W. R. LETHBRIDGE.

Thorhout, Belgium: Oct. 18, 1888.

Mr. Whitley Stokes asks if any of the readers of the ACADEMY can supply any other parallels about the lifetimes of certain animals.

A step of this lifetime ladder was found at Thorhout, in Belgium, in 1881: a dog outlives three towns, the lifetime of a town or inclosure being three years. A collector of dialect words and statements sent it to the publisher of our Flemish dialect periodical, *Loquela*, who, seeking after the other steps of the ladder, found in the Royal Library of Berlin the following book: *Deutsche Sprach und Weisheit*. Thesaurus linguae et sapientiae Germanicae, studio Georgii Henischii. (Augustae Vindelicorum, 1616.) It contains, *sub verbo* "Gans," the whole ladder which Dr. Gezelle published in *Loquela* (i., No. 5), with many old legends

about every animal. A literal translation follows:

"A town lives three years,
A dog lives three towns,
A horse lives three dogs,
Man lives three horses,
An ass lives three men,
A wild goose lives three asses,
A crow lives three wild geese,
A stag lives three crows,
A raven lives three stags,
And the bird Phenix lives three ravens."

JUL. CLAERHOUT.

Lisbon: Oct. 20, 1888.

I know the following parallels to the "Legend of the Oldest Animals," translated from the *Book of Lismore* by the eminent Celtic scholar, Mr. Whitley Stokes, in the ACADEMY, No. 858, p. 241:

1. Gaelic proverb, published in the ACADEMY, No. 473 by Mr. D. Fitzgerald, who also quotes a Cymric and an Irish parallel.

2. Venetian:

"Tre slevi dura un can,
Tre cani dura un cavallo,
Tre cavai dura un omo,
E tre omeni dura un corvo."

Pasquaglio apud E. Rolland, *Faune populaire*, iv. 140:

3. Portuguese:

"Uma sebe dura tres annos,
Tres sebes um cão,
Tres cães um cavallo,
Tres cavallos um homem,
Tres homens um cervo,
Tres cervos um elephante."

F. ADOLFO COELHO.

Glasgow: Oct. 24, 1888.

The versions of this legend lately published in the ACADEMY (pp. 241-242, and p. 258) are most interesting; but I think it has not hitherto been pointed out that what is probably its oldest extant form is found in the Third Book ("Vana Parva") of the *Mahābhārata*, sect. cixlix, as follows:

"The sons of Pāndu and those Bāhis then asked Mārkaṇḍeya: 'Is there anybody that is blessed with a longer life than thou?' And Mārkaṇḍeya answered them, saying: 'There is, without doubt; a royal sage of the name of Indradyumna. But his virtue having diminished, he fell from heaven, crying: 'My achievements are lost!' And he came to me and asked: 'Dost thou know me?' And I answered him, saying: 'From our anxiety to acquire religious merit, we do not confine ourselves to any home. We live but for a night in the same village or town. A person like us, therefore, cannot possibly know thy pursuits. The fasts and vows we observe render us weak in body and unable to follow any worldly pursuits on our own behalf. Hence, one like us cannot possibly know thee.' He then asked me: 'Is there anyone who is longer lived than thou?' I answered him, saying: 'There liveth on the Himavat an owl of the name of Prāvarakarna. He is older than I. He may know thee. That part of the Himavat is far from here.' And at this, Indradyumna became a horse and carried me to where that owl lived. And the king asked the owl, saying: 'Dost thou know me?' And the owl seemed to reflect for a moment, and then said unto the king: 'I do not know thee.' And the royal sage Indradyumna thereupon asked the owl: 'Is there anyone who is older than thou?' And, thus asked, the owl answered, saying: 'There is a lake of the name of Indradyumna. In that lake dwelleth a crane of the name of Nādiṅgha. He is older than we. Ask thou him.' And at this, Indradyumna, taking both myself and the owl, went to that lake where the crane, Nādiṅgha, dwelt. And that crane was asked by us: 'Dost thou know this king Indradyumna?' And the crane thereupon seemed to reflect a little, and then said: 'I do not know King Indradyumna.' And the crane was asked by us: 'Is there anyone

who is older than thou?' And he answered us, saying: 'There dwelleth in this very lake a tortoise of the name of Akupāra. He is older than I. He may know something of this king. Therefore inquire ye of Akupāra.' And then that crane gave information to the tortoise, saying: 'It is intended by us to ask thee something. Please come to us.' And, hearing this, the tortoise came out of the lake to that part of the bank where we all were. And as he came there, we all asked him: 'Do you know this king Indradyumna?' And the tortoise reflected for a moment. And his eyes were filled with tears, and his heart was much moved. And he trembled all over, and was nearly deprived of his senses. And he said, with joined hands: 'Alas! do I not know this one? He has planted the sacrificial stake a thousand times at the time of kindling the sacrificial fire. This lake was excavated by the feet of the cows given away by this king unto the Brāhmins, on the completion of the sacrifice. I have lived here ever since.' And, after the tortoise had said all this, there came from the celestial regions a car. And an aerial voice was heard, which said, addressing Indradyumna: 'Come thou, and obtain the place thou deservest in heaven! Thy achievements are great! Come thou cheerfully to thy place!'"

In the Persian *Sindibād Nāma*, a wolf, a fox, and a camel, travelling together, find a pumpkin, and agree that it should belong to the oldest of the three. The wolf says that he was born before the creation of heaven and earth; the fox caps this by asserting that he was present at the wolf's birth; the camel snaps up the pumpkin, and then remarks that it is very evident, from his splendid neck and haunches, that he wasn't born yesterday. This fable, as I have pointed out in my *Popular Tales and Fictions* (Blackwood), appears to be a transition form of the Hindu Legend of the Oldest Animals, and the source, direct or indirect, of the story of Jesus, Peter, and Jehuda and the roasted goose, which they agree to "dream" for, found in the version of the *Toldoth Jeshu*, published, with a Latin translation and copious notes, by Huldricus, at Leyden, in 1705†; which is adapted by Peter Alfonsus in his *Disciplina Clericalis* (with a lost in place of the goose), whence it was taken into the *Gesta Romanorum*, whence, again, it got into oral currency among the people, and has long been a "Joe Miller." A Mongolian analogue will be found in the *Folk Lore Journal* for 1886, vol. iv., p. 29.

The only thing resembling the Legend of the Oldest Animals with which I am acquainted in Norse popular fictions is a story in Sir G. W. Dasent's *Tales from the Eydol*, where a traveller comes to a house and asks for a night's lodging, and is referred by son to father successively until he comes to the head of the house, the oldest of seven old men and a five-fold grandfather, who had shrunk to the bulk of a baby, and was literally laid on a shelf! A story well enough known among ourselves, and localised in different parts of the kingdom. The sending of an inquirer to another who is older, and so on, is a very common incident in popular tales, Asiatic as well as European.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Christ Church, Oxford: Oct. 21, 1888.

May I be allowed to correct one or two misprints in my letter of last week? The reference in the *Odyssey* is xxiv. 11. In the *Judith* passage "beurmden" should be "bewunden," "æfir" should be "æfter." In the passage from Woluspá "sáres" and "onna" stand for "sá-es" and "orma," "neowol" is of course

* Mr. Protap Chandra Roy's translation of the *Mahābhārata*, now in course of issue at Calcutta. Fasciculus xix., pp. 603, 604.

† It does not, I think, occur in the version at the end of vol. ii. of Wagnersell's *Tela Ignea Satanas*.

the word equated with "niól," "Breda" stands for "Bæda."

I would also add that the occurrence of *neovol* as a translation of *abyssus* or *barathrum* must be explained as a case of giving a familiar heathen term for a new ecclesiastical one; and that, though I am aware of the use of *carnuus* and *pronus* as translations of *neovol*, I regard them as secondary meanings, and the poetic use, which, I think, may be taken as "dark" in every place, as the older and truer. But whether "dark" or "steep" be the original meaning, it will not affect my main contention that *neovol* was the Old-English equivalent of the Polynesian Spirits' Rock.

I should hope for confirmation from local names of western headlands. It is to be noticed that, like Leucas, the Polynesian Spirits' Rocks face the west.

F. YORK POWELL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 29, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," III., by Prof. J. Marshall.
THURSDAY, Nov. 1, 8 p.m. Linnean: "The Flora of the Botanical Regions of Madagascar," by the Rev. Richard Baron; "Further Contributions to the Flora of Madagascar, being Descriptions of New Species from that Island," by Mr. J. G. Baker; Exhibitions by the President and others.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The Constitution of the Terpenes and of Benzene," by Dr. W. A. Tilden.
FRIDAY, Nov. 2, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," IV., by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. Philological: "English Words from Mexican Sources," and "Some English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association: Conversazione.

SCIENCE.

The Building of the British Isles: a Study in Geographical Evolution. By A. J. Jukes-Browne. (Bell.)

Any attempt to recall the physical features of a given area at remote periods of geological history must needs be surrounded with grave difficulties. Nevertheless, Mr. Jukes-Browne has had the courage to attack the subject, and the sagacity to attack it with a fair measure of success. Clear in his apprehension of those principles which alone can guide the geologist in any effort at geographical reconstruction, he has applied these principles with singular intelligence, and has thus produced a thoughtful and suggestive volume, which will compare favourably with any work of kindred character.

By means of a series of fifteen sketch-maps, the author illustrates, in a simple yet effective manner, the hypothetical distribution of land and water at successive stages in the building of the British Isles. In the construction of such maps there is, of course, room for much divergence of opinion, and even for the play of fancy. In many cases the data at command are tantalizingly scanty and imperfect, and admit of such latitude of interpretation that probably no two geologists, even if agreed generally on the position of any ancient masses of land, would assign to them identical boundaries. Where so much is of necessity mere inference and even guess-work, criticism becomes an easy matter. It is, however, a pleasure to admit that Mr. Jukes-Browne has generally made the best of the materials at his disposal; and that his deductions bear the mark of sound judgment—the outcome of a patient and comprehensive study of the subject in the field as well as in the library.

It is obvious that, in a series of geographi-

cal restorations, the successive maps will not possess equal value. Just as the light of day, in striving to penetrate the waters of some deep sea, becomes gradually feebler as it descends, until at last the rays fail to pierce the depths, so the illumination of the geologist becomes fainter and fainter as he delves down in the stratigraphical series, until at length he is left to grope his way in the obscurity of mere conjecture. The farther he recedes in geological time the more meagre is his knowledge of the ancient geography, so that the older maps of the series are naturally less trustworthy than the newer. If, therefore, we desire to place before the reader a sample of Mr. Jukes-Browne's work we shall do well to select our specimen from his later rather than from his earlier chapters.

As the Cretaceous rocks are those among which the author's labours have chiefly lain, we listen with peculiar attention to what he may have to say regarding the British area in Cretaceous times. At the beginning of this period the greater part of the region was dry land, the palaeozoic rocks forming hilly ground in the north and west, while the midland tracts were occupied by Secondary strata freshly emerged from the Jurassic sea. In the south-eastern corner of Cretaceous Britain, the fresh-water deposits of the Wealden series—rich in river-borne spoils from the surrounding land—were in course of formation. The author, following Mr. C. J. A. Meijer, argues in favour of the lacustrine origin of those deposits; and this view may, perhaps, be reconciled with the popular Mantellian hypothesis of their deltaic nature, since the great Wealden river, or rivers, may have flowed into a vast lake and not directly into the sea—the delta being thus lacustrine rather than marine.

While fresh-water deposits were being formed in the British area, marine formations were in course of deposition in France and Germany. The Neocomian sea of France gradually advanced towards the Wealden lake, which it finally converted into a gulf. Here were thrown down those marine muds which now form the Atherfield clay, or the lower part of what Mr. Jukes-Browne has termed the Vectian series—a name reminding us of their development in the Isle of Wight. At the same time the Neocomian sea of Germany threw out an arm covering part of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, wherein the Speeton clay was in course of deposition. Ultimately the sea breached the barrier, separating the Northern and the Southern waters, which thus became united by a channel, stretching across Eastern England; and, in the shallow waters of this channel the Vectian sands were in due course accumulated. Gradually the area of this sea extended and its depth increased, while its floor received those muddy deposits which have subsequently formed the Gault. Still spreading farther and farther to the west, the Cretaceous sea reached the high land of Dartmoor and the borders of Wales, though the Pennine chain probably remained above water until the period of the Middle Chalk. As the sea extended westwards sandy deposits were thrown down in its shallow waters, and thus the Upper Greensand would be deposited near the margin, while true chalk was being elaborated in the deeper parts. In steering

us across the old chalk sea, the ancient mariner can point to but few tracts of land. A small area occupied the position of the present Snowdonian range, and in Scotland the Central Highlands formed another island, while Ireland was either entirely submerged or reduced to an archipelago of small isles. Although believing that the chalk represents a true oceanic deposit, roughly resembling the Atlantic ooze, Mr. Jukes-Browne is careful to point out wherein it differs from the modern ooze, and to suggest how the difference may possibly be explained.

In closing this interesting volume it is well to note that the building of Britain has not been a matter of continuous and direct development. We are not called upon to recognise the germ of Britain in some ancient island which in the course of ages has been undergoing uninterrupted expansion. If the maps sketched by Mr. Jukes-Browne be placed side by side, so as to form a continuous series, the nature of the evolution is brought vividly before the eye. We then realise the fact that the geological growth of Britain has been spasmodic rather than continuous; that there have been long pauses in the work of construction, and that many courses of masonry once laid down have been sadly mutilated, even if not swept entirely away. If we recognise the development of land at one time, we have to admit the encroachment of the sea at another; at one period the area has been depressed and loaded with sedimentary accretions, only to be followed in due course by upheaval and a sweeping devastation of the land—in fine, the British area has undergone throughout geological time a curious succession of irregular ups and downs, which have left their mark upon the present contours of the land, to be read and interpreted by the student of geographical evolution.

F. W. RUDLER.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE forty-sixth session of the Philological Society—which holds two meetings at University College in every month from November to June—will begin on Friday next, November 2, when Prof. Skeat will read two papers on "English Words from Mexican Sources" and "Some English Etymologies." The president for the year, the Rev. Dr. R. Morris, proposes to deliver an address on "Pāli Miscellanies," at the anniversary meeting in May. Among other papers promised for the coming session, we may mention—"Loan-Words in Latin," by Mr. E. R. Wharton; "The Names *Jah* and *Jahveh*," by Mr. Th. G. Pinches; "An Attempt to explain some Peculiarities of Modern Russian by Comparison with its Earlier Forms and with other Slavonic Languages," by Mr. W. R. Morfill; "A Recent Edition of the Passions and Homilies in the *Lehar Brecc*," by Mr. Whitley Stokes; "The Chinese *Kawen*," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "Report of my Dialect Work," by Mr. A. J. Ellis; "A Dictionary Evening," by Mr. H. Bradley; and "A Dictionary Sub-Editor's Work," by Mr. E. L. Brandreth. We may add that the subscription is one guinea a year; and that the hon. secretary is Dr. F. J. Furnivall, 3 St. George's Square, N.W.

PART I. of the *Transactions* of the Philological Society for 1888-90 have just been published (Trübner), in a volume of about 140 pages. Eight papers read before the society during its last session are here printed in full. These in-

clude the biennial address of the president (Prof. Sayce) on "The Extinct Languages of Western Asia, the Decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, and the bearing of it on Comparative Philology"; Mr. A. J. Ellis's elaborate paper on "The Conditions of a Universal Language," with special reference to a report of the American Philosophical Society condemning Volapük, the main conclusions of which have already been printed in the *ACADEMY* (August 18); two papers by Prof. Skeat—(1) "Notes on English Etymology," in which (*inter alia*) he resolves the suffix in "flotsam" and "jetsam" into *-ison*, the equivalent of Latin *-ationem*, and explains "to go to pot" from the cooking not the melting pot; and (2) an amplified list of English words found in Anglo-French, with references, filling sixteen pages of double columns. Mr. Whitley Stokes writes on "S-Stems in the Celtic Languages"; and Dr. J. A. H. Murray on the words "Beetle-browed" and "Behaviour." But perhaps the most valuable article is that by Mr. E. R. Wharton, the author of *Etyma Græca*, on "The Vocalic Laws of Latin." He here lays down a number of empirical laws for the interchange of vowels in Latin and the cognate dialects, which will revolutionise much of the received etymology. These laws are considered under four headings: (1) Intermixture of dialects, which had most influence with the long vowels, and still more with the diphthongs; (2) accent = stress-accent, and tone = pitch-accent, which had most influence with the short vowels; (3) adjoining letters, or the dislike to certain apparently harmless combinations, such as *e* before *nc* and *lc*; and (4) analogy. He points out that the Roman classical dialect modified all the original diphthongs except *au*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INVENTOR OF VOLAPÜK NOT DEAD.

London: Oct. 22, 1888.

The following translated extract from Herr Johann Martin Schleyer's *Volapükabled Zenadik*, or Central Journal of Volapük, just received, will show the incorrectness of the report of his death. Schleyer's journal is usually published a fortnight in advance. November 1888, No. 95, Article 1398.

"It is said that he would live long who had been falsely reported dead. According to this, I ought to live long, as it has been lately reported in several journals that I was dead. Thank God, I am still alive! It is true that I was very ill in the beginning of September, and received the last sacraments. But I have recovered my health by means of the excellent baths of Swiss Baden [fourteen miles north of Zürich] in the house of Mr. Borsinger. I thank all the friends who have written and telegraphed their condolences to us at Constance. I have seen afresh that I have very many friends who are much attached to me. D. V. [that is *Datuwal Volapüka*, or inventor of the world-language. The whole paragraph was originally written in Volapük]."

ALEX. J. ELLIS.

[The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphing on October 23, says: "M. Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, whose death had been prematurely announced, expired on Friday at Constance."—ED. ACADEMY.]

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE annual meeting of the London Mathematical Society will be held on November 8, when the following list of persons proposed to constitute the new council will be submitted to the society: president, J. T. Walker; vice-presidents, Sir J. Cockle, E. B. Elliott, and Prof. Greenhill; other members are, Messrs. Bossset, Hammond, Hart, Leudesdorf, S.

Roberts, Capt. P. A. Macmahon, and Drs. Glaisher, Larmor, and Routh. The treasurer, A. B. Kempe, and the hon. secretaries, M. Jenkins and R. Tucker, offer themselves for re-election. The two (obligatory) vacancies were caused by the lamented death of Arthur Buchheim and the retirement of Lord Rayleigh.

THE new session of the Geologists' Association—of which Mr. F. W. Rudler is president—will be opened by a conversation in the library of University College on Friday next, November 2, at 8 p.m. The anniversary address of the president will not be delivered till the annual general meeting, in February.

MR. SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, of Cambridge, U.S., has now ready for publication the monograph upon the butterflies of New England, to which he has devoted the greater part of his life. Every species is described and discussed, including not only the perfect form, but (wherever possible) the egg, the caterpillar at birth and in succeeding stages, and the chrysalis; together with the distribution, life-history, habits, and environments of the insect. The nomenclature follows the rules of the American Ornithologists' Union. An introduction treats of the general structure of butterflies in the different stages of their existence and the nature of their metamorphoses, including a chapter on classification. More than seventy excursions—some of which are contributed by other specialists—discuss separately all the interesting problems which arise in the study of butterflies; whether of distribution, structure, history, or relation to the outer world. Finally, the work will be illustrated by no less than ninety-six plates, of which at least forty will be coloured in the finest style of chromolithography. Of these plates thirty-three will be devoted to structural details in all stages of life, and nineteen will be maps illustrating geographical distribution. The mode of publication—which will be in a limited edition—will be either in monthly parts at five dollars, or in three volumes at fifty dollars. Each monthly part will consist of about 144 pages of text, imperial octavo, with eight plates. The first will be ready for issue to subscribers in November. The full title of the work, we may add, is "The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada, with special reference to New England."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, a letter was read from M. Maurice Holleaux, a former member of the French School of Athens, who is now in Boeotia on an archaeological mission from the French government. Writing on September 4 from the convent of Pelagia, he claims to have found, in the wall of an old church, a marble stele inscribed with the full text of the speech delivered by Nero at the Isthmian games, when he restored freedom to the Greeks. The speech, says M. Holleaux, is very short, and composed in a strange style, at once emphatic and fanciful. As M. Boissier pointed out to the Académie, this is not the only document we possess giving the actual words of a Roman emperor. There is also the so-called Testamentum of Ancyra, or will of Augustus; and we have no reason to doubt that the well-known inscription at Lyons was written by Claudius himself, especially as the strange style corresponds with that in a letter of Claudius found near Trent.

THE number of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology for the closing meeting of last session (Vol. x., No. 8) will be issued within the next few days. It will contain no less than fifteen communications,

many of them illustrated with plates. The following is a list: "Les Actes coptes du Martyre de St. Polycarpe," by Prof. E. Amélineau; "Some Unpublished Cuneiform Syllabaries, with respect to Prayers and Incantations, written in Interlinear Form" by Dr. C. Bezold; "Iranian Names among the Hetta-Hattâ" and "New Readings of the Hieroglyphs from Northern Syria," by Rev. C. J. Ball; "The Ward Seb or Keb," by Brugsch-Bey; "Account of the Manner in which Two Colossal Statues of Ramesses II. at Memphis were raised," by Major Arthur H. Bagnold; "A Contribution to Exodus Geography," by Prof. Max Müller; "An Assyrian Religious Text," by Mr. B. T. A. Evetts; "Egyptian and Basque Marriage Contracts," by Miss Simcox; "Babylonian Tablets from Tel el Amarna," by Prof. A. H. Sayce; "A Babylonian Tablet" by Mr. T. G. Pinches; "Textes Egyptiens inédits," by Mr. Karl Piehl; "Cuneiform Despatches from Tûshratta, King of Mitanni, Burrabariyash, the Son of Kuri-Galzu, and the King of Alashiya to Amenophis III., King of Egypt," "The Cuneiform Tablets from Tel el Amarna," and "A Babylonian Weight with a Trilingual Inscription," by Mr. Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge; "An Egyptian Ornament of Ivory in the British Museum," by Mr. W. H. Rylands.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 6.)

Dr. J. E. SHAW in the chair.—At this meeting, the first of the fourteenth session, Mrs. C. I. Spencer, the out-going President, in an address on "Shakspeare's Treatment of Female Character," said it would manifestly be unfair to take all the utterances of his characters about women in general for Shakspeare's own opinions. Yet it is possible to gather from the portraiture of his heroines, and from the plays generally, what he thought women were or might be. It is common among writers, however much they differentiate the characters of men, to find that there is a tendency to consider women *en masse*. It is to a certain extent true that, owing to external influences, there is a greater diversity of male than of female character; yet there is no justification for casting all bad women in one mould, or for making all good women extremely inipid. Shakspeare makes all his good women thoroughly interesting. They are never like one another, yet the complexity of each character is no less remarkable than its individuality. Their different qualities are so blended that we are affected by them as we should be by real people, and do not think of the poet, or "maker," behind them. Mrs. Spencer then reviewed, with close and eloquent detail, many of the characteristics of Shakspeare's chief women, and went on to say that he evidently believed in clever women, for some of his most charming characters are highly intellectual. It is clear that a clever, highly educated woman was not, in Shakspeare's eyes, necessarily ill-favoured, ungraceful, or masculine; nor less likely than her duller sisters to make a loving wife or good housekeeper. Witty women, too, he gives us, who are as far as possible from being hard or unpleasant. It is very remarkable how many of Shakspeare's heroines are motherless girls. It seems as if he had never strongly realised the possible beauty of the relationship between mother and daughter, for he has never done justice to it: the daughter idolising her mother as her model of all that is good and lively in womanhood; and the mother living again in her daughter's fresh young life, and rejoicing to mark in her child those noble qualities which drew forth her esteem and love for her child's father. It is a thousand pities not to have such a picture from the great master's hand, which has almost covered the whole ground of human relationships. Of the bond between father and daughter he had experience, and he has treated it very finely. Shakspeare believed greatly in love at first sight, which was able to last. He thought there was such a thing as a law of affinity, in mind as

well as in matter, though, nowadays, it is rather the fashion to make fun of it. With him, too, "love must still be lord of all," and "all the world" must "make way for two lovers." No matter what bars the way—parents' plans, family feuds, disparity of rank, difference of religion, conventional propriety, and even sometimes feminine delicacy—all must go down that love may triumph. He has given us every variety of the tender passion. We do rather revolt from the way in which some of Shakspeare's maidens pursue their reluctant lovers. It is contrary to our ideas of female delicacy, nor does it seem calculated to succeed. Marital jealousy, which is wholly mistaken in its foul suspicions, is the motive of three of Shakspeare's grandest plays; but what variety we have in the character, both of the husbands and wives, whose happiness is thus wrecked! Shakspeare has given us some beautiful pictures of enthusiastic girl friendships; and in his plays there are many instances of true and magnanimous affection between women, without any of that jealousy and rivalry which are so often ascribed to them. A striking point in Shakspeare's delineation of female character is the religiousness of his best women. Not only is this expressed in words but we have incidental notices as regards others, of that deep unseen root from which their beauty of character grew. It has been said with great truth that we women of England owe a large debt of gratitude to our great dramatist, in that he has helped more than any other influence, save that of Christianity itself, to secure for us the position we enjoy to-day.—Mr. W. O. H. Croes was elected president for this session, when the following plays are to be considered: "As You Like It," "A Woman Killed with Kindness," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Hamlet," and "The Silent Woman." The hon. sec. (9 Gordon Road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any additions which persons will make to the society's library, which now consists of 347 volumes.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Oct. 19.)

Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. Thomas Tyler read a paper on "Shakspeare Idolatry." The study of Shakspeare should be pursued in accordance with the general method of science. Facts must be carefully observed with the view of ascertaining their causes. To the science of Shakspeare, Shakspeare idolatry stood contrasted. Idolatry was not merely the reverencing of the false, but even of the true, when, to a considerable extent, mingled with the false. The first occurrence, probably, of the word "Idolatry," with reference to Shakspeare, was found in Ben Jonson's *Timber*; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter. Jonson blamed certain alleged idolaters of his time who imputed it as an excellence to Shakspeare that he allowed whatever he wrote to stand, never blotting out a single line. To whom Jonson replied: "Would he had blotted a thousand!" The subject at issue was the composition of the plays, with regard to which Jonson speaks of Shakspeare's "excellent phantasy," "brave notions," and free-flowing "gentle expressions." If there had been no other evidence, the testimony of Jonson would have been sufficient to prove the folly of the Baconians. Jonson was, he says, determined to let posterity know the truth about Shakspeare; and yet we are to believe that long after Bacon's death he kept secret the amazing fact that Shakspeare composed none of the plays! Jonson was writing, too, under the influence of something of jealousy. The Baconian delusion derived support from the fallacies of the Shakspeare idolaters. Perhaps the first place among the idolaters should be assigned to Mr. Matthew Arnold for his sonnet on Shakspeare, in which he describes the poet as dwelling in "the heaven of heavens," and, when questioned, smiling and giving no answer. Mr. Arnold's idea seemed to be that Shakspeare was a special incarnation of Deity, or, perhaps, like the Epicurean deities of whom Lucretius tells, whose tranquillity no sound of human sorrow ever marred. Mr. Arnold's sonnet contained, amid grandiose nonsense, some grains of truth. However comprehensive Shakspeare's genius, he was still a man, an erring man. Shakspeare fallacies originated to no small extent from selecting particular plays or particular characters, and constructing

therefrom the special Shakspeare idol desired. It was most important that Shakspeare's plays and poems should be regarded with reference to their chronology. With regard to what Shakspeare thought we have a fixed point in the Sonnets. These poems would be very important, if they were mere exercises in verse; but their importance became very much greater when, according to the more just view, they were looked upon as concerned with actual facts. The Sonnets related chiefly to about three years of the poet's life; but this period was exceedingly important, as a little preceding the appearance of "Hamlet," "Lear," and other of the poet's noblest works. To ascertain what Shakspeare really thought, the plays should be viewed as far as possible in relation to the Sonnets. This, scientific method required. Reference was then made to Prof. Dowden's article on "Shakspeare's Wisdom of Life" in the September *Fortnightly*. Prof. Dowden was a scholar of high distinction, to whom was due an unstinted meed of praise for work which he had previously done in relation to Shakspeare. Any opinion of his was entitled to most respectful consideration, even though we might feel constrained to differ. According to Prof. Dowden, Shakspeare's mind was so perfectly balanced that no single idea or tendency could ever acquire undue influence. He was calmed and satisfied by the wide vision of life open to his view. Such opinions were not in harmony with many places in the Sonnets, as 147, where Shakspeare describes his thoughts and discourse as being like those of madmen. Prof. Dowden speaks of the Sonnets as autobiographical indeed, but as merely recording an extravagant idealism with respect to friendship. But the facts, so far as they had been disclosed by recent investigations, pointed to very different conclusions. The story of Shakspeare's friendship with William Herbert, and the entanglement between Herbert, Shakspeare, and Shakspeare's mistress, who, there was strong reason to believe, was Mrs. Mary Fitton, revealed much that was worldly and sensual. To exhibit Shakspeare's philosophy of the world, Prof. Dowden called in evidence the conclusion of "Lear," saying that the cause of righteousness was seen to be triumphant, when the supreme power passed from the malicious grip of Goneril and Regan into the gentle hands of Albany. This supposed triumph of righteousness was inconsistent with the facts. As shown by several allusions, Albany was a man of weak character. When the supreme power came into his hands, he at once wanted to get rid of it, first trying to transfer it to the demented Lear, and, when Lear was dead, to Kent and Edgar, so that he might, in accordance with his character, devote his attention to the "general woe." Kent, however, declined, and Edgar (Folio) makes an apology for Albany as, on account of his disturbed feelings, saying "not what he ought to say." Who was to bear rule was uncertain—there was no indication of the triumph of righteousness. An inference, to a certain extent similar, was to be drawn from the conclusion of "Hamlet," where the supreme power is to pass into the hands of the unscrupulous Fortinbras. The success of Fortinbras was in accordance with the soliloquy (Act i., sc. 3), which speaks of the world as "an unweeded garden," where "things rank and gross" dominate. The case of "Macbeth" was not equally clear, where the new king is Malcolm; but Malcolm's catalogue of vices latent in himself, together with other particulars in the same scene (Act iv., Sc. 3), including the assertion that Macbeth was once beloved and thought honest, should be compared with what is said in "Hamlet" (Act ii., sc. 2) of mankind being like putrid carrion, swarming with maggots, when kissed by the sun. It was not wonderful that Prof. Dowden considered "Trollius and Cressida" a "strange and perplexing play." In this play Shakspeare came near to Swift. The approach was very close when, at Glubbdubdrib, Gulliver found that "the world had been misled by prostitute writers to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards, the wisest counsel to fools, sincerity to flatterers," &c. "Trollius and Cressida" became intelligible when placed in relation to the Sonnets (86 &c.). Shakspeare had felt aggrieved at Herbert's patronage of George Chapman and "the proud full sail of his great verse," the swelling metre of his translation of the *Iliad*. This accounted for the ridicule cast on the heroes of the Trojan war; and, with respect to the

satire on human nature in the play, we must look also to the Sonnets, and to the mention therein of a scandal, the precise nature of which is now unknown, but from which Shakspeare suffered severely, so that he felt as if his forehead had been branded (112), and gave utterance to the unwholesome sentiment, "'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd" (121). The date of "Trollius and Cressida," according to the Stationers' Register, was entirely in accordance with this view. That Shakspeare regarded the world as without aim and purpose need not be asserted, but that he recognised in the world a moral order was doubtful on the evidence of the great tragedies. There was reason to believe that Shakspeare, with that honest, free, and open nature, of which Ben Jonson spoke, would have preferred that the truth about him should be told, rather than such praise and adulation as would raise him above the sympathy of his fellows.

FINE ART.

INSCRIPTIONS AT MITYLENE OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

Rom und Mytilene. Probevorlesung über Tiberius und Tacitus. Von Dr. Conrad Cichorius. (Leipzig: Teubner.)

THIS little work of sixty-six octavo pages forms a pendant to the nearly simultaneous publication of Dr. Rubensohn (reviewed by the present writer in the forthcoming number of the *American Journal of Philology*), *Crinagoras Mytilenaei Epigrammata* (Berlin: Mayer & Müller). The chief centre of interest in Dr. Cichorius's volume is Crinagoras, the Lesbian poet, whose epigrams, fifty-one in number, have been brought together from the different books of the Greek Anthology in which they are preserved, and published with a Latin commentary, historical introduction, and new, as well as more correct, critical data on the Heidelberg Codex, by Rubensohn. Neither work is complete without the other; combined, they enable us to put together a personal history of considerable interest for the epoch of Augustus and Tiberius. In ability Dr. Cichorius has greatly the advantage over his brother worker. He is a researcher in the fullest and truest sense of the word; a discoverer and interpreter of Mitylenean inscriptions; and a critic whose sagacity and soundness of judgment already stamp him as one of the most promising of the philologists of Germany.

With the permission of Phagri Bey, governor of Lesbos, Cichorius, in 1887, made an examination of the Turkish fortress of Mitylene, and discovered there a fragmentary inscription recording the renewal of alliance between Rome and Mitylene, and the names of the Mitylenean ambassadors. Among them occur Crinagoras, son of Callippus, and Potamon, son of Leobonax. The two names are found again in another equally fragmentary inscription which Cichorius discovered on the same spot. These two documents he combines with two other inscriptions discovered shortly before by Fabricius. All four are given at length with conjectural supplements, and the reasons which justify and explain them. From these he elicits the following general result. The Mityleneans sent an embassy to solicit a renewal of alliance with Rome in 725. By a decree of the senate this was granted in 726, and the envoys returned to Mitylene. In 727 a second embassy was sent to convey a vote of honour

and a golden wreath to Augustus, and to express the thanks of the Mityleneans to the senate, the vestal virgins, and the wife and sister of Augustus. Augustus was then in Spain, and the envoys proceeded thither from Rome, finding him, it would seem, at Taraco. He sent later a letter of acknowledgment, part of which is contained in the second inscription found by Cichorius.

It must be for historians to test these results, which, though they seem highly probable, rest no doubt on rather uncertain evidence. But what is beyond any doubt is the critical acumen with which these Lesbian researches are worked into connexion with the poems of Crinagoras. Thus it is shown (1) that several of the names in the epigrams are Lesbian—*e.g.*, Prote, Kunikos, Simon, Dies. Few will probably be disposed any longer to doubt the correctness of the emendation *Διὸς ὑπεθήκατο* in Ep. xviii. 5, Rubensohn:

παῖδ' γὰρ ὃν τύμβῳ δῖης ὑπεθήκατο βάλου,

when he finds the name Dies, son of Matr[okles], among the envoys mentioned in the inscriptions; and this conjecture, virtually made long ago by Grotius, who detected a proper name in *δῖης*, receives new corroboration from the strikingly parallel verse itself in a Mitylenean inscription

τὴν κύνα Λαοβιακῇ βάλῃ ὑπεθήκατο Βάλβος,

quoted by Kaibel. Rubensohn is here sadly in fault; rejecting Grotius's conjecture, he prints Herwerden's *ιδίης*. (2) The position of Mitylene, washed on three sides by the sea, and the frequency of earthquakes there and in the neighbouring islands and sea coast, are most happily worked into the illustration of two of the epigrams. In the first of these (30 R.) a poor woman, while washing on the shore, is surprised by the sea and drowned—a scene which might happen at the present time. Day after day the Mitylenean women may still be seen kneeling on the shore or the rocks as they wash. The other (14 R.) gives expression to the poet's prayer addressed to Earthquake as a power

Ἐργὴν πάσης ἔνοσι χθονός,

to save his newly-built dwelling. Less convincing, I think, is the attempt to explain the commiserating tone of the epigram on the newly-planted colony of freedmen sent by Augustus to Corinth (32 R.) from the upstart pride of wealth amassed by selling the *νεκροκορίθια*.

The relations of Crinagoras to the family of Augustus, especially to Octavia and her children, will interest every student of Augustan literature. Especially for the sidelights they throw on Tibullus, Propertius, and even Horace, the two monographs are worth more than might be supposed from their unassuming size and form.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SOME further paintings by Constable—coming direct from the Constable family—have, within the last week or so, been added to the representation of this artist in the National Gallery. One of them—and no doubt the most memorable—is that of the Cenotaph at Coleorton. When it is remembered that these works are

added to a group already containing not only the "Cornfield" and the other earlier possessions of the gallery, but likewise Mr. Henry Vaughan's most important gift of "The Hay Wain"—which made such a sensation in Paris more than sixty years ago—the admirers of Constable can hardly feel that the representation of his art is incomplete on any of its sides.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture on October 25 at Burton-on-Trent for the Natural History and Archaeological Society of the town, and on October 30 at the Bowden Literary and Scientific Club, on "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt." Her lecture to be delivered at the Birmingham Institute, on October 29, is entitled "Egypt the Birthplace of Greek Art."

MR. WALTER CRANE'S new coloured picture-book will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. early next month, under the title of *Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers*.

NEXT week there will open the exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit Street Galleries; and also an exhibition of cabinet pictures at McLean's, in the Haymarket. We may further mention that Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. have on view, in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, a collection of paintings of the Barbizon school, including an important work of Troyon.

THERE are interesting notes in the *Courrier de l'Art* (October 19), by M. C. de Fabrizy, respecting the famous bust of Mantegna over his tomb at Mantua (commonly ascribed to Sperandio), and a unique medal in the Berlin Museum signed "Opus Sperandei," which, Dr. J. Friedlaender thinks, is a portrait of the painter Baldassare Estense. M. de Fabrizy gives good reasons for supposing that the bust is not the work of Sperandio, but of Bartolommeo di Virgilio Meglioli, the Mantuan medallist. It seems to be certain that the face on the medal at Berlin is that of Tito Strozzi, but there are doubts whether the medal itself is not a forgery.

THE current number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) contains a paper on "Indo-Scythian Coin-Legends," by Dr. E. W. West. Its purport is to corroborate Dr. Aurel Stein's reading of the character *h* as *sh* from Pahlavi sources, in reply to doubts expressed by Sir A. Cunningham in a previous number. There is also an article by Mr. H. H. Howarth, suggesting that Sabako or Shabak of Manetho may be identical with the great conqueror Egyptian Piankhi, who is not named by Manetho.

THE remaining work in sculpture of Mr. Henry S. Leifchild is on view and on sale, we understand, at 13, Kirkstall Road, Streatham Hill. We mention the circumstance because this artist—who died five years ago—was among sculptors one of those whose labours best deserved attention. Mr. Leifchild exhibited a good deal at the Royal Academy; but, doubtless, much of his most charming effort was produced without a thought of its taking a place under the roof of Burlington House. The little show in the suburbs is, therefore, one which we may fairly commend to our readers.

SCOTCH JOTTINGS.

THE Edinburgh Exhibition of Decorative Handiwork, which will open early in November, promises to be a success. The committee have got selections from many of the more important collections in the neighbourhood, and

the loan section will include a number of pieces of historical as well as artistic interest. Tapestry, carved woodwork, cabinets of old Scotch, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian make will give the collection an international interest. A section is to be devoted to specimens of old English cabinet work, old sewed work, and fifteenth-century house-fittings. There will also be a large number of examples of hammered work in brass, and several cases of old bindings. The committee propose to publish a memorial volume, dealing with old furniture, illustrated from the finer examples exhibited. The modern portion will exemplify the present position of art handicrafts in Scotland, wood carving, brasswork, bookbinding, &c.

THE Royal Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland have prepared a series of six plates from paintings in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, as their presentation work to subscribers for the current year. They are executed by Mr. W. Hole, who has been busied a good deal of late with the etching-needle, and whose reproductions of various of the French and Dutch paintings in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886—especially his fine subjects after Monticelli and Matthew Maris—were eminently successful. The present plates, which are important in scale, are etched with vigour, spirit, and fidelity. They include that "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," by Andrew Geddes, which furnished the subject of one of the painter's own most fascinating dry-points; a transcript of the "Shepherd and Shepherdess examining a Bird's Nest" of Watteau—the smallest but, in *finesse* of handling and in delicacy of infinitely varied colour, the finest of the three works by that master in the Scottish national collection; and a figure from "The Lomellini Family" of Van Dyck, an important example of the painter's Italian period, acquired in the old days, direct from the family, by the Royal Institution of Scotland. The other plates are after Ruysdael, Ewbank, and Sir George Harvey; the last-named painter being represented by his "Dawn revealing the New World to Columbus"—a work now in a ruinous state owing to the ill-chosen technical methods which were employed in its painting.

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG is now passing through the press the last sheets of *Celebrated Pictures at the Glasgow Exhibition*, illustrated with nearly 100 engravings on steel and wood, after Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. E. Millais, Alma Tadema, J. M. W. Turner, W. Q. Orchardson, E. J. Poynter, Sir J. D. Linton, Hamo Thornycroft, John Pettie, Sir Geo. Harvey, Millet, Maris, and others. There will be a limited large paper edition, with steel plates printed on India paper; also an imperial quarto edition.

MR. T. RAFFLES DAVISON, who has been employed for some months past making sketches at the Glasgow Exhibition, will shortly publish a volume of *Pen and Ink Notes*, with about 150 illustrations and sixteen full-page plates. The Queen has accepted the dedication.

THE November number of the *Scottish Art Review* will have two full-page plates illustrating an article by Prof. Patrick Geddes on Rossetti's "Silence" and Mr. E. Burne Jones's "Wood Nymph." Among the other contents will be "Verses written for Pictures," by Mr. Ernest Radford; "Art in the West of Scotland" (with four illustrations in the text); "The Forthcoming Art Congress at Liverpool," by Mr. W. M. Conway; and "The Nike of Samothrace," by Mrs. Reid. This magazine is now published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE STAGE.

The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.
By Frederick Hawkins. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE two somewhat bulky volumes with which Mr. Hawkins has presented us on *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century* must have cost their author infinite labour, and they deal with a subject which is of very great interest—a subject, moreover, of which we in England know strangely little. If Mr. Hawkins's book is not in all respects quite so satisfactory as it might have been when there was given a splendid theme and a well-informed writer interested in it, that is not through any lack of instructive matter in the book, but because of the method which Mr. Hawkins determined to employ.

It has seemed well to him to write a consecutive chronicle, in which the events of the Parisian theatre are set down, one year after another; and so we are led on from the first year of the eighteenth century, when the now forgotten Lafosse had the satisfaction of seeing his new piece, "Thésée," played no less than three-and-twenty times, and when Regnard gave to the company "Démocrite" and "Le Retour imprévu," to the last year, when the Comédie Française was restored, and when Beaumarchais, who had lent his name to the furtherance of the project, passed from the scene. No doubt a good deal is to be said for Mr. Hawkins's purely chronological method; but it gives rise to difficulties in the classification of authors in anything approaching to their proper relative rank, and it probably indisposes the writer to stop at any one moment and take a sufficiently comprehensive view over the whole career of actor, and especially of dramatist. The method, in short, is one that almost makes it impossible for the treatment of the subject to be such as is most pleasing to the critic of literature. The really elaborate essay on the important man gives place, for the most part, to the record of the hundred and one events, many of which may have been great in their own time, but most of which are small to-day. That is our main grumble. The book is not that interesting collection of literary judgments which we had looked for. But it is none the less a valuable compilation. By reason of its capital indexes and tables, it is an extremely serviceable book of reference; and it is, moreover, a book which is easy and pleasant reading, save in the parts in which the treatment of each subject is too brief, and in which the panorama of the stage moves too rapidly along. Its expression of opinion on matters of literature we do not feel called upon often to question. Suffice it to say that pronouncement, more or less authoritative and individual, is made upon nearly every work and nearly every actor and actress of importance who trod the boards which the court patronised and the people loved.

Three men of real distinction, whose work is a part of literature to-day, are afforded, we think, their proper measure of importance. Voltaire, with his "Zaire," is discussed with fair fulness; the influence of Beaumarchais upon politics, upon the national life, is duly noted; and Marivaux, who, unlike the others, had never a mission—never contributed by his writing,

which was pure art, to social change or political progress—is discussed as he should be. We are not sure, however, that we follow Mr. Hawkins altogether about him—that we share Mr. Hawkins's opinion that the work of Marivaux is essentially better fitted to the Comédie Italienne, where so much of it was produced, than to the house of more ambitious and more serious effort. Marivaux, at all events, of recent years, has been accepted with pleasure upon the gravest stage of Europe, though it would be quite true if one said that his tenure of the Théâtre Français boards is dependent on the presence of the *grande coquette* who can suitably render him. At the Théâtre Français, in our own and in an earlier generation, the author of "Le Legs," of the "Surprise de l'Amour," of the "Serment indiscret," has been indebted beyond measure to the personal charm and talent of M^{me}. Arnould-Plessy, who played Marivaux in the Rue Richelieu when she was a girl, and played him there still when she was of an age that it would be ungallant for one moment to guess at.

Glancing idly and contentedly over a book like Mr. Hawkins's, one profits as much, perhaps, by all the little windows that it opens into eighteenth-century life as by the most important facts which it discusses. Fancy a world in which actor and actress were not permitted even to experiment upon the burning question of whether marriage is "a failure," until they had, probably, perjured themselves by promising that they would never again go upon the stage! Fancy Christian burial refused to Adrienne Lecouvreur, a very *sommité* in her profession, a teacher through her art, and a great influence in France! The Church, which should have understood the charm of art, was in unfortunate moments almost as hard on it as was Puritanism, with which art of all kinds, to the end of time, can have nothing to do. The unworthy side of an actor's ways—the intrigue and the advertisement that seem wanting in taste—were as strongly marked as the worthy; were as much in evidence as they are to-day. The *claque*, if it was not organised officially; existed, more or less, we may be sure; and one particular method of advertisement is worth recording here—the receipt may be useful to some unappreciated comedian now languishing among us. A certain actor, engaged at the best reputed playhouse, recognised two facts: the first, that he played badly; and the second, that the public knew it. He subsidised no *claque* to applaud his efforts, but for 500 livres—a modest £20—a year he attached to himself a gentleman of leisure who was to sound his praises discreetly. He was never to celebrate his virtues as a comedian. On the contrary, he was to allow that the performance was not brilliant, but his client, he was to say everywhere, reverently, in café and in pit, was, more than anyone in the world, "grand connoisseur en pièces de théâtre." And the bad comedian stayed upon the stage, thanks to that other reputation.

We have only tasted, so to say, the flavour of a book which, though not precisely what we were expecting, is a storehouse of humorous anecdote and more or less serviceable fact.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. PETTIT's new drama, with the excellent title, "Hands Across the Sea," will be produced by Miss Hawthorne, at the Princess's Theatre, early in next month, with a cast that is very strong for a melodrama, since it includes Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. Henry Neville, in addition to several well-known actors already attached to the theatre.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" was the piece chosen by Miss Wallis for the occasion of the opening of the Shaftesbury Theatre, in Shaftesbury Avenue. The house is large enough for spectacle; and, with crowds fairly managed, scenery fairly painted, and costumes designed by Mr. Glindoni, a certain amount of spectacle has been secured. Looking at the playbill, the piece, too, has an air of being strongly cast; but the truth is that more than one actor, who has won the favour of the public in many impersonations, is somehow not happily suited in the present revival. Now, Mr. John Maclean was a much better Adam than Mr. William Farren is, though he cannot, on the whole, be said to be half so distinguished an artist. Mr. Mackintosh is, at the Shaftesbury, Touchstone. He is a clever man, with touches of quaintness; but there are elderly people in the world who still recollect Mr. Compton. The character of Jacques is a little apt to be handed over to the elocutionist, and Mr. Arthur Stirling remembers the f.c. He is, however, too good an actor to fail, even in a part that does not seem specially adapted to him. Mr. Forbes Robertson is, at the Shaftesbury, the Orlando. It is true that he is angular from time to time—that he reminds one of the Primitives in painting. But he has earnestness and a measure of romance. The ladies are not, as a rule, actresses of surprising strength. We regret very much the absence of Miss Marion Lea as Audrey—the Audrey of the St. James's revival—though the young actress has now not a bad part at the Court. The Rosalind is, of course, Miss Wallis, and Miss Wallis is an intelligent—more than a very studious—performer. She does not want skill, but she wants poetry. Even Mrs. Kendal—who, among women, is the greatest English artist of her time—wanted poetry as Rosalind. Nobody, perhaps, has actually had it. Certainly not Mrs. Langtry. Perhaps Miss Litton, years ago, and Miss Calhoun, much more recently, came nearest to it. But we suppose the ideal Rosalind—the Rosalind who shall be quite perfect—is as far to seek as the ideal Juliet. The action of the piece throughout nearly the whole of the evening, at the Shaftesbury, was distinctly too deliberate and weighted. We should like to have invited it to "gallop apace." For, assuredly, everyone wanted hurrying on.

MUSIC.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL OPERA.

THE Russian company, whose concerts at the Albert Hall we recently noticed, have taken the Jodrell Theatre, and on Monday evening commenced a series of performances of national opera with Rubinstein's "Demon." The work is not an absolute novelty here, for it was given in 1881 at Covent Garden, under the composer's direction. The poem of Lermontoff, on which the opera is founded, enjoys a high reputation; but the libretto lacks cohesion and character. The Demon is of a very mild order: he is merely a man in fiend's clothing. It would be useless to follow in detail the incidents of the uninteresting plot, or to attempt to describe the music. Rubinstein gives local colour by means of augmented intervals and quaint harmonies and peculiar rhythms. Thus interest is im-

parted to many portions of the work—the song of Tamara and her maidens, Prince Sinodal's love song, and the evensong for male chorus. The lyrical parts of the opera are attractive; but when Rubinstein attempts the dramatic, he becomes either wild or wearisome. He belongs to no school, and has founded no school of his own. There are some powerful passages in the last act—the scene between Tamara and the Demon; and one cannot but think that the composer would be more successful in writing for the stage if he cast in his lot definitely either with the classical or with the romantic style of opera. The ballet, one of the most striking features of the opera, and one in which Rubinstein's taste in melody and skill in orchestration are displayed to very great advantage, was unfortunately omitted on Monday evening.

The performance, on the whole, was rough; but M. Michael Winogradow was an earnest and energetic Demon, and in a more attractive rôle we believe that he would be still more successful. M. Liarow, too, has a rich sympathetic bass voice, and acted well as the Prince's old servant. Mlle. M. Wieber, as the heroine Tamara, had some good moments. The chorus of male voices sang with great delicacy and charm in the pretty and characteristic evensong mentioned above. M. Truffi conducted with great care.

This Russian company announce Glinka's "Life for the Tsar," and Tchaikowski's "Mazeppa." The former was heard last season at Covent Garden; but the latter is a complete novelty, and will, no doubt, prove a great attraction. The sooner it is given the better.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Twelve Studies. For pianoforte. Two books. By Walter Macfarren. (Ashdown.) The composer, who is an accomplished player, knows thoroughly well what is good for pupils. Studies, with a purely technical purpose, are necessarily dry, while those in which style is the chief aim are, for the most part, studies only in name. Many, for instance of Heller's charming *Études* have been published as pieces. Mr. Macfarren has combined the two in a felicitous manner; and he rightly entitles his work "Studies in Style and Technique." The passage writing and the fingering show a skilful and practised hand. Each number is devoted to some technical difficulty—the *arpeggio*, the octave, the shake, &c. From a musical point of view, Nos. 2, 5, and 10, are the most attractive.

Twenty-five Progressive Studies, for the pianoforte. By G. Pfeiffer. (Ashdown.) This work is intended as an introduction to Clementi's "Gradus" and to the Bach "Preludes and Fugues." The composer might have added "and to Chopin's works," for some numbers, and especially study 19, have passages quite in the manner of the Polish master. No. 16 is devoted to embellishments used by the old masters, and various signs are explained. The Mordent is, however, not clearly set out. In one bar it is properly indicated as taking something from the value of the following note; but in the following line the note after the ornament retains its full value. The studies are all well written, and teachers will find them useful.

The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales. By C. Gardiner. (Ashdown.) The scales are here arranged and fingered in the way required of candidates for certificates of merit at the Guildhall School of Music. For anyone desiring to obtain such, this book is, of course, indispensable. We are glad to see that both forms (melodic and harmonic) of the minor scales are used.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE programme of the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday afternoon included a Symphony No. 2 in E flat (Op. 35) by Goldmark, given for the first time in England. The opening *allegro* is a cleverly constructed movement, in which the composer frankly shows how strongly he was influenced by Beethoven and Schubert. The *andante*, a kind of elegy, is interesting and more original. The *scherzo*, in its orchestral writing, reminds one of Berlioz's "Queen Mab" *scherzo*; but the triangle is introduced in a commonplace manner, and the cornet solo of the trio is like music which one occasionally hears in the streets. The *finale*, a kind of clog-dance, has little except its liveliness to recommend it. In fact the work, with the exception of the first movement, has more the character of a popular Suite than a Symphony. It was admirably performed under Mr. Manns' direction. M. Johannes Wolff, an excellent violinist, played the "Concerto Romantique" in A Minor, by B. Godard, the French composer. It is not an attractive work. Some of the music is dull, some trivial. The *adagio* is, indeed, the best movement. It is difficult to know what induced M. Godard to apply the epithet "Romantique" to this Concerto. Mr. Braxton Smith, who made his first appearance, sang Clay's "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," and was favourably received. The lady vocalist was Mme. Valleria. The programme included the "Preciosa" Overture, the Introduction to the third act of "Tannhäuser," and Sir A. Sullivan's incidental music to "The Merchant of Venice."

We learn from the Australian papers that Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth," was successfully produced at the Melbourne Exhibition on September 6. He has already given great satisfaction as a conductor, and it is pleasant to find that he is also appreciated as a composer.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. In 2 vols. (Ibister.)

THIS, in all likelihood, is the final biography of Ken. It would be unreasonable to expect that more material, from sources now unknown, will hereafter be available. Many searchers have volunteered their services in Dean Plumptre's undertaking; and one result is that, of the eighty-five letters here given, nearly one-fourth are printed for the first time. Much special information has been contributed by recognised experts in some of the subjects treated, and these particulars have been wrought into an interesting narrative. As Bishop Alexander said in his noble sermon on Ken, the work has been done by "one who brings to the task full knowledge, and the congenial admiration of a poet." The latter part of the eulogy is sustained by a sonnet (on Ken's last visit to Wells), prefixed to vol. i.

The scanty "fragments that remain" have been, indeed, so gathered that nothing is lost; but it is not the amount of absolutely new material which constitutes the main value of this life, and raises it so far above its predecessors. Rather is it the skill and tender patience wherewith material, already known but neglected, has been manipulated. Ken's poems, and the traits attributed to him by his contemporaries—and cavalierly set aside by his biographers—have been subjected to careful analysis. The results thus obtained have been consistent with each other, and in harmony with what was already known of Ken, who henceforth shines the brighter by his own light.

Born at Berkhamstead in July 1637, Ken lost both parents early. His mother died in 1641, his father—an attorney of Furnival's Inn—ten years later. His elder half-sister Anne had married in 1646, at the age of thirty-six, Izaak Walton, who was then fifty-three. Ken's home, in holidays from Winchester and vacations from Oxford, was with the Waltons. He was in some sort the adopted son of his brother-in-law, and his spiritual relationship and indebtedness to Izaak are set forth in one of the most interesting and original chapters of this book. We are there shown how in each of the *Lives* here is some trait, some action, some leading thought finding its parallel in the career and utterance of Ken. Meekness, in which both Wordsworth and Keble found the main characteristic of Walton, was also the peculiarity of Ken, enhanced in his case by the circumstance that his natural temper was quick and hasty, and "carried anger as the lint bears fire." Walton's influence, one may remark, has been transmitted through

Ken to Ken's biographer, and is manifest in the tone of his work—gentle, genial, subdued.

Ken's life at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, is set forth as fully as the meagre material will allow, and illustrated by all procurable sidelights. And here the Dean, if it may be said, has wrought almost a miracle. He has made us thankful for Ken's poems. This has hitherto appeared a stark impossibility, save in the case of the author. To him, good man, often in severe bodily pain, it was doubtless a benefit to relieve his intellectuals from such a weight of "perilous stuff"—four volumes octavo. These, since his time, men—even biographers—have opened, shuddered, and passed on swiftly. Even Bishop Alexander, in his eloquent tribute, goes softly and gingerly round this corner. He cites as tolerable lines as he can find, is reminded "for a moment" of Keble—by contrast, one would think—and says that Ken may well have offered a prayer for the

"power of saying things

Too tender and too sweet for words."

Doubtless Ken might have prayed that his poetry should be better. There was good ground for the petition had it occurred to Ken to offer it. Only by diligent sifting have the nuggets of the Morning and Evening Hymn been made available. Of all Ken's poems these are the sole survivors, and not all even of these. The generally known stanzas are the best, and much the best. Of the remainder not all is even tolerable. The Midnight Hymn is markedly inferior to the other two. They never plunge into the depth of the bathos here:

"Give me a place at thy Sainte's feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;
I'd strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day."

But if Ken's poetry be, as poetry, execrable, it is none the less estimable in another point of view. Its intention, though not to be pleaded against its literary demerits, rightly claims our reverence. Its jog-trot directness is a positive recommendation to a biographer, "sitting below in the cool element of prose," when once he has surmounted his disgust at its poetical pretension. It is not the least of the many merits of these volumes that their author has recognised in Ken's poems "a perfect treasure-trove, a mine hitherto scarcely worked, of materials of an autobiographical character," and has enriched them with the results of his self-denying labours. But the reader will scarcely agree with his indulgent estimate of Ken's epic and hymnarium, and the many quotations given will not mend matters. The indications of Ken's feelings on subjects of moment, e.g., the "wider hope," are highly interesting; but exasperation at the ill-chosen vehicle will incessantly recur. As Bishop Alexander owns, one would gladly exchange "much"—yes, or all—"of the cumbrous narrative, the languid lyric and the clumsy machinery" of *Edmund* for one or two more sermons.

Rector of Little Easton in 1663, Ken was on terms of friendship, high and spiritual, with Lady Maynard, wife of Sir William Maynard, patron of the living. Her portrait is given. She has the large, sleepy eyes which painters in the Castlemaine days, when those eyes were in fashion, were wont to bestow indiscriminately on their sitters. To

Ken she was "to the end of his life as much a transfigured and glorified ideal as Beatrice was to Dante."

The incidents of Ken's life at his successive benefices of Brightstone and Woodhay, and in his Winchester prebend, are duly chronicled. At Winchester he undertook, *gratis*, the pastoral charge of St. John in the Soke, and he was chaplain to his friend Bishop Morley, in whose palace Izaak Walton and his son, the younger Izaak, found their home. Here Ken (1674) wrote his *Manual for Winchester Scholars*—wherein (in the edition of 1695) first appeared the famous Hymns. His fame as a preacher was extended by his sermons at Chelsea Old Church, when in attendance at the bishop's town house hard by. Then came the continental journey of 1675. In his biographer's opinion, the experiences of that journey terminated any inclination Ken may have had to the Roman Church. Moving now within the circle of the court, he was, in 1679, appointed chaplain to the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York and wife to William of Orange. Here he bravely withstood William in the cause of an English lady dishonoured by Count Zulestein, a near connexion of the prince; turned aside the over-eager advocates of union with the Dutch Church from their hasty purpose, and interested himself in the conversion of Col. Fitzpatrick—a dubious gain to the Church of England.

In March, 1683, occurred that visit of Charles to Winchester, during which Ken refused his prebendal house to Nell Gwynne, to whom it had been assigned. Nell bore no malice, and Charles remembered the refusal to his own honour and Ken's advantage when the bishopric of Bath and Wells fell vacant. Between Ken and that transient greatness lay the chaplaincy of Tangier and its very uncongenial society—the hot disputes with Mr. Pepys about spirits, and with Col. Kirke about swearing—and the death of Izaak Walton.

A week after Ken's consecration was the Sunday evening (February 1, 1685)—immortalised by Evelyn—when the French boy sang love-songs in the glorious gallery of Whitehall to the king and his concubines and the rabble-rout of Comus. On Monday morning came Charles's fatal seizure, and "six days after, all was in the dust." During his illness, Ken was indefatigable in his exhortations—"speaking like one inspired"—till James, at the suggestion of the Duchess of Portsmouth, turned the bishops out of the room to admit Huddleston.

Ken was one of the "supporters" of James at his coronation. He kept "his old course in a country new," bearing himself with his accustomed independence. Sent for by the king to answer for some expressions in a sermon, he replied that there would have been no opportunity for his enemies to accuse him had not his majesty neglected his own duty of being present. (*The Dictionnaire Historique* (1786) in its article "Ken," though it says no word as to the Seven Bishops, has this anecdote.) In his diocese he was active. Dean Plumptre has given good reasons for supposing that he was in some measure guided by the example and writings of Nicolas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet, whom he may have met in his continental journey. We are given

full particulars as to his visitations, his charity to the western rebels, his sympathy for Huguenot sufferers, and his prudent forbearance under extreme provocation, when Huddleston arranged a service distinctively Roman for the occasion of James's "touching" in the Abbey Church of Bath—"the most insolent and insidious" of the king's acts, "an audacious defiance of decency." Ken wrote to Sancroft that he had had no power to prevent the function, which took place between the usual services; and that he had in the sermon on the next Sunday made the distinction between "an act of worship for which we could not open the church doors," and an act of charity, for which they should always be set open, "charity being the religion of the whole world."

The whole story of the bishops' petition against James's declaration of indulgence, their summons to the council, their refusal to give recognisances, their consequent commitment to the Tower, and the crowning mercy of the acquittal, is told with graphic force. Dean Stanley has said of the last scene of Charles's life that "none could repeat it after Macaulay." But the biographer of Ken has had to repeat much more than that portion of the famous history; and he has done it with freshness and vigour, and with constant reference to his subject. In dealing with the after-part of Ken's life, he is no longer under this disadvantage, and turns "with a sense of relief from the main stream of English history." The following "narrative of more limited scope" has an interest of its own, personal and pathetic. It comprises Ken's refusal to take the oaths to William, his deprivation, his uneasy relations with his fellow Nonjurors, his retirement at Longleat, and his finally gaining the peace he had so resolutely sought by the path of duty. This was till very near the end. Not only was his life aimed at by certain "lowd fellows of the baser sort," who would fain have hounded on the rabble to the "De Witting" of the Seven, but he was wounded in the house of his friends. In that little company there were divisions—schisms within a schism. There were laymen—Dodwell chief of these—eager to overstep their bishops. There was at least one bishop eager to betray England for the sake of James, and another ready to bargain for a pension. There were whisperers in the ear of a peevish ex-primate. The gentle Ken, in failing health, feels keenly all the things that are against him. Sometimes he is excited to unwonted wrath. Gilbert Burnet, thick-skinned, meddling, and prosperous, breaks into his retirement with a remonstrance. He is amazed to find Ken so positive, especially "since you had advised others to take that which you refuse yourself." This conduct of Ken's "gave great advantages to some who were so severe as to say that there was something else than conscience at the bottom." Ken fires up. He explains that he had resolved to take the oaths, because he had been told something which turned out not to be true. (This was the reported cession of Ireland to Louis XIV. by James.) On the discovery of the falsehood, he burnt his intended pastoral letter, "without being influenced by anyone, or making any words of it." As to his motive, "what that particular passion of corrupt nature is, which lies at the

bottom, and which we gratify, in losing all we have, will be hard to determine."

Intent on the spiritual good of his diocese, and on the restoration of peace to the Church, Ken, upon the death of Kidder, who had been intruded into his see, begged his friend, George Hooper, Bishop of St Asaph, to accept the proposed translation to Wells. Ken had long ago been willing to surrender his canonical claim to a worthy person, though he had always refused to give his flock to the care of a "latitudinarian traitor." Hooper accepts, and Ken is at peace—for a little while. Hicks and the Jacobite Nonjurors are furious. A meddling layman endeavours to make mischief between Ken and his kind hostesses, the Misses Kemys, of Naish Court. They could not but agree (says the busybody) that the bishop was in the wrong, "but I fear it will be difficult to dissuade them from communicating with him whilst in the family." His friend Lloyd (Bishop of Norwich and primus of the Nonjurors) had been also tampered with, and had yielded so far as to go back on his consent to the cession of Wells to Hooper. Ken was "heated and provoked to a great degree," and wrote fiercely to Lloyd, for which he afterwards begged pardon, "which I hope you will the more readily grant because you seem to have been in like passion when you wrote, and because I intend to give you no further trouble." They afterwards corresponded in calmer mood, but there is no record of the renewal of their former intimacy.

Hooper's endeavours for the bettering of Ken's worldly fortunes resulted in a pension of £200 from the queen, which, added to the £80 annuity from Lord Weymouth, made "the last seven years of his life a time of greater comfort than he had known during the fourteen that had passed since his deprivation." And so he passed on gently to the acute suffering that ushered in the final peace. Before that came, he had separated from the schismatic Nonjurors, and communicated with his successor in Wells Cathedral.

After reading these volumes our reverence for Ken is confirmed. It seems founded on personal knowledge, no longer vague and on trust. His weaknesses are neither dwelt on nor disguised, but make themselves felt. His main principle of choosing the losing side is perceived to be as fallible as any other maxim that tends to supersede the necessity for constant watchfulness and questioning. To adopt it is certainly the infirmity of noble minds, but an infirmity still. It betrayed Ken into the hands of those who (as Dean Plumptre admits) were super-subtle in their legalism, who voted that experience had shown it to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of the Protestant religion to be governed by a "Popish prince," had welcomed William as "a mighty deliverer," and then hesitated to accept the deliverance as a judgment of God, and refused to take the only human means whereby it might be made effectual. In Ken's case, this childish chicanery is redeemed by his resolute charity to his opponents. But it must be remembered, in justice to them, that they could not see as fully as we can the beauty and spotlessness of his life,

while the unreasonableness of his action, or abstention, was but too visible. If the cession of Ireland would have absolved him from his allegiance to James, had not James's actual breaches of faith forfeited the crown? a question which had been practically answered by the nation. Only too truly has it been said, "Il n'appartient qu'aux gens d'esprit de n'avoir pas le sens commun."

Space has failed to notice some interesting features of this work, which must be hastily glanced at. Hitherto unknown episodes of Ken's life as spiritual director of private families find record here. There are special chapters on the Hymns, on Ken's portraits, and on his library—the latter "involving a considerable amount of labour"—and on estimates of Ken. The leaders of the Oxford Catholic revival bore him constantly in mind. In 1825 Keble thought of editing his works; and in 1836, in *Tracts for the Times*, an improved Breviary is proposed with specimens of commemorative services—the last of which is for Bishop Ken's day. This practical canonisation was the work of John Henry Newman.

The relations of Ken to the older form of faith and its professors are diligently investigated. Very slender indications sometimes mark the track. For instance, the supposed contact of Ken with Davenport, the Roman propagandist at Oxford under the Commonwealth, rests, when all is said, on the allegation, by the editors of Wood's Life, that "Davenport was sometimes at Oxford for the use of the public library." This hint (supplemented by a suggestion from *John Inglesant*) is followed up; and the presence of certain books in Ken's library is thus accounted for, as are also James's choice of Ken as chaplain at Tangier, and certain expressions used by James himself. All this is delicate tentative work, done "with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it," and not pushed too hard or too far.

Ken's biographer, though content with the general outcome of the Revolution, and regretting that Ken had taken a "course which brought so much misery on himself and others, and all but involved the Church in the misery of a perpetuated schism," can yet say, identifying himself in sympathy with his subject, that "all was well: that it was given Ken to depart with brighter hopes for the Church which he had served not less faithfully, if less wisely, than his friend" who had taken the oaths.

And all was well. Ken had not chosen at random his motto—"Et tu tibi quæris grandia? Noli quærere." He was unfit for the high places of the earth, not because he was a saint, but because he lacked judgment in the things wherein the children of this world are wise in their generation. His fate was happier than Sancroft's, whose milk of human kindness turned very sour, and who meddled and muddled with acrid persistence, envenoming the Church's wounds which he sought to heal. His fame was happier than Burnet's, who certainly sought *grandia*, but was well-meaning if provoking, and whose memory has had scant justice. His best gifts were worthily exercised, and their best fruit remains with us, treasured up to a life beyond life.

SOME BOOKS ON INTERNATIONAL LAW.

International Law. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. (John Murray.)

International Law: with Materials for a Code of International Law. By Leone Levi. "International Scientific Series." (Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.)

Notes pour servir à l'Histoire littéraire et dogmatique du Droit international en Angleterre. Par Ernest Nys. (Bruxelles: Muquardt)

WHETHER or not the works of Sir Henry Maine will retain the position which they now hold is a question on which different opinions may be held. But there can be no doubt as to the profound and beneficial influence which he has exerted on English thought since the publication some seven and twenty years ago of *Ancient Law*. The lawyer, the historian, the social reformer, and the politician are all his debtors; for he accustomed them all to take larger and more unconnected views of the development of society. He has left behind him no elaborate work—only a number of lectures and essays. Yet these are so admirable in style, so full of suggestion and rich in illustration, they throw such a bright light on many of the dark places of the early history of law and institutions, that no one could wish that Maine had expended his energies in minutely working out any single chapter of his great subject.

The Whewell lectures on International Law, which he delivered last year and which his executors have now published, are little more than notes on a few titles, and have not by any means the value of his earlier and more finished works. For the most part they consist, as he says, "of an account, as summary as I can make it, of such portion of the International system as appears to me to be reasonably settled." Having discussed the part which writers of authority have played in the making of the system, the influence of Roman law, the authority and sanction of international law, the conception and incidents of State sovereignty, he proceeds to treat of various points of interest in the law of nations in time of war. His attention is chiefly fixed on the rules, more or less firmly established, which tend to the mitigation of war, and on the position of neutrals. Dealing with the rules of war, his lectures are a running commentary on the manual for the use of English officers in the field, compiled by Lord Thring, which for some reason or other the Government has not allowed to be published. As to the position of neutrals in future wars, Sir Henry Maine suggests that, simply through industrial development and not through any alteration of opinion, the Declaration of Paris of 1856 may shortly prove obsolete. The United States declined to approve the Declaration unless the clause abolishing privateering further provided in effect that all private property, not being contraband, should be exempted from seizure. "ourselves, who depend so much on foreign countries for our food supply, Sir Henry Maine thinks it well worth consideration whether we should not accept the proposal of the American government. He was aware of the objections to the proposal (which has recently been the subject of keen discussion),

but he did not live to redeem his promise of a more complete consideration of the point. The concluding lectures deal with proposals to abate war. That arbitration or any other single remedy will meet the case he has no belief; but he finds ground for hope in seeing how the alliance of the three emperors has kept the peace of Europe during the last ten troubled years. "If war is ever to be arrested," he says, "it will be arrested by sacrifices on the part of those states which are neither at war nor desire to go to war." And this, no doubt, is the sum of the matter.

Comparatively slight and fragmentary as are these studies on a great subject, they are yet full of Maine's characteristic independence and suggestiveness. International Law has suffered greatly from a certain wooliness of thought on the part of many of its professors. There was no wooliness in Maine's mind; and, had he lived to carry his work further, he would certainly have done much to free the subject from the discredit which has attached to it.

The other two works whose titles are given above do not require more than a brief notice. The special feature of Prof. Leone Levi's manual, published shortly before his death, is the attention given to what he calls "the positive portion of the law—that resulting from treaties and conventions"; and as a handy means of reference to treaty clauses on special matters it will be found very useful. In other respects the book is disappointing. It may be doubted, indeed, whether International Law lends itself readily to the form of a code, seeing that apart from obvious moral maxims and verbal definitions hardly a single proposition can be laid down which does not require the most careful qualification. The student who makes acquaintance with the subject through the 499 articles of Prof. Levi's code will certainly acquire a great many false impressions from which he will have some difficulty in freeing himself.

In his *Notes pour servir*, of which the first part has been published, M. Nys proposes an examination of the services rendered by England in the development of International Law. He sketches the position of mediæval England with regard to the claims of the pope and of the emperor, gives brief notices of the English writers on public affairs, and touches on a few select titles of the law in which the English practice differed from that of other countries. So far M. Nys, in an interesting and useful little volume, has carried the subject up to the Treaty of Westphalia. G. P. MACDONELL.

Concerning Men, and other Papers. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." (Macmillan)

"THESE were the last papers Mrs. Craik wrote. She intended to collect and republish them with others that were never written, but only planned." So runs the brief note prefixed to this volume, which probably contains not only the last words written by the author for the public eye, but the last words of hers which are destined to see the light, unless indeed we have the gratification of reading a selection from her letters which, I should

think, could hardly fail to be full of interest and charm. There is something sad in almost every parting; there is something specially sad in bidding farewell to a writer who for forty years, by those forms of literature which touch us most intimately—the story, the essay, and the lyric—has added so copiously to our store of innocent enjoyment. Her literary repute may not be to-day what it was in 1857, when *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was the book of the hour. She has taken her place among the *dis minores* of the book world; but her work will never be without a welcome from those whose love of the more impressive features of noble literature—penetrating imagination and profound reflection—does not render them insensitive to the charm of beautiful ideals, of pure, wholesome sentiment, of clear, homely, and yet always cultivated, expression.

I do not think I shall be alone in the opinion that this, the latest volume of Mrs. Craik's essays, is also the best. I should not call her an intellectually courageous writer; rather I should say that one of her prominent characteristics was a certain timidity, which led her to shrink from leaving far behind her the safe, beaten highways of thought. In many of her essays there is what—if the phrase be allowed me—I may call a too obvious obviousness, as if she would not pay out any coin of thought until, by passing through many hands, it had acquired the smoothness which guaranteed it genuine. There is something of this quality even here. In the last two papers in the book—"Merely Players" and "Miss Anderson in the 'Winter's Tale'"—which, as will be seen by their titles, deal with matters theatrical, there is an intellectual and emotional propriety which is undoubtedly pleasing but also rather unsuggestive and uninspiring. Like Lord Tennyson's farmer we feel that our preacher has said what she ought to have said, and we come away, not having much to say on our own account. In any book appealing to a nineteenth-century literary audience which delights in "chatter" either "about Shelley" or any other topic of the hour, this kind of writing must needs fall somewhat flat; and, therefore, it is pleasant to find that in this volume there is hardly any of it except in these two papers, and even they are characterised by such refined good sense that we shrink from seeming to depreciate them. It cannot be denied, however, that in the quality of suggestiveness—that quality which has not only an intellectual but a social value, inasmuch as it helps us to make talk—the essays "Concerning Men" and "For Better, for Worse" are much richer than the two other papers of which I have been speaking. We are compelled to read them with more alertness and with a greater number of mental notes of interrogation. They bite into the mind here and there instead of merely passing over it. This is particularly true of some of the special verdicts recorded in the course of an elaborate and exceedingly interesting comparison between the character of the average man and that of the average woman. Mrs. Craik's larger conclusions will be disputed by nobody, except, perhaps, by a paradoxist like Mrs. McLaren; but some of her subsidiary *obiter dicta* put us in the questioning mood.

For example, it will be generally conceded that in most of the qualities which go to produce moral beauty of character the ordinary woman is superior to the ordinary man; but it is very doubtful whether the facts of life justify Mrs. Craik's inclusion of unselfishness among these notes of superiority. Of course it is of no use to begin an argument which can never be ended, but it seems to me that Mrs. Craik was led to a doubtful conclusion by observing prominent rather than significant facts. Just because a man is stronger than a woman, and can command more space in which to exploit himself, his selfishness is likely to be more aggressive than hers; and it will consequently impress the imagination more strongly, in the same way that it is more strongly impressed by the half-hour of thunder-rain which rattles against the windows than by the day of steady silent down-pours. There is, however, no doubt as to whether the half-hour or the day produce the greater effect; and the belief that the constant unobtrusive selfishness of the weak is a more potent force than the paroxysmal and violent selfishness of the strong has at any rate something to say for itself. Then, too, it is very curious to observe that a writer who speaks of the average man not only with fairness but with generosity should commit herself to the extraordinary statement that "a man loves his own children, but seldom any other man's." My own observation would certainly lead me to say that enthusiastic love for children, as children—love which is quite apart from the instinct of paternity or maternity—is quite as common among men as among women, perhaps even commoner. Nor can the general proposition that "there are few men so strong and brave as a woman" be established by the fact that men are more frequently driven mad by worldly misfortunes than women. "We can," writes Mrs. Craik, "we" meaning women, "endure almost any amount of external suffering; . . . the thing which breaks our hearts and turns our brains is, as statistics also prove, inward anguish." Just so; but this "inward anguish" is just what worldly misfortune brings to a man, because he has to endure the burden of responsibility; while mere privation, which is often the woman's only share of such misfortune, though doubtless painful enough, is a much more external and therefore a much more endurable thing.

I have raised these questions not with a controversial intent, but simply to show that this essay is what Americans call a "live" paper, not a mere smooth piece of workmanship turned out from a literary lathe. The essay entitled "For Better, for Worse" is, perhaps, still more striking; and just now, when the marriage question is being so warmly discussed, will be read with special interest. But I must be content to leave it with this passing reference. The chapters in the book which many readers will find most attractive, and which, it is to be hoped, may prove practically useful in inspiring some new and needed development of the enthusiasm of humanity, are those devoted to descriptions of a "House of Rest" for shop girls, which two good ladies have established at Babbacombe, Devonshire, and of Mrs. Hart's noble work in connexion with the Kells Art

embroideries. In these beautiful celebrations of human helpfulness, we feel that Mrs. Craik's heart is speaking—that we are reading the words, not of a literary artist, writing with a view to effectiveness, but of a noble sympathetic woman. To all last words a certain sacred impressiveness belongs. It would be sad if these last words were altogether unproductive.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Memoirs of the Count de Falloux. From the French. Edited by O. B. Pitman. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

THESE are the memoirs of one who believed in the Comte de Chambord, and on the last page confesses that his idol was unworthy. His conclusion we will place first so that the loyalty and good sense of M. de Falloux may have the utmost recognition. "I," says the Count, "who have sought to devote my life or my death to him attribute his mistakes to a failure in judgment," as well as to blind counsels. And he asks, if the Comte de Chambord believed the white flag indispensable, why not have "seized it in one of our revolutions and have asserted his rights or died for them?" If he had not that faith in France and himself, "why did he refuse to accept the compromise of the *fleur de lis* on the tricolor?" Finally, a third issue was open to him—abdication." Then follows the reluctant admission of a most pious Catholic and fervent Monarchist: "But to avoid adopting either of the three courses, to mingle the three lines of conduct, was to win neither profit nor dignity from either." Of the English editor, all that need be said is that the worst part of the work is the preface, in which he writes miraculously: "M. de Montalembert and Père Lacordaire—at both of whose deathbeds he [M. de Falloux] stood."

M. de Falloux enjoyed and apparently deserved general respect. It is this which makes his memoirs so interesting. The reader feels that he is dealing with a sincere and unselfish character, not perhaps altogether free from bias, but quite without malice and incapable of mean and sordid action. Among French statesmen, Berryer was his leader, "who would have secured the success and the greatness of the monarchy if God had not condemned the monarchy itself to a fatal blindness." When Berryer was dying, he penned a farewell to the Comte de Chambord of which de Montalembert said: "It is one of the finest outbursts that ever issued from the human soul":

"O my King! I am told that I am at my last breath. I die with the sorrow of not having beheld the triumph of your hereditary rights, consecrating the development of the liberties of which France stands in need. I bear these aspirations to heaven."

Louis Napoleon evidently respected M. de Falloux very greatly, and regarded him as unconvertible. M. de Falloux was of opinion that "Louis Philippe's weakness" and the rivalry of Guizot and Thiers led to the revolution of February 1848, which he describes as "an effect out of proportion to its cause." In that struggle he visited the Hôtel-Dieu when

"the wounded belonging to the National Guard or to the insurgents had been brought

in and placed beside each other, but the hospital attendants were promptly forced to separate them. The insurgents had been seen to crawl from their beds, to throw themselves on to a neighbouring couch where they recognised a uniform, biting until the blood spouted out those whom they could not wound in any other way."

In the provisional government which followed M. de Falloux held a portfolio. But his devotion to Church and Monarchy kept him aloof from all the little arts and the ambitious projects of the Prince President, who, after a ball at Nantes, said to the Count:

"I was much amused last evening to see you dancing opposite to me. You did not dance like a minister. You looked as though you were dancing on your own account."

M. de Falloux converted his friend Père Lacordaire's maxim: "Contempt for death is the principle of moral strength" into one more suited to a minister—"Contempt for portfolios is the principle of political strength." He distrusted Antonelli, whose long ministry at the Vatican was sullied with "passion for dominion and lucre." Nor was Thiers a man after de Falloux's heart. Before 1852 Thiers said to him: "The Republic is impossible in France." As to 1871, de Falloux thought no one could have obtained better terms "in such desperate circumstances"; but he was surprised at Thiers' evident enjoyment of Bismarck's exaggerated compliments, and that the spokesman for France should appear "to prefer cessions of territory to an indemnity in money." Thiers repeated over and over again: "Provinces can be recovered, but money cannot be got back." It seems likely that M. de Falloux's simple character was in this misled by Thiers' finesse. He knew Bismarck's inexorable demands, and probably sought to render the inevitable acceptable by these arguments. We seem to know M. de Falloux better on reading his short judgment on Guizot and Thiers: "Neither of them was, according to my idea, a statesman in the old and lofty sense of the word."

M. de Falloux had some knowledge of our country and of leading Irish Catholics. He was presented to Wellington: "A strange appearance, with an enormous head surmounting a small frail body, and an inordinately long nose almost meeting his prominent chin." He felt more in his element with O'Connell—

"A democrat before everything else; one felt in seeing him and still more in listening to him that he had grown up outside the sphere of all tradition; that he had lived under oppression and in revolt, and that God had predestined him to break rather than to build."

He was more intimate with Lord Emly, who snored while Montalembert read aloud Père Lacordaire on Broglie's *Histoire de l'Eglise*. The reader stopped and exclaimed: "Monsell's sleeping may be excused, but snoring is going too far." Mr. Monsell raised himself with a start and answered with a coolness more English than Irish, "But, my dear sir, this is an hour when Parliament is sitting."

The volumes are full of interesting matter of real value to any student of the history of our time.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A RUSSIAN GUIDE TO THE CAUCASUS.

Putoveditel po Kavkazu. Sostavil E. Weidenbaum. (Tiflis.)

Now that the scenery of the Caucasus is every day being brought nearer to us, we must give a hearty welcome to a guide-book so complete as that of M. Weidenbaum, although it be in Russian—a language unfortunately so little studied. But we suppose the time has not come for Baedeker to act as an intermediary. As yet the English visitors to this delightful country have been, comparatively speaking, few. But every year will see them increase, allured by the unsurpassed grandeur of its scenery; its wonderful mountains, Elborous and Kasbek—each considerably higher than Mont Blanc; its picturesque villages and strange population. We are glad to see that our author has not omitted an account of the ascent of these mountains by Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker. Tiflis is one of the most picturesque cities in the world, and has a very curious history. We cannot feel surprised that some of the most charming lyrics of the Russian poets—Pushkin and Lermontov—have been consecrated to such a region.

The work of M. Weidenbaum is full and accurate. The first part is devoted to a description of the country, containing minute accounts of the mountains, rivers, climate, fauna, and flora. The gradual subjugation of this territory by Russia and its colonisation is told with an account of *muridism*, and the struggles of Shamil from the time of his first appearance as the prophet and leader of his people till his surrender to Prince Baratinaki at Gounib in 1859. M. Weidenbaum concludes his account with the following words:

"Thus ended the protracted war in the Caucasus. The vast territory beyond the Kuban, which was during a long period the theatre of a bloody and stubborn contest, became a Russian possession. From 1861 to 1864 were settled in it 111 *stanitsi* (stations) of Cossacks with 14,233 families. At the same time took place the emigration of Circassians into Turkey. According to official figures, which are below the truth, the emigrants from 1858 to 1865 reached the number of 470,753 souls."

The chapter on ethnology contains an attempted classification of the various languages spoken in the Caucasus. M. Weidenbaum has made considerable use of the labours of Baron Uslar, which are especially valuable on the Lezghian group; and he styles him, not without reason, the Columbus of Caucasian philology. We have a clear account of the Georgian family, the most interesting of all, especially Georgian in the restricted sense of the term, with its literature extending over a thousand years. Mingrelian has already occupied the attention of Prof. Teagarelli, and the Lazis have been described by M. Bakradze. About two years ago a very interesting book was published at Tiflis about Svanetia by J. Kanöveski, entitled *Liubopitnié Ugolki Kavkaza* ("Curious Corners of the Caucasus"). The Svans are, no doubt, the *Σάωνες* of Strabo, who has described the whole country, and says with truth of the Georgians: *καὶ οἱ ἄνθρωποι κάλλει καὶ μεγέθει διαφέροντες· ἄπλοὶ δὲ καὶ οὐ κατηλικοί*. The Ossetian language is interesting as an outlying member of the Aryan

family, and has been studied much of late both by Russian and German scholars. Perplexing as are the tongues of the Caucasus, it seems clear that they can be divided into four leading groups—Aryan, Georgian, Lezghian, and Tatar. The race-types fall into two main divisions—the Caucasian, to use the old nomenclature of Blumenbach, and the Mongolian. Those who have seen the fine museum at Tiflis will remember the ethnological groups arranged there. To the first part of his work M. Weidenbaum has added a collection of valuable statistics.

In the second part of the "Guide" we get outlines of the chief routes, with short descriptions of the towns and military stations. Tiflis, of course, occupies a considerable number of pages; and, although there are but few vestiges of the ancient city after so many devastations by Turk and Persian, yet in it centres the history of Georgia as a nation. M. Weidenbaum has much to tell us of the antiquities of Mtskheta, and Gelati, and Bardzia, with its frescoed portrait of Queen Tamara. He also gives us a good description of the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin. The concise sketch of Georgian history, about which so little is known in this country, is valuable; and, however much we may feel a sentimental regret at the extinction of an ancient monarchy, yet it is none the less true that, had it not been for the Russians, the Georgians would long since have been stamped out. There are whole districts peopled by their descendants in Persia, who had been transplanted by Moslem sovereigns in the style familiar to us in the Bible. A good history of the city of Tiflis has been written in Russian by M. Bakradze.

Our author does not forget to mention the valuable stone found in 1867 near Mtskheta, and now preserved in the museum at Tiflis, with a Greek inscription of the date A.D. 75, narrating how the Emperor Vespasian had built fortresses for Mithridates, king of the Iberians, son of Pharasmanes and Jamazda, the friend of the Roman emperor and Roman people. Perhaps some of our readers may remember the mention of a Pharasmanes in the sixth book of the *Annals* of Tacitus. This is the only Roman inscription which has been found in the country. The whole Caucasian region, however, has a shadowy classicism about it—if we may venture to use the expression—as we are reminded by the frescoes in the museum; but it is altogether too remote. The Rion, the ancient Phasis, carries us back to Medea and the Argonauts; and how willingly would we believe, as the tradition goes, that Medea was born at Kutais! But Edgar Poe was only too much in the right when he sang:

"Science! true daughter of old Time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes."

The book is embellished with many interesting engravings. The only work which we can compare with it is *The Crimea and Transcaucasia*, of Commander J. Buchan Telfer, which appeared in 1876; but that does not contain so much information, and is written in a more desultory and gossiping style. If the "Guide" of M. Weidenbaum were translated it would certainly induce more travellers to visit these delightful regions and to make acquaintance with the inhabitants; and first among these must be reckoned the manly, hospitable Georgians, who are in

the van in intellectual activity and the pride which they take in the development of their interesting language. They are a handsome race, as Gibbon said a century ago; and the dark-eyed beauties among them recall the lines of the Russian poet, Benediktov, which we will quote in a French version, as being likely to be more intelligible to our readers than the original Russian:

"Ta bouche répand tour-à-tour,
Tous les doux baumes du Bosphore,
Et tous les poisons d'amour."

Their generous Kakhetian wines, celebrated in many a Georgian song, must also not be forgotten. We reject with scorn the statement of Reclus, in his *Géographie Universelle*, that most of the Georgians have red faces through drinking too much of it!

Tiflis, which has been steadily growing into importance since it has belonged to the Russians, bids fair to be an important city on one of the great routes to India and the far East. We already hear of railway excursions to Samarkand, and Central Asia is becoming every day more open to the ethnologist and the philologist, as the publications of the Russian oriental societies show.

M. Weidenbaum has already contributed papers to the *Transactions* of the Caucasian section of the Russian Geographical Society. One has especially interested us (in vol. v.) on the "Holy Groves and Trees among the Caucasian Peoples." The whole country teems with strange beliefs and customs, folklore and legend. Prof. Maxime Kovalevski has described some interesting incidents of land-tenure to be found here and there among them. It is a pity that Mr. A. J. Evans of Oxford has not yet given to the world any of the results of his tour in these countries about two years ago. He has shown us what he can do in this way by his *Antiquarian Researches in Illyricum*.

We may add, in conclusion, that the work is more or less officially inspired, as we see by the title-page, and the remark at the end of the preface, that any corrections or suggestions are to be sent to the governor, Prince Dondukov-Korsakov. A good map is appended. We must, however, lament the want of an index, the only defect in a valuable book, especially as the table of contents at the beginning is so meagre.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

Hugh Errington. By Gertrude Forde. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Crack County. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. In 3 vols. (White.)

Stephen Elderby. By A. Hill Drewry. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

A Hard-Won Victory. By Grace D. Litchfield. (Putnam's Son's.)

The Dangerous Man. By A. J. Weyman. (Roper & Drowley.)

Through the Shadows. By Erskine Moir. (Elliot Stock.)

Solved Mysteries. By James M'Govan. (Edinburgh & Glasgow: Menzies.)

MISS GERTRUDE FORDE's new novel, though very readable, has scarcely the freshness and

originality observable in previous works by the same hand. No doubt this is partly due to the fact that the story she has to tell is of a more commonplace order, and one not altogether new. Hugh Errington is not the first hero of the kind we have met with—an intellectual, high-souled man, with a touch of melancholy that makes him fascinating to the ladies. But he is really a fine study, and attracts our pity and admiration. In his thoughtless youth he has been inveigled into a marriage which ultimately wrecks his life. His wife proves unworthy, and sinks deep into degradation; but he declines to seek the aid of the divorce court, because he will not have his name dragged through the mire. After a time the wretched woman is reported to have lost her life in a fire, and Errington has found in Cecil Reevely a woman in whose love he at length hopes to gain happiness, when his wife once more suddenly confronts him. With every hope blasted, he becomes a wanderer on the face of the earth, and volunteers for military service in North Africa, where he experiences great hardships, and is severely wounded. We shall not reveal the remaining portion of the plot; but it will suffice to state that he finds a haven at last, and is married to Cecil. Miss Forde puts in more than one wise and good plea on behalf of the clergy. The "society" papers, however, come in for a severe condemnation. These "gossiping, puerile productions are the scum, the dregs of the press, the deformity of our nineteenth-century literature, which stoops to pander poisoned food to diseased appetites." This anger is, perhaps, pardonable when we discover that the publication of certain slanderous gossip concerning Hugh Errington has led to the death of his mother. It is always a pleasure to read Miss Forde's stories, for even when she is not at her best she is still distinctly above the average.

As its name implies, *A Crack County* is a sporting novel. It is of the rattling, amusing type now associated with the name of Mrs. Kennard, and is as good as any of its predecessors. The author's description of the members of the Morbey Anstead Hunt, or "The Mutual Adorationites," is very graphic, and by no means destitute of sly touches of sarcasm. It would be difficult to believe that there are such men as Lord Littlebrane and General Prosieboy, with their small meannesses and their large exclusiveness; but Mrs. Kennard writes as "one having authority," and we must perforce accept her drawing of character as lifelike. Happily there is a refreshing contrast in Robert, or "Rob" Jarrett, and Dot Lankester. Their fortunes and misfortunes as lovers will greatly interest the reader, for no novel consumer could exist on hunting fare alone. Jarrett is brought to death's door by a severe illness; but, of course, it is £100,000 to a china orange that he will recover, and he does. Neither we nor Dot Lankester can do without him. Mrs. Kennard, though evidently fond of sport, is not so prejudiced as to be unable to see the faults of its devotees.

Stephen Elderby is a placid English story with no unwholesome feverishness about it. Its sketches of the newly incorporated town of Dingeton, with its motley inhabitants, are amusing, but its real claim to notice is the de-

lineation of the unselfish hero Elderby. He is pre-eminently one of that class who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame"; and the way he gives up his own cherished plans and ideals has something really noble about it.

Miss Litchfield is a thoroughly original writer, and her latest story, *A Hard Won Victory*, will enhance her reputation. It is impossible to read five pages of it without feeling that the writer has a remarkable power of individualising character, or that she has something new to say upon questions which have agitated humanity in the past, and are agitating it now. She writes always with a high purpose, and not merely to amuse. Yet her sketches of character are marked both by humour and pathos, as Jean Ormsby, the heroine of her present narrative, the child Sibyl, old Mrs. Van Voorst, and the unctuous and selfish Rev. Dr. Warburton, abundantly demonstrate. There is something truly heroic in the life of Jean, and the means by which she secures "a hard-won victory" over the happiness which most other women would not have been able to forego. Dozens of striking things are scattered through these pages, from which we may select one or two. "A cheery face is as needful to the world as a noble heart." "It is depressing to know the world's great men too intimately." "To have missed happiness is to some natures as great a sorrow as the having lost happiness."

Very poor and amateurish from the literary point of view is the sensational shillingsworth, *The Dangerous Man*. Such phrases as "One glance of those bright eyes of yours are worth," &c., "You speak quite dramatic," "One pure character's trials does the reader more good," &c., are calculated to make Lindley Murray stir in his grave. As Mr. Weyman seems scarcely equal to exercises in simple English, it is a pity for him to use such words as "propædæutics" and "icteritions." On p. 150 the author rapturously describes the first kiss exchanged by his hero and heroine; but as long before (on p. 30) we had read of Willie Grant clasping the waist of the fair Rose Carron as her lover, he does not seem to have made the best use of his opportunities. This sketch is altogether very jejune both in conception and execution.

We are afraid that the chief objection urged by readers against *Through the Shadows* will be that they prefer to take their religious disquisitions and their novels at different times. When fiction and theology are combined to the extent they are here, the one is apt to spoil and neutralise the other. The author is not without talent, and he handles certain questions with skill; but a mystical hero and heroine have never yet been popular in a work of fiction, and we may take it for granted they never will. Mr. Moir will do well to remember this.

Inspector M'Govan's revelations of a city detective, which he publishes under the title of *Solved Mysteries*, do not belong to those exaggerated and sensational stories so much in vogue, in which imagination is a far more potent ingredient than fact. On the contrary, they are faithful transcripts of the seamy side of human life, bearing the stamp of actuality in almost every line. It is long

since we read sketches exhibiting such true and natural pathos as "Meg and Jess," "The Marked Cash-bag," "A Little Bread-stealer," and "Billy's Father." As a rule, detective stories only minister to an unhealthy excitement; but it is impossible to read many of these pages without feeling the finer emotions deeply touched, or confessing to a sympathy with some of those whose lives are cast in criminal grooves.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

GIFT-BOOKS.

The Book-Lover's Enchiridion. Fifth edition. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.) When the fourth edition of this now famous work came into our hands, we were satisfied that it was about as good a book on the subject as could be produced. It was, therefore, rather a surprise, when we examined the fifth edition, to find it was a distinct improvement on its predecessor. Mr. Alexander Ireland has subjected the whole of the work to diligent revision. He has omitted passages which seemed, on careful re-perusal, weak or inappropriate; and by this means, and, with the aid of an additional sheet or two, has made room for many new extracts. Five names have disappeared altogether. Several of the old authors are now more fully represented, and there are twenty or thirty fresh names, including Ben Jonson, Walter Scott, Shelley, and Whittier. New authors of our own day have not been overlooked. Mr. J. Rogers Rees, the writer of two companionable prose works concerning the love of books, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, our latest singer on the same theme, are represented, the latter by an original sonnet equal, we think, to anything he has written. Mr. Ireland's painstaking researches in the by-ways of literature have brought several good things to light. One is a striking passage from the letters of Archbishop de Porcé, a French ecclesiastic of the sixteenth century. It reads like a happy inspiration of Montaigne. Noteworthy, too, are the words of Viscount Lonsdale (pp. 101-2). Good judgment is shown alike in the omissions and the additions. A few names we were sorry to miss—Matthew Arnold and Hawthorne, for example. Is there nothing in the *Essays in Criticism* and in *The Old Manse* worthy to be quoted?

"One of the purposes of this volume," writes Mr. Ireland, in his interesting preface, "is to meet certain needs and moods of thoughtful minds, which seek in books, not amusement or mere passive enjoyment, but the inspiration and quickening influence of high aims and noble purposes."

Bringing together, as it does, the writings of other days and of our own, it opens the way to an instructive comparison—a comparison by no means unfavourable to the literary attainments of modern authors. Observe, says Mr. Ireland, how the best authors of the present century "have maintained the purity, strength, flexibility, and comprehensiveness of our language, in some instances reaching a splendour and vividness not previously attained in English literature." The study of style alone, he adds, afforded by these extracts, will be found "not unprofitable." Finally, paper more purely white and binding more tasteful are small, but not insignificant, additions to the special merits of this latest edition.

The first issue of the "Temple Library" (J. M. Dent & Co.) satisfies the expectations we had formed of it. It consists of *The Essays of Elia*, in two volumes, with the imprint of the Chiswick Press. The editor, Mr. Augustine Birrell, has wisely contented himself with some

fourteen pages of introduction, from which we may quote his

"belief that Lamb, feeling his own mental infirmity, and aware of the fearful lifelong strain to which he was to be subjected, took refuge in trifles seriously, and played the fool in order to remain sane."

He has followed the text of the original editions of the two series of essays (1823 and 1833), and has limited his notes to a few identifications of the persons referred to only by initials. Mr. Herbert Railton contributes six etchings, reproduced by photogravure. Perhaps the two most pleasing are "Cloister, Christ's Hospital," and "The Temple Church." The view of "Old Blakesware House" is apparently taken from the old water-colour drawing discovered by Canon Ainger, and published by him in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for January, 1886; but we think that Mr. Railton has failed to give the house sufficient dignity. So, again, with "Mackery End," we venture to say that every lover of Charles Lamb would think first of "the creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome," and not of the "tame villatic fowl."

THE latest addition to the harshly named series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets" (G. P. Putnam's Son's) likewise consists of *The Essays of Elia*, in two volumes—which may be taken as a fresh evidence of Lamb's perennial popularity. Considering the price—only one shilling per volume less than the "Temple Library," with no illustrations—we might have expected a wider margin; but the binding contains the prettiest tooling that we have seen anywhere on cloth.

Louisa of Prussia, and other Sketches. By the Rev. John Kelly. (Religious Tract Society.) This little book of 192 pages consists of short lives of Queen Louisa of Prussia, of Princess William of Prussia, of Princess Charles of Hesse, and of the Queen of Roumania. Queen Louisa was the mother, Princess William the aunt, and Princess Charles the cousin, of the Emperor William I. of Germany. There is a certain similarity of character and aims in the lives of these three ladies. Their biographies fitly follow each other; but the same cannot be said of Carmen Sylva. The Queen of Roumania is a German by birth and a Hohenzollern by marriage; but, beyond this, she has little in common with Prussia's famous queen, and still less with Princess William or Princess Charles. The reader must feel that his clerical cicerone is more at home with his Pomeranian than with his Roumanian heroine. The evangelical piety of the former appeals to his sympathy more than the romantic culture of the latter. He tells us, indeed, that the Christian faith of Queen Elizabeth is "deeper than comes out explicitly in her poems"; and he gives us the pathetic couplet which touched the heart of Charles Kingsley:

"ONLY ONE.

"From need and misfortune preserve it secure;
From sin keep its little heart, keep it aye pure;
Lead Thou it Thyself all its journey below,
One only I have, as Thou, Father, dost know."

Unfortunately for Roumania, Carmen Sylva is now a childless queen. The death of this only child will prove a danger to European peace, should Charles of Roumania die without heirs. The story of Queen Louisa of Prussia has been often told. It was her fate to share defeat with her husband; but few conquerors have ever been inspired by so heroic a spirit. She was also, what all saints and heroines have not been, a woman of a very observant and sagacious understanding. Speaking of Napoleon, she writes: "It would be blasphemy to say that God is with him; but he is manifestly an instrument in the hands of the Almighty in burying the old that has no more life in it, but

is overgrown with external things." Few, indeed, whether in or outside the Courts of Europe, were as enlightened as this queen, who saw in her own misfortunes the workings of a beneficent Providence. We must not close this short notice without commending the illustrations in the book.

The Lion of St. Mark. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.) In his new story Mr. Henty tries a fresh vein of romantic adventure, and works it admirably. He plants his hero, Francis Hammond (a lad of fifteen), in Venice, at the time when the great republic was struggling not only for the empire of the seas, but for her very existence against a hostile alliance of Hungary, Padua, and Genoa, and, with his help, depicts the intrigues of villains who are passionate in love and treacherous in politics. Gondolas, abductions, sea-fights, political councils, hairbreadth escapes, and what not, lead up to the usual triumph of virtue, valour, and constancy. Mr. Henty freely acknowledges his obligations, so far as the historical materials for his book are concerned, to *Haslett's History of Venice*; but the style in which he has utilised these is entirely his own, and a very entertaining and polished style it is. Mr. Henty has probably not published a more interesting story than this. He has certainly not published one in which he has been at such pains to rise to the dignity of his subject, while not forgetting that his main clientele is composed of boys who think more of incident than of such dignity. He supplies more love-making than is customary in books of this kind, but then Venice without this element would not be Venice at all. Besides, this love-making is associated with, and in a sense is subsidiary to, adventure. Mr. Henty's battle-pieces are admirable.

PERHAPS Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's new story of *Blue Lights*; or, *Hot Work in the Soudan* (Nisbet), contains a little too much about "Sailors' Institutes" and similar institutions—although these are undoubtedly doing a high moral and philanthropic work—but it is a spirited story of a boy's folly and a man's bravery. Miles Milton certainly goes through a great deal of what Mr. Ballantyne terms "hot work," including a meeting with the Mahdi, not to speak of the Mahdi's cousin, in the Soudan; and he does not emerge from it altogether uninjured, even although his heart's desire is attained and his fortunes are mended before the end of the book is reached. There is a good deal of rollicking fun in this volume, especially at the beginning, where Miles Milton, being mistaken for somebody else, falls into the hands of detectives, while the humour that is contributed to it by the stalwart, Tapelian, Jack Molloy is of the best quality. Like Mr. Henty, Mr. Ballantyne improves in finish as a storyteller for boys, without falling off in the slightest degree in enthusiasm or "go." He has certainly never written a better story than this.

Captain of the Wight: a Romance of Carisbrooke Castle in 1488. By Frank Cowper. (Seeley.) The hero of this story, or rather the personage after whom it is named, is Sir Edward Woodville (was not his actual title Earl Rivers?), the last "Lord and Captain of the Isle of Wight," who died in the battle of St. Aubin du Cormier. We should like the book better if it were not written in what has lately been rather cleverly nicknamed "Wardour Street English"; but there are probably still many readers to whom that dialect is not unpleasing; and, after all, it is easier to ridicule the pseudo-archaism in which Mr. Cowper has followed writers of greater note than to say what is the fitting kind of diction for historical romance relating to the fifteenth century. Mr. Cowper has read his history carefully, and his story is interesting, and told

with a good deal of animation. In the *Isle of Wight*, at all events, it is sure to be read with pleasure. The illustrations are drawn by the author, and are fairly good.

Under False Colours. By Sarah Doudney. (Blackie.) Most of Miss Doudney's gift-books are not easily distinguishable from novels, and this is especially true of *Under False Colours*. But for the school-girl deception, which is originated in the first chapter, and, in virtue of which Miss Cherry Dent passes herself off as Miss Cissy Dysart, we should have said that—in its central love-affair, in its humour, especially that which is contributed by the vulgarish uncle Barnaby, and, indeed, in all Cherry's adventures after she finds it impossible to continue sailing under false colours—this was decidedly a story for adults. The self-assertive Lady Rosanne and the generous General Bulstrode are also characters of the kind that Miss Doudney is especially capable of, and especially delights in, drawing. But whether this be considered a girl's book or a novel, it must be allowed to be well-planned and well-written. Next to the deception already mentioned as taking place in the beginning of the book, the moral which pervades it, and which is especially inculcated in the end, is the most juvenile feature of *Under False Colours*. The illustrations are especially notable. They have almost all the realism of photography.

Fireflies and Mosquitoes. By F. Frankfort Moore. (S. P. C. K.) The weakest thing about this story of adventures, hairbreadth escapes, and discoveries in natural history, is the start. Doctors are permitted, no doubt in virtue of professional privilege, to do eccentric things, more especially in boys' books; but it savours not a little of burlesque for Dr. Hope to send Captain Cromer and his son into the jaws of death to cure them of a weakness which is the result of a too comfortable life. Otherwise *Fireflies and Mosquitoes* is an interesting and instructive story, without being dreary or didactic. The dangerous and detestable "head hunters" of recent exploration are introduced into it very skilfully; it contains a whole host of well-managed battles. There are also two singularly good and thoroughly original characters in it—a courageous English naturalist and an American captain. Some chapters appear to drag a little, and occasionally the pill of science peeps out from the enclosing jam of narrative. But blemishes of this kind are few, and will be noticed only by the hypercritical.

MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has a manifestly great liking for improbability as a good thing to begin a story with. This is proved even more by his *Under Hatches* (Blackie) than by his *Fireflies and Mosquitoes*; for surely never did a boy find his way into a convict-ship in the manner in which Ned Woodthorpe does in this book. But once Ned finds his way there, all is the plainest sailing, so far, at all events, as the evolution of his adventures is concerned. *Under Hatches* is a bulkier book than *Fireflies and Mosquitoes*; but the narrative does not drag in the way in which it does in the shorter story. What with a mutiny of convicts, the adventures of one of their superintendents who has been cruelly punished for a crime of which he was not guilty, a fire on board-ship, and the appearances in different characters of Dr. Maitland, who is the good genius of the story, one is never allowed to get tired. Mr. Moore has never shown himself so thoroughly qualified to write books for boys as he has done in *Under Hatches*.

Mavis. By M. Bramston. (S. P. C. K.) Many of the gift-books issued this year by the S. P. C. K. at once challenge attention by their tasteful and attractive binding. The flight of

seagulls: on the cover of this book, for instance, is novel and truthfully drawn, and must needs please the reader even before a page is opened. Miss Bramston's stories are always simple and unaffected; and this tale of Mavis's love shows the power of constancy, rewarded at length by the happiness which marriage generally brings to those who have been faithful to each other during a long engagement. On the other hand her friend's hasty match is sadly contrasted, bringing with it trouble and a life-long sadness. The story is not unsuited to the present time, when so many engaged couples have to learn the lesson of patience.

Andrew Garth's Apprentices, by F. S. Potter (S. P. C. K.), reminds the reader of Hogarth's pictures of Industry and Idleness. The story of the apprentice who takes to poaching and of his rough awakening, often repeats itself in real life. This book is well suited for a village lending library.

Dodo; an Ugly Little Boy, by E. Everett-Green (S. P. C. K.), teaches the old lesson "handsome is that handsome does." A scene in which the old sexton, who is proud of his well-dug graves, is begged by a small boy to dig his own grave at once, in order to be certain that no one else shall dig it in a haphazard fashion, is full of quiet humour. Obedience to the stern calls of duty is insisted upon throughout the book, and the little hero's exploit at the end is well told. Mr. Nash's illustrations are commendable, and, in the last, he has certainly made Dodo sufficiently ugly.

John Trotte, by the Author of "Ruth Haliday" (S. P. C. K.), is founded on a real life, and dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. A. M. Bennett. The story takes us to Newfoundland, and many will be glad to read again of the devoted Bishop Feild.

Only a Fisher Boy (S. P. C. K.). This tale of trawling in the wild North Sea touches on its numberless perils, and the mischief caused by Dutch "coopers." It also introduces the value of religion, which is now, thanks in a great measure to the missionary efforts lately begun for the benefit of these fishermen on the Dogger Bank, taking root and bearing fruit in the crews of the fishing smacks.

Almost a Pauper, by E. Rentoul Esler (S. P. C. K.), having appeared first in *All the Year Round* was well worthy of being reprinted. A city waif, ill-treated at home, but full of determination, secures a passage to Australia as a stowaway. A powerfully-described passage in his future story—a bush fire—becomes the turning-point in his fortunes. If any fault can be found with this capital book for boys, it is that the waif's success in life is never chequered by losses or bad luck—an uncommon circumstance in Australian enterprise.

Will Trahair's Friends, by Mrs. J. Sitwell (S. P. C. K.), is a pleasant story of the Cornish coast, and *Polly Rivers; or, What must I Renounce?* by F. E. Reade (S. P. C. K.), will be found useful in the nursery library.

Onwards; or, The Brown Boy (S. P. C. K.), tells the struggles of a boy in a low position, who is upheld by good principles. The religious element is somewhat pronounced in this story, and might in many small readers produce an effect which the author would not desire.

On the Moor, by Mrs. J. Sitwell, and *In the Mutiny Days*, by E. E. Outhell (S. P. C. K.), suggest their own stories. In the first a boy bent on going to school is almost lost during a snowstorm. The second depicts some sad scenes in India. Both are well-written; and the tale of the Mutiny, and the heroism which its episodes called forth, should never be forgotten by English children.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press *Field and Hedgerow*, being the last essays of Richard Jefferies, collected by his widow.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has sent to press a new volume of poems, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of *A Reading of Earth*.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" will be *John Stuart Mill*, written by Mr. W. Leonard Courtney.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will issue immediately an English translation of M. J. J. Jusserand's excellent little book, which, when first published in 1884, bore the double title of "Les Anglais au moyen âge: la vie nomade et les routes d'Angleterre au 14^{me} siècle." The author has now added about one-third of new matter, and has himself supervised the translation of Miss Toulmin Smith. The French original was not illustrated; but the present volume will have a large number of reproductions from illuminated MSS. in the British Museum, &c.

MR. DAVID NUTT announces *The London County Council: its Duties and Powers*, by Mr. G. L. Gomme.

THE full title of M. de Chailu's long-promised work is *The Viking Age: Its Early History, Manners and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-speaking Nations*, illustrated from the Antiquities discovered in Mounds, Cairns, and Bogs, as well as from the Ancient Sagas and Eddas. It will be published by Mr. John Murray, in two volumes, with more than 1000 illustrations.

MESSRS. HODGES will publish during November *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries: an Attempt to illustrate the History of their Suppression*, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, Vol. II, completing the work; *The History and Fate of Sacrilege*, by Sir Henry Spelman, edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an introductory essay by two priests of the Church of England—new edition, with corrections, and some additional notes by the Rev. Dr. Bales; *The Dark Ages: a Series of Essays illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries*, by the late Dr. Maitland, keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth, a new and revised edition, with an introduction by Frederick Stokes.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish early next month a novel by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, in three volumes, entitled *This Wicket World*; also a sporting novel, by the Rev. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes, in two volumes, entitled *Her Last Run*. The Christmas number of *London Society* will be issued in the middle of November.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces, as the next issue in his "Novel Series," *Concerning Oliver Knox*, by Mr. G. Colmore. Its predecessors in this series were reprints of books that had already established their reputation; but this is a new book, offered at its first appearance at a very low price, so that the publisher may justly claim to be following the French custom.

The City of Faith: or, Notes and Gleanings in Religious Inquiry, is the title of a volume of essays by L. B. Bleau, announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for early publication.

THERE will shortly be published a seventh edition of Mr. Sydney Buxton's *Handbook to Political Questions*, with the arguments on either side. (John Murray.) The book has been considerably altered and enlarged, new subjects have been added, and many of the old sections—notably that on Home Rule—have been rewritten.

MR. FRANK MURRAY, of Derby and Nottingham, will shortly publish *Jolls and Jingles: Pastime Rhymes, principally for Children*—a new book of verses from the pen of Mr. Thos. Hutchinson, author of "Ballades of a Country Bookworm." Like its predecessor, the edition will be limited to 182 copies, of which fifty-two will be on large paper. It will be dedicated to Mr. Oscar Wilde.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. will issue shortly a new volume by the Rev. R. Menzies Fergusson, author of "Rambles in the Far North," &c. It is entitled, *Quiet Folk*, and consists of a series of character sketches and other chapters. It will be illustrated by Mr. John Lockhead, a young Edinburgh artist.

MESSRS. ILIFFE & SON are about to publish a work, entitled *The Indispensable Handbook to the Optical Lantern*, being a complete encyclopaedia on the subject of optical lanterns, slides, and accessory apparatus. A specially useful feature will be a *catalogue raisonné*, descriptive of all the different sets of slides now on sale.

A NEW edition of *Historical Families of Dumfriesshire and the Border Wars*, by Mr. C. L. Johnston, is in the press. It will be illustrated with pictures of some of the old castles and Border towers, as they were in the last century. Mr. Anderson, of Dumfries, is the publisher.

MR. EDWARD STANFORD, the geographical publisher, has now removed from Charing Cross and Spring Gardens to his new premises not far away, in Cockspur Street, which are large enough to accommodate under a single roof not only the various departments of map making, mounting, and selling, but also the immense store of Ordnance Survey maps that were formerly kept at the depot in St. Martin's Place. It is noteworthy that, though this is the second compulsory move that Mr. Stanford has had to make within a short period, he and his father have carried on business within hail of Charing Cross for six-and-thirty years.

THE tenth session of the Aristotelian Society will open on Monday next, November 5, when the presidential address will be delivered by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson on "Commonsense Philosophies." Among the papers promised in the early part of the session are—"The Growth of Moral Ideals," by Mr. S. Alexander; "The Theory of Moral Responsibility," by Mr. G. J. Romanes; and "The Empiricist Position," by Dr. A. Bain.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued *Hypatia* this month in their new edition of Kingsley's works. From the bibliographical note on the verso of the title-page, it is interesting to learn that *Hypatia* has been only less popular than *Westward Ho!* It first appeared in 1853, in two volumes; and a second edition was not called for till 1856, nor a third till 1863. But since 1869 it has been reprinted, no less than sixteen times, while *Westward Ho!* has been reprinted twenty-one times in the same number of years. We wonder, by the way, whether there is any artificial price in the market for first editions of Kingsley?

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AS Glasgow started, a few months ago, an art magazine, so Edinburgh before the year closes will have a weekly journal, to be called the *Scots Observer: a Record and a Review of Current Politics, Literature, and Art*. Its special object, as its title implies, is to provide a means of expressing national aspirations and of discussing national aims; but it will show no tendency towards the movement for Scottish Home Rule. On the contrary, it will "give a hearty support to the constitutional principles necessary for the maintenance of the

unity of the empire," though it will be free from the control of any political organisation. Special attention is promised for matters affecting India and the colonies, while sport, agriculture, and archaeology will not be neglected. The printers are Messrs. T. & A. Constable; and we understand that the editor was formerly well-known on the staff of the *Scotsman*.

We understand that the representatives of the late Mr. Richard Proctor have sold the copyright of *Knowledge* to Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., who intend to continue it as an illustrated magazine, devoting more space to physics, biology, &c., and excluding articles of a controversial nature on theological and allied questions.

WHAT will probably attract most popular interest in the November number (published on the 15th) of the *Universal Review* is a series of articles on "The Progress of Woman," by half a dozen ladies, each of whom will deal with the department of the subject on which she is most competent to speak: thus, Mrs. Henry Fawcett writes on the political education of the sex; Miss Clough, of Newnham, on the extension of the higher education; Mrs. Scherlieb on the advance in medical and scientific studies; Mrs. Fenwick Miller on the legal status of women; Mrs. William Harrison (Lucas Malet) on literature; Miss Rhoda Garrett on women of business. The progress of the sex in art will be shown by actual examples, drawings having been specially made for this purpose by the following: Miss Dorothy Tennant, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Henrietta Bos, Mrs. Perugini, Mme. Canziani, Miss Nettie Huxley, Miss Jessie Macgregor, Miss Ethel King, Mrs. Cecil Lawson, &c.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE visitatorial board at Oxford has granted leave of absence during next term to Prof. Freeman, in order to enable him to prosecute historical researches in Sicily. As before, Mr. F. York Powell will act as his deputy.

As Prof. Moseley's health continues to be such as to prevent him from performing his duties as Linacre professor of anatomy at Oxford, it has become necessary to appoint a deputy for one year from January next. Hitherto Dr. Hickson has been lecturing for him.

PROF. POLLOCK—Sir Henry Maine's successor in the chair of jurisprudence at Oxford, and also one of his literary executors—will deliver a public lecture on Saturday next, November 10, upon "Sir H. Maine's Contributions to the Study of Law."

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, Slade professor of fine art at Oxford, will deliver two lectures—on Wednesday and Thursday of next week upon "Water-Colour." Each lecture will be delivered twice—in the morning and the afternoon, the audience in the afternoon being limited to members of the university.

THE council of the senate at Cambridge propose to confer the honorary degree of Doctor in Music upon Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the new principal of the Royal Academy of Music; and also upon Prof. Villiers Stanford, the successor of Sir George Macfarren in the university chair of music.

It will be remembered that, a short time ago, St. John's College at Oxford succeeded in obtaining permission from the University to be relieved from its immediate obligation of endowing the chair of Arabic, on the ground of poverty. The same question—arising, of course, from the diminution of agricultural rents, and of tithes in particular—has come up at Cambridge. The council there has proposed a new statute, which will have the effect of

reducing for several years the total amount of the contributions from the colleges to the common university fund, as compared with the scale of augmentation framed by the Commissioners; and which will also enable the chancellor to reduce still further the contribution in the case of any particular college. It appears that the aggregate income of all the colleges has fallen from £231,265 in 1883 to £211,798 in 1888; while the aggregate amount divisible among the heads and fellows has fallen from £110,902 in 1882 to £84,395 in 1887. Another calculation makes the present net income nearly thirty per cent. lower than that of 1871. We do not know whether corresponding figures have been published for Oxford.

DR. E. B. TYLOR is lecturing at Oxford this term upon "Race, Language, and Civilisation."

ON Thursday of last week Magdalen College, Oxford, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the president and fellows, after their historic expulsion by James II.

PROF. CHANDLER has published (Oxford: Blackwell) *Some Observations on the Bodleian Classified Catalogue*, in which he protests, with characteristic vigour of language, against the further continuance of an undertaking which, it appears, dates from 1878, but is still in a very inchoate—not to say, nebulous—stage. The impossibility of classifying the entire contents of such a collection of books as that in the Bodleian—at least, in any way that would be useful to the student—would seem manifest to all, even without the warning example of the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale. But the curators, at their meeting on October 26, resolved (by a majority of 5 to 4) to continue the hopeless work; and against that decision Prof. Chandler now appeals to the university at large.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for October 31 prints some curious statistics showing the proportion of candidates who have been successful in the several examinations. Taking the final examinations for honours only, we find that in the three smaller schools of natural science, mathematics, and oriental studies, all those who entered appeared somewhere in the class list; while in *Literae Humaniores* the corresponding proportion was 94 per cent., and in theology only 86 per cent.

We understand that the list of candidates for the chair of archaeology at University College, London, vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Newton, includes the following: Mr. R. S. Poole, keeper of the coins at the British Museum; Mr. Ernest Gardner, director of the British School at Athens; Mr. Telford Ely, formerly secretary to University College, who has spent the last two years in Berlin, studying archaeology; Mr. L. R. Farnell, of Exeter College, Oxford; and Miss Jane E. Harrison, author of *Introductory Studies in Greek Art*.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

THE merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round at Fowey! *
They whirl around, they gallop around, man, woman, and girl, and boy;
They circle on wooden horses, white, black, brown, and bay,
To a loud monotonous tune that hath a trumpet bray.
All is dark where the circus stands on the narrow quay,
Save for its own yellow lamps, that illumine it brilliantly,

* Pronounced *Foy*.

Painted purple and red, it pours a broad strong glow
Over an old-world house with a pillared place below;
For the floor of the building rests on bandy columns small,
And the bulging plaie may, tattering, suddenly bury all.
But there upon wooden benches, hunched in the summer night,
Sit wrinkled sires of the village awe, whose hair is white;
They sit like the mummies of men, with a glare upon them cast
From a rushing flame of the living, from their own mad past.
They are watching the merry-make, and their face is very grave;
Over all are the silent stars! beyond, the cold grey wave.
And white I gaze on the galloping horses circling round,
The men careering up and down to a weird, monotonous sound,
I pass into a bewilderment, and marvel why they go;
It seems the earth revolving, with our vain to and fro!
For the young may be glad and eager, but some ride listlessly,
And the old look on with a weary, dull, and lifeless eye;
I know that in an hour the fair will all be gone;
Stars shining over a dreary void, the Deep have sound alone.
I gaze with orb suffused at human things that flig,
And I am lost in the wonder of our dim destiny. . . .
The merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round at Fowey!
They whirl around, they gallop around, man, woman, and girl, and boy.

RODEN NOEL.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE October number of the *English Historical Review* (Longmans) contains several notable articles, among which we must certainly include two reviews by Lord Acton—(1) of H. C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," and (2) the Rev. Dr. J. F. Bright's "History of England, 1837-1880." In the former, Neander is branded as "the ponderous professor of pectoral theology"—we commend the epithet to Dr. J. A. H. Murray's readers; and from the latter we learn that the Duke of Wellington, in Peel's great administration, "came to be treated as an august bore." Among the articles proper, Prof. E. O. K. Gonner prints documents to show that the first settlement of Australia, just one hundred years ago, had in view secondary objects nobler than a mere criminal establishment; the Rev. Dr. E. Moore tells the story of the re-discovery of the actual bones of Dante (not in the traditional tomb) in 1865; Mr. W. A. Shaw writes on Presbyterianism under Elizabeth, to which he would give the distinctive name of "Cartwrightism"; and Lieut.-Col. W. E. Ross collects and analyses the evidence showing that the battle of Naseby was really won by reason of superior numbers. His arguments, we hope, are not too late to be considered by Mr. S. R. Gardiner in his forthcoming volume. The section entitled "Notes and Documents"—not always, by the way, to be readily distinguished from "Articles"—opens with a recantation by Prof. E. A. Freeman in the matter of the parentage of Gundrada, the wife of William of Warren. In opposition to the view maintained by him in the latest edition of his "History of the Norman Conquest," and also in a correspondence in the *ACADEMY*, he now admits himself a convert to the opinion of Mr. Chester Waters—"than whom no man better deserves to be listened to on any point of genealogy, especially of the Norman genealogy

of the eleventh and twelfth centuries"—that Gundrada was the daughter neither of King William nor of Queen Matilda, and that the charters which so allege are forgeries. The Rev. George G. Perry prints a visitation of the monastery of Thame in 1527, which will be useful in correcting the tendency at present in fashion of believing no evil of the monks at the time of the dissolution. And, finally, Mr. C. E. Doble gives us a "chip" from his "Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne," consisting of letters in the Bodleian, written from Prussia at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the Rev. William Ayerst, secretary to Lord Raby (afterwards Earl of Strafford), the English Ambassador.

THE current number of the *Folklore Journal* (Elliot Stock) contains a further instalment of Miss Dempster's valuable collection of legends from Sutherland. It is, we think, noticeable that, out of four other papers, two more are concerned with the Scotch Highlands, one with Ireland, and one with Servia. England is thus nowhere represented.

MESSRS. DIGBY & LONG'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NOVEL in three volumes, by E. Owens Blackburn, author of "A Woman Scorned"; "The Mystery of Askdale," by Edith Herand; "Bairnie," by Lillias Lovenhoffer; "Three Friends," by Zola; "The Belvidere; or, The Warning Maiden," by William Dwaris; "Ethel Granville," by Euphrosina; "A Woman Put to the Test," by Percy G. Ebbutt; "Was Her Marriage a Failure?" by R. Brownlow; "Sam Saddleworth's Will," by M. Scott-Taylor; "A Mexican Mystery," by W. Grove; "Chiel and I; or, Our Wedding Tour"; "Three Christmas Eves," by H. Huddleston (new edition); "Mad by Act of Parliament; or, Groans from Helpless Victims" (new edition), by Percy Dane; "In Other Lands," by Caroline Gearey; "The Life and Times of John Knox," by the Rev. B. Wilkes Gosse; "Essays on Popular Subjects"—Gladstone, Ritualism and Ritual—The Fallacies of Darwinian Evolution—The Modern Strafford and his Policies of Consolidation—Socialism in the North; its Aims and its Fallacies, by Samuel Fothergill; "Poems," by Arthur Stanley; "Ocean Echoes from the Lincolnshire Coast," illustrated.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARRIER, Auguste. *Nouvelles études littéraires et artistiques*. Paris: Bouquaire. 3 fr. 50 c.
BLÉMONT, E. *Wattignies, 15 et 16 octobre, 1793*. Paris: Lib. illustrée. 25 fr.
BODE, W., u. H. v. Tschudi. *Beschreibung der Bildwerke der christlichen Epoche der künigl. Museen zu Berlin*. Berlin: Spemann. 30 M.
DARLÉ Ph. *Renaissance physique*. Paris: Hetzel. 3 fr.
DEGRENY, Jules. *Londres: croquis réalistes*. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.
HALAY, L. *Notes et souvenirs (de Mai à Décembre 1871)*. Paris: Bousquet. 150 fr.
HUSCH, Valdor de. *Les opérations en campagne antérieures et aujourd'hui*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 10 fr.
LECOMTE, L. Henry. *Un comédien au XIX^e siècle: Frédéric-Lemaître*. Paris: 10 rue du Dôme. 15 fr.
MALT, Hector. *Mondaine*. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
OHLBACH, H. *Die florentiner Niobegruppe*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.
FLOWART, J. *Petit Glossaire pour servir à l'intelligence des auteurs décadents et symbolistes*. Paris: Vanier. 3 fr.
RAYET, O. *Études d'archéologie et d'art, p. p. Salomon Reinach*. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
STURMHOFFEL, A. *Scène der Alten u. Bühne der Neuzeit*. Berlin: Ernst & Korn. 8 M.
THOMAS, Le Général. *Autour du Drapeau 1789-1899*. Paris: Le Vasseur. 50 fr.
WIESELE, F. *Archäologische Beiträge*. 1. Abth. Göttingen: Dieterich. 3 M.

LAW AND HISTORY.

- BRUNGUER, R. *Die Colonisliste v. 1699. Rôle général des français réfugiés dans les états de sa Sérénité électorale de Brandebourg, comme ils se sont trouvés au 31 Decbr. 1699*. Berlin: Mittler. 18 M.
BRETIN, G. *Madame de Lamballe*. Paris: Lib. de la Revue Rétrospective. 10 fr.
CORTIN, P. *Un protégé de Beaumont*. Paris: Lib. de la Revue Rétrospective. 5 fr.
DIGMAY, P. *Histoire de la médecine et des médecins à travers les âges*. Paris: Renouard. 5 fr.
KÖHNKE, O. *Wibert v. Ravenna (Papst Clemens III.)*. Leipzig: Velt. 3 M. 50 Pf.
MAHREHOLTZ, R. *Geschichte der ersten französischen Revolution. Ihre Entwicklung bis zur Auflösung d. Convents. (1793-1795)*. Leipzig: Wigand. 4 M.
MAROFFE, Edgar de. *Le Principauté de Liège et les Pays-Bas au XVI^e siècle*. T. 1. Bruxelles: Van Trigt. 15 M.
MEYER, W. *Epistolae imperatorum romanorum ex collectione canonum Avellana*. II. Göttingen: Dieterich. 80 Pf.
NYS, E. *Notes pour servir à l'histoire littéraire et dogmatique du Droit international en Angleterre*. 1^{re} Partie. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 3 fr. 50 c.
PATRY, A. *Geschichte der Stadt Teschen*. Teschen: Prochaska. 4 M. 50 Pf.
PRITZER, A. *Die Johanniskirche zu Gmünd u. Bischof Walther I. v. Augsburg (1138-1154)*. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 3 M. 50 Pf.
RANKS, L. v. *Abhandlungen u. Versuche*. Neue Sammlg. Hrg. v. A. Dove u. Th. Wiedemann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 12 M.
ROUSSET, O. *Le Comte de Gisors, 1738-1758*. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
VOGUE, Le Marquis de. *Villars d'après sa correspondance et des documents inédits*. Paris: Plon. 16 fr.
WALLASCHKE, R. *Studien zur Rechtsphilosophie*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M.
WÄUERMANN, Le Général. *Napoléon et Carnot: épisode de l'histoire militaire d'Anvers (1803-1815)*. Brussels: Muquardt. 5 fr.
WEIZSÄCKER, J. *Die Urkunden der Appobation König Ruprecht's*. Berlin: Reimer. 5 M.
WERNER, O. *Lehrbuch der Pseudektis*. Jena: Fischer. 15 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AUWER, A. *Neue Reduction der Bradley'schen Beobachtungen aus der J. 1750 bis 1767*. 3. Bd. St. Petersburg. 9 M. 50 Pf.
EICHENHORN, A. *Die Akustik grosser Räume nach altgriechischer Theorie*. Berlin: Ernst & Korn. 3 M. 50 Pf.
MEYER, E. v. *Geschichte der Chemie von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart*. Leipzig: Velt. 9 M.
RAWITZ, B. *Der Mantelrand der Cephalen*. 1. Th. Ostroeca. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
RÜLIG, J. *Wissenschaft d. Weltgedankens u. der Gedankenwelt. System u. neuen Metaphysik*. 2. Thl. Wissenschaft der Gedankenwelt. Leipzig: Friedrich. 8 M.
SOHNKE, A. *Die fossilen Pflanzenreste*. Breslau: Trevenant. 10 M. 50 Pf.
SCHULTZ, F. E. *Ueb. die inneren Kiemten der Brachyuranlarven*. I. Berlin: Reimer. 7 M. 50 Pf.
SCHWARTZ, A. *Ueb. die Wechselbeziehung zwischen Haemoglobin u. Protoplasma*. Jena: Fischer. 1 M. 50 Pf.
STAHL, E. *Pflanzen u. Schnecken*. Jena: Fischer. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- GRASSBERGER, L. *Studien zu den griechischen Ortsnamen*. Würzburg: Stabel. 8 M.
MONUMENTA linguae palaeoslovenicae collecta et in lucem edita. Cura et opera Ae. Kaluzniacki. Tom. 1. *Evangelium Putnamum*. Teschen: Prochaska. 30 M.
RANISCH, W. *Zur Kritik u. Metrik der Hymnismal*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.
RAWACK, P. *De Platonis Timaei quaestiones criticae*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.
SACHAU, E. *Indo-arabische Studien zur Aussprache u. Geschichte d. Indischen in der ersten Hälfte d. XI. Jahrhunderts*. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLLECTIO CANONUM HIBERNENSIS.

Youghal: Oct. 11, 1888.

The Codex San-Germanensis (Wasserschleben's No. 3) contains a corrupt and fragmentary entry at the end of the Hibernensis, which is of importance with respect to that collection.

In *Die irische Kanonensammlung* (xxxi. 243) it is given as follows:

"Hucusque Ruben et cu cui miniae et durinis."

Mr. Bradshaw, who marks (ib. lxxvii.) the MS. as examined by himself, gives (lxxii.) the variants—*nuben, cu, cuimniae, du rinis*. The sentence, Mr. Stokes says (ACADEMY, No. 845), "may easily be emended":

"Huc usque Ruben et Cu-cumme et du [Dai]-rinis."

But he has not essayed to translate *du* [Dai]-rinis. I propose to restore thus:

"Huc usque Ruben et Cucumme et du [Dai]rinis [dóib]"

"Thus far (composed) R. and C. and to D. [they] (belonged)."

Huc usque was employed, as a different subject followed in the MS. (xxxi.). For *du Dairinis dóib*, compare the marginal note in the *Priscian* of St. Gall, fol. 194 a: *Do Inis Maddoc dán i. meisse et choirbbre*—"To I. M. we (belong), namely, myself and C."

With reference to the persons, "I know nothing of Ruben" is the candid confession of Mr. Whitley Stokes (*loc. cit.*). I trust, therefore, I shall have his thanks for recalling his attention to the authorities which, we are left to infer, he had before him when he made this avowal. But the edition of the *Book of Hymns* is so scarce that it is tolerably safe to copy Todd without acknowledgment nowadays.

Annals of Ulster, A.D. 724 [recte 725]:

"Colman humach, scriba Ardmachae; Rubin, mac Conad, scriba Muman [of Munster]; filius Broccain o Thagha Teille [from, i.e., of, Tehelly, King's Co.]; qui magister bonus Evangelii Christi erat, . . . omnes dormierunt (O'D., i. 319)."

I quote the first obit to exhibit the manner in which the Rolls' edition of the Tripartite has been executed. This is the Colman who is said in two places to have written concerning St. Patrick. But, at the first reference (60), it should be mentioned that the name is not given in the Egerton copy. The second (256) is not supplied in the index. The congruity of an Armagh scribe recounting the acts of the national Apostle is obvious.

Rubin of the Annals and Ruben of the colophon are, it may be safely concluded, one and the same. The following shows how the *Four* (so-called) *Masters* dealt with the materials at their disposal:

"A.D. 720. S. Ruibin, mac mic Connad, scribheoir Muman, mac sidhe Broccain o Tigh Telle [déce]—St. B., son of the son of C., scribe of Munster (this [was] son of B. of Tehelly), [died]."

'Tis hard to treat incompetency like this with patience. First, *filius* is erroneously referred to B. Then, to surmount the difficulty that he thereby became son of B. and son of C., *mic*—of the son—is unwarrantably inserted, thus making B. the father and C. the grandfather. The true construction might have been learned from the old version of the Annals of Clonmacnoise:

"Rubyn, chief scribe of Mounster, died; and the son of Brogainne of Tehill, who was a good preacher and divine."

Worst of all, led astray by O'Clery and his fellows, O'Donovan (i. 319) corrects Maceoghagan, to equate R. and the son of B. Fortunately, in the interests of historical truth, the original authority has been preserved. Otherwise, some modern sciolist would, perhaps, arise to quote the clumsy forgery of Brother Michael in proof that we had married monks in Ireland in the seventh century.

Respecting Cucumme, Mr. Bradshaw (*ubi sup.*, lxxii.) strangely took him for the compiler of the well-known penitential bearing that name. But the identification, which was not difficult, has been accomplished by Mr. Stokes.

He is the same C. whose death is recorded in the Ulster Annals, A.D. 747: "Cucumme sapiens obiit." He was also author of a rhymed Latin hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The first couplet may be quoted to show how the native pronunciation of "Maria" was retained:

"Cantemus in omni die, concinentes varie, Conclamantes Deo dignum hymnum sanctae Mariae."

The second, in addition, describes, and gives a reason for, antiphonal singing :

"Bis per chorum, hinc et inde, collaudamus
Mariam,
Ut vox pulset omnem aurem per laudem vic-
tiam."

Joining the two names R. and C. proves that the compilation was a joint work. The date of the *Hibernensis* is accordingly to be fixed in the first quarter of the eighth century.

Finally, regarding the locality. About two miles above this town the Blackwater, changing a short westerly course, flows south to the sea. At the turn, to the west, opens a valley about the width of the river. Through it runs a tiny tributary. Owing to the action of the tide, the expanse daily assumes the appearance of a lake. Here, to the left as you go up stream, with its tall trees and ivied ruins nestling under the northern bank, lies diminutive Darinis, now, as of old, the "Oak-Island." Though at present united at two points with the mainland, the insular formation is readily recognisable. Embosomed amid wood-clad heights, and looking out upon sunlit waters, the place in its quiet beauty fulfils the ideal of a home for the scholar and the poet.

The monastery was founded at the opening of the sixth century by St. Melanfaid. But few of his successors have had their names registered in the *Annals*: due, perhaps, chiefly to the fact that the extant chronicles deal for the most part with affairs of the West and North. One of them, it is of interest to note, died in the same year as Ocuimne. He was named *Ferda-chrich*, "man of two districts"; so-called, doubtless, from being connected by family with two adjacent territories. The islet is in Waterford, just without the boundary of Cork.

Thus, after a lapse of more than eleven hundred years, thanks to the fact that one of its literary treasures was carried over sea, this hitherto unknown school vindicates the honour of having digested and illustrated the disciplinary enactments of the Early Irish Church.

B. MACCARTHY.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Oct. 30, 1888.

The Buddha once asked the brethren of the order to tell him who among them should receive the place of honour and other like marks of reverence. Some said those of the highest birth, others said those of the greatest knowledge, others said those of the greatest spiritual attainments. Then the Buddha told them a story.

A partridge, monkey, and elephant, dwelling near a great Banyan tree in the Terai, were friends. But they had no settled customs as to precedence and courtesy. Then it occurred to them to find out which was the oldest among them. So the elephant was first asked how far back he could remember. He said: "Friends, when I was quite a little elephant I used to walk over this Banyan tree, and its topmost twig rubbed against my stomach."

But the monkey said: "Friends, when I was quite a little monkey I could gnaw the topmost twig of the tree as I squatted on the ground."

Then the partridge said: "Friends, there used to be another Banyan tree. One day, after eating of its fruit, I voided a seed here. Hence this tree."

So they agreed to honour and reverence the partridge, as he was the oldest, and he trained the others in obedience to the Five Precepts. Thenceforward they lived together in so beautiful a harmony that it became a proverb, and was known as "the beautiful life

of the partridge." And they three went, after death, to heaven.

'Tis those who reverence the old
Who come to know what's right and true;
Worthy of praise while in this life,
They're happy in the life to come.

(Summarised from *Vinaya Texts*, vol. iii., pp. 192-194.)

The Buddhists, in using the old legend for their ethical purposes, have retained the ancient idea of the great age of birds. And their version of the story is interesting as having a date. The texts in which it occurs cannot be much later than 400 B.C.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

JUNIOR RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

Oxford: Oct. 23, 1893.

If Mr. Jacobs were as well acquainted with the Bible as with the law of inheritance of every sort of tribe, antediluvian and post-diluvian he could have proved much more easily from 1 Sam. xvi. 6-11 than from 1 Sam. xvii. 14 that I was wrong in not admitting as a certainty that David was the youngest child. But, on the other hand, while the Book of Samuel mentions eight sons of Jesse, the Chronicler enumerates by name only seven, together with two daughters (1 Chron. ii. 13-16) not mentioned in the Book of Samuel. Where, then, is the evident proof that David was the youngest of all the children of Jesse? Had Mr. Jacobs any notion of textual criticism he would have discovered that the words in 2 Kings iii. 27—"that should have reigned in his stead"—are said by the historian in accordance with the custom of his time, when the firstborn had already the acknowledged right of succession; and had he discovered this, he would have omitted the very colloquial expression that my theory (in fact, I have none but a negative one) "can blow hot and cold." Does his theory, to imitate his bad example, not blow a little its own trumpet? I am sorry for the omission in Genesis that Ishmael and Esau were sacred. The reason for this omission is most likely that these two names represent tribes or eponyms, while Isaac does not. As to Manasseh, it must be remembered that the scene of the story is laid in Egypt and not in Canaan. Very strange it is, indeed, to adduce as an argument for the junior right of women the fact that Rachel appropriated the *Teraphim* without apparently any knowledge of Laban or Jacob. May I be allowed to ask Mr. Jacobs how his theory stands as regards the succession of Eleazar as high priest in preference to his youngest brother Hamar, as given in Numbers xx. 25-28?

A. NEUBAUER.

DOES OLD-ENGLISH "NEOWEL" MEAN "DARK"?

Oxford: Oct. 27, 1898.

Into what strange places does a man wander when he leaves the plain paths of the clear and obvious, and deviates unhappy into the tangled thickets of the whimsical and paradoxical! In order to justify a bran-new picturesque epithet, or to indulge in a capricious love of novelty, Mr. York Powell arbitrarily creates a difficulty out of a perfectly plain and easy Old-English word, and then attempts to solve this phantom obscurity by the help of an entirely obscure Icelandic word, so rare and difficult as only to be tentatively guessed at by the learned Vigfusson in his great dictionary. Mr. York Powell's poetical imagination was charmed with the idea of "The Dark Cliff of the Dead," and therefore *neowel* must needs lose its common well-ascertained meaning—"deep, profound," and must be made to mean "dark." It must at once be denaturalised; it must be adjudged

to be an alien of dubious origin; an English spelling of *níðl*, an exceedingly rare Icelandic word, of unknown meaning, kidnapped at some unknown time, in some unknown place, from the Gaelic—at least so guesses Vigfusson in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i., p. lx. In his second letter Mr. Powell is bold enough to assume that the original sense of *neowel* was "dark," and that the meanings "cernuus, profundus" (the only meanings in the glosses and Biblical versions) are secondary and derivative. I would ask him with all earnestness if he can bring one atom of evidence in support of this wayward contention. I would ask him, first, on what grounds he rejects in the *Judith* passage the ordinary, well-ascertained meaning of *neowel*, namely "profound, abysmal"; and, secondly, on what grounds he asserts that the primary meaning of *neowel* is "dark"—a meaning nowhere found in Old-English texts.

Mr. York Powell's theory of the development of the meanings of *neowel* is absolutely contradicted by the extremely probable etymology of the word suggested by Sievers in his *Angelsächsische Grammatik*, 2nd edit., p. 16, where *neol*, "pronus," is referred to a primitive **ni-hald*, through the forms *niol* (Corp.), *nihol* (Ep.-Erf.), and **nihold*, for illustration of which see Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*, glossary, p. 491 (s.v. "ni-hold"), and p. 618 (s.v. "neolnis"). The mysterious Icelandic word *níðl* is probably an independent cognate form, meaning "profound"; for the form see Noreen, *Alt-nordische Grammatik*, § 103. I would also refer Mr. York Powell to the Wright-Wülker Vocabularies, 503.25, 41.32, 26.27, 372.9, to Skeat's *Matthew*, 8.32 (Corp., Halt.), also to Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, ed. Stallybrass, p. 806.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE SHEFFIELD GLOSSARY.

25, Oakdale-road, Sheffield: Oct. 15, 1893.

Mr. Bradley's criticism of this book is, in some respects, so unfair that I cannot allow his remarks to pass unnoticed.

The reviewer begins by saying:

"Mr. Addy has evidently no such thorough knowledge of the Sheffield dialect as Mr. Elworthy or Mr. Darlington possess of the dialects of which they respectively treat, and probably only a small portion of his material has been verified by his own personal observation. On this account, and also on account of the entire absence of any guide to the pronunciation, the work cannot quite claim a place in the best class of dialect glossaries."

To this I reply that every word in the glossary, except those which are otherwise indicated—and these form an inconsiderable portion of the work—has been carefully verified by me. I do not say that I have heard every word in actual conversation, for words have frequently been mentioned to me by those who knew that I was engaged in the compilation of a glossary. For instance, a few days ago I was asked whether I had heard the word "blikken," as in the phrase "the sun *blikkens* on the window." I at once referred to Stratmann, where I found *blikken*, to shine, so that I had good reason for believing that the word was a genuine bit of old English. But I was not satisfied with my informant's unsupported statement. I asked others, mostly old people, and their prompt replies showed me that they knew the word well. Now I call this personal observation. Furthermore, there is not an "entire absence of any guide to the pronunciation" in the glossary. I have not used the glossic notation, because I do not understand it; but I have indicated the length of vowels in cases where I thought there might be a doubt in the mind of the reader, and I have otherwise marked the pronunciation, in doubtful cases, to the best of my ability. I need not give examples. They are plentiful all through the book.

The reviewer then regrets that I have not referred to the evidence which shows "that Sheffield is on, or near, the boundary of a distinct dialectal subdivision." I have said (p. viii.) that "the difference between the dialect spoken in the villages of the Northern High Peak and that spoken within a circuit of five miles or more round the parish church of Sheffield is very marked"; and I have devoted a whole chapter of the introduction to "the geographical or ethnological position of Sheffield as regards dialect" (p. xxviii.).

We are next told that

"Mr. Addy has not imitated the caution of Mr. Elworthy with regard to etymological speculations. Some of his conjectures are both ingenious and correct; but it is a pity that he did not submit his MS. to the judgment of some tolerable philologist, who would have saved him from printing such wild fancies as the comparison of *hoil* (the regular dialectal form of *hole*) with the Greek *κοίλος*."

I pass by the reflection on my power of judgment and scholarship implied in the words "etymological speculation," "conjectures," and "tolerable philologist" to the one specific charge which Mr. Bradley makes against my etymologies. The "tolerable philologist" whom I consulted in this particular instance, and who is responsible for the "wild fancy" is Dr. Stratmann, whose *Old English Dictionary* Mr. Bradley is reported to be editing for the Clarendon Press! Dr. Stratmann, under the word *hol* (in the Sheffield dialect *hoil*) suggests a connexion with the Greek *κοίλος*. Dr. Stratmann advanced the suggestion with a query, and so did I.

As to my derivations of local names, I am said to be "often right" but "quite as often wholly wide of the mark." In support of this statement fault is found with my tentative suggestions as to the derivation of *Unsliven Bridge*, and *Unthank*; and Mr. Bradley advances two speculations—for they are nothing better—of his own in refutation of my suggestions. They are both far-fetched, and the evidence upon which they rest is more slender than that which supports my own.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Bradley, "it may seem unfair to Mr. Addy to pick out in this way the worst parts of what is after all a serviceable and interesting book; but, in reviewing a work of this kind, fault-finding is the only kind of detailed criticism that is possible."

This is a new rule in criticism, and one which I should be sorry to see adopted as a precedent. I should have thought, for instance, that a candid reviewer might have pointed out some valuable and hitherto unrecorded words in such a work as this. And I should have thought that a philologist and a dictionary-maker would have welcomed such additions to English philology and literature with, at least, some approbation.

Finally, the reviewer would

"like to impress on all intending authors of future glossaries that the funds of the society cannot be wasted on printing useless or irrelevant matter without its power of producing valuable work being to that extent diminished."

I suppose these words are intended to apply to the bits of folklore, local names, accounts of games, &c., which I have introduced into the glossary. Such matter may be "useless and irrelevant" in the eye of a mere phonetician, or of Mr. Bradley, but it would have been pleasing to such a philologist as Jacob Grimm, and it will be acceptable, I doubt not, to the members of the English Dialect Society. Mr. Nodal, the secretary of the society, wrote to me last July to say that my glossary is "a valuable and most interesting addition" to the series of books published by the society.

I am collecting material for a supplement or a second edition, which material I should be most happy to submit before publication

to Mr. Bradley, or any other "tolerable philologist." Notwithstanding Mr. Bradley's approbation on this point, the vocabulary of my glossary is very far from being "remarkably complete." I am getting new and good words nearly every day. For instance, yesterday I got "chrisom" (with a long *i*) in the sentence, "Do you think I'd marry such an old *chrisom* as you?" I also got "hollock," a hollow or valley—a word which bids fair to settle the meaning of the disputed Old English *healh*. It seems to me that such words as these are worth a good deal of "phonetic information." I am quite sensible of the value of phonetics, but, after all, the words themselves are the most important.

S. O. ADDY.

London: Oct. 30, 1888.

Mr. Addy's letter affords me a welcome opportunity of confessing that my criticism, now that I see it in print, strikes me as likely to be understood in a more unfavourable sense than that in which I intended it. Although the *Sheffield Glossary* cannot be placed in the first class which has to be specially created for Mr. Elworthy's glossary and one or two more, it seems to me decidedly above the average level of similar works; and I regret that I did not make this more clear. It appears from Mr. Addy's explanation that his material has been to a greater extent verified by personal inquiry than I, judging (as I thought) from internal evidence, had supposed to be the case.

With this acknowledgment I should have preferred to conclude my note; but Mr. Addy's attempts to defend what is really indefensible compel me to reaffirm the particular criticisms to which he objects. I will try to deal as briefly as possible with each of the points which he has raised.

(1.) I am quite certain that any competent phonetician who examines the glossary will support my statement that it contains no real indication of the pronunciation at all; none, that is to say, that will be intelligible to a person familiar only with the sounds of standard English, or with those of southern dialects. Mr. Addy chooses to speak contemptuously of the value of "phonetic information"; but the laws of sound-change in English will never be fully understood until the phonetic system of every dialect and of every well-marked sub-dialect has been properly investigated.

(2.) I did not accuse Mr. Addy of ignoring the evidence showing that Sheffield is near the boundary of a dialectal subdivision. I adduced some reasons for my own opinion that the town is near to such a boundary, and remarked that the absence of phonetic illustration in the glossary is on this account the more to be regretted.

(3.) Dr. Stratmann did, no doubt, suggest a connexion (not now admitted by philologists) between the Old-English *hol* and the Greek *κοίλος*. But he would have agreed with me in designating as a "wild fancy" the notion that the *oi* of the dialectal form *hoil* and the *oi* of *κοίλος* are in any way comparable.

(4.) I did not comment in detail on Mr. Addy's etymologies of place-names, because, if I had done so at the necessary length, the space occupied by the unfavourable part of my criticism would have been much larger than I wished it to be. It was from the same motive—the fear of being unduly hard on Mr. Addy—that I tried to blunt the edge of my own censures by the remark that the points on which I had dwelt were the worst things in "a serviceable and interesting book." It is one of the difficulties in reviewing works of this kind that, while the praise bestowed must necessarily often be merely general, the blame has to be set out at length, and so is apt to make a disproportionately strong impression on the reader's mind.

(5.) I hope it is not "sneering" to express a little amusement at the self-confidence which enables Mr. Addy to affirm that what he has written on "folklore, local names, games, &c." would have been pleasing to Jacob Grimm. Mr. Addy implies that I do not take any interest in these subjects. On the contrary, I feel rather more interest in them than in phonetics; but I do not think the English Dialect Society ought to print impossible etymologies of local names; and there is much else in Mr. Addy's book which appears to me, to say the least, superfluous. However, Mr. Addy is not the sole offender in this kind, and the remark which he quotes was not intended to apply to him alone.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Addy is successful in finding abundant material for the enlargement of his glossary. The words he mentions are interesting; but I think he is mistaken in supposing that "hollock" has anything to do with the Old English *healh*.

HENRY BRADLEY.

"PROXY-WEDDED WITH A BOOTLESS CALF."

October 19, 1888.

The correspondent writing to the *Boston Literary World* from Cambridge, Mass., is right in supposing that the passage:

"She to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old,"

refers to a part of the ceremony without which a proxy-marriage was not complete. The following is a description of this custom as it took place in the sixteenth century, when Princess Mary of England was married by proxy to Lewis XII.:

"Last Sunday the marriage was concluded *per verba de presentia*. The bride undressed and went to bed in the presence of many witnesses. The Marquis of Rothelin, in his doublet, with a pair of red hose, but with one leg naked, went into bed, and touched the Princess with his naked leg. The marriage was then declared consummated."—(*Calendar of State Papers*, Henry VIII., Vol. I., p. 861.)

M. T. M.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 5, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Head and Face," by Prof. J. Marshall.
5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: Presidential Address—"Commonsense Philosophies," by Mr. Shawcross H. Hodgson.
TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Is abrek (Genesis xii. 43) Egyptian?" and "The Thematic Vowel in Egyptian," by Mr. P. de Pape Renout; "The Cuneiform Tablets from Tell el-Amarna," by Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Dr. Thomas Campion, the Song Writer," by Mr. A. H. Bullen.
THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Panel, Canvas, and other Painting Materials," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Mathematical: Annual Meeting—Election of Officers and Council; "The Confinement and Bifurcations of Certain Theories," by the President; "Cyclotomic Functions," by Prof. Lloyd James; "A Theory of Rational Symmetric Functions," by Capt. P. A. MacMahon; "Rasche's Bernoullian," by Mr. J. D. H. Dickson; "Certain Applications of the Results deduced from the Geometry of the Quadrangle and Tetrahedron," by Dr. Wolstenholme; "The Factors and Summation of $1+2+\dots+n$," by the Rev. J. J. Milne.
8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Ocean Temperatures in Relation to Submarine Cables," by Mr. W. Leat Carpenter.
8 p.m. Art and Crafts Exhibition Society: "Modelling and Sculpture," by Mr. George Simonds.
FRIDAY, Nov. 9, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Johannes de Witt's Account of the Swan Theatre, circa 1596," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.
SATURDAY, Nov. 10, 8 p.m. Physical: "The Co-efficient of Mutual Induction of a Helix and a Coaxial Circle," by Prof. J. V. Jones.

SCIENCE.

BOOKS ON LATIN GRAMMAR

The N. G. A. Latin Primer. By G. Stewart Levaek. (Sonnenschein.)

Latin Syntax for the Use of Upper Forms. By the Rev. E. C. Everard Owen. (Rivington.)

The New Latin Primer. Edited by J. P. Postgate, with the co-operation of C. A. Vince. (Cassell.)

THE first of these books is "for use with very young pupils," and only differs from a score of similar productions by the unusual nonsense of its exercise-sentences. This is apologised for in the preface; but is it necessary to teach Latin by means of such phrases as "An eager lion was punishing the meek animals," or (a curious result of devoted service) "Servi fideles cornua monstrabant"? It is probably only by a slip that we find "Cervi celeres hastibus incolarum occisi erunt" in the exercise that sums up all the teaching of the N. G. A.; but the omen is not happy.

Mr. Owen's book, as he says, "owes its origin to some lectures on Latin grammar delivered to undergraduates reading for Honour Moderations" at Keble, one of its aims being to trace "the connexion of grammar with thought and history." It cannot fail to be useful, if made the basis of lessons to advanced pupils by a good teacher, who will discuss what Mr. Owen's space and plan only allow him to state briefly or dogmatically (e.g., the use of the Accusative after Passive Verbs, or the Jussive Subjunctive), and supply some omissions, like that of the Causal Genitive in the treatment of the Gerundive. A student who has to work by himself will find the book of help in giving the main lines of syntax, and must supplement the general view he thus gets by use of Roby or Dräger.

The object of Messrs. Postgate and Vince's *New Latin Primer* is "to provide in a concise and readily comprehensible form all the information that can be required by all but advanced students of Latin." The accidence, for which Mr. Vince is mainly responsible, occupies the first sixty-eight pages, and is a clear and simple statement of the principal facts. It is supplemented by thirty-five pages (112-146) of greater detail or comment, dealing with pronunciation and spelling, gender, the formation of the genitive, conjugation, &c. The separation of these two parts is certainly judicious; the earlier section gets more continuity than is found in the same portion of many grammars, and the new matter of the supplement is presented with more force. The editors have the courage of their opinions, and give a page (114) of "Examples of Latin Pronunciation," which will be the cause of much small wit among the *mumpsimus* order of persons. But those who will not accept the results of modern scholarship on this side (and even they, as the preface says, can use this book "without disadvantage") are not so likely to reject what is offered here in the way of syntax. The same division is made as with the accidence. The outlines of syntactical usage are first stated (pp. 69-111), and these are filled in by the "supplementary

syntax" (pp. 147-192). It is in these pages that the value of a book good throughout is most conspicuous. The approximateness of some translations—"si peccaveris paeniteat," "If you should do wrong (should have done wrong) you would be sorry"—may be questioned. And of course there are omissions. Rather more fulness of example and statement might be given to the Genitive Case, to Comparison, to the Infinitive as Subject. But, while these are merely defects of compression or understatement, the amplitude and thoroughness that characterise the general treatment of Sequence of Tense, Conditional Statement, and *Oratio Obliqua* are merits by no means common, and distinguish the book from other works bearing like names. There is a pleasant absence in it of grammatical figment and barbarous nomenclature. The fallacy of calling some fact of language by a (generally inappropriate) name and presenting that name as an explanation of the fact is not found in this Primer, nor again is any special suggestion of mysteriousness attached to particular usages; Latin syntax, as the work of a clear-headed people, is expounded with directness and lucidity. The book ought to take the place of many Latin manuals. The editors would increase its usefulness, to the private student especially, by giving the references to their quotations, and by adding an index. Mr. Owen's work greatly commends itself in both these respects.

ALFRED GOODWIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INVENTOR OF VOLAPÜK NOT DEAD.

London: Oct. 30, 1888.

THE postscript which you put to my letter in the ACADEMY of October 27 (p. 276) induced me to write to Mr. G. Day, 97 Shrubland Road, Dalston, E. (who, since Mr. Dornbusch's health compelled him to leave England, represents Volapük in this country), to ask him what evidence he had. He tells me that he has in his possession a telegram from Schleyer himself received on Saturday morning, October 27, by Mr. A. S. Harvey, who knows Schleyer personally, containing these words:

"Ich bin gesund.—SCHLEYER."

What object the Paris correspondent of the *Times* can have had in twice spreading the report of Schleyer's death throughout Europe I do not know; but after this contradiction no doubt can be entertained as to its falsehood.

I understand that Mr. Harvey wrote to several Sunday papers immediately.

ALEXANDER J. ELLIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE MS. of *Old and New Astronomy*, which Mr. Richard Proctor regarded as the *magnum opus* of his life, and of which seven parts out of the twelve are already published, is found to be in a more advanced state than was feared, and its completion has been undertaken by Mr. A. O. Banyard, who was for some time secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society.

MR. J. G. FRAZER, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has drawn up a set of Questions on the Manners, Customs, Religion, Superstitions, &c., of Uncivilised and Semi-Civilised Peoples, which he is anxious to distribute as widely as possible, with a view to tabulating and publishing the answers received.

THE last number of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner) contains two handsomely illustrated articles (1) on the

vessels, &c., used for betel among the Malays; and (2) on the Muharram festival at Bencoolen, showing that the *tazias* and other ceremonies are very similar to those used in India. As a supplement to the first volume of this magazine, there is promised a work on the Indians of Guatemala, by Dr. Otto Stoll of Zürich, who has lived several years in that country as a doctor. The work will be written in German, and illustrated with two chromolithograph plates.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. D. NUTT will publish shortly an Egyptian Reading Book, by Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum, comprising various liturgical and historical texts, the Decree of Canopus, the Tale of the Two Brothers, the Tale of the Princess Beten, &c.

THE Society of Biblical Archaeology will hold its first meeting of the new session on Tuesday next, November 6, at 9 Conduit Street, Hanover Square, W., at 8 p.m., when the following papers will be read: "Is *Abrak* (Genesis xli. 43) Egyptian? The Thematic Vowel in Egyptian," by Mr. P. le Page Renouf (president); and "Cuneiform Despatches from Tûshratta, King of Mitanni, Burrahuriash the son of Kuri-Galzu, and the King of Alashiya, to Amenophis III., King of Egypt, and the Cuneiform Tablets from Tell el-Amarna," by E. A. Wallis Budge.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Purandhi, the Goddess of Abundance, in the Rig-Vêda," by Prof. Ph. Colinet; "Physiology among the Ancient Assyrians," by Dr. J. Bonavia; "Chips of Babylonian and Chinese Palaeography," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "A Buddhist Repertory," by Prof. Ch. de Harlez; and "The Wheat indigenous in Mesopotamia," a letter from Prof. Alph. de Candolle.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, Oct. 26)

THE REV. MARK WILKS in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall alluded to the fact that this was the first meeting of the eighth session of the society, which showed as large a membership as ever, and attracted an ever-renewed interest from students of Browning, both in this country and in America. The Bishop of Ripon's address had been postponed to Friday, November 30, when it would be delivered in the larger lecture theatre of University College, so that facilities might be given to the friends of members to hear it. In place of the Bishop's address, Dr. Berdoe had promised to read a paper on "Paracelsus."—Dr. Berdoe began his paper by speaking of the middle of the fourteenth century as the glacial period of European thought, when science was bound and the human mind was bound in slavish following of a Churchman's Aristotle, and when men who thought for themselves and studied nature were condemned as sorcerers, and formed as noble an army of martyrs as those who suffered for religion—less happy than these who had the hope of heaven to cheer them, while the martyrs of science had nothing but the sad smile of truth. From 1492 to 1600 came the melting period of the glacier, when the revival of learning was followed by the Reformation, and Columbus, Copernicus, the art of printing, and the invention of gunpowder all loosened the icy chains. Paracelsus was born ten years after Luther, worked and taught in 1536, and was nicknamed "the other Luther." Mr. Browning's vast knowledge has enabled him to give us an account of this much-slandered and misrepresented man. He was the son of a physician at Einsiedeln, who taught him medicine; and he studied as a youth under a learned monk and occultist, who taught him alchemy and philosophy which had a theosophical or mystical tendency. Paracelsus was essentially a practical student. He acted as army surgeon to

different princes in Italy, and circumstances led him to distant countries—to Tartary, to Samarcand, Constantinople, and England. Wherever he went he studied, questioned, gained knowledge for himself, rejecting and defesting authority. Browning represents him with a heart atrophied for the sake of knowledge. To judge from his writings, the real Paracelsus was full of love to humanity. The poem makes him represent the hard, rigid, intellectual aspect of the Renaissance, while Aprile represents its art-loving, sensuous spirit, and might stand for Lorenzo dei Medici. Paracelsus was a professor of science at Basle in 1538. After a most interesting account of the miserable condition of surgery and medicine at the time, Dr. Berdoe proceeded to defend Paracelsus from the charges which his rivals and enemies brought against him, and proved his claim to our gratitude as a great discoverer in chemistry and medicine, and as a pioneer in the direct study of nature. He died, and was buried at Salzburg. His death is said to have been caused by a fracture of the skull, brought about by rough treatment at the hands of his enemies. He served the poor without fee, and left all his goods to them.—Mr. Mark Wilks moved a vote of thanks for the paper and expressed his own thanks to the Society for inviting him to hear such an interesting paper. He had enjoyed it far too much to criticise it, and he would always remember its valuable suggestion, that Aprile stands for the sensuous and passionate side of the Renaissance, while Paracelsus stands for the hard spirit of thought which rose after the moral reformation, dogmatic and puritanical at first, afterwards humanised. Coleridge was right when he said that no man was a great poet without being also a true philosopher. Browning is both, in a peculiar and most intimate manner. Out of the confused, perplexing life of Paracelsus he constructed this marvellous dramatic presentment. It is this union of the philosopher and the poet which make his writings so precious to the student, both of human nature and of literature.—Dr. Furnivall suggested that Browning loves imposters, as Sludge, Louis Napoleon, and Paracelsus, and that his championship hardly proved the last to be no imposter. Just such a complicated character attracted him. He shows all its good, hints at its evil, and leaves it, after it has served his purpose of showing that God is love as well as mind. The poem would have been a greater work of art with fewer digressions. It is full of noble philosophy and great passages throughout.—Mr. Revell expressed his thanks for the valuable paper, although it was more personal than poetic.—Mr. Shaw never felt that the poem gave the real man, but he may have been influenced in that by seeing the portrait of Paracelsus in the British Museum. He was a leader of tremendous reaction, went straight at academic learning, burnt its books, and must have been called names in his time. He thought, as he wrote 106 works in fifteen years, they cannot have been very valuable.—After a little general conversation the discussion closed.

FINE ART.

THE FIRST PASTEL EXHIBITION.

If we allow for Mr. Whistler's exhibition a year or two ago, which was entirely or almost composed of pastels, this is not only the first pastel exhibition at the Grosvenor, but probably the first in England. But there is nothing new under the sun; and this art, if it never had so much honour paid to it before, has also its "old masters"—Liotard, Latour, Rosalba, abroad, and, in England, Knapton, Bright, and probably many other unsuspected names which the winter exhibition at the Grosvenor will reveal.

Swiftess, lightness, and scintillation are among the special qualities of this brilliant method of drawing or painting; for, though no brush is used, the touch is rather that of a brush than a point. Flashing spots and brilliant strokes, producing at once the full note of colour required, burning in gray darkness or scintillating in the light—such effects can be got in pastel with more sudden force

than in any other way. Perhaps those wonderful drawings of *coryphées*, with their gauze dresses aglitter with spangles in the blaze of the footlights, which M. Degas can touch so brilliantly, are the special triumphs of the material; but a quality of pastel which is not less striking in this exhibition is its adaptability. Though there be some things it does supremely well, there would seem to be few that it cannot be made at least to seem to do effectively, from the broadest and most unsuggestive smear to the most delicate draughtsmanship and the solidest modelling. Of the latter, the portraits of M. Emile Lévy are, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the pastels here. No one, perhaps, has so absolute a command of his material. His portrait of his daughter (25) is almost as rich as oil, almost as pure as water-colour, and more brilliant than either; and the simpler portraits of "M^{me}. E. L." (90) and "M^{me}. D." (249), though they do not afford the same scope for exhibiting the power of pastel in rendering rich varieties of texture, are equally masterly. If they err, it is by over-science in concealing the limitations of the material. To do this would seem to be the special object of Anna Bilinska, whose powerful studies of Polish girls and boys are as like oil as pastel can make them. But of the imitative power of pastel there is, perhaps, no more striking instance than Mr. Walter Langley's "Cornish Fishwife" (86), which is so like one of his water-colours in tone and colour and even texture (though this is a trifle soapy), that pastel seems in his hand to be only a new way of arriving at an old result. Such, no doubt, is likely to be the effect of taking to pastel when style has been completely formed in the use of other methods. But one who likes, so to speak, the taste of pastel would not choose their work any more than those who love pure etching would choose impressions of plates on which the lines have been laid with the calculation of an engraver with the burin. Yet, though it loses rather than gains by being wrought in pastel instead of in water-colour, Mr. Walter Langley's "Cornish Fishwife" is one of the most beautiful pictures in the exhibitions. So also is Mr. Clausen's "Child's Portrait" (178); but Mr. Clausen, though he uses pastel in a personal manner, and gains effects in the way of pearly delicacy of skin and limpidity of light blue eyes, which do not come to others, seems to possess completely the sense of his material.

As water-colour is an essentially English art, so may pastel be called essentially French. It lends itself specially to the expression of their tastes in painting—to striking opposition in colour rather than mellow harmonies; to vividness of presentation rather than expression of inner sentiment; to gaiety, animation, *chic*, and style, rather than their reverse. It seems to meet their virtues and excuse their faults. An audacity always—a happy audacity mostly—marks their works here, which, however tastes may differ, cannot be charged with a dull or unintelligent touch. In style and refinement none exceeds M. Blanche, whose beautiful portraits of M^{lle}. Julia Bartet (52), Dona Olga Caracciolo (24), and "M^{lle}. J. M." (153), show a mastery and a reticence which leave little to be desired; and these qualities are seen even more obviously in his Velazquez-like study of an "Infanta" (96) and "Standing by a Kakemono" (158)—a work that suggests that the Japanese artist would find in pastel a means of expression specially suited to his dexterity of hand and butterfly colouring. More brilliant and robust, if not quite so attractive, are the pastels of M. Machard, who may be accounted the Rubens of the French Society of Pastelists. His "Soap Bubbles" (20) and "Juno" (28) are examples of what pastel can do in rendering flesh in sunlight;

but the pastel *par excellence* is, perhaps, M. Helleu, whose works, if not otherwise greatly attractive, show the surpassing sketching force of pastel in rapidly indicating notes of form and colour, the latter in its nature crude—an association of crudities clashing but correcting one another. His "Spanish Lady" (148) is, perhaps, the most unmitigated pastel in the gallery. Strong also are the pastels of M. Bernard representing swarthy maidens in lurid water, and his lifelike portrait of an etcher, with one eye closed and plate in hand, working by strong lamplight. Of effects of more mysterious and softer light, of colours that whisper and pulse rather than cry and vibrate, M. Fantin-Latour's poetical groups of dancing nymphs (67 and 70) are graceful examples. He has also a charming portrait (140), which contrasts in its cool and quiet tones with most of its neighbours. The scenes of M. F. Montanard so full of southern sunshine, if of little else; M. Roussel's *tour de force* in white ("Pierrot" 174); and the forest scenery of M. Pointelin, are all instructive lessons in the scope of pastel.

Very different in style and colour from the general work of these French artists are the pastels of Mr. Hubert Vos. Their *forte* is rather chiaroscuro than colour, strength than vivacity, character than charm, but they are clever and vigorous; and his strange composition called "Home Rulers," three typical heads of Irishmen surrounded by allegorical devices, is one of the most striking works in the gallery. Neither these, however, nor the pastels of Mr. Otto Scholderer, well executed though they are, show any very special quality of pastel as a means of expression. It is a method, however, which can be more easily learnt, as such a picture as that of "Waiting" (37), by Mr. W. Llewellyn, sufficiently shows. Naturally English pastelists, many, if not most, of whom (like Mr. Llewellyn) have only just "taken up" pastel, do not eclipse the masterpieces by their masters; but their aptitude for, and their skill in, pastel is yet sufficiently encouraging. There are a few interesting drawings among these which are not, so to speak, "pastels" at all—such as Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of the late Thomas Coombe, of Oxford. That, and a few more, are not drawings in colour, but in black chalk tinted, and so differ completely from those of the Messrs. Shannon and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, Mr. Jacomb Hood and Mr. Anderson Hague, not to mention Mr. Whistler (already a past master) and his followers, Mr. W. Stott of Oldham, Mr. Sickert, and Mr. Sidney Starr. To all these the method seems congenial; and Miss Armstrong's poor children dancing in sunny fields, Mr. Hague's flashing sea, and Mr. Jacomb Hood's bright studies of character and colour are delightful specimens of pastel unforced and unlaboured. The method is also congenial to Mr. W. E. F. Britten, who sends a large number of small sketches and designs showing much variety of artistic impulse, from playful decorative *motif* like the "Boy and Dolphin" (265), to the pictures of childhood like "Country Cousins" (109) and a "Fairy Tale" (104). Mr. Britten touches also humour, romance, and portrait, and without achieving any noticeable success, produces the impression of unusual versatility and artistic feeling. It is, perhaps, Mr. C. H. Shannon who reveals the greatest possibilities of "pastel" and of himself. In his hands it becomes a means of expressing exalted poetical feeling. Its colour, though used at its brightest, takes on solemnity and spiritual significance, as of the rainbow rather than the butterfly. Such designs as the "Father, I have Sinned" (161) and the "Night of Redemption" (128), and the fine figure of "Ashtareth" (142), promise high things.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE private view of the annual winter exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is fixed for to-day; and the gallery will be open to the public on Monday next. On Monday, too, Messrs. J. & W. Vokins will open without charge a very interesting loan collection of mezzotint engravings of the modern English school at 14 and 16 Great Portland Street; Messrs. Howell & James will have their fourth annual exhibition of ancient art needlework, brocades, and laces; and there will also be on view at the Gainsborough Gallery, Old Bond Street, a "colossal" picture by Hirsch, Vieweg, Aglita, and Schmidt, representing the late Emperor Frederick lying in state at Castle Friedrichskron.

THOSE who remember Samuel Palmer's noble series of water-colour illustrations to "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"—executed in his old age for Mr. L. R. Valpy, but now (we believe) dispersed—will be glad to know that engravings from them have been produced by his son, Mr. A. H. Palmer, to form a companion volume to the *English Version of Virgil's Eclogues* (1883). To complete the full number of twelve plates, three are added to illustrate "Comus" and one for "Lycidas," so that the work will bear the title of *The Shorter Poems of John Milton*. The text chosen to accompany the engravings is that of Warton, whose edition was a special favourite of the artist, and whose archaic spelling will be preserved. The work will be published, in the course of next month, by Messrs. Seeley & Co. There will be a limited number of copies, with proofs of the plates printed on large paper, and bound in vellum.

MR. MACBETH has been lately in London, "trying the proofs" of his five important etchings after certain pictures by Velasquez and Titian in the Madrid Gallery. This substantial array of work is indeed all but ready to be submitted to the inspection of the public at Mr. Dunthorne's "Rembrandt Head." Mr. Goulding has, of course, been the printer. In his choice of works to reproduce, Mr. Macbeth and his advisers have shown a catholicity of taste, both secular and religious painting being well represented. The religious picture is the Titian known as "St. Martha" or "St. Margaret"—there is a certain similarity in the legends of these ladies. The other Titian is "The Garden of Love," or the "Venus Worship." Venus is a stone statue, and the worship paid her is being paid in chief by troops of *amorini*. Velasquez is shown by Mr. Macbeth in three capacities: as a painter of portraits, a painter of pageant and history, and a painter of the interior—of a scene not far from the domestic. The "Tapestry Weavers" is the great canvas to which we have last been referring. The "Surrender of Breda" is the outdoor piece; and the portrait is that generally known as the "Alonso Cano." It will be found, we think, that Mr. Macbeth has been in full sympathy with all these various works of his choice, though it is, perhaps, especially in the "Tapestry Weavers" and the "Alonso Cano" that he has "beaten his record."

THE Art and Crafts Exhibition Society have arranged for a series of five lectures to be given in the New Gallery on Thursdays at 8 p.m. during November. The object of the lectures is twofold: (1) to set out the aims of the Society; and (2), by demonstration and otherwise, to direct attention to the processes employed, and so to lay a foundation for the just appreciation of their importance as methods of expression in design. The subject of the first lecture, to be delivered on Thursday, November 1, is "Tapestry and Carpet Weaving," by Mr. William Morris.

MR. ALBERT HARTSHORNE, of Bradbourne Hall, Wirksworth, has in preparation a work on a subject which has never been specially treated before—*Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Wineglasses and Goblets*—which he hopes to illustrate with about 400 full-sized drawings by his own hand. He will be glad of any notes of dated examples with descriptions and dimensions, their shapes, and the fashion of the stems, and references to collections of such objects.

THE STAGE.

MR. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's book on Edmund Kean—*The Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean* (Ward & Downey)—is probably the most substantial of his contributions to the literature of the stage, and it is a creditable piece of work. Mr. Molloy, we cannot doubt, has felt the advantage of dealing with a character whose whole life was as dramatic as were any of his performances—a man who was bred in obscurity and dishonour; who for years was acquainted with poverty; who then knew, almost suddenly, what it was to be the cause of the excitement, and the object of the favour, of the town; and who, after a career of artistic triumph and social disorder, practically killed himself by indulgence in the vice of drink. All these stages, and many which cannot be mentioned in a brief summary of Kean's career, Mr. Molloy has followed with what seems to have been vivid interest, and with what surely has been minute attention; so that the book tends to supersede, if we do not err, the earlier volumes which the celebrity of Kean inspired—beginning with Barry Cornwall's own. As to facts, we do not distrust Mr. Molloy, though we wish, nevertheless, that it had seemed well to him to give more particular references to his various authorities. It is hardly to be questioned, however, that he has used most of the available old information, and has added to it much that he has himself gleaned. Mr. Irving is known to be the possessor of many relics of the greatest Richard and the greatest Shylock that the world has seen; and he placed, we understand, at Mr. Molloy's disposal some very bulky volumes of playbills by which it was possible to trace with considerable minuteness the tragedian's career. Mr. Molloy writes, in some portions, very vividly. We have a picturesque account of the strolling player tramping towards Dorchester on a winter's night, not only along country roads, but across an open heath—a heath of Thomas Hardy's, so to say—which the wind tore over. Not less detailed or vivid is the account of the meeting at Dorchester with the ambassador from Drury Lane—the ambassador who invited the poor player to breakfast, and offered him eight guineas a week at the metropolitan playhouse. The offer was accepted eagerly. Mr. Kean was filled with gratitude, and wished to pay his respects to everybody of influence in the theatre. He came to town only at first to wait; but, after a while, on a cold evening, before a scanty house, he made his appearance as Shylock. The judicious approved. Yet Edmund Kean was kept waiting a week before he made his second appearance. Success of a more marked kind gradually came to him; and, by the time that he played Richard, Bow Street was blocked by such a string of the carriages of the important as some sixty years afterwards blocked Wellington Street when Mr. Irving made his first appearance as Hamlet. Richard was a triumph. But we cannot follow Mr. Molloy in detail into every chapter of the tragedian's career. He records, at great length, all that he has gleaned. The incidental references to Kean's contemporaries on the boards are not without interest. And, as regards Mr. Molloy's methods, while they

are, it may be, even too far removed from those of the mere burrowers in dusty chambers—the mere recorders of fact—they are, unlike the others, not incompatible with the production of what may really be called literature. Mr. Molloy has not merely amassed little details for the student. He has, at all events, presented us with a broadly painted portrait of a real man, who had "dimensions, senses, affections, passions."

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

THE programme last Saturday commenced with Grieg's Concert Overture "In Autumn" (Op. 11)—an interesting and picturesque work; one, indeed, as the analytical book suggests, out of which each hearer can make his own programme. The performance was good; but not quite so vigorous as that given at Birmingham under the composer's direction. This overture was followed by a Scena for two solo voices, female chorus, and orchestra—"At the Convent Gate" (Op. 20), also by Grieg. The English words are by Mr. E. Gosse after Björnson. It is the tale of a homeless maiden who seeks admission into a convent from which are heard the voices of the nuns singing their song of peace. The form of the Scena is not altogether satisfactory: the hymn of the nuns seems to come too late, and in itself is not very interesting. The dialogue between a nun and the maiden is full of pathos; while the harmonies and orchestration colour the scene most effectively. The solo parts were sung by Miss A. Williams and Miss Marie Curran. Another novelty was a Benedictus for orchestra, by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. This effective little piece is an arrangement of the third of "six pieces for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment." The solo part has been given to the whole of the violins of the orchestra, accompanied by strings, wood-wind without oboes, and horns. It is one of the few examples of a transcription proving more effective than the original form. The piece was much applauded, and the composer bowed his thanks from the gallery. Mr. E. Lloyd sang the "Prize Song," from the "Meistersinger." Mr. J. F. Barnett played on the organ a new Offertoire of his own composition. The principal theme is graceful, and the middle section of the movement contrasts well with it. The composer met with a hearty reception. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The symphonic movements were admirably interpreted under Mr. Manns' direction, and in the opening vocal number the chorus was heard to great advantage. It is the best body of singers that we have as yet heard at these concerts. Sir G. Grove tells us in the programme-book that there is now little doubt that the opening Allegro is founded on the Symphony in B flat, frequently mentioned in Mendelssohn's letters of 1838 and 1839 as in progress. If so, Schumann was not far out in his conjecture (*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, July 4, 1840) that the Symphony movements were originally independent of the hymn. Sir G. Grove, indeed, hopes soon to be able to show that the second and third movements are also derived from the same source. The concert-room was unusually full—the attraction being, we imagine, the "Hymn of Praise."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

FROM Messrs. Paterson we have received: *Bonny Kilmeny*, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, the vocal score of a Cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra. The composer has turned once more to Scottish literature as a source of inspiration; but the quiet, quaint poem of the Ettrick Shepherd differs greatly from the stirring

Campbell ballad, his previous choice. Mr. MacCunn's new work, with its melodic charm, its Schubert-like harmonies, its clearness of form, is another footprint on the road to fame. As the composer has already shown taste and skill in the handling of the orchestra, he has probably made effective use of it here. The pianoforte part, indeed, bears traces of its origin. Some composers write pianoforte accompaniments and then arrange them for orchestra. Not so Mr. MacCunn. When Kilmeny "left this world of sorrow and pain" surely that was the moment for Mr. MacCunn to leave off. But he has added an epilogue, part of a poem by Dr. Moir, which spiritualises, but, to our thinking, spoils the story, poetically and musically. *The Ash Tree, At the mid hour of Night, and I will think of thee, my love*; three songs by the same composer, are simple, yet pleasing. The pianoforte parts are not, as is so often the case, mere accompaniments to support the voice. *Two short Movements* for violoncello or violin with pianoforte accompaniment, and *Andante and Allegretto* for two violins and piano, by Pierre Perrot, are simple pieces, but not at all striking. The titles of both are misleading. They are merely pieces in episodal form. *A Sailor's Song*, for mixed choir, by O. Schweizer, is clever and effective. The title-page, with its mixture of English and German, is curious.

From J. and J. Hopkinson we have: *The Grosvenor Series of Classical Pianoforte Music*. The word "classical" is somewhat out of place, for the composers of the numbers sent to us are all modern, and the right to give that title to their works has surely not yet been established. H. Book's "Reminiscence" is a good study-piece, but dull. His "Characteristic Pieces," though Schumannian in character, are more interesting. A. Krause's "Allegro" is well written for beginners. Merkel's "Im Walde" is a bright little drawing-room piece. No. 2 of J. Ganby's "Summer Days" is very short and simple, but good. H. Stiehl's "Two Miniatures" are useful studies in piece form. "The Child's Dream," by A. Trutschel, and "The Little Cajoler," by M. E. Sachs, are mere trifles, but cleverly written. *The Grosvenor Series of Part Songs*. Of the four numbers sent, "Daybreak," by G. A. Macrone, pleases us best. They are all tuneful, if not original. *Sylvan Echoes*, by Mr. Oliver King. This is a set of five duets for female voices. They are all easy, and, in their way, effective. The writing is smooth and musicianlike. *Our Jack*, by H. Trotter, is a nautical ballad, good of its kind.

MUSIC NOTES.

WE are glad to hear that the Hampstead Popular Concerts of Chamber Music are to be continued this winter. There will again be six concerts on the following Fridays, at 8 p.m.: November 16 and 30, December 14, January 25, and February 8 and 22.—The Heckmann quartet has been engaged for November 30, and the leading violinists on the other evenings will be Mr. Gompertz and Herr Ludwig. The pianists will be Mme. Mehlig, Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Dannreuther, and Prof. C. Villiers Stanford. The programmes of the first two concerts include Beethoven's Sonata (pianoforte and violin) in C minor, Mozart's Quartet (strings) in E flat, Brahms' Sonata (pianoforte and violoncello) in E minor, Schumann's Quartet (pianoforte and strings) in E flat, and Prof. Stanford's Quintet (pianoforte and strings) in D minor.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, & Co. have ready for issue a new octavo edition of Handel's *Joshua*, edited by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, who has also written some additional orchestral accompaniments.

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THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

Vol. II, No. 9, NOVEMBER. 1s. 6d.

Yearly Subscription (10 Numbers), 11s. post-free.

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(DAVID NUTT, 270, Strand, W.C.)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

No. 862, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Lives of Twelve Good Men. By John William Burgon. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THIS is a quaint delightful book by a quaint delightful person. The late Dean of Chichester was one of the few to whom it is given to make a joke and see a joke and to be a joke; and he took an intelligent interest in some of the most interesting aspects of a very interesting time. He takes us into the thick of the generation that flourished at Oxford before the Commission of 1854—when men knew their chosen classics intimately and accurately, and formed their views for themselves with such help as these gave, and never dreamt of the organisation of knowledge or of the splendid panorama that spreads itself before the student till the moment comes to elude between burying himself deeper and deeper in his private pit in the province of Eldorado (with little chance that he will emerge with undimmed eye to behold the stars), or ranging from one specular height to another over the barren steeps of Pisgah, with perhaps the option of fetching and carrying between the different mines of gold and bdellium and onyx stone.

It is impossible to read the memoir of Hugh James Rose, who is claimed as the true founder of the Oxford Movement, without thinking how much more clearly controversialists nowadays discern the points at issue, and how much more vigorously and fruitfully they were handled then in the haze of battle, which magnified and distorted so much, when brave men often beat the air, and the blows that told fell sometimes upon friend as well as foe. Rose apologised for not reviewing a sermon of Pusey's in the *British Magazine*, on the ground that he did not understand it himself and did not know of any contributor who would. His scheme for a revised and abridged Fleury (in twenty volumes instead of forty-three) is almost as quaint as Dean Burgon's verdict that *The Ariens of the Fourth Century* (the history of which is already said to be obsolete) is the work by which Newman will be remembered. And Rose was in earnest about it. He thought the work ought to be got out at once for the instruction of the clergy and the correction of the laity, without waiting for an original history to undo the mischief that was being done by Waddington. And yet, till he was finally crippled by illness, Rose was really the worthy head of the orthodox clergy. He lived to acknowledge the superiority of Pusey and Newman—and no doubt in speculative and spiritual insight they were his superiors; but his long and weighty letters in the crisis of 1836 show that he grasped the situation, and saw his way more clearly than any man on his side at the time. Dean Burgon's account of this

crisis is intrinsically the most important part of his work. The true turning-point of the Oxford Movement was when its leaders rejected Rose's entreaties to confine themselves to pouring in patristic lights through our own "windows." He wished not to revive the past, but to show that the present had its roots in it, to accumulate patristic evidence in support of the actual practices and claims of his own historical church, not to inquire into the contrasts that might be drawn between it and the undivided church. It obviously never occurred to him that, however the third century might differ from the thirteenth, or the fifteenth from the fifth, there were important points in which all agreed against the Elizabethan or even the Caroline divines; or rather, he was convinced that no such points could be important. He maintained with sublime hardihood that the Reformers indeed had to recover the truth by investigating Scripture and antiquity; but that the work was done once for all—those who came after had only to defend and expound. Without understanding Newman he criticised him effectively. He singled out a complaint (which proved that the complainant did not yet understand himself) of the disuse of exorcism in baptism, and observed that it would be more reasonable to be thankful that possession was now unknown. In general he regarded Newman's discontent as a form of "romanticism." It was no fault of the Church of England not to satisfy "the imagination of enthusiastic, ascetic, and morbid-minded men." The movement of 1833, which claimed Scott for its precursor, was, among other things, the ecclesiastical side of "romanticism." It was this and nothing more to the spurious Tractarians who are caricatured in *Loss and Gain*. It does look rather like Nemesis that a controversy which shook Oxford and stirred England should have died away into a drawn battle over the "Ornaments Rubric." Dean Burgon's intimate relations with Rose's surviving brother enable him to bring out his historical significance very clearly. Perhaps the most significant personal trait is his admiration for Archbishop Howley, whom he knew as domestic chaplain, and venerated as embodying the perfection of Christian wisdom.

Dean Burgon is less successful in dealing with Mansel, who, after Rose and Bishop Wilberforce, is the most important figure in his book. Everyone of the twelve good men has his peculiar title, and Mansel is the "Christian Philosopher." This is confusing; Mansel was certainly a Christian and probably a philosopher, but the philosophy and the Christianity stood in something like the relation of a Polynesian double canoe. They did not interpenetrate each other as they did in Butler. The famous Bampton Lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought" were, like most Bampton Lectures, an improvisation, though a singularly brilliant one. The rhetorical and dialectical skill displayed at the expense of "speculative truth," when applied either to criticise or to reconstruct orthodoxy, is enough to mark the defect on the positive side. The probably new, and certainly important, conception of "regulative truth" is nowhere worked out at all, and Mansel never returned to it. Superficially, he left the connexion between

truth and duty external to the last, and never really answered Goldwin Smith or even Maurice, who failed in stating his own case. Dean Burgon, who holds that he pulverised Maurice, thinks the controversy with Goldwin Smith served to clear Mansel's meaning. As Goldwin Smith called Coleridge the greatest of English theologians, he has a fair excuse for quoting a letter to Rose, in which this greatest of theologians, at the age of forty-four, drew out a scheme of theology to be embodied partly in seven hymns to the sun and moon, the four elements, and God, and partly in a treatise on the Logos. But if Dean Burgon, even with the valuable assistance of Prof. Chandler, fails to do justice to Mansel's philosophy, he does ample justice to his wit and geniality. There is a long list of jokes of all orders ranging from puns to epigrams. The best is on the substitution of dissertations for disputations as a condition of degrees in divinity.

"The degree of 'D.D.'"

"Is proposed to convey

To an 'A double S'

By a double Essay."

The best of the puns is on a Field Flowers, whose name in a list of candidates for examination was ominous of his destiny to be ploughed or plucked. He was great at guessing riddles, and often improved the answers—e.g., some one asked him "Why is a wife like a patten?" expecting "Because she is a clog"; but Mansel, who thought that a bachelor student's affections were likely to be starved, answered "Because she elevates the soul."

The essay on Wilberforce, which appeared in the *Quarterly*, is of a different character from the other Lives. It is a series of personal reminiscences, which, as we learn from the dedicatory preface, were first confided to Mr. Murray when he sat by him at dinner at "Nobody's Club," though the admirable scene of the bishop at work with his chaplain and archdeacons is reproduced from Canon Ashwell. There is a capital story of Samuel Wilberforce as a boy at Clapham. When the tutor broke in upon his noisy pupils (one of whom was of Hebrew extraction) with a cane, "'Sam,' quick as lightning, caught the youthful Israelite by the collar, slewed him round to receive, a *tergo*, the blow which would else have fallen to his own share, and pleaded, 'First the Jew, sir, then the Gentile.'" Equally quaint is the description how, after a great speech at the Sheldonian Theatre, he beckoned Burgon by first pointing to him and then to his own toes, and leaned over and whispered, "My dear Burgon, I've quite forgot the fish. Would you do me the great kindness to go to ——— and order turbot and smelts for eighteen, with lobsters for the sauce?" He had not quite done: "Let all be sent down to my carriage at All Souls' immediately, will you? and—*don't forget the smelts.*" There is pathos as well as quaintness in the picture of their final parting in the dark by the side-door of the warden of All Souls' lodgings, when the bishop, who had accepted Winchester against the judgment of Burgon and other friends, pinioned the vicar of St. Mary's against the wall and would not let him go until he blessed him. Burgon's admiration was not uncritical. He has a good deal to say about the Hampden business,

where the bishop was too clever by half, because he acted—in perfect good faith—with the fear both of the court and of Oxford orthodoxy before his eyes. He taxed him now with a secret liking for short surplices, embroidered stoles, and Gregorians. The bishop was equal to the occasion. He gave an opinion not on ritual but on music. “I like Gregorian music?” he exclaimed. “I assure you I never hear a Gregorian without wanting to lie down on my stomach and howl.”

The sketch of William Jacobson (as, for some odd reason of piety, he always wrote his name), is a singularly charming portrait of a person whom outsiders hardly knew to be interesting. It is full of traits of modest kindness, besides one or two instances to justify his more familiar reputation for caution. For instance, when Burgon was breakfasting with him on June 23, 1865, and asked “If it was known yet who was to go to Chester.” “Premature,” in a reproachful voice, was all the answer he got. Half an hour after he met Dr. Jelf in Peckwater, who spoke to him about the news. Perhaps Dr. Jacobson preferred to confide in Burgon about his children, for he often came round with a story of some of their sayings and doings. It is characteristic that the one point on which Jacobson ever publicly committed himself was the “Intermediate State.” He actually excluded a hymn by the late Bishop of Lincoln from the Christian Knowledge Hymnal because the fifth stanza seemed to assert that departed saints already enjoy the “Beatific Vision.” It is pleasanter to observe that he admired Oriol, especially the well-attended chapel, without reserve. A little before that time Archdeacon Denison agreed with Charles Neate that Oriol Common Room was deadly dull, because the men were afraid of one another, owing to suppressed divergences of opinion on high matters.

The Life of Hawkins, whom no one but his biographer would have called the “Great Provost,” is for all that almost an ideal portrait. Dean Burgon was penetrated with the truth that if a man is to have his life written it ought generally to be on the scale of Plutarch, not on the scale of Boswell. But within these limits the Lives are unequal. One gets a series of fragmentary sketches rather than a monumental portrait like that of the provost upon whom Neate rhymed:

“Hic est praepositus
Cunctis oppositus

Vir reverendus
Et metuendus
Sed diligendus.”

Perhaps the biographer overrates his hero, who fought a winning battle against the Movement of 1833, and never gave up his single-handed struggle against the changes that began with the Commission of 1854; but he certainly understands him and explains him. The portrait of Dr. Routh is equally finished, but less convincing. It shows exactly and elegantly what those who loved to talk of the venerable president of Magdalen found to venerate. There are some curious specimens of ingenious queries on the New Testament, and a good story of how the president, with much show of deliberation, advised his biographer to read the New Testa-

ment in what he took to be the order in which the books were written; but we never feel that we get to the bottom of a character which did not impress Henry of Exeter as venerable.

Richard Gresswell, the “Faithful Steward”—who made Worcester Gardens a fit scene for Masonic fêtes, did something to make Port Meadow less swampy at the expense of hundreds, for which neither Town nor Gown thanked him as he deserved, and gave a thousand to start the subscription which made the National Society a power, for which he successfully canvassed all sorts of persons, from the Queen and Sir Robert Peel downwards—no doubt deserved a memorial; but he is a little overweighted by his biographer. So, too, those who remember nothing of the late Provost of Worcester, except that it fell to his lot to receive from the Regius Professor of Greek a second signature to the Thirty-nine Articles, will be glad to learn that he was once a bold horseman, in spite of being stunted by starvation at Charterhouse; that, notwithstanding a wretched voice, he was able to move the congregation of St. Mary's to tears some fifty or sixty years ago; that, though he was exceedingly jealous for “Protestant Truth,” he never altered the dinner hour at Worcester to prevent the undergraduates hearing Newman at St. Mary's, and lived happily with his daughter, who could kill a twenty pound salmon and become a Roman Catholic; but, after all, the original notices in the *Guardian* were enough for both.

Canon Eden, Newman's first successor at St. Mary's, was a more remarkable personage. He entered Oriol in 1832, when Oriol was most interesting. The fellows accepted him as an equal, though superficially a disagreeable neighbour. Through life he maintained an esoteric reputation among the ablest of his contemporaries. He was always being pressed to publish sermons which did not sell. To judge by an extract (on the Intermediate State), the fault lay with the public. We are told that in later years his character mellowed. His comment on Newman's *Apologia* was caustic enough—“Intense unconscious love of power.” His successor, Charles Marriott, admired nothing more in Newman than the promptitude with which he laid aside his power within the English Church when his faith in Anglicanism was shaken. The portrait of Charles Marriott himself is probably the gem of the book. He was a tragi-comical saint, who worked himself to death in a muddle over all kinds of useful and useless enterprises, of which the “Library of the Fathers” and the Universal Purveyor, which seems to have been some ill-starred precursor of co-operative stores, burdened him most heavily. He was always dozing at university sermons and in college meetings, and when appealed to could always repeat what had been going on. He was the chilliest of men, and the shock which finally shattered his overwrought nervous system came from bathing on the way back from Radley. There are three very vivid pictures: one of a breakfast party to meet some colonial bishops, where the host had forgotten the number of the guests, and fifteen, soon to be swollen to five and twenty, found themselves before a table set for ten, and another table had to be cleared of books and

papers at the cost of a morning's work; one of a midnight consultation about some mysterious passage in St. John (Dean Burgon had forgotten which passage); and one of a time of affliction, when Marriott stole muffled and silent into Burgon's room to remain with him and comfort him. Almost equally excellent is the account of Charles L. Higgins, the lay bishop of his county, the godfather of his parish, who left three hundred orphans when he died. He qualified himself to doctor his poorer neighbours, and for twenty years a switch hung outside his bedroom to summon him if he was wanted at night. He had original or reactionary ideas about pleasure gardens (leaning to open lawns with no flowers, broad walks, and trim evergreens), and abortive aspirations to help in the compilation of an authorised Hymnal. He counted on meeting Pontius Pilate in heaven, where he was sure St. Mark would hasten to welcome Dean Burgon. Dr. Pusey, we learn, was not without hope that St. Cyril might take some notice of his son Philip, of whom with several other worthies we get delicious sketches in the dedicatory preface. The raciest is of C. P. Gollightly, who deserves to be remembered for other and better things than his skirmish with Bishop Wilberforce.

G. A. SMOCK.

The Pageant of Life: an Epic Poem in Five Books. By George Barlow. (Sonnen-schein.)

MR. BARLOW holds heterodox views as to the imputed deity of Christ, in which respect he is not singular, though he appears to think he is. His opinions as to “the phenomenon which we call ‘evil,’” and which is represented to the orthodox mind by the personage called Satan, also differ from those popularly entertained—but in this respect again Mr. Barlow is not a solitary exception. Apparently under the belief that the truth as he sees it is new, he attempts what he supposes to be an original rendering of it, and he does so with not a little boldness. “The poetry of the life of Jesus Christ has never been understood,” he says in the first words of his preface. That seems rather an audacious statement. Seeing that poets and philosophers, as well as theologians, have been endeavouring to understand the poetry of the life of Christ for many centuries, it is remarkable that only now, under the guidance of a poet who has yet to make his mark, is the true understanding of it possible. Mr. Barlow comes to the rescue of humanity—to deliver us from a bondage of the intellect. He has “not hesitated,” he says, “in writing of Jesus, to regard him from the point of view which I imagine will be the point of view of the future”—that namely of his high manhood. He has a scarcely veiled contempt for “men like Canon Liddon or Canon Westcott,” who are content with fancies which he variously describes as “an unclean spiritual dream,” and “a spiritual nightmare.” I am not concerned to defend either of these ecclesiastics, and still less am I solicitous about the orthodox notions in regard to Christ. But one is bound, in reviewing Mr. Barlow's book, to demur to the want of good taste with which he announces his opinions. He shows a little more modesty in his treatment of the

Satanic personality, for he admits that "the world of thought has moved onward since Satan made his *début* on the epic stage in Milton's great drama." His devil is therefore the modern devil, to whose cynicism and other well-known characteristics we have grown accustomed. But if the true elements of this impersonal phenomenon are not now first discovered by Mr. Barlow, he claims to be the first to present them in poetic form. Milton's Satan is one distinct creation; Goethe's Mephistopheles is another; and his own Satan—for he retains the familiar name as a matter of convenience—is a third. We are to suppose that Bailey's *Festus* was never written, and that many other speculations of a like nature concerning the Satanic character and operations never saw the light. Quoth Mr. Barlow: "A few words of explanation, therefore, become necessary in introducing this tenacious and persistent player for the third time on the world's stage." The italics are mine, of course; but the words emphasised show that in Mr. Barlow's opinion there are three poets, and three only, who have each in his own way presented the devil in poetry—Milton, Goethe, and Barlow.

But Christ and Satan are little other than names in Mr. Barlow's verse. There are something like a hundred and twenty distinct poems in this volume, and in some of them the antagonistic principles that influence human conduct sustain their parts under the names of Christ and Satan. Most of the poems, however, are ordinary lyrics—many of them very pleasant ones—which bear no other relation to the theme of the more serious poems than is given to them by their arrangement in divisions called "books," under arbitrary headings. Something more than this is necessary to the making of an epic poem. It is quite possible that to Mr. Barlow himself these dissimilar compositions represent a unity of interest and aim—they may all out for him the pageant of life without a token link—but the reader will regard them as so many separate pieces, to be judged separately according to their merits. Here is an extract from one of the best. It is taken from a poem called "Christ," and it is Christ who speaks:

"O Satan, thou art strong, and yet behold!
Thou shalt not snatch one sheep from out my fold,

Nor one star from the star-bright air.
Wherever thou canst pass, God goes before;
Seek thou the lonely heart, or lonely shore,
And thou shalt find my Father there.

"The saddest soul is his.—The loneliest rose
That all unloved upon the hillside blows
He guards and tends with loving hand.—
The least frail rose-pink shell is in his care,—
Though it be least of all the shells that were
Tossed last night on the golden sand.—

"From evil blossoms good. The God who fills
With flowers the hollows of the green-robed hills

And fills with bloom the lap of spring
Is the same God who at the helm presides
When the wild vessel plunges through white tides:

The reckless waters own their King.

"Through me the thought of God that underlies
The hills and vales and woods and clouds and skies,

That, ever unseen, works its will,
Became just for one moment plain and clear:
God spake once, so that every soul might hear:
Judge of the ocean by the rill.

"The ocean, deep, eternal, rolls along:—
Lifting its billows, foaming, stormy, strong,
It plunges on from shore to shore.
But yet the silver rill that all men see
Has its own waves. God's image was in me,
The human god whom ye adore."

One would not say that these verses either express the exalted humanity of Christ, or suggest the infinite greatness and tenderness of God, very clearly or thoroughly; but they are not commonplace. In a volume of four hundred and forty pages there must necessarily be more or less that is commonplace. There is a near approach to dullness in some of the poems bearing the general heading of "Christ upon Earth." The human loves of Mary Magdalene, of Christ's mother, and of Judas Iscariot, are told in this section; and in the story of these Mr. Barlow certainly does not reach a very high level. Much cannot be said, for instance, for this lament of "Mary, the Mother of Jesus":

"Had he but listened to my plea!—
He trusted his own brain, and he
Upon the dismal dark cross dies.
The Holy God of Israel's race,
From whom he turned aside his face,
Would have sent angels from his skies!

"But no: he lived and thought, alone.
He set a new God on the throne
Of the Eternal, Israel's King.
The old traditions to despise
Is never safe, is never wise:
With unchanged notes the young birds sing.

"Each summer, the same flowers are fair.
The same sun kisses the same air
To warmth and beauty, every June.
Yes: over thunderous Sinai,
Through awful depths of lurid sky,
Once glittered this, to-night's same moon!

"But he, my Jesus, would have nought
Save of his own creative thought,
And now that thought's strange task is done:
The 'Father'—whom he sought by night—
Has robbed the world of genius-light,
And robbed a mother of her son."

We have here an allusion to "creative thought," which should be the supreme quality of Christ, regarding him, with Mr. Barlow, as the highest example of a man. But only in the most casual and superficial way do any of these poems meddle with creative thought. Their subjects—I refer to those only which pertain to what Mr. Barlow perhaps regards as his main theme—are chiefly the various forms of love and lust. His ideal Christ is a sort of feminine perfection—a being in whom the human affections are spiritualised and freed from carnal taint. The foil to this ideal—it is a foil that monopolises a good share of the book—is the vice of fleshly lust. Unquestionably, the best poems in the volume are to be found among those which have least to do with the scheme of the supposed epic—the unpretentious lyrics and ballads. Many of these are particularly bright and good.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Records and Record Searching: a Guide to the Genealogist and Topographer. By Walter Rye. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. RYE is a most industrious student. Hard workers in the field of historical research are not commonly very communicative of their methods. We do not wish to accuse the antiquarian confraternity of the old narrowness of the mere collector, who thought his treasures all the more valuable if he kept them

entirely to himself. This old prejudice is happily dead, or only exists in remote places where modern thoughts and methods are still unknown. What we mean to say is that the hard worker is commonly far too busy to teach the rudiments of his knowledge to the mere beginner. We have most of us had to find out what we know laboriously for ourselves, with no other guide except experience and memory. It is half the battle to know where to search. A beginner, when he first enters the British Museum or the Public Record Office, with none to guide him, is like a man starving in the midst of plenty. This cannot be so any longer. Mr. Rye's Guide is quite sufficient to hinder anyone from wasting his time in fruitless labour. It cannot—no book can—put the dull and inaccurate person on a level with his more acute brethren.

We have little to say about Mr. Rye's Guide except to praise it. We have gone through the book chapter by chapter, and come on nothing that deserves censure. As, however, it is supposed to be the duty of the critic to find fault with something, we may say, in passing, that we do not think the antiquities of the mediæval church have received as much attention as other matters.

In a book that has to deal with such an overwhelming amount of documents, it would have been impossible to give very full treatment to each. This is not a history of our archives, but a guide to them; and in most cases what has been said has been fully sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended. The first chapter, "How to Compile a Pedigree," gives most useful information. If the directions here are followed much valuable time will be spared, and we shall be saved from the disgust and irritation which so frequently overshadow us when a freshly made pedigree is put into our hands. There are two kinds of pedigrees that are utterly misleading—first, those which are consciously false, when men, from vanity, try to pass off their lineage as other than it is. These impostures are common enough. There seems to have been a brisk trade in them as early as the Tudor time. *Novi homines*, who had risen to rank and importance on the plunder of the church, felt it a cruel hardship that their ancestry was not as long as that of Berkeley or Percy, and forthwith employed some adept to supply the deficiency. The same ambition leads to the same juggleries now. We could point to pedigrees in well-known books of reference, going back to very remote times, for which we are certain no authentic proofs have been vouchsafed farther than the reign of Queen Anne. When these productions come in the student's way the wisest thing to do is to cast them from him. It is no use trying to disentangle a web of which half the strands are forgeries. The second class are very different. They are the result of conscientious but misapplied labour. The work of men who know not what genealogical evidence is, and who constantly mistake falsehood for truth. They often, so far from giving more antiquity to a race than is its due, fall short of the truth. We have an instance before us now of a genealogical tree beginning with an imaginary ancestor in the reign of Charles I., when the line may be traced by evidence that would be accepted in a court of law up to the

earlier part of the thirteenth century. No man can properly write the history of a parish, or of an empire, without a genealogy before him. What the line of Karl or of Hugh Capet is to French history such is the line of the lords of the manor to an obscure village. It is as reasonable to condemn one kind of knowledge as the other.

The chapter on "Legal Proceedings relating to Land" is one of the most important in the book. They are extremely puzzling to everyone who has not a thorough knowledge of our feudal systems—the word here must certainly be in the plural; and recent alterations have so entirely remodelled almost everything pertaining to real estate that hardly any information is to be gleaned from modern law books, and it is terribly uphill work to pick out what is wanted from the grave folios of the men of the seventeenth century.

The article on court rolls is excellent, but we trust it may receive expansion in a new edition. Each one of our old manors was like a little kingdom. We have read many court rolls, but never found two alike in the earlier time. Feudalism was full of life during the Wars of the Roses therefore that long-continued dynastic struggle had but little effect on them. You hardly find a trace of it in these records, so far as we have seen, except in the case of confiscations. The Reformation even, which gave a far greater shock to our social system, has left in them few traces. Life had changed when the war began between the Parliament and Charles I. After the Restoration the rolls become all much alike. They are still important witnesses to pedigrees and boundaries, and sometimes throw vivid side-lights on the agriculture of the time, but their individuality is gone. We may consult them as a matter of duty, but they are no longer, as they were aforetime, a picturesque delight.

Among the useful matters in the appendix is what the author calls "A Short Antiquarian Directory." It gives a list of the various societies whose transactions deal with historical subjects, and also of many of the periodicals which contain antiquarian articles. Nothing so complete has ever appeared before. We trust in the next edition the author will give a list of the continental archaeological societies. It may be impossible to make it quite perfect; but, even if there were grave *lacunae*, it would be of untold value to the English student, who is constantly driven to all sorts of shifts by not knowing what is the centre of historic lore in some region into which his enquiries have led him.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

"Statesmen Series."—*Peel*. By F. C. Montague. (W. H. Allen.)

It is odd that, when hardly a man of note eludes the biographer, who dogs him more remorselessly than ever did black eare the gallant horseman, we have had so long to wait for a tolerable life of Sir Robert Peel. Peel's life was many-sided, his career was a rare series of brilliant personal successes, and his influence was more solidly beneficial to his country than that of any other statesmen of his time. And yet the best that has been hitherto written about him is either a

polemical apology or an imperfect contemporary study, and the worst as cumbersome and wrongheaded a book as ever was penned. Now at last, on the centenary of his birth, there appears, what we have long wanted, a well-written life of Peel. It is the fifth volume of the "Statesmen Series," and the editor, Mr. Sanders, has made a wise choice in entrusting it to Mr. Montague. The book is well done, though the misprints between pp. 173 and 190 are rather too frequent. Its defect, which is not its author's fault, is that it is not longer. The reader, perhaps, will hardly realise the pains needed to compress so much material into so few pages—to deal with all the subjects of Peel's policy and reforms, and yet to be intelligible and entertaining upon each. It is greatly to the author's credit that he has so completely effaced all trace of the toil which must have gone to the review of topics so numerous and so complicated, and that in producing a bright and lucid account of some forty years brimful of political strife he has also portrayed through it all the man Peel himself—a living, recognisable, human figure.

For this, indeed, has been one of the things which have deterred others from attempting Peel's life. It was his misfortune that he had not the knack of popularity or the art of being always interesting. To some he appears a dry painstaking compound of statistics and statutes, of rules of the House of Commons and proceedings of the Home Office; a volume of Hansard incarnate and adorned with quotations from the Latin poets. Others regard him as the arch-priest of respectability, and dismiss him as uninteresting accordingly. One political party eyes him askance because he passed Acts the credit of which they would have liked for themselves; the other because he led them into paths in which perpetual wonder at the miracle of being there merged in perpetual fear of the impossibility of ever getting out again. He had a genius for the consolidation of law, the simplification of business, the improvement of administration. He was no mere political gladiator, whose career is a tissue of brilliant sarcasms, stubborn party duels, *ruses de guerre*, and all the hewing and hacking of the parliamentary fray, and whose life reads like some romance of doubtful propriety. To understand him needs impartiality, and to realise his great achievements demands pains and study. It follows that even what Mr. Montague finely calls "the useless justice of posterity" has not been fully done him; for few men are studious, and fewer still impartial.

Peel at the outset seemed the Fortunate Youth of politics. He was destined for the cabinet from his cradle; he above all other men had the good fortune to be *ἰκανὸς κεραιόφρων*; he was an accomplished scholar before he was of age; he was an experienced man of business by inheritance, a laborious man of business by choice. When other men are struggling for bread he was rolling in riches. Temptation never ruffled his blameless spirit; the road to fame lay straight and open before him; he had only to walk along it at his leisure, and his fall after nearly forty years upon that road is a veritable tragedy. No doubt there is just that degree of truth in Disraeli's taunt that Peel's whole life was one great appropriation clause, which inspires

some misgivings as to his unvarying political rectitude. The fact is that at the opening of his career he was a little too fortunate; he was introduced to public life too easily. The pitiless necessity of acting on some distinct opinion came on him day by day, and came on him too soon. Before he knew his own mind he was committed to party politics; and, when he would have followed his own freer and more mature opinions, he found his hands tied by the result of his early deference to the opinions of others. Peel is not the only great statesman who would have wished a little more time before coming into his inheritance. Lifelong consistency is a virtue that is denied to those who are ministers at twenty-four.

But the real blot upon Peel's career, if it can be truly called a blot, is not that he changed his mind, for he changed his mind in every sense for the good of his country, but that by force of circumstances his conduct necessarily did so much to blunt the edge of that never very finely tempered tool—party government. No more dramatic occasions could have been imagined for a political right-about-face than those of 1829 and 1846. A great minister, suddenly and by an almost secret act of conversion, destroys for ever the pet policy of his own party, passes his opponents' measures by dint of his opponents' support, and forces a writhing and reluctant following, with unconverted hearts, to profess his new faith. It is a time of evil omen. Their summary vengeance upon him does not mend matters; for good or for evil the party has incontinently wheeled about. That the justification for 1829 and 1846 is complete leaves the mischief uncured. Peel is cleared, but party government reels under the blow. It is a tempting manoeuvre, which other men will repeat with less honesty and less need; and what in him was a great self-renunciation will sink to a cunning *coup*. It is possible that the time, which removes us from Peel far enough to vindicate his memory beyond the need of justification, may show us the instrument, of which he was the greatest master, brought into decay by the consequences of his act.

It is always said of Peel that for good and for evil his character reflected that of the English middle class, from which he sprang, and which ruled England from 1832; but it is too little remembered how very much of good and how wonderfully little of evil there was in that character. Nowadays the middle classes are not very much appreciated. Being neither wayward, nor gushing, nor improper, nor adventurous, they do not catch the eye of *gobemouche* onlookers, and their humdrum solidity misses its fair share of esteem. Everyone is anxious to play the easy part of David, and cast a stone at these dethroned Philistines; and Peel, their chief, has shared their disfavour. Yet time does not seem to produce any better class of rulers or any nobler race of statesmen. With all their faults the middle classes of Peel's generation were not surpassed in public or in private virtue by any other class of their fellow-citizens. In those virtues Peel was not even approached. Honesty and sobriety of mind, a grave resolve to have good administration and painstaking if unobtrusive reform, a great freedom from the pursuit of chimaeras, and a quiet zeal for public benefits, which

were all the more indubitable because they were not showy—these were the middle-class characteristics of that age. None better have replaced them, and it will be long before there merges from the ranks of those who now hold power one more worthy of the name of good citizen than this typical son of a Lancashire mill-owner.

J. A. HAMILTON.

THE BY-WAYS OF CANADA.

B. C. 1887: a Ramble in British Columbia.
By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck.
(Longmans.)

Diocese of Mackenzie River. By W. C. Bompus, Bishop of the Diocese. (S.P.O.K.)

THESE two volumes, both good in their way, are types of two very different styles of authorship. The one is gay; the other, as might be expected, is grave. The one is written after a few months' acquaintance with a small corner of one province of Canada; the other presents in a compressed form the experience of half a lifetime spent in a diocese which is nearly twice as big as British Columbia, and quite as little known as the least explored portions of that remote "dependency," which, when the writer of these words first knew it, had just emerged from the hunting-ground stage of its existence.

In these days a somewhat mouldy joke was current to the effect that "H. B. C.," the familiar designation of the Hudson's Bay Company, meant "Here Before Christ." At that date—a quarter of a century ago—the great fur company were the magnates of the North-west. The personality of their factors was perhaps a trifle antiquated, but it was everywhere, and—good fellows though most of them were—more omnipresent than loved. The title of Messrs. Lees and Clutterbuck's book reminds us that this venerable bit of facetiousness, suggested by the manners of the petty traders, at which even the most amiable of us had ceased to laugh long before the railway had rendered it obsolete, still manages to maintain something of its prehistoric vitality among a younger generation; though whether the British Columbians, in the favour of their rejuvenescence, will care for the authors of *Threes in Norway* transferring the implication of old-fashionedness to their province is not quite so certain. For if we gather anything from these pages it is that, though the *quondam* colony still consumes a reprehensible amount of exciseable goods, nobody is so poor, or so picturesque, or so jovial as he was in the gladsome times which are now no more than a memory.

At all events, in the "B. C." of 1887 we hear little of the "H. B. C." of 1863, or, indeed, of many merry men with whom we were wont to consort in the Forest of Arden. They, too, seem to have vanished like some other things of good report, or confine their operations to parts of the country which the latest tourists in B. C. did not visit. In truth, they visited very little of the country. Their object in crossing the Rocky Mountains was to test the capabilities of this still little known region as "a home for some of the public school and university young men who, in this overcrowded old England of ours, every year find themselves more *de trop*."

For this reason, perhaps, they confined their "rambles" to the southern country east of the Cascades. For here alone "in the valleys, which in some parts attain to the dignity of plains," between the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks, and the Gold Range, "any room can be found for a man to live and plant domestic animals and vegetables, without being in danger of falling off a ledge or slipping into a mountain torrent." This is, of course, an exaggeration, though, no doubt, the greatest extent of open country is to be found in the Kootenay district. It is, therefore, in spite of its cold winters, the region best adapted for grazing. But it is scarcely a typical part of British Columbia, which is not a farming country. Further north, the province is still more mountainous and wooded, the torrents grander, the lakes of larger extent, and the men of the soil far more primitive, if less amiable, than the mild tribes, with a gloss of Roman Catholicism, whom our authors encountered and seem to have been disappointed with. However, in a limited way, they enjoyed themselves. They canoed, and rafted, and steam-boated, and travelled with pack horses. They also shot game and fished trout; but, except in winter, wild animals are extremely difficult to approach in that section of British Columbia, or, indeed, in any other part; for they all desert the lowlands and take to the uplands near the snow in order to avoid the flies. They obtained, in addition, some information for "the public school and university men." The gist of this is that nobody should settle without seeing the country; that the land available for settlement is fast diminishing in area; that there are chances—as there are everywhere else—for young unmarried colonists with capital; but that ladies should not go out without being sure that they are able to "rough it and trust to their own resources."

The book is pleasantly written, in spite of a good deal of rather forced facetiousness—which sometimes breaks out into poetry—and a needless amount of rather bald profanity. The small beer of little personal adventures, interesting solely to "Jim," "Cardie," and "the Skipper," or their friends at home, predominate unduly. Still, the book contains a great deal of useful information on many points, told in an attractive narrative, and many illustrations, which, though for the most part villainously reproduced by various "processes," are commendably graphic. The portraits of the birds are all copies from Audubon; but, as the work in which they are contained was published long before the West was explored, it necessarily follows that several of them are of species not so characteristic of British Columbia as of the region farther East. Much of the book would, nevertheless, bear pruning. The account of a voyage across the Atlantic and of the older portion of Canada is altogether superfluous in a volume which dismisses Victoria, an ever-changing town, with the remark that it "is too well known by description to need any remark from us" (p. 376). It is also amusing to find that the writers fancy that the words "no" and "here" painted on the jawbone of a horse behind the bar of a country tavern, meant that there was to be no noisy talk—no "jaw"—there. "Jawbone" in the West is a euphuism for

"credit." Sometimes the same hint is given by the Chinook jargon word, *halo* (none), or "played out," being painted on the equine maxilla. These, and a host of similar slips which might be noted, are, however, trifles in what may be pronounced a more than usually lively account of the region in the vicinity of the Canadian Pacific and the western extremity of the North Pacific railways.

Bishop Bompus's little book is of a very different character. It is one of the "Colonial Church Histories," and affects to give no more than a systematic account of the vast region over which the author exercises spiritual jurisdiction. It is not too much to say that it is the best of the series, for it describes a territory which, except for the notices of the early Arctic explorers, and a recent report by a Canadian Agricultural Commission, is practically unknown. Dr. Bompus, so far as his space allows, supplies this deficiency by accurate notes—not only on the Church of England missions, but on the inhabitants, languages, fauna and flora, Arctic life, meteorology, dress and habits, resources and prospects of the country. The latter are not portrayed in quite such flowery terms as in the agricultural report referred to. The crops of the Mackenzie river valley "cannot be said to be encouraging." By "working the soil regularly, the frost seems to leave it." A penal settlement has been suggested, but

"crops could not be trusted for the support of a convict establishment with enforced labour, though hardy emigrants working with a will might force a livelihood" (p. 101). "The climate is not one to invite immigration on any considerable scale, unless the half-breed or Indian population of the Saskatchewan plains or adjacent country should retire to the North before the advance of civilised Europeans."

The Mackenzie, in short, is not a paradise, and it is iniquitous to tempt sanguine wretches to colonise such an Arctic waste. The bishop is, however, most at home in describing the wild animals and their hunters. He is now and then apt to blunder over the scientific names (p. 65); but, in spite of a proneness to improve the occasion (pp. 60, 63), and one or two outbursts of the *odium theologium* (pp. 84, 108), both of which are uncalled for, his monograph for once stultifies Lord Palmerston's shrewd maxim that for downright ignorance and inaccuracy recommend him to the man who had "been twenty years in the country and spoke the language."

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Aspern Papers. By Henry James. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Check and Counter-Check. By Brander Mathews and G. H. Jessop. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Guardians. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Romance of a Shop. By Amy Levy. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Ladies' Gallery. By Mrs. Campbell Praed and Justin McCarthy. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Kept Secret. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Periwinkle. By Arnold Gray. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

It is well known to the initiated, though the story has for obvious reasons not got into the papers, that a conspiracy has long existed in America for the purpose of buying a stout keeled yacht (none of your centreboard toys that are good to dodge the Britisher round New York harbour), manning it with stalwart patriots, kidnapping Mr. Henry James from whatsoever foul European Capua he may be haunting, conveying him to a desert island, and there giving him the choice of death by awful tortures or of swearing on his bended knees and the bones of Washington that he will never more make fun of American man or woman. The execution of the project has, we understand, only been postponed owing to a patriotic sense of the horrid gap in the ranks of "our gifted and incisive writers" (as an American print had it the other day) should Mr. James prove staunch and prefer art to life. But whether this reluctance will be proof against the last provocation—the third of the tales in *The Aspern Papers*—we tremble to think. All the *portraits-charges* ever drawn of Yankees by Englishmen from Miss Ferrier's impossible Lewiston through the works of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope downwards are mild compared to the dreadful fidelity of Macarthy Grice in "A Modern Warning." The personages of the story are few—Macarthy and Agatha Grice, brother and sister, the usual helpless mother of American fiction, and a masterful Englishman, Sir Rufus Chasemore, who carries Agatha off under the nose, so to speak, of the Briton-detesting Macarthy. The story is extremely clever; but Mr. James neither need nor should have ended it by the suicide of the luckless Agatha, distracted between wifely and sisterly love. Tragedy interspersed with comedy is good literature; comedy ending in tragedy, though unfortunately only too true to life, is not good literature, or very rarely so. The longer "Aspern Papers" proper is also a very good story, though perhaps a trifle spun out. But "Louisa Pallant," which comes between, is good for much less.

Messrs. Brander Mathews and Jessop's *Check and Counter-Check* is a very lively and amusing story, in which a theft of a picture *à la* Duchess of Devonshire, and the mistaken notion of a young lawyer to the effect that he has discovered the thief in his own bosom friend and brother-in-law-elect, with various accidents thereto appertaining, are tossed up with a good deal of skill. We have only two things against it. If they really spell Vaughan "Vaughn" over there, we can only say that the persons so offending ought to be trampled to death by plumed knights or condemned to be perpetual candidates for the Presidency, or to some punishment equally painful and degrading. And why, oh why, did the authors make their two heroines, Katharine Vaughn and Gladys Tennant, so dreadfully—we must really say it—so dreadfully vulgar? As one of them at least has drawn in other books young ladies who were not vulgar, it must have been done on purpose, and why do it? A vulgar man is good

literary game; a vulgar woman, middle-aged or old, is perhaps allowable; but, if Nature has disgraced herself by permitting the existence of vulgar girls, let manly men blush for her and them, but not put them in books.

Of *The Guardians*, all we can say is that, though its authors claim previous works, it is more like a schoolgirl's first attempt at a novel than most books that we have read. It is perfectly formless. The Greek motto on the title-page—"If the blind lead the blind"—acquires a new meaning, as the reader, who does not know where on earth the story is going, is led by the authors, who evidently know rather less; and the characters with one exception are rag dolls. That one exception, an elderly coquette, is so much better than the rest of the book that it is difficult to tell how she finds herself there, and how the authors (who do not know in the least what to do with her when they have got her) got hold of her at all.

It appears to us that with a little more experience Miss Amy Levy may write a very good novel. The notion of young ladies, who are suddenly turned out of affluence into poverty, supporting themselves by trade or something like it, is, of course, not new, but it is not yet exhausted. The last time we met it, it was dressmaking, now it is photography. One is as good as the other; indeed, fingers stained with chemicals are, perhaps, better from many points of view than pins in the mouth. There are youthfulnesses in this *Romance of a Shop*, no doubt. The episode of Phyllis, the youngest sister, and her unscrupulous artist-lover, is a little out of place, and wants stronger handling. Moreover, Miss Levy really must not fold her heroine to her lover's breast at the end "like a tired child." She might as well make the lover himself "pass his hand over his fevered brow." But these things may be mended; and there is a quality of "liveness" in the book, a faculty of dialogue, and some scraps and bits of character drawing here and there, which carry the reader pleasantly through for the present, and give good promise for the future.

When we open a novel by the new firm of Mrs. Campbell Praed and Mr. Justin McCarthy, we know pretty well that we shall have Australians, high-minded or otherwise, a *maumariée* (to use the pretty old French word for an ugly thing that is both old and new), some English political life, a good deal of rather unhealthy sentiment, and a good deal of rather barren cleverness. All these things are duly found in *The Ladies' Gallery*, of which title we may observe in passing that it has almost less to do with the contents of the book than the title of any other novel we remember. The main story turns on the rather awkwardly combined facts that Rick Ransom and Binbian Jo are not only "pals" in the strictest sense, and brother millionaires, but also (unknown to each other for a time) are in love with the same woman, who unluckily happens to be the wife of one of them. Mrs. Campbell Praed in her unlimited liability days has dealt less agreeably with similar subjects; but even here there is a vein of slightly rancid sentiment. The emotions, political and other, of a frank child of the wilderness introduced to our English corruption are also worked upon; and there

is some by-play between a certain Tony Strange and a certain Philippa Dell, which reminds us less of anything that either of the writers has done before than of the work of the clever author of *Molly Bawn*. The whole, if not "smart," has much attempt at smartness, and a profusion of what is, or what is supposed to be, the latest slang. But the odd thing is that, with all this and with all the cleverness of "them two clever ones," its authors, it is not in the least alive as all the novels of the better class in the huge list from *Daphnis and Chloë* to *Pierre et Jean* are alive. Marionettes dressed with great cleverness, grouped with greater cleverness, and twitched about with cleverness the greatest of all—such are the occupants of *The Ladies' Gallery*, and such only.

Mrs. Spender's story would be a much better one if she could have sifted out of it certain fripperies and gauds of style. When a lady wishes to say that her hero's married life was happy, and expresses that proposition thus—

"The wine of life had been rich and luscious as ever to Boyd Lethbridge; it was so sparkling still that it tempted the man to drain the cup to his heart's desire before he allowed it to settle on the lees. The incense ascending from the altar of that homestead would have been satisfying to the nostrils of most men, however fastidious"—

the chief impulse of every one but the sternly virtuous critic or the careless circulating library subscriber must be to put the book, gently or not, aside. But it must be confessed that the style is not altogether out of keeping with the story. There is some liveliness in it and some pathos, but both are strained and unnatural. Some heirs to banking houses have no doubt robbed the till or the safe, and put the blame on others. "We read it in a French book t'other day," and in *Hard Times* something more than t'other day, and in a hundred other books, and perhaps in a newspaper or two; but, when they are men as clever as Boyd Lethbridge, they generally recognise that the game is not worth the candle, and can be lighted in other ways. The self-devotion of Nancy Kempe is estimable; but one's sympathy for her is lessened by feeling that the lover she gives up to her friend is a very poor creature indeed: nor is the questionably fortunate heroine who gets him much better. The best person in the book is the comic man, Patrick More, an Irish painter-landlord.

As in *Kept Secret*, so in *Periwinkle*, the sacred head of the critic is almost whelmed by a profusion of high passions and tall talk. We do not remember any single passage manifesting quite such a ladylike derangement of epitaphs as that quoted above; but the heroine habitually speaks of and to her husband as "Daryl Darkwood," and is not innocent of the crime of speaking of herself as "I, Flower Darkwood." These two small facts will "speak" the whole book to the intelligent. It is not at all a bad book of its kind; and the mystery of what Simon Creedy had in the black bag with which he travelled to all parts of England is rather ingeniously kept. But it is also one of those books which it is hardly necessary either to praise or to blame, because, when it comes to its own, its

own are quite certain to receive it with joy and read it with gladness; while those who are not its own will discover that fact before they have read or skipped half a dozen chapters. This is always a good thing about a book.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets; with Renderings in English Verse. By F. A. Paley. (Sonnenschein.) Scattered fragments from some twenty-five poets, mostly of the "Middle" and "New" Comedy, are here collected and translated by Dr. Paley, who thinks (Pref., pp. vi. and vii.) that, in our classical course, we worship Aristophanes too much, Menander too little. More than this: he thinks that the "Old Comedy," and Aristophanes as its representative, "revelled in immorality, and made sport of depravity"; and that "the comic stage had become an incentive to unrestrained vice." From such viciousness, he thinks, Menander and the "New Comedy" were free. Why, therefore, he asks, should Aristophanes be read in schools, while Menander is wholly neglected? We all owe too much, in matters of scholarship, to Dr. Paley, to treat any view of his with disrespect; but we must in frankness say that there seems something wrongheaded about this argument. We read Aristophanes and not Menander for the same reason that we read the plays, but not the fragments, of Aeschylus and Sophocles; for the same reason that we prefer statues to broken chips, and, in a word, literary and artistic wholes to small fractions of a shattered fame. Neither can we fully accept Mr. Paley's view of the "Old Comedy," or of Aristophanes as its representative. "Revelling in immorality," "incentive to unrestrained vice"—these are terms which might with certain restrictions be applied to our Restoration comedies: to apply them to such work as the "Acharnians," "Clouds," "Birds," and "Frogs," seems to us quite uncritical. We are far from ignoring the stains on the genius of Aristophanes; one or two of his plays harp painfully upon the *non nominandum*. But any mind that can sift the impurities out of Shakspeare can do the same with Aristophanes. What remains, in either case, is pure gold. Mr. Paley forgets, we think, that the "Old Comedy," being in its essence satirical as well as ludicrous, does of necessity touch a great deal of pitch; but so clear and true is the Hellenic genius that we may read its handling of this pitch without incurring defilement, unless we are in search of it. In a word, there are many good reasons for reading the fragments of Menander; but their superiority to the plays of Aristophanes is not one of them. This said, we can freely agree that Mr. Paley has done well to collect and translate these asteroids of the Greek dramatic heaven. He is not a first-rate translator into verse; but he is a better one than his prose versions would sometimes lead one to expect. He seems, however, to overrate the wit of these fragments. Many of them are rather forced fun, and turn on the ordinary social puzzles, e.g., why fish is so expensive, why marriage is a failure, &c. Punch's celebrated advice to people about to marry is, it appears (p. 56), directly plagiarised from Anaxandrides:

δοτις γαμειν βουλευει, ου βουλευεται
δραδς κ.τ.λ.

Perhaps it is older still. The strongest things in the book, to our mind, are the fragments from Philemon; the wisest, the scraps of Menander, e.g., Fr. 519, p. 112. Diphilus also

(p. 133) has a sharply satiric turn, rather over-expanded by Mr. Paley's version:

"So plain is she, her father shuns the sight:
She holds out bread; no dog will take a bite.
So dark is she, that entering a room
Night seems to follow her, and all is gloom."

There is a palpable misprint in the last line but one of p. 112. Mr. Paley's emendation of Eubulus (p. 63) is ingenious, but hardly improves the meaning, which seems to us to need neither defence nor change.

Aeschylus' Seven against Thebes. By A. W. Verrall and M. A. Bayfield. School Edition. (Macmillan.) The *Seven against Thebes* is a play so well suited by subject to school reading that we welcome this reduction of Mr. Verrall's larger work to a size and price which should popularise it for school use. All will share Mr. Verrall's regret (Pref., pp. v., vi.) that the high compliment to English scholarship implied by Dr. L. Schmidt's intentions of translating the larger edition into German was frustrated by his death. Those acquainted with a work will not be surprised to find Mr. Verrall repeating here his sense of the misnomer, by which a play, in which neither Thebes nor Thebans are ever mentioned, has been called for all time "The Seven against Thebes." But we do not quite agree that the name is "not very happy." It is inaccurate, but it fixes the mind of the young on the central scene or tableau of the play, by a remarkably vivid phrase. Aristophanes knew his audience; and our effort is, after all, to realise the play as an Athenian audience realised it. The editors seem to fear (p. vi.) that their notes may be thought too copious. We agree that the vice of most school editions is that they are apt to substitute help for effort. But the *Seven* &c. required to be brought definitely into the range of school reading below the highest forms (in which it has not been quite neglected, though not sufficiently read), and for this purpose we do not think the notes are too full. They are certainly interesting. We do not quite like the rendering (l. 135) of ἀρμάτων τροχόν by "the drumming of the chariots." The note on the difficult but beautiful passage (ll. 839-846) and the version of it (p. 103) are alike excellent. The sense of contrast in poetry often escapes boys, but when pointed out is very attractive to them. Perhaps a reference to the dark sail on Theseus's ship, when Aegeus was waiting for a white one, might have been added from Kingale's *Heroes*. We incline to think that Mr. Verrall's vivid conjecture, on l. 100 (πάταγος οὐ κερὸς δροπὸς for π. οὐχ ἔνδς δροπὸς), which in the larger edition has place in the text, might here be given in the notes. "The spear is in that sound" is a more Aeschylean thought than "'tis the clash of not one spear," even if οὐχ ἔνδς could = πολλῶν.

A Latin Prose Primer. By J. Y. Sargent. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) Eyes much less practised than Mr. Sargent's have recognised long ago that the standards in Latin prose attained by average candidates for matriculation or responsions is absurdly low. "If this is the result," many teachers must have felt, "of seven or eight years' constant training and practice, either the object is unattainable in any measurable period, or the means adopted are in some way fatal to its attainment. In the case of no other language would it be tolerated that, after seven years' instruction, the pupil should be unable to speak a single sentence, or to write the tenth part of a page, without gross grammatical blunders." Many, we say, have felt this; but we do not remember to have seen anywhere so succinct and pointed an exposition of its cause as that given by Mr. Sargent (Introd. pp. viii.-xi.).

He is commendably free from *odium paedagogicum*, and even ventures (p. viii.) to remind us that Latin was spoken as well as written, not only without a knowledge of the now defunct "as in praesenti," and "propria quae maribus," but even without "the doctrine of 'stems,' 'roots,' 'tertiary predicates,' and 'past jussives' of a newer jargon"! Surely this is the language of a bold, bad man. But, in pursuance of his theory, he gives, in part i., ten preliminary exercises for oral practice. A vocabulary is supplied. The short sentences, strung on a thread of humorous connexion—see especially Ex. 10, pp. 18-19—are, we think, capitally adapted for such teaching as Mr. Sargent has in view. They can, of course, with very little difficulty, be varied and added to by any teacher who will enter into the spirit of the thing. Part ii. is more elaborate. Fifty exercises are given, and analysed sentence by sentence more in the style of Mr. Sidgwick's *Greek Prose*. As we should have expected, Mr. Sargent fully realises that not the Latin, but the pupil's slovenly way of only glancing at the English without unravelling its connexion or full meaning, is the real obstacle. He would have certain vocabularies learned by heart. We agree, and we think Mr. Sargent's seven rules, on p. 21, should also be stored in the memory. That, perhaps, would give the best hope of their being obeyed.

An Introduction to Latin Syntax. By W. S. Gibson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This is a simple though sometimes prolix commentary on the earlier portions of the syntax of the Latin primer, with exercises appropriate to it. The explanations are for the most part full and clear, though a little more of the latter quality is needed, we think, on pp. 116-17. The principle also of teaching syntax and giving sentences for translation into Latin simultaneously is, we think, a sound one. On the other hand, a table of contents should certainly be added. The book is too garrulous. If it is meant to be learnt by boys, it is too long; if it is to be used by the master, it presupposes rather unusual ignorance in him. We are told (Pref., p. vi.) that it is based, with modifications which are but slight, on the "Public Schools' Primer"; but that primer has now become antiquated. It would be well to contrast Mr. Gibson's treatment of the dative with that in the Revised Primer. Still, the book seems to be the work of a practical teacher, struggling to make things clear to the simplest minds.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY has written a critical introduction, of considerable length, to an English translation of Duruy's *Illustrated History of Greece*, to be published by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. This forms a companion work to the *History of Rome* by the same author, which was recently issued in this country by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

PROF. SAYCE has written a little book on the Hittites for the series published by the Religious Tract Society under the title of "By-paths of Bible Knowledge." It is entirely of a popular character, and makes no fresh attempt at decipherment.

SUBSCRIBERS may expect to receive the three concluding volumes of Sir R. F. Burton's "Supplemental Nights" all together by the end of next week, or very little later.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will shortly publish the second volume of Mr. Ernest Law's valuable *History of Hampton Court Palace*, from the death of Elizabeth to the end of James II.'s reign. The work will be profusely illustrated

with copperplates, engravings, and etchings, including reproductions from contemporary sketches. The third volume, bringing the history down to the present time, with an index to the whole work, is in the press.

The Plague and the Printing Press is the title of a work announced by Mr. Eliot Stook. It is edited by Mr. H. R. Planner, and will contain a complete bibliography of works on the plague, as well as an introduction and historical notes.

A BOOK by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, millionaire and hunter, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. The volume will be profusely illustrated with sketches from life.

MRS. EDMONDS, who will be known to many readers of the ACADEMY by her "Greek Lays and Idylls," has written a novel which will be published shortly, in two volumes, by Messrs. Hemington. It has no reference to Philhellenism, but is simply a love-story, entitled *Mary Myles*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. are about to publish the fourth and concluding volume of *Familiar Wild Birds*, by Mr. W. Swaysland, with 160 coloured illustrations of birds and eggs drawn to scale.

THE seventeenth volume in the "Nation Series," *Persia*, will be published next week by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The author, Mr. W. S. Benjamin, was formerly minister for the United States at Teheran.

THE second volume of Mr. A. S. Way's translation of the *Iliad*, containing Books XIII. to XXIV., will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. during November.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce a translation of Lichtenberger's *Histoire des Idées Religieuses en Allemagne*, revised and brought up to date, with important additions, specially prepared for this edition, by the author. It has been prepared by Mr. W. Hastie, the translator of Pünjer's "History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion," &c.

THE next volume in the series of "Camelot Classics" will be Mr. J. R. Lowell's *Essays on the English Poets*.

Christmas Cookery and Good Cheer, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley, an illustrated handbook to seasonable dishes and drinks, games and gifts, will be published early next month.

THE fourth number of *Popular Poets of the Period*, edited by Mr. F. A. H. Eyles (Griffith, Farran & Co.), will contain sketches of the careers, and selections from the writings of, Mr. Austin Dobson, Prof. Blackie, Sarah Doudney, Dr. A. H. Japp, and Mr. William Allingham.

A MEETING of those interested in the proposal to raise some public memorial to Christopher Marlowe will be held on Thursday next, November 15, at 4 p.m., in the Lord Chief Justice's rooms at the Royal Courts of Justice, when Lord Coleridge has promised to take the chair. The hon. secretary to the movement is Mr. Frederick Rogers (62 Nicholas Street, Mile End), who will be glad to receive suggestions.

FREDERIK MULLER & Co., of Amsterdam, have issued a "bi-centennial" catalogue of broadsides, portraits, and books relating to the accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain. The total number of pieces enumerated is 256, of which the greatest rarities seem to be two large etchings by R. de Hooghe: one representing the battle of the Boyne, with the death of Schomberg as the central object; the other in two leaves, the one representing William and Mary surrounded by their generals and ministers and by Irish officers in

chains, and the other representing the Emperor and Sobieski receiving the homage of the Turks, after the relief of the siege of Vienna in 1689. We may also mention a hitherto unknown portrait of William at the age of three, by Hendrik Rokeas. The London agent for this catalogue is Mr. David Nutt.

AT the present moment it is interesting to know that one of M. Emile Zola's short nouvelles, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, has just been issued as a textbook for use in English schools, with notes, &c. (Librairie Hachette). In a letter to the editor, printed in the preface, M. Zola writes:

"Je suis très touché d'apprendre que ma prose ai discutée en France pourra être utile à quelque chose en Angleterre."

WE are glad to learn that the publication of cheap reprints has extended to Athens, where William Bart is issuing fortnightly a pretty little series of sixpenny volumes, called the "Helleniké Bibliotheké." Among them we notice a translation of a play of Molière, with the not easily recognisable title of *Ο ερητα-βελόνης*. The volume that has reached us—two in one—is a revised edition of Demetrius Bikelas' metrical version of *Hamlet*, from which we venture to quote the first lines of the well-known soliloquy:

Νὰ σὺ κἀνέλεις, ἢ νὰ μὴ σὺ; Ἰδοὺ ἡ ἀπορία.
Τί εἶναι πλέον εὐγενές; Νὰ σὺ, νὰ ὑποφέρῃ
τῆς Εἰμαρμένης τῆς σκληρᾶς τὰ βέλη, τὰς σφενδόνας,
ἢ ἡ ἐνα πέλαγος δεινὴν ὕψι ἀνσταθὴν ἐνὸς πλάτους,
νὰ τ' ἀναγκασθῇ ἐνοικίον νὰ παύσων!—Ν' ἀποδῶν
νὰ κοιμηθῇ . . . Ἰδοὺ τὸ πᾶν! καὶ μόνον μ' ἐνα ὕπνον
νὰ παύσῃ τὸ πόντοκαρδος καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τὰ χίλια
τοῦ εἶν' ἡ μοῖρα τῆς σαρκὸς, συντέλεια θὰ ἦτο
νὰ τὴν ἐπιθυμῇ κἀνέλεις ἐνθέρμως! . . .

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

APART from the life of Henry Bradshaw, by Mr. G. W. Prothero—to be published immediately by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.—the Syndics of the Cambridge Press have in preparation a volume of his collected papers, edited by Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, which will be illustrated with photographic facsimiles of fourteenth-century books and MSS.

DR. K. H. GEORGES, of Gotha, will celebrate on November 15 the sixtieth anniversary of his activity as a lexicographer—"sein 60 jährige Berufsjubiläum als Lexikograph"; and Prof. Nettleship has drawn up a congratulatory letter, to be circulated for signature among his admirers in England. Dr. Georges, though in the eighty-third year of his age, is still at work. His new *Lexikon der Lateinischen Wortformen* is complete in MS., and the first part will appear immediately.

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press will shortly publish the *Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick*, Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge from 1818 to 1873, by Mr. John Willis Clark. The geological portions of the work will be contributed by Prof. T. McK. Hughes, Sedgwick's successor in the Woodwardian chair.

ON Saturday of last week a portrait of Dr. Routh, the mathematical tutor, was formally presented to his wife, in the combination-room of Peterhouse, by a number of his old pupils, including no less than thirteen senior wranglers. The painter was Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

BISHOP STUBBS has been elected to an honorary fellowship at Oriel, the college with which he is connected as formerly regius professor of modern history. But, as a matter of fact, like his successor in the chair, he was originally a fellow of Trinity.

MR. C. PRITCHARD, the Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford, announces a course of

three or four lectures on the progressive knowledge of the "Construction of the Heavens," from the time of Ptolemy to the recent researches of Huggins and the meteor-hypothesis of Lockyer. The lectures will be illustrated, and expressed in as untechnical language as the case admits.

THE motion at the Oxford Union this week was one in favour of Vegetarianism, proposed by Mr. R. J. Walker, of Balliol. Prof. Mayor, of Cambridge, and the president of the London Vegetarian Society (himself an old Oxford man) were announced to take part in the debate.

THE November number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute contains an important paper by Dr. Venn on the physical measurement of students at Cambridge. Mr. Francis Galton discusses some of the results, and deduces the conclusion that the brain continues to grow in university students after the age at which it usually ceases to increase in the masses of the population; and that men who obtain high honours possess considerably larger brains than others of the same age. Mr. Galton also contributes the result of some enquiries regarding mental fatigue in schools.

THE Oxford University Calendar is henceforth to be issued in the Michaelmas term, with which the academical year begins. But a considerable part of the information formerly contained in it is now relegated to an *Historical Register*, which to some extent takes the place of the *Ten Year Book* of 1862 and 1873 and the *Honours Register* of 1883. Besides accounts of the university and the colleges, and lists of officers, professors, prizemen, &c., from the earliest times, there is also given an index of all who have gained university distinctions, and a table of the annual number of matriculations from 1571.

MR. HENRY TATE—in addition to previous benefactions—has just given £16,000 for the completion of the proposed library block of new buildings at University College, Liverpool. It is proposed to call the library by his name, and Mr. Rathbone has offered a bust of the donor to be placed in it.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A PRAYER TO ATHENA.

(From the *Shores of the Blue Mid-sea*.)

ATHENA! I, whom love did once embolden
To worship in that temple which hath been
The crown of the world—thy suppliant, O Queen,
Hear me again from this far shore, in olden
Days of thy glory thine. Thou, who hast holden
Achilles by the hair, Wisdom serene,
Stand now by king and counsellors, unseen,
As in the dear dim dawn by song made golden!

Athens, Queen of the air, maiden divine,
Of all things on the subject earth most free,
Guard with thy sovereign strength the faint
new breath

Of freedom drawn in this loved land of thine,
Where for long years in fierce despite of thee
It has been strangled in the grasp of death.

EMILY PFRIFFER.

OBITUARY.

IN Mr. William MacDowall, who died in Dumfries last week at the age of seventy-three, Scotland has lost one of her oldest journalists, most devoted Burnsians, and best local historians. His *History of Dumfries* is a monument of well-directed industry; while others of his works, such as his *Burns in Dumfries*, and *Among the Old Scotch Minstrels*, testify to his enthusiasm for the literature of his native country. During the greater part of his active life, Mr. MacDowall was editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, one of the most successful

of Scotch provincial newspapers. He took much interest in such widely different subjects as philology and archaeology. He was a singularly amiable, modest, and unaffected man. We understand that Mr. MacDowall has been succeeded in the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard* by Mr. Thomas Watson, who had been his chief assistant for many years.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for November opens with a lucid survey of advances made in the question of early church organisation, by Prof. Sanday. It is urged that English scholars would do well to postpone their decision until a fuller discussion of other matters with which this question is connected has enabled them to grasp the problem in a more scientific way. We sadly fear that the caution is needed. The conception of criticism as an international debate has not yet found recognition by many in England; and we must, until we have learned more from the Germans, work out our problems from an English point of view. Profs. Milligan and Bruce continue their expositions of the Melchizedek priesthood of our Lord and the Epistle to the Hebrews respectively. Prof. Laidlaw continues his homiletic study on the Parable of the Lost Son, and Prof. Cheyne, besides short notes on books, contributes a study on Psalm xxxii.

THE last number of the quarterly *Revue des Etudes Juives* contains the continuation of M. J. Halévy's "Recherches Bibliques"; comprising a supplementary note on Amraphel, King of Sennar; somewhat about Gog of Magog, apropos of Gen. x.; and a long dissertation on the country of Gimirra, which is identified with the Kimmeria of Herodotus, and also with Cappadocia. M. Halévy takes his proofs from Genesis and the Assyrio-Babylonian tablets. An interesting article by M. Israel Lévi, the manager of the *Revue*, traces the legend of the Pride of Solomon, as it appears in the *Gesta Romanorum*, to a Talmudic source, as a gloss upon Ecclesiastes i. 7; although, of course, he admits, with Varnhagen (*Ein indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung*, Berlin, 1882) that the legend is primarily of Indian origin. M. Isidore Loeb continues his commentaries upon Josef Haccohen's *Emek Habakha*; or, The Valley of Tears, so well translated some years since into French by M. Julien Sée. M. Jonas Weyl writes on the tribulations of the Jews of Marseilles; and M. Léon Brunschwig on those of the Jews of Nantes. There is a family likeness between all these persecutions of the Hebrews which must make the endless repetition of their details somewhat uninteresting even to their co-religionists. Other articles are by Théodore Reinach, David von Gunzburg, Dr. Neubauer, and Moïse Schwab, the translator of the Talmud; and the miscellaneous notes are as interesting as usual. But, take it altogether, this current number, which begins vol. xvii., is by no means food for babes.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AMAGAT. Les Emprunts et les impôts de la rançon de HUI. Paris: Pion. 10 fr.
JULIEN, Ad. Hector Berlioz: sa vie et ses œuvres. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 40 fr.
JURY, O. Diego Velazquez u. sein Jahrhundert. Bonn: Cohen. 86 M.
PERRAULT, Quatre contes de, illustrés par E. de Beaumont. Paris: Bousquet. 60 fr.
VILLOU, François. Le Jargon et Jobelin de. Texte, variantes, traductions etc. par Lucien Schöne. Paris: Lemerre. 30 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- KOLB, F. Die Offenbarung, betrachtet vom Standpunkte der Weltanschauung u. d. Gottesbegriffs der Kabbala. Leipzig: Fock. 6 M.

- LING, A. Die Einheit d. Pastor Hermas. Marburg: Elwert. 1 M. 30 Pf.
LUTHEARD, Ch. H. Geschichte der christlichen Bistümer. 1. Hälfte. Vor der Reformation. Leipzig: Dörfling. 9 M.

LAW AND HISTORY.

- DANIELSON, J. R. Die nordische Frage in den J. 1746—1751. Mit e. Darstellg. russisch-schwedisch-finnischer Beziehungen 1740—1748. Leipzig: Koehler. 12 M.
EBNER VON EBENTHAL, N. Maria Theresia u. die Handelsmarine. Trieste: Schimpff. 4 M.
HARNER, A. Studien zum deutschen Staatsrechte. 2. Bd. 2. Hft. Das Gesetz im formellen u. materiellen Sinne. Leipzig: Haessel. 8 M.
HOLTZENDORFF, F. de, et A. RIVIER. Introduction au droit des gens. Hamburg. 12 M.
KELLER, L. Johann v. Staupitz u. die Anfänge der Reformation. Leipzig: Hirzel. 7 M.
MACHOFF, Edgar de. La Principauté de Liège et les Pays-Bas au XVI^e siècle. T. I. Brussels: Van Trigt. 18 fr.
RICKERT, H. Zur Lehre v. der Definition. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 2 M.
RUECKELIN, M. Das Selbstconstruiren d. Stellvertreters nach gemeinem Recht. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 9 M.
SAURELAND, H. V. Trierer Geschichtequellen d. XI. Jahrhunderts. Trier: Paulinus-Druckerei. 5 M.
SOLTAU, W. Die römischen Amtsjahre, auf ihren natürlichen Zeitwerth reducirt. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ENDRES, M. Die Waldbenutzung vom 18. bis Ende d. 18. Jahrhunderts. Tübingen: Laupp. 5 M.
KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. Zur Geschichte der neueren philosophischen Systeme. Hrag. v. P. Hohlheid u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 8 M.
WALTHER, J. Die Korallenriffe der Sinaihalbinsel. Leipzig: Hirzel. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BAUNACK, J. u. Th. Studien auf dem Gebiete d. Griechischen u. der arischen Sprachen. 1. Bd. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Hirzel. 7 M.
BETTE, F. Quaestiones Appuleianae. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 50 Pf.
GODEFROY, F. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. Fasc. 58 (Pilloter à Podnée). Paris: Vieweg. 5 fr.
HAURY, J. Quibus fontibus Aelius Aristides usus sit in componenda declamatione, quae inscribitur Πανάγναικός. Leipzig: Fock. 70 Pf.
HYMENS, die, d. Rigveda. Hrag. v. H. Oldenberg. 1. Bd. Metrische u. textgeschichtl. Prolegomena. Berlin: Besser. 14 M.
NIEBUHR, O. Syntaktische Studien zum altfranzösischen Rolandelied. I. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
ΠΙΝΑΠΟΤ τὰ σωζόμενα, μετὰ μεταφράσεων σημειώσεων καὶ παραπομπῶν τῶν λέξεων, ὑπὸ Κ. Κλεάνδρου. Trieste: Schimpff. 20 M.
STRASSMAYER, J. N. Babylonische Texte. 4. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 17 M.
TSCHIRDEL, J. Quaestiones Aeschinae. De verborum inaequorum quodam genere. Berlin: Heinrich. 1 M. 30 Pf.
WENDORFF, F. Erklärung aller mythologie aus der annahme der erringung d. sprechvermögens (mit vorz. d. beth. d. griech. u. sanskrit. idiom). Berlin: Nauck. 12 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN IDEAL SHAKSPEARE.

Cambridge: Nov. 1, 1888.

Allow me to point out that, after all, the most essential point about "an ideal Shakspeare" is that the lines in the scenes should be numbered; and not only so, but the numbering should correspond with that in the "Globe" Shakspeare, especially in the prose passages. Unless this simple rule be remembered, the edition, however good in other respects, will be useless to the student. Why do publishers pride themselves so much upon making their books unserviceable in this respect?

WALTER W. SKELT.

THE ORIGINAL MS. OF WANSLEB'S "HISTORY OF THE COPTIC CHURCH."

Brasenose College: Nov. 3, 1888.

Students of eastern liturgies are familiar with Wansleb's *Histoire de l'Eglise d'Alexandrie*, a little work which is the best authority on the Coptic church in the seventeenth century, and which was published in Paris in the year 1677. But it is not generally known that the original Italian MS. on which the French edition was founded is preserved in the Bodleian. There

can be no doubt that this MS. is in Wansleb's own handwriting. It is clearly and beautifully written, with careful corrections and marginal notes, and bound in a contemporary binding of red calf. On a blank fly-leaf at the end, in the same hand as the text, is written the interesting note:

"Ho finito di scriver quest' opera in Constantinopoli li 15 di Guigno 1674 un Giovedì avanti mezzo giorno dopo che l' havevo cominciato li 10 del mese passato. Vansleb." "

The title sets forth that the work was composed in Cairo, during the years 1672 and 1673, and completed in Constantinople in 1674, and the learned author is described as "di Erfordia, Domenicano." There is no mention of the MS. in Quéfif and Echar'd's *Scriptores Ordinis Praedicatorum*. A hasty comparison with the Paris edition reveals considerable differences, indicating on the whole that the latter is an abridgment. It is to be hoped that some competent scholar will undertake the work of translating and editing a document which can hardly fail to throw fresh light on Coptic church history.

ALFRED J. BUTLER.

AINU HYMNS.

Selling, Faversham: Oct. 25, 1888.

I beg permission to direct attention to the current part of the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan (vol. xvi., p. 3), which contains what their translator, the Rev. J. Batchelor, modestly calls "Specimens of Ainu Folklore." They would rather seem to be primitive religious and mythological Hymns—to use a term now freely employed for the analogous archaic monuments of the Sanskrit, Avestan, and other tongues.

Mr. Batchelor (of the Church Missionary Society) has had the advantage, if such it be, of some seven years' intercourse with that moribund race, the hairy Ainu of Yeso, in their own homes; and this, with close study of the language, as it falls from the lips of the people, has enabled him to translate with an authority belonging to no other investigator of this special field, unless it the Russian Dobrotvorsky. But he left no grammar of the Ainu speech, whereas Mr. Batchelor's grammar was published last year by the Imperial University of Tokyo (Yedo). He also promises an Ainu dictionary at an early date.

Students of Ainu, or of Japanese, or of comparative mythology, would do well to compare these Hymns with the ancient Japanese Chants collected into one appendix to his translation of the *Koshiki* (*Trans. As. Soc. Jap. x.*, supp.), by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, professor of Japanese and philology in the same university. The sixth hymn, "Kaori," deals, as I suggest, with the World-tree or Earth-axis, under the alias of a "Metal Pine-tree," in trying to fell which the gods break their swords; and to which, unwittingly, Mr. Chamberlain had already introduced us in the young Ainu's visit to the under-world (*pokna-moshiri*) (*Memoirs, Imp. Univ. i.*, 23, 24). This marvellous tree was situated in the north, or, as Mr. Batchelor chooses to translate, "at the head of Japan." But how he makes this out of *samoro moshiri, moshiri peketa*, which, too, in his notes, he says means also "at the north, or north-east, or east end of the island of Nippon," he does not inform us; nor does he say where he gets either "Japan" or "Nippon"; and the now well-known fact that there really is no island of Nippon at all, only makes the matter worse. *Moshiri* would seem to mean primarily "island"; and thence, by extension, "country," "the world"; as in *pokna-moshiri* above. Thus the fabled metal pine-tree, the world-tree, has its head at the north, and is the same that is found in the

Chants of the *Koshiki* (pp. 322, 364; 274, 356; 323, *ut sup.*) as a wondrous *tsuki* or a *ma-tsudaki*—the Yggdrasil of Norse mythology, whose roots are in the under-world, and whose branches reach to heaven.

A very curious hymn, too, is the seventh, "Poisaumbé," in which we get a glimpse of Ainu totemism, men and women becoming deer, and deer men. Here, too, we find a precious survival of the holy heaven-mountain—"a very tall mountain whose top extended even into the skies; upon its summit was a beautiful house." This is "the true peak which pierces" in a *Koshiki* chant (pp. 212, 349). It is also the "gourd-like celestial Mount Kagu" (*hisa kata no ame-no-Kagu-yoma*) in another song (*Ibid.*, pp. 215, 349). It is also, as it seems to me, the *Kuni no Ho*, the "land's acmé," as Mr. Chamberlain renders the "difficult expression"—the *omphalos*, the "hub" of the universe—in the song on pp. 245, 352 of the *Koshiki*. The identity of the world-tree and the earth-axis is no longer open to doubt.

In a famine-legend, the second of these hymns, "Kimta-na," the gods relieve the people's hunger with a monstrous sea-lion, and are, therefore, regaled with offerings of *tonoto*, or rice-spirit, and honoured with *inao*, clusters of whittled willow sticks with the shavings left on. The first hymn also deals with one of those famines common to all Northern hunting tribes. The famished Ainu devote their last handfuls of rice-malt and millet to the brewing of a ceremonial cup of *tonoto*, as an offering to the divine Kamui, or gods (Jap. *Kami*), who forthwith send deer in herds and fish in miraculous shoals. *Tonoto* is, of course, the Japanese *sake* and the vulgar Chinese *samsu*. In the *Koshiki* (pp. 239, 352, &c.) the Japanese deities are represented as "partaking not shallowly" of it; and there are numerous other passages and drinking-songs in which the earlier demigod Mikados are represented utterly drunk on *sake*. The Ainu are persistently addicted to *tonoto*, and, it is said, can drink four or five times as much as a Japanese. This may be doubted, for at a drinking-contest at Takasaki, in Jōshin, in 1877, the champion Japanese maltworm won a roll of silk by putting down his ten quarts (five *shō*) in half-an-hour; and competitors who had enough in one *shō* were considered to have but "very poor and unhappy brains." *Tonoto* drinking is sacramental with the Ainu, and libations of it to the Kamui are made as follows: three sprinkles to the fire-goddess; three towards the east window; three towards the north-east corner of the hut where the Ainu keeps his household "treasures" (perhaps a compromise between the earlier polar north and the later solar east); and three more to any particular god worshipped at the moment. The east window is now the sacred aperture, and none may look in through it but the glorious god of day. Outside it are placed *inao*, the shavings on which may be intended for rays or effulgence. Poles, too, are erected with skulls of bears or deer stop, like the similar poles with bullocks' skulls in Western Asia.

The legend "Piu-ham-piu" relates the slaying by the gods of the monster trout which filled the Great Lake, and is sometimes called "the backbone fish of the world." This is surely the gigantic Japanese *namazu*-fish which causes earthquakes by its contortions, but is held down by the pillar which is the axis of the world. This water-monster is common to the legendary mythologies of many countries, and is, of course, none other than our old familiar friend the sea-serpent, with which Thor wrestles in the Loki episodes, and which he will fight again and kill at the end of the world, dying afterwards himself of the venom. The fish reappears in another of Mr. Batchelor's

hymns, *Tusunabann*, as the bad sword-fish, whose "lower jaw shall be used in the out-house," whose "upper jaw shall be sunk with a stone," and who "must die a very hard and painful death." "Do not treat this Ainu history of the sword-fish lightly," says the last verse.

I have no intention of following Mr. Batchelor in undervaluing and casting ridicule on these naive survivals. And I would now merely desire to point out how these unexpected legends fall in with all that has been collected from other sources as to the world-tree, world-mountain, pillar, axis, pole, pivot, or *omphalos*—no matter how it has been called—and how they supply a few more links to the long chain of evidence of an extremely ancient and pre-solar worship of the pole-star.

JOHN O'NEILL.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Oxford: Nov. 5, 1888.

Mr. Mayhew's lament over my waywardness and allusion to my "poetical imagination" seem to me out of place and beside the point, and I doubt if there could be any gain to your readers in my discussing them. I am and was fully aware of the opinions and references he gives but, perhaps wrongly, I did not think it needful to cite them, the books being well known to all those who were likely to take any interest in the matter.

My contention is that *neowol næs* cannot mean "abysmal chasm," or the like, as the authorities all think; and Mr. Mayhew will possibly agree with me that his orthodox wayfarers have stumbled here. I further showed some reason for supposing that certain of the Teutons, at least, believed in a Cliff of the Dead (see also Grimm iv. 1542, 1545, 1551, tr. Stallybrass) and that "*Neowol Næs*" was a name the Old English gave to it. The meaning of *neowol* does not affect my theory, for either "Steep Head" or "Black Cliff" would suit it. But when I found that *neowol* looked remarkably like *niöl*, and that the latter word is used in one authority, which, being of Colonial Scandinavian origin, is of some weight as to the English interpretation of the word, and that it there occurs as a synonym for "night," I began to suspect that "dark" not "steep" might possibly be the original meaning, and that Dr. Vigfusson and I, ignoring the O.E. *neowol*, had in *C.P.B.*, i. 483, wrongly fancied *niöl* to be of non-Teutonic origin. Discarding the cases where *neowol næs* is a rendering of "barathrum" or "abyssus," for a reason which I still think sufficient, I found and find that the poetic passages do not necessarily contradict my hypothetical interpretation "dark." Other passages clearly give it as "headlong," "steep," "prone"; but I think it an open question whether this is not a secondary meaning, and I await further evidence.

Having again stated my case as plainly as I can, I shall here leave the matter.

F. YORK POWELL.

JUNIOR-RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

London: Nov. 6, 1888.

Dr. Neubauer's position is somewhat difficult to understand. In the *ACADEMY* of September 15 he proposed a theory to explain "junior-right among the Canaanites" in opposition to that which I had put forth. It is true his view was very obscurely expressed; but still it was distinctly a theory, the only objection to which was that it postulated a system of inheritance in which the second son is heir—a system unknown to archaeologists. On my pointing out this in the *ACADEMY* of October 27, Dr. Neubauer finds that he has no theory, but only a negative one, whatever that may mean. Yet,

in support of this non-existent negative theory, he produces rebutting arguments which would only have some validity if there was anything in the theory which Dr. Neubauer now repudiates.

Thus, his fertile imagination conjures up reasons why Ishmael, Esau, and Manasseh are not more sacred than their younger brothers, the assumption being that they ought to have been, as I urged, in Dr. Neubauer's non-existent theory of the superior sanctity of the first-born. According to him, Ishmael and Esau are eponyms, Isaac is not (how about Jacob?), while Manasseh and Ephraim were regarded as born in Egypt. To this I reply that tradition makes no such distinctions. To the early mind these names all equally represent personalities to whom are applied the social conditions ruling at the time and place of the rise of the traditions. Again, I am taken to task for ignorance of textual criticism in not knowing that the statement of the historian that the king of Moab's eldest son was his heir (2 Kings iii. 27) is merely a mistake of the historian's. Waiving the question whether we can apply the term "textual criticism" to a point where no question of the text is involved, I would ask Dr. Neubauer how he knows that the historian's statement is untrue, unless he is prepared to apply his discarded theory to Moab, and contend that primogeniture was not the rule in that country? I fancy that "textual criticism" would not have discovered the corruption of the passage, if it had not been pointed out to Dr. Neubauer that the passage proves the exact opposite of what he quoted it to prove.

Another inconsistency of Dr. Neubauer. He argues that junior-right does not apply to women, and yet he denies the junior-right of David, because in Chronicles (nearly the latest book of the Old Testament) David is declared to have had two sisters who may or may not have been younger than he—one of them was almost certainly elder, since her son, Joab, is David's contemporary.

Dr. Neubauer entirely misses my point about Rachel and the *Teraphim*, which had nothing to do with Jacob's or Laban's ignorance of her theft. Why does Rachel, and not Leah, her elder sister, take charge of the ancestral gods of the hearth? That is my point; and, if Dr. Neubauer were better acquainted with early custom, he would see its very great significance in confirmation of my general position. For it is with the hearth and the *penates* that junior-right is most tenaciously connected. Even as late as the thirteenth century a custumal of Kent declares that, while the rest of the property is to be divided among the children according to the custom of gavelkind, the hearth is to go to the younger son or daughter (Elton, *Origins*, p. 190). In this connexion it is not without significance to find David—himself a youngest son—in possession of the ancestral *Teraphim* (1 Sam. xix. 13). The very early date of the tradition contained in Gen. xxxi. is shown by the naive confession that idolatry existed in the homes of the patriarchs, and the quaint reference to the "Fear of Isaac." Whatever its literary *provenance*, the chapter clearly contains the very earliest stratum of tradition, and it is with this I am mainly concerned.

Dr. Neubauer brings forward as a difficulty of my theory that Eleazar, the eldest surviving son of Aaron, succeeds to the high priesthood in preference to his younger brother Ithamar (Num. xx. 25-8). Now I need scarcely tell Dr. Neubauer that the relative antiquity of the traditions about Aaron and his descendants is one of the most intricate problems of Pentateuch criticism (Wellhausen, *History*, I. iv.) If I chose to accept Wellhausen's position, I could make out, I think, a plausible case for the

heirship of Ithamar. The earliest high priests we know of in Hebrew history are his descendants—the very theophany of the passage quoted by Dr. Neubauer shows something exceptional in Eleazar's election; and even in the Pentateuch, redacted under the influence of high priests of Eleazar's line, there are passages in which Ithamar is represented as sole superintendent (e.g., Ex. xxxviii. 21, Num. iv. 23, 33). But I do not urge this, as my theory would be unaffected even if Eleazar had been represented in late tradition as the natural heir of Aaron. For it is part of my case that junior-right only existed in the very earliest times, and is only to be found with any consistency in the earliest traditions, which, everyone will allow, are those relating to the eponymous fathers (and mothers) of the race. Elsewhere we can only expect to find disconnected "survivals" of the custom, such as I fancy I can see in the case of David.

Let me add a word on a phrase to which Dr. Neubauer takes exception somewhat unnecessarily. "To blow hot and cold" is not a colloquialism; it is in the strict sense of the word classical, since it is derived from Aesop's fable of the "Satyr and the Man." However, I will avoid repeating the phrase, and content myself with saying that, in attempting to controvert my views on junior-right in Genesis, Dr. Neubauer has only succeeded in contradicting himself.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

DID THE WORD "ROAD" ORIGINALLY MEAN "A CLEARING"?

Oxford: Oct. 31, 1888.

In Prof. Earle's Introduction (p. cx.) to his important book which has lately appeared—*Land Charters and Saxon Documents*—I have met with the following passage:

"Some words not heretofore recognised will be found in the Glossary; particularly I would mention *rið*, a clearing in the forest, related to the Dutch *reiden*, stubbing; see Weigand vv. *Rod*, *Roden*, *Reuten*. Here we have the source of our peculiarly English word for highway *road*, a word which awaited explanation."

As Prof. Earle is the official representative of Old English learning in the University of Oxford, and has devoted nearly half a century to studies connected with the subject of his chair, any explanation propounded by him of an English word of Teutonic origin is obviously sure to meet with a wide acceptance, and is likely before very long to find a place in the miscellaneous and questionable etymological matter without which no annotated edition of an English classic is supposed to be complete. If Prof. Earle's "explanation" be allowed to stand unchallenged, there is not the slightest doubt that we shall meet repeatedly in school editions of Shakespeare's plays, Milton, Goldsmith, and Scott, the erroneous statement that *road* meant originally a clearing in the forest.

The fact is, there can be no etymological connexion between our modern *road* and the *rod* (a clearing) of the Charters, as the two words can be shown to belong to two distinct ablaut-series, the one belonging to the Indo-Germanic *ei*-series of vowel-grades, the other to the *eu*-series.

I suppose that one of the most securely established facts of English etymology is that our modern *road* is the phonetic equivalent of Old English *rād* (a riding), and that this *rād* is in ablaut relation to Old English *riðan* (to ride)—the series in Old English being *i*, *á*, *i*; in Primitive Germanic, *ei*, *ai*, *i*.

Now the forms cited by Prof. Earle from Weigand show conclusively that Old English *rod* (a clearing) belongs to the weak grade of

the series *eo*, *ea*, *u* (o) in Old English; *eu*, *au*, *u*, in Primitive Germanic. On this point, I would refer the student to that magnificent monument of disciplined industry, Förstemann's *Altdeutsches Namenbuch* (*Ortsnamen*), 1859, p. 1260, where under the stem *rud*, he will find numerous examples of High and Low German derivatives, both in the *eu*-grade and in the weak *u*-grade. Förstemann gives long lists of names of places compounded with Old High German *riuti* (novale), with various spellings *-reut*, *-riod*, *-reod*, *-riad*, *-ried*, as well as with the Low German *rod* (novale)—the Old English *rod* in the Saxonian charters.

That the vowel of this Old English *rod* (novale) was short we may infer from what has been said on the continental forms; but we have also independent testimony in the evidence afforded by the Huddersfield Dialect (English Dialect Society, 1883). In the glossary of that dialect we find that *-royd* (i.e., a clearing) is a very common word about Huddersfield in names of places, and in surnames derived therefrom, as Holroyd, Ormeroyd, Highroyd, Huntroyd, Longroyd, Coteroyd. Now, in this dialect, the diphthong *oi*, *oy* regularly points back to an older short *o* in an open syllable, as *hoil* (hole), from *hole*, Old English *hol*; *coil* (coal), from *cole*, Old English *col*; *goit* (sluice), *cp.* Old English *goten* (poured out); *foil* (foal), Old English *fole*. So then *royd* points back to *rode* from Old English *rod*. On the other hand, in Huddersfield our *road* (Old English *rād*) has quite a distinct pronunciation, namely, *rā-ād*.

A. L. MAYHEW.

IS ENGLISH "HOLE" CONNECTED WITH GREEK *κοῖλος*?

Sheffield: Nov. 3, 1888.

Mr. Bradley, in the *ACADEMY* of November 3, says that the connexion, suggested by some eminent philologists a few years ago, between the Old English *hol* and the Greek *κοῖλος* is not now admitted; and he reaffirms the opinion which he had formerly expressed that my suggestion as to a possible connexion between *κοῖλος* and the dialectal form *hoil* is a "wild fancy."

Prof. Skeat, in the second edition of his *Etymological Dictionary* (1884) says "some endeavour to connect English *hole*, *hollow*, with Greek *κοῖλος*, hollow"; but in the "errata and addenda" appended to that edition he thinks that the suggestion "may be omitted," and he says that "the Anglo-Saxon *hol* follows so easily from Anglo-Saxon *hol-en*, pp. of *helan*, 'to hide,' that it seems best to keep to the solution in section B," in which the word is referred to the Teutonic base *HAL*, "to cover, hide."

The solution of the difficulty seems to depend on the length of the vowel. If Stratmann had thought that the vowel was long he would have written the Old English and cognate form as *hōl*, not *hol*. But what evidence have we that the Old English vowel was short? In the dialect with which I am most conversant the evidence is all the other way. Not only is the Yorkshire dialectal form *hoil*, but the word repeatedly occurs in old documents as *hoole*, *hoyle*, *houl*, *houle*, &c. It occurs in the surnames Hoole and Hoyle, which are common in Yorkshire, and also in the surname Youle (pronounced *yool*). Cf. *yowl* as a variant of *houl*, &c.

I should like to know what evidence there is that the vowel of Old English *hol* was short. If it was long, then, as Grimm's law has been complied with, the connexion between *κοῖλος* and *hol* is much more probable than the connexion between *hol* and *helan*, and my suggestion, so far from being a "wild fancy," is most probably right.

S. O. ADDY.

"RACK" AS A HORSE'S PACE.

Carrabagh, Co. Donegal: Oct. 29, 1888.

Mr. Baxter's note in the *ACADEMY*, October 13 (p. 242), caused me to hunt up this word more carefully. It is, I think, obsolete, or nearly so, in this country, and, according to Skeat, is equivalent to "rock." I am interested to find it is in common use in America. By the way, has anyone collected those obsolete English words which are still spoken in America? Such a collection would be very acceptable.

The manner in which I confounded the "rack" and "canter" will appear to anyone who turns to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, s.v. "Canterbury Gallop," which he defines as

"the handgallop of an *ambling* horse, commonly called a *canter*; said to be derived from the monks riding to Canterbury on easy *ambling* horses."

In Dr. Murray's Dictionary also more instances of an apparent synonymy between "amble" and "canter" will be found. Now, Cotgrave, Bailey, Webster, and various other dictionaries agree that "ambling" was identical in action with "racking" and "pacing," and differed, if at all, only in quickness, either with regard to speed or with regard to the interval between the act of lifting the legs on one side of the body and those of the other. At present the word "ambling" is used in this country, so far as I know, of an easy gait, and I have heard it used synonymously with "canter," which I think most of my fellow countrymen will agree is the easiest of all. Yet it is strange that the word "ambling" is used in an apparently technical sense in many very early English writers (see, for instances, Halliwell, Murray), and that it appears to have been that ungainly and artificial movement which is generally regarded as of modern American origin. Gervase Markham writes:

"A racking pace is between an amble and a trot, though it and the amble have one manner of motion, that is to say, taking up of both legges of one side together, yet this racking moveth much swifter and shorter, striking thicke, yet seldome beyond the step of the forefoot. This pace is of some reputed the easiest of all paces; but I leave that to everie severale mans feeling."

And he goes on to tell that it is to be taught in a month by riding him weary, and checking him at the mouth to make him break his pace. And the "amble" is somewhat similarly obtained, but apparently with more difficulty, and with the aid of "trammel" or leathers, which are so fixed "that he cannot put forward his forelegge, but he must perforce hale his hinder legge after it" (*Countrie Farme*, p. 132). It is curious, if true, that the modern American trotter should have only perfected the pace which was once the most popular in the British Islands, though now almost, if not quite, discarded. The subject is, however, rendered very confusing by the contradictory statements of various writers. For instance, Dr. Murray quotes from Chambers (1751): "There is now no such thing as an amble in the manage; the riding masters allowing of no other paces beside walk, trot, and gallop." And Chambers is responsible also for the statement that "an amble is usually the first natural pace of young colts." Dr. Murray quotes also from Bradley's Family Dictionary: "The ambler is a little unapt to galloping, because the motions are both one." And, as an antidote to Chambers's "natural pace," read Nathan Bailey under "ambling" in his *Dictionary Oeconomicum* of about the same date: "There is no motion of a horse desired, more useful, nor indeed harder to be obtained by a right way, than this," &c. Bailey gives many "right ways." Perhaps if Mr. Baxter studies the subject from a purely literary point of view he will also become "puzzled."

H. CHICHESTER HART.

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"THE CAPTAIN OF THE WIGHT."

Lisle Court, Wootton, I.W.: Nov. 4, 1898.

As your reviewer has done me the honour to express a doubt as to the style and title of the hero of my story, *The Captain of the Wight*, perhaps you will allow me to set his mind at rest.

Sir Edward Woodville was never "Earl of Rivers." That title was first borne by his father, Richard Woodville, lord treasurer and lord constable, father of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, who was raised to the peerage (27 Hen. VI.). On his death, after the battle of Edgecote, his son, the Lord Scales, succeeded to his titles and honours. This is the celebrated Earl of Rivers, the patron of Caxton, and himself an author of no mean repute, who makes so important a figure in the brilliant court of Edward IV. On his execution at Stoney Stratford by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., the title fell into abeyance; until the accession of Henry VII., when the next brother, Richard Woodville, took it. On his death, in 1491, without male heir, the title again lapsed until 1626, when Thomas Lord Darcy, Viscount Colchester, was created Earl of Rivers (2 Car. I., Nov. 4), as claiming descent by the line of Worcester and Huntingdon from one of the daughters of the first Earl Rivers.

As to the "pseudo-archaic" style of which the reviewer complains, I would ask, What is an unfortunate author to do? If I write the conversations, as I should prefer, in modern language, I am told it is absurd and incorrect. If I use the language of Caxton and Sir Thos. Malory, I am said to use "Wardour Street English."

FRANK COWPER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Drying Oils," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Niger Delta," by Mr. H. H. Johnston.
TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Distribution by the President of Medals, Premiums, and Prizes; "Friction-brake Dynamometers," by Mr. W. Worby Beaumont.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "South Africa as a Health Resort," by Dr. E. Symes Thompson.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "A Method of Investigating the Development of Institutions, applied to Laws of Marriage and Divorce," by Dr. E. B. Tyler.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "List of Desmids from Massachusetts," by Mr. W. West.
THURSDAY, Nov. 15, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Pigments," I., by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Linnean.
8 p.m. Historical: "Hugh Elliot at Naples, 1806-1808," by Mr. Oscar Browning.
8 p.m. Art and Crafts Exhibition: "Letterpress Printing," by Mr. Emery Walker.
8 p.m. Chemical: Ballot for Election of Fellows.
FRIDAY, Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers, Students' Meeting: "Experiments on Beams," by Mr. Ed. O. de Segundo.
8 p.m. Philological: "The MSS. of the *Cursor Mundi* and their Dialects," by Dr. H. Hupe.

SCIENCE.

ANCIENT SEMITIC RELIGION.

Beiträge zur Semitischen Religionsgeschichte.
By Fr. Baethgen. (Berlin: Reuther.)

PROF. BAETHGEN'S volume of 316 pages is one of the most important contributions that have been made of late years to the study of ancient Semitic religion. It falls into two parts: the first gives a review of the divinities worshipped by the Semitic kinsfolk of the Israelites, most of which have been recovered from inscriptions; while the second part is devoted to an endeavour to show, contrary to the prevailing doctrine of modern scholars, that the primitive faith of Israel was monotheistic.

The first part of the book will be welcomed by every student of ancient religion. Prof. Baethgen has performed the much-needed task of drawing up a list of the deities adored by the Edomites, Moabites, Ammonites, Phoenicians, Philistines, Aramaeans, Nabathaeans, Arabs, Sabaeans, and Ethiopians, so far as they are known to us from inscriptions or ancient literature. No one who has occupied himself with the history of Semitic religion will be inclined to uperate the usefulness and importance of such a work. It will be found to be specially serviceable in the case of the Himyaritic inscriptions, where the want of a complete list of the divine names mentioned in them has long been felt.

Prof. Baethgen himself, however, would regard the first part of his book as merely the court of the Gentiles leading to the Hebrew sanctuary within. His object is to contrast the religion of the Israelites with that of their Semitic neighbours; and to show that whereas the latter was polytheistic, the religion of Israel centred from the first in the worship of only one God. He has presented his case with so much learning and lucidity that the advocates of the contrary doctrine will have to overthrow his arguments before they can again claim to treat the primitive polytheism of Israel as an established fact.

They may urge, however, that he has not applied the same standard of reasoning to the Israelites and to their so-called heathen neighbours. Thus he is willing to allow that the name of the Philistine prince Abimelech contains the name of the god Moloch, but he will not make the same allowance in the case of Abimelech, the son of Gideon. He admits that *molech* is "certainly a divine designation" in Malkishua, but affirms that Saul could never have called his son after a heathen deity. It is exactly this point, however, that is in dispute. Similarly, he refuses to see the name of the Canaanitish Baal in such titles as Jerubbaal and Eshbaal, though not only the Chronicler but also the authors of the books of Judges and Samuel held, as he allows, the opposite view. Yet it is impossible to distinguish between the religious belief which addressed Melkarth of Tyre as Baal and that which addressed Yahveh of Israel by the same title. We cannot say that those who adored Melkarth as a Baal were idolators, while those who adored Yahveh as a Baal were monotheists. What holds good in the one case must hold equally good in the other.

The disciples of Kuenen will also urge that Prof. Baethgen's arguments on behalf of a primitive monotheism in Israel drawn from the earlier history of the people assume what cannot be granted. That earlier history, he himself admits, has passed through the hands of later editors and compilers. How, then, do we know that they did not modify the older documents in accordance with their own views, omitting what was not consonant with them, or changing the words and expressions of the original? Had it not been for the Chronicler we should never have known that the Eliada of 2 Sam. v. 16 was really named Baalyada. The passage in the Song of Deborah so much insisted upon by Prof. Baethgen—"They chose new gods"—is capable of more than one interpretation, and it has even been proposed to amend the text.

At all events, the verse as it stands is self-contradictory. Still more unsatisfactory is the conclusion Prof. Baethgen derives from the statement of Ezekiel, that the Israelites did not forsake the worship of the Egyptian gods after their departure from Egypt. He holds this to mean that they did not practise any other form of idolatry in the wilderness! The worship of Baal-Peor implies the contrary. The title of the "Book of the Wars of the Lord," moreover, can hardly be said to prove anything against Kuenen's view, since the supreme God of Israel was emphatically "a man of war."

For myself, I find it impossible to follow Prof. Baethgen in his attempt to show that the use of the plural *Elohim* for the singular "God" did not originate in polytheism. That the word continued to be recognised as a plural we know from the fact that it was sometimes employed in that sense, and the only conceivable reason why it came to be applied to the One God of Israel is that the plural was originally more familiar to the Israelites than the singular. People do not use the plural when they mean the singular unless what was once a plural conception has become a singular one, and such terms as *pluralis majestatis* and the like are either tautological or unmeaning. I do not understand how Prof. Baethgen can assert that there could have been no local forms of Baal, no Baalim in short, in the wilderness (p. 202). Wherever there was a sacred mountain or a sacred cairn there could be a local Baal, and the Sinaitic inscriptions are a proof that life in the desert did not imply monotheism.

It is a pity that Prof. Baethgen's want of acquaintance with Assyrian has prevented him from turning to sources of information which are indispensable for the study of Semitic religion. Had he been able to do so he would have seen that El or Ilu was not a specific deity in the Babylonian pantheon, as was formerly supposed, that the development of star-worship in Judah can hardly have been due to Assyrian influence (p. 240), that the revival in Judah of the sacrifice of the first-born by fire cannot be laid to the charge of the Assyrians, as they do not seem to have practised the rite in historical times, and that the reading Malik-ram as the name of an Edomite king should be corrected into A-rammu, A being a well-known Babylonian deity, whose name probably enters into that of Khud. He would further have learned that *sarrat*, the Hebrew Sarah, is a title applied to the supreme goddess; that *abu* is an epithet of Bel (see, among other instances, *W. A. I.*, iii. 3.13); and that more than one deity is entitled Dan, "the judge." Without a knowledge of Assyrian, in fact, it is impossible to investigate satisfactorily the religion of ancient Canaan. Apart from the abundance of material afforded us by the Assyrian tablets, the intimate relation of Assyrian and Hebrew makes Assyrian all-important for the explanation of mythological expressions and proper names, to say nothing of the influence exercised by Babylonian literature upon Palestine in the century before the Exodus, which has recently been revealed to us by the cuneiform tablets of Tel el-Amarna.

Prof. Baethgen, with good reason, lays considerable stress on the fact that the language of the Old Testament has no word for

"goddess." It is here that the great gulf is fixed between the Old Testament and the records of Assyria or Phœnicia. But it is only the language of the Old Testament, be it remembered. When Prof. Baethgen says that the fact "can only be explained on the supposition that the idea [of goddess] had not yet been conceived in the creative period of the [Hebrew] language," he forgets that Hebrew was "the language of Canaan," and that the language of Canaan possessed a word for "goddess." It is only from the Old Testament that all traces of it have been carefully excluded, though even here we meet with proper names like Naamah and Hannah which are identical with the names of Phœnician goddesses. Dr. Neubauer has even suggested that the name of Tanith may be found in Judg. xi. 40. It is met with at all events in the local name of Taanath-Shiloh in Josh. xvi. 6.

I have left myself no space for dealing with what Prof. Baethgen has to say on the subject of mythology. Here, however, he has again used a different measure for the Israelites and their Semitic kindred. He tells us of certain Arab gods that, "according to the euhemeristic interpretation of the Bedouin, these five were originally names of famous men who lived between Adam and Noah." Why, then, should that which is possible in the case of the Bedouin be impossible in the case of the Hebrews? On this point Prof. Bly's Hibbert Lectures may be studied with advantage by Semitic scholars. A reference to Assyrian, moreover, would have preserved Prof. Baethgen from maintaining that the meaning of the suffix in "Samson" is the same as that of the suffix in "Shimshai." The name of the god Ramman or Rimmon alone would have shown the contrary. In short, it seems to me that the professor's usually clear and sound judgment has been warped by a preconceived theory when he comes to deal with the mythology of his subject. It has led him to identify Adah, the wife of Esau, in Gen. xxxvi. 2, with the Beahemath of Gen. xxi. 34, instead of, as is obviously the case, with Judith. It has further led him to forsake the comparative method of interpretation by means of which alone scientific results can be established.

But, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, they are the conclusions of a sound scholar, who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and can put his thoughts into clear and intelligible German.

A. H. SAYCE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MAJOR POWELL, the director of the Geological Survey of the United States, will deal, in his forthcoming report, with the systematic classification of soils, based upon their geological genesis. If the materials have been transported from a distance, the soil is "exogenous"; if formed in place "endogenous." The term "alluvium" he restricts to soils formed by running water, and the term "colluvial" may be replaced by that of "displacement soils."

THE first sheet of the International Geological Map of Europe, comprising a large part of Germany, has been printed in colours in Berlin, and was submitted, in proof, to the recent congress by M. Hauchecorne, of the Geological Survey of Prussia. The general

principle followed in the colouring, except in the case of the coal-measures, is that the older the formation the deeper is the tint by which it is represented. The sedimentary strata in this map are coloured in twenty-four tints, the archæan rocks in three, and the eruptive rocks in nine. The completion of the map will necessarily be the work of some years.

THE "Premier Inventaire de la Géométrie du Triangle," by M. E. Vigarié, which forms part of the recently issued *Proceedings* of the Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences (Congrès de Toulouse, 1887), contains a compendium of the most useful results of this modern geometry, and will be most handy for reference to students. The author proposes to extend his labours to a similar compilation for the extensions to quadrilaterals, polygons, and figures in space.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. WOLSELEY P. EMERTON has published a pamphlet on *The Threelfold Division of Roman Law* (Stevens & Sons), with special reference to the text of Gaius—"Omne jus quo utimur vel ad personas pertinet, vel ad res, vel ad actiones." He shows, by abundant quotations, that the jurists did not ignore the distinction between *aut* and *vel*; and that consequently this familiar passage is to be interpreted, not as laying down a fundamental classification of jurisprudence, but merely as suggesting a convenient mode of treatment.

WE have also received a translation into English prose of the first book of the *Aeneid* by A. (Oxford: Blackwell.) While not denying that the anonymous author is occasionally felicitous in his rendering of words and even phrases, we cannot commend a principle of translation which leads to such results as—"What bale doth hound thee on mid perils thus enorm!"

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 27.) W. C. H. CROSS, Esq., president, in the chair.—The proceedings commenced with a consideration of the "As You Like It" passages which Mrs. Henry Pott supposed to be echoes from Bacon's *Promus*. Miss M. Catherine Smith had collected these from Mrs. Pott's edition of that work without any reference to the theory which had led to its publication, but merely that a judgment might be formed as to the similarity between the two. This, even in the slightest degree, it was difficult to see, and any connexion between them was of course out of the question, although it would not be surprising to find that minds such as Shakspeare's and Bacon's would, at points, occasionally touch one another.—Mr. H. O. Trapnell read a paper on "Touchstones." He said that in these days of subjective novels, an analytical writer might, in the personality of Touchstone, find a congenial, if not an easy, subject. Assigned to definite limits, a critic can only, in the Miltonic sense, "admire" this court-fool with his perception of the uncourtliness of the messenger who invited Rosalind to witness the breaking of a wrestler's ribs; this member of an unknightly order with his sneer at the "honour" which could be invoked to vouch the quality of pancakes; this half-acknowledged sage with his satire upon the "philosophy" which affirmed ignorance to be sin, and upon the "culture" that denied to one not admitted to the life of a court the possibility of good manners; this scornful reviewer with his criticism of Orlando's feeble verses, and his scepticism as to the sincerity of poets in general; this faded lover, with his fleeting reminiscence of a tearful romance, long past, having for sequel the aimless finality of a marriage with Audrey; this aspirant to matrimony with his deprecation of the union of beauty and truth in one woman, and his devotion to the fair exiles, in one, at least, of whom both attributes appeared to have found sanctuary. If we were to

look quite into his life, we should not be unprepared to find that, whatever his fidelity to others, he had proved traitor to himself. His utterances too often remind us of one who has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but who has not fulfilled the trust thereby created, and who then renounces the responsibility of saying serious things seriously. His words, for the outside world, are likely to be of little more significance than the warnings of a Cassandra; and he contents himself, as best he may, with veiled speech that only suggests his perception of wisdom, and Rosalind's smile of the medlar is his reward.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Jaques," whose character is the more interesting as his prototype is not found in the book from which Shakspeare took the materials of the play. We like Jaques for his pathetic moralising; but we could never love him because his "melancholy" takes the form of a bitter railing instead of a good-natured cynicism. His real desire to wear the motley was that he might gratify his malevolence against the world, and suffer no retaliation.—A paper on "Jaques" was also read by Mr. L. M. Griffiths, who said that the character had suffered much from its lack of appreciation on the stage. The student is able, apart from such disturbing influence, to regard the character as Shakspeare drew it. Here we have one who had seen a vast deal of the world, to whom we owe much for the fearlessness of his moral lessons, but one who has been misjudged because of an occasional surface-roughness of manner; one who is an intellectual giant compared with all whom he meets in the forest; one who, when alone, betrays much gentleness of character, and who is tenderly considerate for those in real difficulty. The impression which Shakspeare intended him to leave on our minds is that of one wishing to profit by religious association with the converted Frederick. Hearing from him pleasant commendations to all concerned, we part from one saddened by the hollowiness of social life, but who was at heart a kindly, commonsense gentleman.—The meeting closed with the reading of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "Time-Analysis of 'As You Like It,'" which brought out several interesting points easily overlooked.

MANCHESTER GÖTTHE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, October 27.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—Dr. G. H. Bailey read a paper on "Goethe as a Student of Chemistry." The lecturer pointed out how at a very early age Goethe's love for the study of nature showed itself—in rather fantastic fashion as yet—by the erection of an altar of natural products, the whole surmounted by sulphur, as a type of the unity of nature. His earliest serious study of chemistry partook somewhat of the same mystical character. After his return in ill-health from Leipzig in the autumn of 1768, he and his friend, Fraulein von Klettenberg (in whom love for alchemy was an inherited taste), together made a regular study of such works on alchemy as the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, von Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*, the writings of Paracelsus, Boerhaave, and others. The first of these works (in no way connected with the Greek singer, Homerus being here the cognomen given in the Rosenkreuzerbund to its author, Anton Joseph Kirchweger) especially fascinated Goethe, and exercised no inconsiderable influence on him through life, its fundamental principle, the essential continuity of nature, being one that he ever sought to verify in all branches of natural science. At this time, as later and in all his works, Goethe worked not merely theoretically, but practically, getting together all the necessary apparatus for an alchemist's laboratory. During his stay in Strasburg his work in this direction was not entirely suspended, but was at any rate kept secret from dread of Herder's sharp tongue; perhaps, too, it was somewhat crowded out by the multitude of other interests. When he went to Weimar, however, Goethe resumed it, turning his knowledge of chemistry now to practical account for the study of mineralogy, which his official duties made imperative on him, and which he pursued in his own characteristic experimental fashion. Homoeoforeward his interest in the subject never died out. We find him seeking information from an intelligent apothecary, Buchholz; and, in 1795, at the age of forty-six, he

went regularly, often through deep snow, to Jena, to attend the chemistry lectures of Götting, whose appointment was due to him. With Götting's successor, Döbereiner (the discoverer of the self-igniting lamp, known as Döbereiner's lamp), Goethe was in frequent correspondence. He has constantly some question to propound to him, and is evidently quite *au fait* with Döbereiner's practical experiments. For instance, he is much interested in Döbereiner's idea of adding manganese oxide and powdered glass to iron to produce steel; and the commercial spirit, as he says, coming over him, he urges Döbereiner to keep the matter secret. Again, we find him supplying Döbereiner with 100 thalers to enable him to experiment on a cheaper and simpler gas than the coal gas as prepared in England, which he thinks might be got from carbon and water at a high temperature. Here, apparently, said the lecturer, we have the introduction of a line of industry which is only to-day beginning to bear fruit—viz., that of preparing a cheap gaseous fuel. It is to Goethe's influence, too, that Jena owes its chemical laboratory, opened in 1820. So much for Goethe's practical work as a chemist. For the right understanding of much of his literary work, however, particularly, of course, of his "Faust," we must take into account also his early researches in alchemy. Dr. Bailey then gave a sketch of the conditions which obtained in the alchemical societies of the time, such as the Rosenkreuzerbund, and quoted a number of passages from Goethe's works in which references are made to alchemy, and which can only be explained through a knowledge of alchemical lore. The lecturer concluded with a warm tribute to Goethe's work as a true student of science, and no mere dilettante, drawing attention especially to the breadth and boldness of his conception of the workings of nature. After a few remarks from the chairman and Mr. Preisinger on the paper read, the hon. secretary drew the attention of the meeting to another evidence of Goethe's practical turn of mind, as given in a recent pamphlet by Fr. Bertheau, of Rapperswil. There it is stated that the remarks on the spinning industry in the third book of the *Wanderjahre* are really an accurate description of the Zurich cotton industry of the last century, with all the intricacies more clearly explained than Bertheau himself or any other manufacturer would undertake to do. The hon. secretary then gave a brief account of the aim and scope of the Weimar edition of Goethe's works, and showed by instances of curious misprints how much the ordinary text requires revision. He criticised in some particulars the first volume of poems, and referred especially to the new version of the ballad, "Es war ein König in Thule," in the so-called *Urfaust*, which almost agrees, in the first part, with the older version (in von Seckendorf's *Volks- u. andere Lieder*, published in 1782, with the remark at the end, "aus Göthens D. Faust"), and, in the second part, with the later form of the ballad; and he suggested that Goethe revised the ballad in Weimar, and that Fräulein von Gückhausen copied the revised version, while von Seckendorf printed the older version which Goethe had brought to Weimar.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 3.)

THE REV. DR. R. MORRIS, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Prof. Skeat, on "English Words from Mexican and other Western Sources, with some English Etymologies." Prof. Skeat said that the old Mexican language was written with Spanish letters. The Franciscan Olmos, about 1547, used these letters for that purpose, at a time when, in his pronunciation, some of the letters had different values from their present ones. Thus *c* and *qu* were like Eng. *k* before *a*, *e*, *u*; *s* before *e* and *i* was like *s* in "sin." Both *c* and *s* had the sound of our *s* in "zone." *H* (like G. *ch*) was only used before or after *u*, or sometimes *o*. *X* was then like Eng. *x* in "mix." Mexican had only the voiceless checks, *k*, *t*, *p*; not the voiced checks, *g*, *d*, *b*. *L* could not begin a word. The compound symbols are *ll* (as in "bottle"), *ch* (as in "much"), and *ts* (perhaps Eng. *j*). The Spanish names, Felix, Diaz, Martin, Lorenzo, became in Mexican, Pelix, Tisz, Maltin, Olenzo. A large number of words ended in *tl*, which was dropped in forming compounds, as in

too-calli, god-house, temple, from *teotl*, a god, and *calli*, a house. The *tl* was sounded as in modern Italian, not as in modern Spanish. A bee was called a *quauhneucayotli*, lit., tree-honey-fly, clipped forms from *quauhtli*, tree, *neucalli*, honey, *cayotli*, fly; much as if we were to say "trunfly" (from tree, honey, fly). Mexican words in English are "cacaco," "chocolate," "copal," "jalap," "ocelot," "tomato," "axolotl," "Magney" is not Mexican at all, as the books say. Mexican had no *g* or *gu*, and the Mexican name for it was *metl*. "Pulque" does not seem to be Mexican either. "Popoca-tepetl" means smoking-mountain, volcano; *popoca* is a verbal base, and all verbal bases end in *a*, *i*, or *o*. "Azteca," pl. sb., the Aztecs, is derived from *Aztlan*, the country. The Spanish *petate*, a mat, is from Mexican *petatl*. As to West-Indian words, most of them belong to some dialect of the island of Hayti, which the Spaniards made their headquarters in early voyages. The following seem to be Hayti words: "barbecue," "cacique," "canoe," "cassava," "gualacum," "hammock," "hurricane," "iguana," "maize," "manati," "potato," "tobacco," "yuca." "Magney" seems to be Cuban. The next language from which the Spaniards borrowed was Caribbean; hence "cannibal," "macaw," "pirogue." Perhaps "mahogany" is from Central America, Honduras. "Cayman" seems to have been common to Caribbean and the north coast of South America. The words that seem to be from this same north coast, or from its neighbourhood, are "agouti," "caoutchouc," "cayman," "cayenne," "guava," "tolu," "wourali" (also "curare," the poison, a Guiana word). Some other English words were discussed. Thus "cresset" is ultimately from Lat. *crassa*, grease. "Filbert" is, in Normandy patois, *nois de Filbert*, nut of St. Philibert. The drink called "flip" is, in the same patois, *phlipp*, and is alleged to be the same word as *Philipp*, a pet form of Philip. "Yam," from Portuguese *inhame*, is, at last, definitely located as African, from Benin. Hackluyt spells it "inamia" (*Voyages*, vol. ii., part 2, p. 129).

FINE ART.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE contents of the *Magazine of Art* are, as usual, varied and well written. Mr. Frith contributes some very sensible remarks on "Realism versus Sloppiness," and Mr. W. M. Rossetti a paper on the portraits of his brother, Dante Gabriel, which will be read with much interest. The portraits with which the article is illustrated are—one at the age of six after a miniature by Filippo Pistrucci, another at eighteen after a pencil drawing by Rossetti himself, a medallion by John Hancock, the head from Millais's "Lorenzo and Isabella," and Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait at the age of twenty-five. The art of Mr. Alfred Gilbert is well illustrated in the first article, which is devoted to his sculpture; and also in a paper on "Insignia of Mayoralty" by Mr. Lewis F. Day, into which a representation is introduced of Mr. Gilbert's beautiful and ingenious design for the collar badge, &c., for the Mayor of Preston, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.

THE *Portfolio* contains a "first" article on David Teniers the younger by Mr. F. G. Stephens, who calls him the "most brilliant and accomplished artist of the Flemish School of the seventeenth century," illustrated with an etching by Mr. G. W. Rhead after the "Money Changers" or "Misers" in the National Gallery, and other reproductions in the text. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell give an interesting account of the extremely clever Spanish illustrator, Daniel Vierge, who, after some years of inaction, having been paralysed in the right side, is now hard at work again with his left hand. Some good specimens of his wonderful draughtsmanship illustrate the article. An excellent photogravure of a sea piece by

Copley Fielding in the South Kensington Museum accompanies Mr. Monkhouse's eleventh article on the Early English Water-Colour Painters.

THE *Art Journal* for November has a good photogravure after Mr. Wood's pretty picture of an Italian girl descending some steps by "The Water-wheel," which gives its name to the design. To this number Mr. Claude Phillips contributes an excellent article on Jean-Jacques Henner. Mr. Phillips is scarcely rash in his prophecy that the work of such a poet-painter and such a fine and original executant, will outlive most of the "copious Art of to-day."

THE art of Peter Brueghel (or, more properly, Brueghel) the elder—the very reverse of "high art," but yet so vigorous and humorous and thoroughly Flemish—forms the subject of an article by M. Emile Michel in the last number of *L'Art*, and is to be followed by other papers on other artists of the same family. The part contains also an article by M. Julien Tiersot on the "Maitres Chanteurs de Nuremberg" of Richard Wagner. Both papers are abundantly illustrated. The etching is an original one by M. Baurin, called "Mangeur de Soupe."

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the northern Water-Colour Society—the first since its adoption of the prefix of "Royal"—is at present open in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. It may be pronounced a good display, though none of the honorary members contribute—the absence of any examples of Sir Wm. Fettes Douglas's always delightful water-colour landscapes is to be regretted—and though some of the leading supporters of the Society are not this year seen at their best. The French influence, always to be noticed in a Glasgow exhibition, is here less obtrusive, on the whole, than usual. The rooms, including only works by members of the society, contain less that is positively unsightly than is frequently the case in provincial exhibitions that are open to all comers; and certain of the younger painters exhibit very marked and gratifying signs of progress.

Mr. Francis Powell, the president of the society, is fully represented by work which is at least careful and well-considered, if uniformly feeble in handling and poor in colour. Some of the strongest work on the walls is from the studio of Mr. William McTaggart, *par excellence*, among Scottish artists, the painter of air and sunlight. He is not seen at his highest in the "Autumn Idyl"—a cornfield, with figures of rustic children; but he has never produced finer work—more unlaboured and spontaneous play of blending, palpitating colour—than in "The Fishers' Landing," with its exquisite brilliancy, its sense of boundless extent of sun-filled air and sun-smitten sea. Hardly less exquisite is "West Haven," another coast scene with fisher figures, and sea crisping into foam, and sky satisfied with sun; while his larger subject, "In the Surf," shows, with incisive force, a colder, crisper effect—a scene on some chill northern coast, with the green and blue of keen-coloured waves intermingling and sliding momentarily from tint to changeable tint.

Mr. Arthur Melville is another prominent exhibitor, though he is represented by only two works, and those of moderate size and comparatively slight execution. He is eminently an artist who knows when to stop, who will not smite the imagination and the interest of the spectator on the face by any too great insistence upon obvious elaboration, or attempted realisation of detail; who, at all

hazards, aims at an artistic effect, strives to be suggestive and beautiful, and suggestive of qualities—such as motion and sunlight—which could be hardly suggested at all by a method of execution more elaborated than that which he habitually adopts. The Eastern subject, which occupies a centre place on a wall of the west gallery, "Street Scene—Bagdad," is as fine as anything we have seen from his brush, admirably artistic in the way in which the mellow white walls fade off into the colder white of the sky, in the effect of the spaces of spiritedly suggested detail in the grey-blue lattice-work, in the fresh and powerful passages of shadow which relieve the figures, and in the incisive touches of vivid and delightful colouring by which these are expressed. The other street scene that Mr. Malville exhibits is a homelier one, "Kirkwall Fair"; but this too is treated with excellent artistry. The quaint gables, the wet gleaming street ascending in long grey perspective, and the hurrying crowd of dark, vividly rendered figures are combined with excellent skill, and fine reticence of method, into a very delightful work of art.

Mr. Tom Scott, one of the most vigorous and powerful of the younger Scottish water-colour painters, shows work that would be remarkable if from another hand, but that hardly reaches his own highest level of production. His contributions are curiously chilly in tone, and less spirited and selective in treatment of foreground detail than is usual with this painter. Probably the finest subject that he shows is "Landscape near Blairgowrie," in which we have an accomplished rendering of sky and distance. Mr. R. B. Nisbet, another able landscapist, is at his best in several of his smaller subjects, especially in certain ruddy effects of sunset, which are rendered with admirably brilliancy and transparency, and with a fine sense of cloud motion. His "Ruined Castle"—a subject of important size—has been subjected to careful revision and repainting since it was shown in the Royal Scottish Academy. Its sky is now eminently satisfying, full of gradation, and clear, quiet beauty of colouring; but the strong tree-masses to the left, though they have been lightened and varied in colour, seem still a little too solid and heavy in their pronounced tones of green. His other large picture, "After Rain," would also be improved by the introduction of greater delicacy and tenderness in the darker portions of the sky, and in the foliage of the middle distance. Mr. J. H. Lorimer has some charmingly toned little continental subjects, delightful in their piquant schemes of pearly grey. Of these are "A Sun Dial—Cathedral of Chartres," and the "Spires and Roofs of Chartres"; while the view of "The Towers of St. Andrews" is eminently graceful in the tall building that rises from a shadowed base, and stands clear and mellow against a cool blue sky. Mr. James Paterson's work may be open to a charge of mannerism, in its constant reiteration of certain habitual schemes of greys and pale greens; but, at least, the manner of this painter is his own, a genuine outcome of his individuality, not a style adopted from another. His "Early Spring, near Dunglston," conveys the very flavour—the chill, fresh, diffident promise—of the dawning year, the ground and sky alike charged with moisture, and waiting for the sunshine to brighten them into newness of vernal life. Very harmonious, too, singularly full of a sense of unity, is his poetic scene, "Under Craignee," with its fine corner of grey evening sky, dominating the dark hill-side and the depth of the shadowed stream; and he also shows two accomplished examples of flower painting, studies of "Niphetos Rose," and of "Azalea." Miss C. P. Ross is an artist

who steadily, though very gradually, has been gaining in artistic power and delicacy. In her "Gateway in William the Conqueror's Palace, Rouen," we have some passages of the violent and discordant combinations of colouring which used to be recurrent in her productions, though the picture has much charm in the spirited draughtsmanship of the porch; but her view "From a Window in Verona" is an admirable sketch, full of ardent mingling of potent tones. Her finest work, however, is a large study of "Peruvian Poppies" against a background of variously toned and graduated browns—a picture finely expressive of the filmy texture of the petals, and, in its colour, a very revel of glowing richness. Among the other examples of still-life painting may be named three accomplished studies of dead birds by Miss J. H. Shield. Of the few, and not very notable, figure-pictures in the exhibition a first place is claimed by Mr. Thomas Hunt, who shows a characteristic "Village Cobbler," and a still more admirable figure of an old gentleman drawing, with tenderest care, a cherished bottle of "Old '34." Mr. S. Reid has an excellent mounted figure of a lady seen "In an Avenue," relieved against its autumn leafage of russet and gold, very spirited in the form and attitude of the steed. Mr. A. D. Reid sends one of the tenderest and most delicate water-colours that we have seen from his hand—a view at "Catacol, Arran"; and Mr. R. W. Allan shows some telling Dutch views of church, and canal, and market.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. ROBERT DUNTHORNE will have on view next week—at The Rembrandt Head, Vigo Street—examples of the five etchings by Mr. Macbeth, after pictures by Velasquez and Titian in the Madrid Gallery, to which we have before called attention.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS lectured on Monday evening, November 5, at Barrow-in-Furness, on "The Story of an Egyptian Mound," giving a full account of M. Naville's excavation of the Great Temple of Bubastis, illustrated by lime-light views of the Sculptures discovered during the last two seasons. Miss Edwards also lectures this week at Kendal, Carlisle, and Greenock, on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt"; and at Paisley, on November 12, on "The Story of an Egyptian Mound." On the following day, at the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, she will deliver an address on "Egypt, the Birthplace of Greek Art."

THE Art Workers Guild, having become the tenants of the ancient hall of Barnard's Inn, are prepared to sublet it, when not occupied by themselves, to other societies—literary, artistic, antiquarian, or debating. The hall is a fine example of mediæval architecture, dating from the fifteenth century. It has an open timbered roof, and the lower walls are panelled with the linen pattern. The court-room would make an admirable committee-room, and there are convenient offices attached. The hon. secretary—Reginald T. Blomfield, 27 Woburn Square—will be happy to furnish particulars.

WE have not always been able to praise the *Archæological Review* (David Nutt), but the current number contains at least three articles that are deserving of attention. Mr. L. R. Farnell, of Exeter College, Oxford, writes on "The Origins of Greek Sculpture," maintaining the novel view that free sculpture of the human form was developed out of fetish blocks, uninfluenced by teaching from either Egypt or Assyria. The Greek, by the way, in this article is sadly to seek. Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme attempts to prove, with much in-

genuity, that freebench in lands of copyhold tenure is not to be connected with dower, but is rather to be regarded as a survival of the archaic custom of widow-inheritance. Mr. Walter Rye prints a number of extracts from a gaol delivery roll of the county of Norfolk for the fourteenth year of Edward I., illustrating the character of crimes and the fate of prisoners at that time. Finally, we may observe that there is issued with this part an exceptionally copious index to the first volume, filling no less than twenty-two pages.

THE *Art Annual* is this year devoted to Mr. J. C. Hook, of whose life and work Mr. F. G. Stephens furnishes a full account. He has been allowed to make use of the papers by Mr. A. H. Palmer, recently published in the *Portfolio*; and the artist and his family have supplied him with other fresh matter. The illustrations—though some are not so good as might be wished—are numerous, and represent the artist as painter, etcher, and sketcher.

MR. HERBERT BELL, of Ambleside, has sent us a series of ten photogravures of scenery in the Lake District. Regarded as photographs, they are more remarkable for softness of distance than for precision in detail. Perhaps the two best are "Grasmere" and "Striding Edge, Helvellyn." But as permanent reproductions by the photogravure process, we can award them unqualified praise. Not the least of their merits is their low price—only 2s. for each print.

THE STAGE.

ONLY a few days after the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club had entertained the most popular comic actor in England with honours rarely showered on comedian or tragedian of old, but which come to him now indeed as part of his daily business, Mr. Toole's private life became permanently saddened, and his very career, as we greatly apprehend, endangered, by the death of his only remaining child, who was with him in the north. It is but a few years since the death of his son—an event touched upon with admirable delicacy in the volume of *Recollections* by Mr. Toole and Mr. Joseph Hatton, which has lately been circulated. The blow is perfectly well known to have been one under which the favourite comedian reeled—he was ill for many months after its occurrence. Public sympathy of course went much with an actor, not only so popular in his craft, but, personally, so esteemed. It will now be called forth yet more strongly. Miss Toole, though very young, was a lady of solid attainments and varied interests, rather than of merely superficial accomplishments. On every ground there is reason for expressing the regret of every playgoer and every personal acquaintance that our excellent comedian has been called upon, in what is only the early autumn of his life, to suffer a wholly irreparable and immeasurable loss.

THE run of the "Dean's Daughter" is, as we expected, to be a short one at the St. James's. The piece is withdrawn to-night, and the theatre closed during next week. Let us trust that Mr. Rutland Barrington will see his way, next time, to amuse us by the bestowal of his talent as an actor and his personal popularity upon something better than what is after all a grotesque, though a skilled, caricature of an English church dignitary. And, though the British second-rate novelist—the sort of person whose disagreeable material is a good deal sought for by the managers of more than one of our fashionable theatres—is scarcely likely to have the opportunity of so far amending his vision as to see Society as it really is, we may yet hope that so clever a dramatist as

Mr. Sydney Grundy will henceforth have a more continuous regard than he has lately displayed for verisimilitude in his portraiture, for accuracy and certainty of aim in his satire. A single failure will not be counted against him too hardly.

MR. ABBEY—one of the best known impresarios in the world, as we need hardly say—has arranged, it is pleasant to hear, for French performances next season at a theatre properly fitted for them. He will take possession of the Gaiety, when that lamp of Burlesque, which has just been re-lighted, shall be extinguished in the spring. And he will bring over M. Coquelin and Mlle. Jane Hading—the most extolled actor and one of the most sympathetic actresses out of England. Both these stars are now in the States, where, by the by, with the Americans—who judge with singular independence—M. Coquelin has been by no means a great triumph. Later on M^{me}. Chaumont and M^{me}. Judic—with their dexterous and delicate manipulation of what is wont to be not very delicate material—will again appear among us. The public will wish Mr. Abbey's enterprise all sorts of success.

THE performances of "Dorothy" are not, as was expected, to close only with the end of the world. In sober fact, another month and the piece—until it is revived—will be heard no more. Great preparations are being made for its successor, which, however, the management will not produce at the Prince of Wales's, but at their new theatre.

Playwriting: a Handbook for Would-be Authors (office of *The Stage*), is a book of advice, sometimes sensible, sometimes comic, sometimes even a little vulgar, but always readable. The author is announced as "a dramatist." Unless we are to take his work as fiction altogether—which we are far from wishing to do—he must be credited with having passed through a varied experience of the difficulties of getting a piece produced. Beyond doubt, a measure of his counsel shows practical knowledge, and is dictated by common-sense. To read his earlier chapters is to realise something of the egotism of the average performer, who regards a piece solely from the point of view of his own opportunities for display. And with regard to a star, or to the more modest form of a star—"a principal"—we are reminded that he never likes to be "discovered" upon the stage. It is ineffective for him. It arrests the applause on which he greatly lives. But the reader, if he happens to be a "would-be dramatist," must find out for himself from the volume before us, how on the left hand and the right, he must, if he hopes to be successful, consult the interests and humour the whims of all the leading people. Our author's law—he has two legal chapters—is of somewhat doubtful value, apparently. At all events, an authority on copyright law—Mr. Moy Thomas, as we should judge—has pronounced against it.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A FESTAL Symphony in D, by Mr. H. Gadsby, was given at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. A good many works from his pen have already been heard at these concerts—Overtures, Cantatas, and an organ Concerto. Mr. Gadsby's patience and industry are bearing good fruit. The Symphony is his best production. The opening Allegro is well put together and effectively scored. The fanfare from trumpets and horns at once announces the festal character of the music, and this character is kept up throughout the movement. The Adagio is sombre, and the subject

matter not very interesting. The Scherzo is lively, but somewhat spun out: the pastoral Trio contrasts well with it. The Finale is elaborately worked out. A Chorale, played by trombones and tuba, gives it a marked religious tone. The second theme sounds somewhat trivial, but the composer probably intends to combine grave and gay. The Symphony was most brilliantly performed under Mr. Manns's direction, and the composer summoned to the platform at the close. M^{lle}. Janotha played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with much brilliancy, but might have thrown a little more feeling into some of the quiet passages. She was successful with her Chopin solo, and received an encore. The programme included Beethoven's "Leonora" No. 2, and five Dances for strings by Schubert. According to a footnote in Coleridge's translation of Kreisler von Hellborn's *Life of Schubert*, the composer wrote many "Deutschen," some of which, not then published, are mentioned as in the possession of J. Brahms. Those played at the Palace have recently appeared in the new edition by Breitkopf & Härtel. They are pretty and graceful. The last terminates with a long and interesting coda. The concert concluded with Saint-Saens's Ballet Airs from Etienne Marcel. M^{lle}. Douilly was the vocalist.

MR. WILLIAM NICHOLLS gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday evening, November 1. The programme, with the exception of two violin solos played by Miss Lucy Riley, was entirely vocal, and the selection of songs and quartets was an interesting one. A special feature was the Cycle by Grieg, entitled "Reminiscences of Mountain and Fjord" (Op. 44), extremely well sung by Mr. W. Nicholls. There are touches both of Wagner and Gounod in the Prologue and Epilogue, but the other numbers are pure Grieg. The melodies have quite a Volkalied character, while in the accompaniments the composer has introduced quaint and original harmonies. The concert was well attended.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 80. (Novello.) The first piece is a quiet and graceful *Andante* by R. Steggall. Mr. G. B. Allen's arrangement of the Australian national song, "Southern Sons," is an easy one. The song itself is plain and thoroughly diatonic in character. Mr. P. Jackson's *Postlude* is not a very striking movement. Mr. S. Moss's *Bourrée* is quaint and not unpleasing. The volume concludes with a short, but well-written *Larghetto*, by C. Dupré.

Fifty Five-finger Inventions. By E. M. Lott. (Ashdown.) An excellent work, which we cordially recommend to teachers of the young. The Inventions are short and varied; and, so far as the limited melodic means at the composer's disposal would allow, interesting.

From Messrs. Wood: *Marche Triomphale*, for piano, by H. Coupe, a production of a mild order; *Oleora*, a minuet for piano, by W. Smallwood, not written, however, in a minuet style; *Fascination*, a Gavotte, by E. Smith, long and rambling; and a collection of easy piano-forte pieces under the title "The Royal Music Books," of which Diabelli's Rondo in F is the most interesting. *Tell me, Beloved*, by E. Swepstone, is a simple, but not unpleasing song.

From Messrs. Novello: 117th *Psalm*, by R. Franz. This is a setting for double choir, which was performed at the last Birmingham Festival. As may be expected from so able a writer, the music is sound and skilful. It is, however, an early work, and bears strong traces of the influence of Mendelssohn.

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LITERATURE.

Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell. Edited, with Notices of his Life and Times, by W. J. FitzPatrick. (John Murray.)

O'CONNELL was notoriously one of the worst letter writers in the world. An occupation to some so congenial was by him positively detested; and it was with the utmost difficulty, and only under the most pressing circumstances, that a reply, even of the most perfunctory description, could sometimes be extorted from him. To most of us, therefore, these two handsome volumes of correspondence, the fruit of indefatigable perseverance on the part of Mr. FitzPatrick, will come as a pleasurable surprise.

Mr. FitzPatrick has, indeed, performed his duties as collector and editor in a manner extremely praiseworthy. With the exception, perhaps, of a few letters in the possession of Lords Lansdowne and Normanby, to which access was, for some reason or other, denied, we have here a complete collection of all the letters, public and private—or, rather, such of them as were deemed worthy of preservation—written by the *Liberator* during a period ranging from 1792 to 1847. It is now more than twenty years since Mr. FitzPatrick first undertook the task of collecting these letters; but duty towards the living as well as towards the dead has hitherto proved an insuperable barrier to the publication of them. Mr. FitzPatrick's delicacy in this respect is highly commendable; for there was at times, in O'Connell's private correspondence, even more than in his public utterances, a certain warmth and even rudeness in regard to his opponent, eminently calculated to give offence, albeit natural enough during the heat and passion of party strife. Death, however, and the lapse of time, softening down these asperities to their due proportions, have at length removed the chief cause for reticence, and enabled us to obtain a closer insight into the personality of one who, for good or bad, was assuredly for more than a generation the most commanding figure and the best abused man in Ireland.

Unfortunately, owing to his unconquerable aversion to letter-writing, these volumes of correspondence, even with the help of Mr. FitzPatrick's historical notes, are very far from furnishing us with a complete picture of O'Connell's life in all its varied and manifold activity. Indispensable, indeed, to the biographer, they are after all chiefly serviceable as enabling us to judge of events from O'Connell's own standpoint. Reading them, we come to have a clearer notion of the man himself as distinct from the political agitator, "the uncrowned king," as he was called, who stirred Ireland to its centre, and held the fate

of ministries in his grasp. So far as mere facts go, they add wonderfully little to our knowledge; but they do what is infinitely better—they enable us to discern beneath all the tempestuous violence of a life devoted to agitation the tenderness, the humility, the piety, the sincerity, and the open-heartedness of the man himself. "I wish to God I could make my motives so pure and disinterested as to care little for gratitude or applause." How many doubts and suspicions constantly crossing our mind as we read his life does this simple heartfelt ejaculation remove!

From the very beginning of his political career O'Connell had before him two grand objects—the emancipation of the Catholics and the repeal of the Union. Up to the year 1808 the conduct of the Catholic business had, as is well known, rested mainly in the hands of Lord Fingal and John Keogh, supported in the House of Commons by Henry Grattan. By their exertions much had been done to secure an equality between the two creeds, and all that remained in order to sweep away the last vestiges of the obnoxious penal code was a measure to allow Catholics to sit in parliament and to admit them to the higher offices in the state. Round this point the battle raged fiercely. Led on by their "No Popery" advocates in parliament the Protestants clamoured loudly for "securities"; and, in an hour of weakness, the leaders of the Catholic party consented to a compromise and offered to the crown a veto on the appointment to vacant bishoprics. Against this betrayal of the rights of the Church O'Connell immediately protested:

"Our first duty," he said, "seems to be to procure emancipation as Catholics if we can, and if we cannot, then as Catholics to remain unemancipated. In either event to remain Catholics in discipline as well as doctrine."

His conduct was condemned and the purity of his motives questioned. Liberal-minded Protestants described his opposition as frivolous. "The truth is," he retorted, "some people imagine that we think as little about our religion as they naturally do." But his argument, backed by the authority of Burke, is, in my opinion, irrefutable. Emancipation of some sort he clearly saw to be inevitable. Crippled by the veto, he predicted that it would cause a schism between the clergy and the people. Already, in 1815, he noticed a tendency in and about Dublin to substitute friars for priests suspected of favouring the veto. If Government wished, he said, to prevent further agitation and terminate the fever in the public mind they had only to grant a free and generous emancipation. His advice was disregarded. The veto was indeed abandoned, but emancipation was postponed, and when at length conceded, was crippled by the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. On this point—the disfranchisement of "the forties"—O'Connell's conduct appears from his correspondence to have been hitherto misunderstood. It is, I think, generally supposed that he made little or no attempt to avert it. But his letters to his friend, James Sugrue (i. 172-9), clearly prove that this was not his attitude. On March 6, 1829, he strongly asserts the necessity of opposing the disfranchising "wing" in every shape and form, and advises that

meetings should instantly be held everywhere in Ireland to petition against it. He himself immediately drew up a resolution to the Whigs, calling upon them to resist it at all hazards; but he met with no response, and their indifference almost drove him to despair. He appealed to the Radical leaders, Hunt and Cobbett, but found them utterly powerless, and without a following. All resistance proved unavailing, and, on March 12, he announces to Sugrue that the Irish forty-shilling freeholders had not a single friend among the English members. The Whigs were to a man with the Government on that point.

"Our petition," he adds, "will be presented this day against the disfranchising wing, and we must have many petitions from Ireland. We must put on record our decided hostility to it in every shape and form, so as to enable us hereafter, and soon, to do battle in favour of a restoration of this right."

With the accession of the Whigs to office in 1831, a very important correspondence opens with Lord Duncannon, afterwards Lord Bessborough—a member of Lord Grey's ministry, and a staunch friend to Ireland. From the Whigs O'Connell expected great things, and for a time loyally supported them; but, finding that they were unable or unwilling to effect those reforms in the Irish administration which he regarded as indispensable, he announced to Lord Duncannon his intention of forming a National party—"a party without religious distinction," as he described it. The idea of a union of all parties in Ireland for the purpose of securing a repeal of the Union took strong possession of his imagination, and induced him to open up negotiations with Dr. Boyton—"Bully Boyton," as he was nicknamed—the mouthpiece of the patriotic Protestants and the founder of the Conservative Society, an institution intended to act as a counterpoise to the Catholic Association.

"My plan," O'Connell wrote to P. V. FitzPatrick, who acted as mediator, "is to restore the Irish parliament with the full assent of Protestants and Presbyterians as well as Catholics. I desire no social revolution, no social change. The nobility to possess their lands, titles, and legislative privileges as before the Union. The clergy for their lives, their full incomes—to decrease as Protestantism may allow that decrease. The landed gentry to enjoy their present state, being residents" (i. 326).

Dr. Boyton expressed his gratification at the fairness and liberality of O'Connell's proposal, but declined to commit either himself or his party on the subject, explaining that the prejudices of those with whom he acted were, in regard to the Catholics, wholly insuperable. "They were," he said, "actuated by an abstract detestation of Popery, which seems to forbid all hope of coalition." Boyton's own attitude was, however, not unfavourable; and O'Connell authorised FitzPatrick to communicate the scheme to Mr. Sheehan of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, a principal organ of the Orange Party, and to inquire how far he would co-operate for a repeal of the Union founded on the basis of a local parliament for local objects only (i. 342, 345). The scheme came to nothing; but it is clear that the question of measures *versus* repeal was at this time (1833) seriously per-

plexing O'Connell. To him, indeed, repeal was at all times only a means to an end—the better government of Ireland. "May not repeal," he asks himself, "be dispensed with if we get beneficial measures without it?" It was, he admitted, a serious question to decide, and one upon which good men might well differ. For himself, however, it was his duty to make up his mind on the subject, and he unequivocally decided in favour of repeal. But the country was apathetic, and the Parliament of England decidedly hostile. To agitate for repeal under the circumstances, he clearly recognised, would only damage his cause and increase the influence of the Orange party. How, then, was he to bring the question, so to speak, within the range of practical politics? Evidently only by conclusively demonstrating to Englishmen and Irishmen alike the insufficiency of the Union. The accession of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs to power in 1835 seemed to afford him the opportunity he desired. If such a Government could not or would not do anything for Ireland in order to place it on an equality with England, then the only alternative was the abolition of the Union and the establishment of a domestic legislature.

"I am," he said, explaining his attitude to FitzPatrick, "as much a Repealer as ever I was; but I see the absolute necessity of confuting those who say we prevented the Union from having a fair trial in the hands of a friendly ministry. . . . I have two objects—to overthrow the Orange system, and to convince the most sceptical that nothing but a domestic parliament will do Ireland justice."

In coming to this resolution he was perfectly sincere and uninfluenced by any personal motive. For three years he gave a fair trial to the Whigs; but, not seeing the slightest prospect of their obtaining for Ireland any one advantage, and anticipating a speedy return of the Tories to office, he again resorted to agitation, and in August 1838 started what he called the "Precursor Society." The name has much perplexed O'Connell's biographers, who generally regard it as elliptical for "Precursor of Repeal Society." But that such was not O'Connell's meaning will appear from the following passage in a letter to FitzPatrick (ii. 158):

"The 'Precursors,' he says, 'may precede justice to Ireland from the United Parliament, and the consequent dispensing with repeal agitation. It may precede repeal agitation, and will, shall, and must precede repeal agitation if justice be refused. . . . I have reserved the name 'National Association' for the agitation of the repeal. That alone can be called a 'National Association' which seeks to make Ireland a nation again. The other may be united or imperial, or anything else, but it would be a practical blunder to call that national whose efforts may induce us to acquiesce in being merely a province."

The name, however, did not give satisfaction, and was subsequently altered into "The Loyal National Repeal Association"; but the explanation given by O'Connell is very significant of his attitude at the time.

There are several other points, such, e.g., as O'Connell's attitude towards the Young Ireland party, and his views on the great famine—not indeed of any great importance, but of more than passing interest—on which

these volumes throw some additional light, and which in a more extended review would naturally call for notice. But sufficient has, I hope, been said to show wherein the chief value of these volumes consists, and to prove how indispensable they are to the biographer and historian alike.

R. DUNLOP.

The Music of the Waters: a Collection of Sailors' Chanties and Songs of the Sea of all Maritime Nations. By Laura Alexandrine Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

For her pleasant volume, Miss Smith has certainly found a fascinating title; and to her task of collecting and grouping the sailor songs and chanties of all nations she brings enthusiasm and skill. As daughter of the Russian Vice-Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, her opportunities for securing help from the consuls of various ports have been exceptional. Most of the English, and not a few of the foreign, songs she has obtained at first hand from the sailors themselves, visiting the fore-castle or the cabin, notebook in hand, to jot down both music and words of the ditties that Jack Tar was ever ready to sing to her. Sailors of other nationalities have also gladly given similar help; so that her book, as Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, in his preface to it, says, "comes to us as a most interesting and unique contribution to our literature of the sea."

Interesting, undoubtedly, it is; but can we really say that it is unique? Perhaps it takes rank as the completest, most varied collection ever published; but then we are bound to point out that it is not complete enough. Indeed, as we shall show, some of its foreign sections are meagre, scrappy. Of Spanish sea songs we get not one; yet Spain, as a maritime nation of might and grandeur, cannot well be ignored. Nor has Turkey been remembered, though the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn have their melodies as well as the Nile; and for Nile boatmen's chants as for Japanese sailor songs space has been found. Of course, English and American songs and chanties take up the main place. This set is certainly the fullest and the best. Miss Smith considers that Jack must be his own poet, his own composer, and his own compiler, if we are to have genuine specimens of sea songs. She shares with the blue-jackets their contempt for sea songs made by landmen for landmen—the popular drawing-room ballad about brave tars and jolly sailor-boys, with which young white-chokered gentlemen charm young ladies after they have dined. She asserts that Dibdin alone has remained popular with the blue-jackets. His songs have never been discarded.

"There has never been but one man's songs, written on shore, popular with the blue-jackets; but one man's songs that sea-faring men have declared redolent of pitch and tar and oakum, written with the true spirit of a sailor; but one man's songs that the ship's fiddlers scraped on Saturday nights at sea before the toast of 'Sweethearts and wives'—and that man was Dibdin."

For the rest, when sailors make their own songs, they generally give them a freshness,

vigour, and swing of the sort that such lines as these possess:

"'Tis of the gallant Yankee ship
That flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west,
Blew through the pitch pine spars.
With her starboard tacks about, my boys,
She hung upon the gale,
On an autumn night we raised the light
Of the old head of Kinsale."

"Cawsand Bay," and "Good-bye, fare ye well," have their place of honour in this part of the book, and there are several most spirited hauling chanties. "Bonny was a warrior" gives us Bonaparte's life in outline; and, therefore, Miss Smith's footnote to one of the lines seems the more singular. "Bonny went to Elbow." "Where is Elbow?" asks Miss Smith at the bottom of the page. "I think it is a sly hit at Bonny's want of elbow room when immured!"

Coming to the sailor songs of France, we are surprised to learn from such an authority as M. Paul Sébillot that Brittany has few or no songs that deal with sailor-life. Out of five hundred songs which he had collected from Breton peasants he had rarely come across any pertaining to the sea. But he had met with an old Breton sailor whose dream of delight was to be able before dying to eat the heart of an Englishman quite raw; while a companion, when dying, admitted to his confessor that he would not mind stretching a point and eating the heart cooked. Miss Smith is, however, able to give us one charming Breton poem—a "Sailors' Litany"—which they chant before a voyage. And we have also some pretty Provençal songs. Mar-seilles, we should have thought, would yield sea songs in plenty; but from this source Miss Smith draws nothing. She has not made a very happy selection of Italian songs. The inevitable "Santa Lucia" appears in full, but with several misprints—*tuol* for *suol*, *impero* for *impero*, and the like. On page 190 there is a piece of Tasso in Venetian that would puzzle most Venetians, so incorrect is it. Writing anent Venice, the author profits largely by the pens of Mr. Symonds and Mr. H. F. Brown. But she does not give us a single characteristic Venetian song like "La Biondina in Gondolella," "Tanto mi sei simpatica," "Ovè mamma," or "I gondolieri son tuti traditor." Sicily is rich in songs which tell of those that go down to the sea in ships; yet we are not shown any proof of this. Instead of it we get the poem by Clough, in which "Ah!" rhymes with "gondola." Mazzorbo, we are told, is a Sicilian seaport town. Is it not to one of the little company of islands on the Venetian lagoons that Sir John Hanmer in his sonnet alludes? To the boat-songs of Canada scant justice is done, while those of Greece deserve fuller mention. India, Iceland, and Japan all furnish songs, which are given in translations, and which add to the variety and interest of what will count with all of us as a very entertaining book.

"Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails."

So, at the end of the volume, Miss Smith addresses her critics. For our part we are glad to fill her sails with gentle breath, if, translated, "gentle breath" mean praise. Her project has not failed, it has succeeded.

But she might make her book more valuable yet by adding, by supplementing, by rejecting. And to a future edition of it, perhaps, these things will be done.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

The Hallowing of Criticism. By T. K. Cheyne, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"THE history of this little book is as follows. Finding myself transferred for three months from studious Oxford to the cathedral city of a busy, practical diocese, I had to consider how I could make some small distinctive contribution to Church work. The best way appeared to be to attempt a (to me) fresh experiment in preaching . . . The Scriptures must in future, as many think, be expounded by preachers and teachers with some reference to the results of criticism; and the question becomes an urgent one how this can be done so as not to injure, but, if possible, even to promote, the higher or religious life."

Such is Dr. Cheyne's own account of the purpose of his book; and it is the object of this notice not to criticise its critical results—a task for which the writer is not competent—but to welcome the attempt to find so sound a basis for homiletics. An illustration of the kind here offered will do more to convince the ordinary religious reader that criticism does not mean ungodliness than any number of precepts in any number of Church Congress essays. Because people are allowed to read essays at Church Congresses whose title to be called Churchmen it is hard to read clear; and, in the face of some not many years old Bampton Lectures, the country parson may be excused from blindly following the lead even of gentlemen of his own cloth with doctor's hoods, simply because they assure him that the path they are following never goes out of Christendom. The ordinary parson must be content, in the first place, to judge of new theories by their fruits. It is useless to expect him to follow "whithersoever the argument leads him," because he feels his incompetence to gauge the argument. If he finds that the fruits offered him, say of historical criticism, are to the palate as delectable as apples of the Dead Sea, he is not likely to spend his strength in gathering them, much less in rearing such for himself; if, on the other hand, he finds that the "higher or religious life," so far from being injured, is (to quote Dr. Cheyne's characteristically understated phrase), "if possible, promoted," he will not be so foolish as to insist that "the old is better."

Many preachers in private stations have for long been endeavouring, with more or less skill, to give their hearers truer views of Old Testament history. The value of Dr. Cheyne's venture (apart altogether from its intrinsic merits, which are of the first order) is that he speaks from a cathedral pulpit, and more than that, from a professorial chair, and so must command attention. Perhaps, also, it may not be impertinent to add that its value is still further increased by its being made by Dr. Cheyne, whom no one could suspect of confusing criticism with religion, or of having any closer friend than truth, and whom everyone, therefore, to whatever school of churchmanship he belongs, will be ready to hear with patience and sympathy.

The two most noticeable characteristics of the book, to the present writer, are—first, its freshness, as of a mind that has lived only with originals, and so acquired nothing but first-hand impressions; and, secondly, its painstaking truthfulness. Of Dr. Cheyne's little respect for conventional phraseology, no reader of his version of the Psalter will need convincing; though even in that there was perhaps nothing quite so startling as the half-suggested paraphrase of *φερομένης πνοῆς βιαίας* (A.V. "a rushing mighty wind") by a "stiff breeze"; but his unconventionalness is not limited to words. There are few pages of this book that would not furnish instances of the originality of his point of view, but the sentences that follow may serve for illustration:

"And if human friends were wanting, yet was not Elijah, like our Lord in the temptation, with the wild beasts—those free, non-human, but not unintelligent beings with whom ascetics and members of religious orders have so often been on terms of familiar friendship?" (p. 29). . . . "Most of us, I suppose, have some leisure. Can there be a better occupation for a part of it than to think what it is that we ought to mean by the word 'God'?" (p. 41). . . . "If we pray at all, let us aim at praying fervently" (p. 96). . . . "Our Lord was not, it would seem, fond of interpreting his parables" (p. 155).

The other characteristic, the endeavour not to exceed or fall short of the truth by a hair's breadth, is of course only one form in which this independence of mind is displayed. It shows itself in all Dr. Cheyne's judgments on people, or opinions, or events, and is symbolised by a habit of qualification and a fondness for the conjunction "though." A few examples may be given at random:

"Elijah was not, so far as we know, a poet nor an educated man" (p. 28). . . . "I can never quite sympathise with St. Paul when he says, *Doth God take care for oxen?*" (p. 48). . . . "God has established a beautiful and wonderful, though not perfect, order of things—the Kosmos" (p. 92). . . . "I quote this from the great, fair-minded, though unbelieving historian Gibbon" (p. 98). . . . "There is a great temptation in our time to look at nature apart from God. That is inconsistent in a Christian, who deprives himself thereby of an immense pleasure, and God of a part of His glory" (p. 123).

Of Dr. Cheyne's contributions to the exegesis of Elijah's story, I have intentionally said nothing. To discuss them would be to discuss a number of separate particulars, for the consideration of which I have neither space nor learning. I should like, however, to call attention to the emphasis laid on Elijah's change of mind at Zarephath as one of the causes leading to the removal of the drought, and to the chapter on Naboth's vineyard. One sentence, also, from the sermon on "Elijah at Cherith" will illustrate the temper in which the miracles are treated:

"The ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening. 'Arabians' we should rather render it, said the devout philosopher Leibnitz, giving way to the rationalism of the seventeenth century. Oh, no, thou most sagacious thinker; this is not the way to reconcile reason and faith. Take the letter of the record in its rational meaning; but learn to distinguish between prose and poetry" (p. 29).

It is to be earnestly hoped that the book,

being cheap, may become popular; but it is a pity for this object that its title should not more clearly announce its contents. But perhaps more people are interested in criticism than in Elijah.

At the close of the volume, Dr. Cheyne has reprinted his Manchester Congress paper. If the religious and scientific world would only accept his judgment on the vexed question of the Mosaic cosmogony, and cease writing letters about it to the *Guardian*, and articles about it in the reviews, how much would be gained!

"A pious Hebrew writer takes a semi-mythical narrative current either in his own or in some neighbouring nation, and moulds it into a vehicle of spiritual truth; . . . [this] is a fact about which none of the competent experts are or ever have been in doubt. It is useless then for the experts in other subjects to depreciate this document on scientific grounds; it is the underlying spiritual truths against which alone, with due seriousness, it is admissible to argue."

H. C. BEECHING.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Walter Besant. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. WALTER BESANT'S book in praise of Richard Jefferies is assuredly calculated, both by its generous enthusiasm and even more by the copious and judicious quotations, to extend the interest felt in that delightful writer. The tone is one of frank eulogy, because, as Mr. Besant explains, "in very truth I can find nothing but admiration, pure and unalloyed, for that later work of his, on which will rest his fame and his abiding memory." In spite of this avowal, however, Mr. Besant recognises the obvious limitations of his author, as well as the mistakes into which he fell during his life; and those to whom the pious duties of a biographer have not been confided will be still more discriminating in their estimate.

Richard Jefferies made his way against unusual difficulties. The son of a Wiltshire farmer, he was constant, in the face of ill-health, discouragement, and want of advice, to the literary aspirations which possessed him as a boy. Unfortunately, one fatal error runs through most of his work. In Mr. Besant's language, Jefferies never recognised his personal limitations. He never undeceived himself and surrendered his ambition of winning the novelist's laurels. By some strange irony, the novelist's art was precisely that for which Jefferies's reserve, his narrow experience of men and women, his unsociability, and lack of dramatic instinct, eminently disqualified him. As a consequence, he spent his earliest efforts in writing novel after novel, which are chiefly remarkable for more than a beginner's usual hardihood in violating the first principle of his art. Jefferies, indeed, was a flagrant transgressor. He wrote about things of which he had absolutely no experience. He described manners and society which he had never seen, and never, apparently, even seriously studied at second-hand. It would be well if only his early novels were worthless, or sometimes even repellent; but the fatal mistake never entirely deserted him, even when later days had brought the revelation of his real literary gift. To the last Jefferies was labouring at the construction of

novels; and to the last, except for one or two characters, as Farmer Iden, drawn from his home-memories, there is the same crudeness and unreality. The reader is forced to drop altogether the would-be narrative which connects some of the finest passages of description in our modern literature, and to concentrate his attention upon them without a certain sense of irritation, if he can. Not that Jefferies's ill-success in this line was due to a want of imagination, or even to want of human sympathy of a peculiar kind. Imagination of a high character he certainly possessed, as *After London* shows. His description of a labourer's morning proves his sympathy with the life immediately around him, while his musings in a country church reveals historic sympathy of a rare order.

Jefferies's disappointment at his failure as a novelist, together with the confusion existing in his mind between popularity and the high appreciation of qualified critics, probably combined to make him somewhat bitter at his lack of general favour. Mr. Besant handles this part of his career with good sense, and explains the partly mistaken attitude which Jefferies assumed at the end of his life, but from no ignoble motives. The truth is that Richard Jefferies's work, his wonderful descriptive faculty, his minute and sympathetic observation of nature, can only appeal to a small circle. The general public will probably continue to hurry past him. But his place in English literature may be considered assured; and, of the small band of English writers who have laboured in the same field, he not only understood, but can teach, above all others, the wisdom of the field and of the forest. Mr. Besant associates him with Thoreau and Gilbert White. But Jefferies was not so conscious a mystic—to use a much abused word—as the American recluse, though he wanders into mystic reveries in the *Story of my Heart*; and he is less primarily a naturalist, and also a far greater literary artist, than the simpler historian of Selborne. The author of *The Pageant of Summer* lived in a different literary tradition. He became a great master of that art of word-painting which is at once the distinctive excellence and principal danger of modern English style. Jefferies's accurate observation kept him free from the danger. There are touches in *The Gamekeeper at Home*, *Red Deer*, &c., of the same quality as the simile in young Mr. Tennyson's poetry which so astonished Farmer Holbrook in Mrs. Gaskell's novel *Hair*.

"More black than ash-buds in the front of March."

Mr. Besant has done well in giving us some extracts from the notebooks, which show how Jefferies noted and recorded during the long walks, the solitary communings with nature, which were a necessity with him, in much the same way as the Poet Laureate has allowed us to learn that he noted and collected similes in his ramblings. We find in some autumnal jottings the ivy recorded "brown, reddish leaves with pale-green ribs"; or—"The sycamore leaves—some few still on [in November], with intensely black spots an inch across"; or again, more comprehensively—"Still day. The earth holds its breath." But it is the very minuteness and detail of Jefferies's observation that has brought against him the

not altogether unfounded charge of "cataloguing." As Mr. Besant admirably puts it—"For some of us, the picture is always being improved by the addition of another blade of grass, another dead leaf, or the ear of a hare visible among the turnip-tops." Jefferies cannot altogether escape the accusation. This accumulation of detail is the defect of his style. But the power of minute observation worked in well with Jefferies's sympathy with the past of rural England, and with his interest in the English peasantry of his day. The conservative reverence in him inspired the "Village Chronicle"; and, though the whole passage is too long for quotation, a few lines may give some idea of his treatment of the village church.

"The sense of man's presence has departed from the walls and oaken seats; the dust here is not the dust of the highway; of the quick footsteps; it is the dust of the past. The ancient heavy key creaks in the cumbrous lock, and the iron latch-ring has worn a deep groove in the solid stone. The narrow nail-studded door of black oak yields slowly to the push. . . . The very style of ornament upon the door—the broad-headed nails—has come down from the remotest antiquity. After the battle, says the rude bard in the *Saxon Chronicle*,

'The Northmen departed
In their nailed barks;

and, earlier still, the treacherous troop that seized the sleeping magician in iron, Wayland the smith, were clad in 'nailed armour,' in both cases meaning ornamented with nails."

Jefferies's insight into the conditions of the labourer's life was only equalled by his power of literary expression, and was not coloured by any special political sympathies. There is perhaps a socialistic drift in his aspirations for physical and moral perfectibility. But the task Jefferies set before himself was that of deliberate analysis. He was true to it in the masterly letter on the Wiltshire labourer, which appeared in the *Times* of 1872. He indulged neither his readers nor himself in illusions, and dealt out equal justice to each class. The description of the labourer's morning, "when Dick the shepherd blows his nails," is of the same character, while in the paper on "Field-faring Women" the writer's sympathies are more obvious. We must join with Mr. Besant in regretting that Richard Jefferies did not give us that sustained and comprehensive examination of agricultural life which he had at one time planned. But sustained work was not possible to him. He had neither the method nor the constancy of purpose; and his work remains fragmentary.

C. E. DAWKINS.

The Australian Race: its Origin, Languages, Customs, Place of Landing in Australia, and the Routes by which it spread itself over that Continent. By Edward M. Curr. In 4 vols. (Trübner.)

THE author of this work—which, like Mr. Brough Smyth's *Aborigines of Victoria*, has been published at the cost of the Victorian Government—does not obtrude his personality on the reader. He tells us, however, that he is not an ethnologist in the commonly accepted sense of the term, and, in fact, undertook this comprehensive treatise on the Australian aborigines somewhat reluctantly,

mainly because no one else seemed willing to enter the breach before it was too late, when "many tribes were passing away, leaving no record behind them." He might have added that, despite his lack of special training, probably no man on the continent was more competent for the task than a pioneer settler in the Murray basin, for fifteen years in intimate, and for nearly half a century in more or less direct, association with the natives. When Mr. Curr first literally pitched his tent among the Bangerangs of the Goulburn river valley, in 1841, that group of associated tribes comprised ten separate divisions, with a total population approximately estimated at about 1200. They have now practically disappeared, and do not number collectively more than "fifty or sixty persons." But in the third volume of this work Mr. Curr gives us a permanent account of their original social condition, usages, territorial range, and relations to the surrounding tribes, with copious vocabularies and phrases of their language (four distinct dialects), all at first hand.

Of course, he could not himself thus rescue from oblivion all the moribund aboriginal tribes of the continent. But he does it, to a very large extent, by proxy. A series of printed queries, addressed to various officials and civilians in all parts of the country, has resulted in the accumulation of a vast body of authentic information regarding the tribal groups scattered over the continent, every region being fairly represented, except the west central, where there are no settlements, and parts of the north coast, where stations are extremely rare. In the circular was a list of 127 English words, which has been completely or partly filled up for over 250 languages, or considerably more than half of those still current among the natives.

The materials thus collected, occupying the great bulk of the work, or all but about two-thirds of the first volume, are printed separately for each tribe, not "promiscuously," but according to a certain broad classification suggested by the materials themselves, and made perfectly clear by the accompanying ethnological map. This plan has its obvious advantages, and was perhaps the best, all things considered, that could be adopted. But it necessarily involves much repetition, which might at least have been avoided in the treatment of the vocabularies. These are given, like the other data, independently for each language, the consequence being that the 127 English words are needlessly printed over and over again about two hundred times, while a comparative study is rendered extremely laborious. To obviate this last inconvenience, as if by an after-thought, the fourth volume, which takes the form of a folio atlas, gives a selection of half of the words for all the languages, disposed in comparative columns. Had this sensible arrangement been carried out for all the words, the separate vocabularies might have been suppressed, and the work reduced by fully one-third of its size without any loss but much increase of efficiency.

The space reserved in vol. i. is devoted to a general essay on the Australian race on the lines set forth on the title-page. This memoir is partly critical, partly constructive—the former sound, the latter of doubtful value.

With the wealth of materials placed at his command, and controlled by his own life-long experience, Mr. Curr is able to pass in review the bibliography of Australian ethnology, and in so doing brings a heavy indictment against some of its "shining lights." Many notions, to which wide currency has been given by such accepted authorities as Brough Smyth, Taplin, Fison, M'Lennan, and Sir John Lubbock, are shown to be absolutely erroneous, the author trenchantly adding that

"statements like M'Lennan's, met with in many works, have led me to the conclusion that very few persons ever learn from books thoroughly to understand a social status which differs widely from their own" (i. 70).

The more particular reference here is to some of M'Lennan's fundamental doctrines on caste systems, the *patria potestas*, and inter-tribal relations generally. In the same way a rude shock is given to Brough Smyth's elaborate system of government by hereditary tribal chiefs and councils of elders, which is unknown in Australia; to Taplin's misleading statement regarding the non-existence of personal property; to Fison's inaccurate account of the marriage laws, much of which is "quite at variance with fact"; to Sir John Lubbock's confusion between family, tribal, and caste names, and so on. A careful study of this section leads to the conclusion that current ideas regarding savage life in Australia, and inferentially regarding savage life generally, will have to be considerably modified.

Mr. Curr's constructive section is less satisfactory, as, indeed, was inevitable. Here it is that his unscientific training tells against him, allowing him to "rush in where angels fear to tread." His theory is that the Australians are African negroes—or, rather, of the same stock as the African negroes, crossed by an unknown element before they reached the mainland *en route*, so to say, or, at all events, before the dispersion after landing somewhere on the north-west coast. From this point they spread gradually over the continent in three distinct lines of migration—along the west coast, across the central regions, and around by the north and east coasts, the three streams converging on the south coast between Streaky and Lacedepede Bays. To this part of the theory, which is supported by weighty linguistic and other arguments, and also clearly illustrated by the coloured map, no valid objection can be raised. The triple migratory movement here described fits in well with the present conditions. It accounts, perhaps, better than any other theory for the actual distribution of the three broad divisions of the race with its fundamental unity of speech and homogeneous physical type. Nor is there anything inherently absurd in the hypothesis that the Australians are substantially of the same stock as the African negroes, modified by a strain of some unknown foreign element. The absurdity lies rather in the nature of the arguments on which the hypothesis is built up. These are mainly a certain uniformity of usages, and what is claimed to be a "proof amounting to demonstration of the common origin of the languages of the two continents." The uniformity of usages, most of which are common to all primitive peoples, must go for what it is worth. But the uniformity of speech, on

which special stress is laid, rests on inconceivably shadowy grounds, and betrays a hopeless ignorance of philological principles. Mr. Curr's knowledge of the Australian languages, and especially of the south-eastern dialects, is extensive; his knowledge of the African is limited to what may be gleaned from Koelle's *Polyglotta Africana*—a work which has been of immense service to serious linguistic students, but which has proved a stumbling-block to a whole generation of etymological charlatans. By means of its copious vocabularies one man establishes the identity of the Indian Santhal and the Sudanese Hausa; another finds in the idioms of "High Africa" the common germs of those of "High Asia," and apparently also of "High America"; and now Mr. Curr adds "High Australia," leaving only "High Europe" out in the cold.

"Passing on to language, we find the evidence not less cogent; that out of forty-nine words taken from the vocabularies of both continents (the only ones we are able to compare), twenty-five are found to agree in root, and many absolutely."

Now, on a moderate estimate, there are at least five and twenty radically distinct languages in Africa; consequently, allowing Mr. Curr the full benefit of the above statement, it would only mean that these languages resemble the Australian to the extent of just about two words in each. And this he calls a "proof amounting to demonstration" of their common origin! No doubt, misled by the statements of writers speaking of the great Bantu linguistic family, he jumps to the conclusion that all the African negro languages constitute only one group. But this merely shows how completely he got out of his depth when he ventured to quit the Australian continent, where he stood on solid ground.

More interesting is his account of the native system of notation—a subject which has recently given rise to some controversy in the columns of the *Times* newspaper. The fact is here clearly established that the bulk of the Australian languages have radicals only for the numerals *one* and *two*. Many get as far as *three*, but Mr. Curr is probably right in rejecting the *four*, which some of his correspondents have furnished, but which either simply means "plenty," or is due to a misconception on their part.

"As a rule the only numerals of the Australians are 1 and 2, 3 being commonly expressed by 2 and 1, or 1 and 2; 4 by 2 and 2, and so on. Frequently, however, there is a separate term for 3; but I much doubt whether those of my correspondents who translate 4 by a specific term have not been imposed upon in every instance" (i. 205).

Elsewhere he asserts that

"no Australian Black in his wild state can, I believe, practically count as high as seven. If you lay 7 pins on a table for a black to reckon, and then abstract 2, he would not miss them. If one were removed he would miss it, because his manner of counting by ones and twos amounts to the same as if he reckoned by odds and evens" (i. 32).

This seems to mean that he would work up to 7 thus: 1; 2; 1+2; 2+2; 2+2+1; 2+2+2; 2+2+2+1, and so would be more likely to miss the odd 1 than 2. The statement is very curious, and so far seems to

support Sir John Lubbock's view as against that of "Pomingolarua."

Should another edition be called for Mr. Curr would be well advised to eschew *Polyglotta Africana*, and to collect all the vocabularies together on the plan of those in volume iv.

A. H. KEANE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane. By Frank Barrett. In 3 vols. (Cassell.)

When a Man's Single. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Outcasts. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

Horne Lodge. By the Earl of Desart. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Tempted of the Devil. From the German of August Becker. Retold by M. W. Macdowall. (Alexander Gardner.)

Adam Dickson. By Thomas Mason. (Glasgow: Bryce.)

Our Uncle and Aunt. By Amarala Martin. (Putnam's.)

The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane is Mr. Frank Barrett's most ambitious, most sensational, and most successful work. He has always had a hankering after the water of historical romance. Here he seems to have definitely taken the plunge. It is obvious also that he may, if he chooses, take a very high place, in the school—not of Thackeray or of Mr. Besant, or even of Scott, but of Charles Kingsley. This opinion is justified, not so much by the extraordinary number of the adventures which appear in *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane* (although even in this respect it surpasses the works of Mr. Stevenson, of Mr. Rider Haggard, of "Q," and even of Mr. Westall), but by the character of the picaroon-Bayard, Benet Pengilly, who figures as its hero. Kingsley himself could not have succeeded better than Mr. Barrett has done in realising love ennobled by chivalry in the person of this ne'er-do-well *sans peur et sans reproche*. Pengilly is most closely associated with Lady Biddy Fane in all her adventures by land and sea; but he never attempts to sink the knight in the lover. Mr. Barrett's South American descriptions, moreover, have a pronounced Kingsleyan flavour; and the author of *Westward Ho!* would probably have taken the same kindly view of the Ingas who come to the aid of Lady Biddy and her protector that he does. But Kingsley would certainly have saved his readers the story of the hideous passion of the black, Tonga, which is the one unpleasant episode in this story, and which appears as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. But Mr. Barrett is no mere disciple, much less an imitator, although Lady Biddy Fane, as a beautiful capricious woman, reminds one of Thackeray's Beatrix Hamond, much as the general style of the story reminds one of Kingsley. There is one thoroughly original character in it—Rodrigues, the pirate, who carries off Lady Biddy, and who seems to have something of the heroic in him till he becomes revoltingly vindictive. Rodrigues may best be compared to one of the fascinating robbers for whom the late Lord Lytton had such a fancy. Matthew, Benet's companion and lieutenant and Sancho Panza,

also deserves a word of special praise, as an artistic sketch of what, from an inferior hand, would have been a very commonplace character.

In *When a Man's Single*, the author of *Auld Licht Idylls* has made an interesting experiment; but he has not scored an unequivocal success. In his first chapters Mr. Barrie is all himself, because the scene of them is laid in Thrums. Except the episode of Cree Queery, there is nothing in the *Idylls* so pathetic as the hunt of Bob Angus, the self-educated—but, at the best, only half-educated—saw-miller, for his niece. In the last chapter, in which the announcement of Bob Angus's marriage is made to his old friends, Mr. Barrie gives us a little of his richest vintage of humour. There is an air of truth, also, in the picture which is given of the interior of the English provincial newspaper office to which, after leaving Thrums, Angus goes as a reporter; although his comrades there were hardly worth the labour Mr. Barrie has expended in painting them, and deserve the language of contempt applied to them by an indignant and discerning critic. But in the bulk of his book Mr. Barrie seems to be laughing not at his possible critics, which is quite legitimate, but at his possible public, which is a mistake; as, for example, when he appoints his hero to the position of a leader-writer on an important London newspaper, because there is no suspicion of genius about him. Then the two girls who figure in *When a Man's Single*—Mary Abinger and Nell Meredith—are not beings of flesh and blood. They are mere marionettes that do and say sometimes curious, but oftener conventional, young-ladyish things at Mr. Barrie's bidding. There are many drily witty (as distinguished from humorous) sayings, comic incidents, and clever descriptions in this book. The story of the impersonation of Sir Clement Dowton by a barber, in particular, is amusingly told. But there is too much of the smartness of the operetta in *When a Man's Single* for it to be quite satisfactory. Will Mr. Barrie ever write a Scotch novel worthy to be placed by the side of *Auld Licht Idylls*?—perhaps a few years hence, when he has emancipated himself from the influence of Mr. George Meredith, that prince of moral virtuosos, who has just missed being an English Goethe.

The Outcasts is a fantastic and, indeed, impossible story, written in a powerful though unfinished style. An English clergyman stumbles into love with Judith Kloots, the daughter of a foreign executioner. She is succeeded in his affections by Glynne Faithfull, a refined English girl. But the marriage with Glynne, which he contemplates, is frustrated by a rival who turns out to be the executioner's son. Finally, he marries his first love, who dies literally by that sword by which her father had metaphorically lived. Although the episodes in the life of the Rev. Errington Rivers, which are given in *The Outcasts*, are of the strangest, there is an eerie reality about certain of them which renders this book very interesting reading. The author, who has evidently a thorough knowledge of rural and clericalised life in England, writes carefully, and like a man of culture. Occasionally, however, he garnishes

his pages with such hackneyed quotations as "the white flower of a blameless life."

The Earl of Desart is, perhaps, seen at his best in *Horne Lodge*, which, although as repulsive a story as could well be written, is yet skilfully constructed. Essentially, though not in form, it is the autobiography of an English gentleman who, in an unfortunate hour, marries a beautiful woman of the now popular Messalina type. She brings him to ruin, secures his conviction for forgery, deserts him, and becomes a shameless debauchee and drunkard. Finally, with the help of depraved confederates, she begins poisoning him by degrees. But he discovers her plot, and succeeds in making her drink the contents of a cup intended for himself. In addition to the man's story, Lord Desart gives that of his daughter, who sets to work to discover her mother's remains. There is an air of farcicality, however, about the second and subsidiary plot, although it ends in the saddest tragedy. There is more careful writing in *Horne Lodge* than in anything Lord Desart has yet produced.

Tempted of the Devil is an able and scholarly effort to make a good story out of the mystical theosophy which was to Europe at the end of the last century very much what Esoteric Buddhism is to England now. It is based on Dr. August Becker's novel of *Des Rabbi Vermächtnis*, in which is described the effect of the study of what is known as "the Practical Kabbalah" in the lives and characters of its students and of those who come in contact with them. The story of the poor German pastor, who is "tempted of the Devil," in the shape of this study, but happily escapes from his clutches, is told simply and effectively, if also somewhat spasmodically. The leading character in the book, however, is the villain Ephraim Lebrecht, who is intended to be a theological Mephistopheles, but whose red head and other peculiarities recall Uriah Heep. *Tempted of the Devil* appeals to but a limited circle of readers, but it will repay a careful perusal.

If the author of *Adam Dickson* had been content to write a simple story of love and life in a Scotch town, he would probably have attained a certain measure of success. For he has an eye to the strong and the weak points in the character of his countrymen, and he is evidently familiar with the humours of Northern municipal politics. Even as things are, he tells the story of Adam Dickson's love adventure with the vulgar flirt, Adolina Parker, with gusto and comic power. But it is hardly possible to keep patience with Mr. Mason when he takes his hero to London, and when he introduces us to the proposterous and stagey vagrant, John Jeremiah Jagers, whose portrait looks like a caricature of some swaggerer in *Gil Blas*, executed by a schoolboy. Mr. Mason has spoiled a good story.

Our Uncle and Aunt is not so much a novel as a series of papers on "The Woman Question," and other social problems in America, with slender links of narrative. The author is a well-meaning controversialist, terribly, almost hysterically, in earnest. But she reveals, in this book at all events, no capacity for writing fiction.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

GIFT-BOOKS.

When I was a Boy in China. By Yan Phou Lee. (Blackie.) The author of this interesting sketch is a native of China, who, after a year's instruction in English at Shanghai, was sent over by the Chinese government to America, where he graduated at Yale College, married an American lady, and settled at New Haven as a journalist. It was originally published in the United States, where its appearance was most opportune, while the Americans were, and are, endeavouring to prevent the Chinese altogether from entering their territories. For the author is himself a living protest against the wisdom of such policy, showing, in a most striking manner, the natural capabilities of his countrymen, and their right to dwell as citizens among Western nations. The peculiar charm of this book arises from the fact that it gives for the first time an account of the inner life of a Chinese family. It treats of the author's infancy and boyhood; of the house and household, including his female relatives; of his school-life and pastimes; and of many other things but little known to "outside barbarians." Such a revelation has never before been made public, and its novelty is equalled in attraction by the modesty and simplicity with which all is told. It would be ungrateful to the author not to give one quotation from his delightful sketch, as it affords the means of setting him right upon a point where he is in doubt, viz., the exact date of his own birth. He says, in the opening chapter:

"On a certain day in the year 1861 I was born. I cannot give you the exact date, because the Chinese year is different from the English year; and our months, being lunar, that is, reckoned by the revolution of the moon around the earth, are consequently shorter than yours. We reckon time from the accessions of emperors, and also by cycles of sixty years each. The year of my birth (1861) was the first year of the Emperor Tung-che. We have twelve months ordinarily; and we say, instead of 'January, February,' &c., 'Regular Moon, Second Moon, Third Moon,' &c. Each third year is a leap year, and has an extra month, so as to make each of the lunar years equal to a solar year. Accordingly, taking the English calendar as a standard, our New Year's Day varies. Therefore, although I am sure that I was born on the twenty-first day of the Second Moon, in Chinese, I don't know my exact birthday in English; and consequently, living in America as I have for many years, I have been cheated of my birthday celebration" (pp. 1-2).

Now, although the Emperor Tung-che came to the throne at the death of his father on August 22, 1861, the first year of his reign is reckoned to begin at Chinese New Year in 1862; and as the author knows that he was born on the twenty-first day of the second moon, in the first year of the Emperor Tung-che, his birth must have occurred on March 21, 1862.

The Walks Abroad of Two Young Naturalists. From the French of Charles Beaugrand. By David Sharp. (Sampson Low.) Although the different departments of animated life are pleasantly described in this book, the adoption of Cuvier's somewhat antiquated division of it, and a certain indefiniteness in treating the lower forms of animal existence, lead us to regard it as more a gift-book than a manual of exact science. As a gift-book, however, for intelligent boys it is worthy of high commendation. Beautifully bound, beautifully printed, and beautifully illustrated with some 140 woodcuts, many of them full-page pictures, Mr. Sharp's book ought to prove a treasure to boys during the holidays. Much may be learnt from merely turning over these illustrations. The sweetness to beguile readers towards draughts of knowledge is to be found in the conversations of an old physician with two young friends in the excursions which the three

make round Villers-sur-Mer. It is an old device to make a scientific man describe shells and zoophytes as they are picked up, but in this book the doctor takes his friends through the whole animal kingdom. Of course a general and somewhat superficial view is all that can thus be obtained; but this, at least, is here to be obtained. The chapter on fishes, illustrated with cuts and descriptions of the deep-sea fish which recent explorations have discovered, seems to us the best in the book. Their luminosity is dwelt on, and their fragility on reaching the surface—almost the only points at present known about them. The plates of insects are (with the exception of the May-fly) the best in the book, the vertebrates being rather coarsely depicted. M. Beaugrand wonders that cormorants are not domesticated for fishing. The translator might have added a note to state that this has been successfully tried of late years in England. Every here and there the nationality of the author is amusingly apparent, as when a gendarme during the war is wounded by "a huge demon of a Uhlan"; or when, while dwelling on diatoms,

"the countenance of the doctor was gradually transfigured; his eyes beaming, his head slightly thrown back with the effort of thought, he was standing leaning on the table, not like a scientific man making an investigation, but rather a poet inspired."

Mr. Sharp's translation, it may be added, is excellent.

Heroes of Every-Day Life. By L. M. Lane. (Cassell.) It was a happy thought of the author to compose a *libro d'oro* in which some twenty deeds of heroism during the last few years might be registered. The difficulty in so small a list is to make a suitable selection; but, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Monett, on whom the rôle of a heroine was rather thrust than chosen, no fault can be found with the present collection. England may well be proud of poor Alice Ayres; of Cole, the policeman who tried to carry the burning dynamite out of Westminster Hall; and of Frank Shooter, the Devon hero, who has been instrumental in saving three hundred lives from drowning. The stories of heroism are here told with much sympathy and appreciation of the valour which exists outside the ranks of soldiers and sailors, and the illustrations are excellent. It is well that such reminiscences of self-devotion and daring in common life should be brought prominently forward in a somewhat prosaic age. Miss Lane's is one of the best books published this year for parochial libraries, and no one who begins to read will lay it down before he finishes it.

The Middy and the Moors. An Algerine Story. By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet.) This veteran writer of boys' books here gives them a story full of adventure and perils. The hero is seized by Algerine pirates at the beginning of this century, and sold into slavery. Every page is studded with hand-to-hand combats, terrific knock-down blows, and daring exploits. Of course, the middy escapes, and that, too, with the girl of his heart, and receives high promotion in the service. Something like Thackeray's "little Billee," who was "made the captain of a seventy-three." Several times, as we perused the hero's marvellous coolness in desperate perils, our very blood ran cold. What more could boys in search of a sensation require? It may be hinted to the author that policemen in the beginning of the century are something of an anachronism, that Mohammedans never introduce representations of the human form in their pictures, and would not permit a slave to gaze upon an unveiled woman. But these are trifles in the general vigour and constant flow of incident which marks the book.

The Brig "Audacious," by Allan Cole (Blackie), is an essentially good, rattling improbable story of adventure with pirates and savages and what not. The conflicts of Captains Gibb and Bowman with the pirate-ship which assails them is more spirited than almost anything else of the kind we have recently read. Some of the yarns of the members of the *Audacious's* crew to each other might have been spared. They contribute, no doubt, a good deal both of fun and of eeriness to the story, but they interfere too much with its action.

Captured by Cannibals. By Joseph Hatton. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Mr. Joseph Hatton tells us in his preface that these adventures have appeared before in another form. They were written in memory of his son, who met his untimely death while exploring in North Borneo. The chapters on the hero's adventures in the island of the Boulonagons are amusing, and the description of the Irish king, Kututo, distinctly humorous; but there is too much digression, and the title is misleading. The adventures occupy only two-fifths of the book, which is otherwise an ordinary tale of English life.

A Song o' Sixpence. By J. Jackson Wray. (Nisbet.) Under the form of a fairy tale for children the writer of this book pleads vigorously for our native birds. His ideal kingdom becomes a Dreariland indeed from constant catching of the birds and killing them for the sake of adorning ladies' apparel with their wings and bodies. The wanton massacre of seagulls on the coast, and the so-called sport of pigeon-shooting, are rebuked, and offenders held up to general execration. When the birds have been destroyed, noxious insects of all kinds swoop down upon the land and eat up its produce. The moral of the book is admirable, if the plot and machinery are somewhat cumbrous. With the return of the birds peace and prosperity resume their sway, and Dreariland becomes Cheeriland in the transformation scene.

Susan: a Story for Children. By Annie Walton. (Blackie.) This is the story of a child who goes on a long visit to her aunt, an old lady who keeps a home for three orphan girls at the sea-side. The character of Sophia Jane is perhaps overdrawn; but the picture of the French master, his sister, and their cat, "Gambetta," is charming. There are touches of both humour and pathos in Miss Walton's tale. The voluble little French lady is describing an interview between her brother and the butcher's kind wife:

"'Good evening,' said the butcher's wife, 'and how did the cat like his dinner?' My brother removed his hat and bowed (you may have observed his noble air at such moments), then drawing himself to his full height, 'Madame,' he replied, 'I am the cat.'"

The poor "egg-sail," as Sophia Jane called him, had made his dinner off the scraps of meat presumably bought for "Gambetta." But all is happy in the end; and the French master and his sister come into a fortune and return to Paris, "to dine at Philippe's, and taste a French cuisine again."

Friends in Need, by A. M. F. Paget (Masters), is a pretty story showing the mutual dependence of high and low on each other's good offices. For a moral, that unreasoning hatred of the higher classes on which the Socialist orator harps at so many country public-houses is exploded by deeds of kindness on the part of one of the detested aristocrats. This book will be acceptable in the nursery at the hall as well as by the cottage fireside.

The Gate in Park Lane; or, Arnold Lane's Courtship. By Hon. G. Boscawen. (Nisbet.)

This pretty love story, teaching the virtue of thinking the best of everyone, is marred here and there by a confusion of pronouns. Such a sentence as the following would shock Lindley Murray: "One of the many wheels which carry on the great machine which helps to keep us all in peace and safety at home, and whose time is hardly ever their own."

Her Life's Work. By Lady Dunboyne. (Nisbet.) "The life's work" of Phyllis Hope was building and endowing a church, erecting a parsonage, &c., for a neglected and disorderly parish. But with this central plot and interest of the book is interwoven the personal history of Phyllis herself. Though rather sad, the story is well told. The character of Raymond Anstruther and his gradual transformation from a high-spirited young pagan to a manly Christian soldier seems to us the best feature of the book. The illustrations, let us add, are of quite exceptional excellence.

Little Lady Clare. By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Blackie.) Those who were fortunate enough to read *The Eversley Secrets* will be glad to have another story from the same hand. We can promise them that *Little Lady Clare* will not disappoint their expectations. The story relates to a feud between two branches of a noble family happily and romantically composed. The character of Little Lady Clare—by no means an ordinary child—is cleverly conceived and described. Lord Tewkesbury also is well drawn. If there is a fault in the book it is that the children of Dr. Melville—notably Eric and Nell—are rather precocious in their discussion of such themes as pessimism, primogeniture, &c. But the book is exceedingly interesting, and may confidently be recommended.

Marjory's Husband, by the author of "Vera" (S.P.C.K.) is a well-told, but rather pathetic, story of a deserter who is more faithful to his young love than to his colours. His offence is expiated by a life of much privation, though the love he bears to his crippled wife sheds a pleasant glow of unselfishness over all his trials. At length he is supposed to come under the pardon by which the Queen celebrated her Jubilee. The story is striking in conception and vividly told. It is altogether to be commended.

Brave Tiny. By F. O. Beade. (S. P. C. K.) Tiny Crown is a little girl plagued with a troublesome brother, whose perpetual scrapes are well adapted to call forth the courage and truthful frankness of her nature. Her story, so far as it goes, is interesting and will, no doubt, be eagerly devoured by the small folk for whom it is designed. We hope its readers will, like Tiny, learn to be "brave in facing bodily danger, brave in resisting temptation, brave in confessing faults."

J. Cole, by Emma Gellibrand (S. P. C. K.), is the story of another little brave atom of humanity of the opposite sex. He is a London page-boy; and his adventures, from his curiously written letter of application for his place to his being half murdered by burglars, are decidedly interesting, not to say sensational. We have no doubt of its popularity among children.

In Touch with Nature, by Dr. Gordon Stables (S.P.C.K.), deals with various aspects of Nature at home and abroad. It is full of pathos and fun, as well-told stories of horses and dogs can hardly fail to be. The chapter on sparrows we think particularly instructive and amusing. It is a book that every true boy, and girl too, will delight in.

Mrs. Marshall is a well-known writer for the young. Her *Houses on Wheels* (Nisbet) is a praiseworthy attempt to interest readers in the little vagrants of fairs and races whom Mr. Smith, of Coalville, first tried to rescue from heathendom.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE mathematical papers of the late Dr. W. Spottiswoode, president of the Royal Society, are to be printed in a collected form. The task of collecting and editing them has been entrusted by Mrs. Spottiswoode to Mr. R. Tucker, the editor, it will be remembered, of Clifford's *Mathematical Papers*.

THE *Descriptio* (1614) and *Constructio* (1619) of Napier of Merchison may be regarded as among the first important contributions by Great Britain to modern scientific thought. The second of these, in which the author explains the principles upon which he constructed his Tables of Logarithms, has not yet appeared in an English version, and the original Latin work ranks among the rarer of seventeenth-century books. We understand, however, that Mr. William Rae Macdonald has translated the work, and that it is about to be published for subscribers by Messrs. Blackwood in a limited edition. Mr. Macdonald's volume will include a bibliographical catalogue, giving not only title-pages, full collation, and notes upon the various editions of all the works of Napier, but also a list of the copies preserved in the principal British and foreign libraries. The book will thus form a valuable supplement to the memoirs of Napier by Mark Napier (1834).

DR. LEON KELLNER has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the romance of Blanchardyn and Eglantyne which Caxton translated and printed in 1484. Lord Spencer has kindly lent his unique copy for the purpose; and its five missing leaves will be supplied by Dr. Kellner's extracts from the French original of them, in its two MSS. in the National Library, Paris, and the Burgundian Library, Brussels. Of the second version of this romance in 1695, Mr. Christie-Miller, of Britwell, owns the unique and complete copy; and, through the good offices of Mr. Graves, of the British Museum, this has been made available for Dr. Kellner's edition. It is a shorter independent re-telling of the French romance, and some half-dozen chapters of it will be reprinted for the Early English Text Society's book.

DR. L. KELLNER has been for some time engaged on the study of the sources of Marlowe's plays—several of which he has succeeded in tracing to their originals not heretofore known—and also of Marlowe's metre. He will shortly lay his results before a meeting of the New Shakspere Society. Dr. Kellner has also collected much material for the History of English Syntax (a book long wanted), and hopes next year to read one or two preliminary papers on the subject before the Philological Society.

WITH the second part of the second volume, which will come out in the course of the next week, Prof. Schipper's well-known work on "English Rhythms—*Englische Metrik* (Bonn: Strauss)—will be complete. This part, which contains 471 pages of text, a list of 183 modern poets, whose versification has been investigated, and a general index, consists of two sections: (1) Staves, which have come down to modern times from the Old English Poetry, as well as those formed by analogy from them; the subdivision into three chapters corresponds to that in the first volume; (2) Modern Staves, which have sprung up under the influence of the Renaissance, and at later periods. The most interesting chapters of this section will be those on the Spenserian Stanza, and on the Sonnet.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will shortly publish two volumes of essays, on mediæval history. The one is written by M^{rs}. James Darmesteter (Miss A. Mary F. Robinson), and is entitled

The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History. It treats of such subjects as the French in Italy, the Claim of the House of Orleans, the Schism, Valentine Visconti, &c. The other is a collection of sketches by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop, which deal either with the conditions of life in East Anglia, or with ecclesiastical questions, five and six centuries. It will take its title, *The Coming of the Friars*, from the first chapter.

A NEW volume of Verse, by Mr. John J. Piatt, entitled *The Witch in the Glass, and other Poems*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have in the press an illustrated political "squib," entitled *The People's William*, by the writer of "New Gleanings from Gladstone."

THE Quatuor Coronati lodge of Freemasons, which requires of its members either a literary or an artistic qualification, has this year been so fortunate as to secure a "worshipful master" who is possessed of both. Mr. William Simpson, the well-known special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, was installed in the chair of this lodge, on November 8, being the festival of the Quatuor Coronati, or Four Holy Crowned Martyrs, the tutelary saints of the early masons. Mr. Walter Besant, the treasurer, and Mr. G. W. Speth, the secretary, were continued in their respective offices. It may not be generally known that this lodge has attached to it a literary society, or "outer circle" of members, composed of subscribers to its *Transactions*. This association has now reached a total of some 450 members. Papers are read at all the meetings of the lodge; and the next one, on "The Worship of Death," will be read by the newly installed master, on January 4.

MRS. CRAWSHAY, of Bwlch, Breconshire, who has, for the last five years, given prizes for essays written by women on subjects suggested by the poems of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, has now vested the sum of £2500 in trustees (one of whom is Mr. W. M. Rossetti), in order to provide a permanent endowment for this object.

THE Rev. Dr. Brown, the author of the well-known *Life of Bunyan*, lectured last week at Bedford, on "The Glorious Revolution of 1688." We trust that his remarks may be printed in a permanent form. It will be our loss if the results of so much reading and thought should remain buried in the columns of a local newspaper.

THE first meeting of the one hundred and thirty-fifth session of the society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce—for such is the full title of what is generally known as the Society of Arts—will be held on Wednesday next, November 21, at 8 p.m., when the opening address will be delivered by the Duke of Abercorn, the chairman of the council. On the two following Wednesdays papers will be read on "The Phonograph," by Colonel Gouraud; and on "The Graphophone," by Mr. H. Edmunds. There will be six courses of Cantor Lectures during the session, of which the first (to be delivered before Christmas) will be "Light and Colour," by Captain W. de W. Abney. The two customary Juvenile Lectures in January will be given by Dr. H. E. Armstrong, who has chosen for his subject, "How Chemists Work—an Example to Boys and Girls." The hour for these is 7 p.m.

THE first meeting of the current session of the Royal Statistical Society will be held on Tuesday next, November 20, at 8 p.m., at the Royal School of Mines, when the new president, Dr. T. Graham Balfour, will deliver his inaugural address.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. SAYOE will leave Oxford about the middle of next week for Egypt, with the special intention of copying the cuneiform tablets now collected at Cairo. Dr. A. Neubauer is also shortly going to Rome, to examine the Oriental MSS. in the Vatican Library.

THE Rev. R. J. Wilson, now warden of Radley, has been appointed by the council warden of Keble College, in succession to the Rev. S. S. Talbot.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN—a son of the late Charles Darwin—has been elected university reader in botany at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Vines, now professor at Oxford.

MR. COURTNEY STANHOPE KENNEY—who won the Yorke Prize three years in succession by three remarkable essays, and who is now M.P. for one of the divisions of the West Riding—has been elected to the university readership in English law at Cambridge, vacant by Mr. F. W. Maitland's promotion to the Downing Professorship of the Laws of England.

In Convocation at Oxford next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the degree of D.O.L. *honoris causa* upon Mr. Joseph Prestwich, late professor of geology; and also to make a grant of £100 for three years to the British School at Athens.

PROF. WESTLAKE—the successor to Sir H. S. Maine in the Whewell chair of international law at Cambridge—announces lectures on the following subjects: "Ships of War in Territorial Waters: the Bosphorus and Dardanelles"; "International Rivers"; and "The European Concert."

AT a meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, on Monday next, Prof. Odling will exhibit and give an account of a collection of early engraved portraits, chiefly English, of the period of Elizabeth and James I.

WE learn from the *Oxford Magazine* that a Subject Catalogue of the Bodleian—"which, even in its present form, has already been of the greatest use to more than one reader"—will probably be ready for printing in a few weeks.

THE pass list of the B.A. examination at London University yields some curious results with regard to the place of education of the candidates. Taking the first division only, which comprises 62 names, we find that University College, London, still takes the lead with 11 successful candidates; but this is much lower than the position it used to occupy some years ago. King's College, London, is altogether absent; and so (for more obvious reasons) are Owens College, the Yorkshire College, and Liverpool. The other provincial colleges of recent foundation are collectively represented by 16—Bangor, Cardiff, and Birmingham standing particularly well. The total number of women is 13, of whom 5 come from the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, and 4 from Bedford College, London. Turning to the second division, the prominent feature is the immensely larger proportion (74 out of 119) returned only as "private study" or "university correspondence classes."

OBITUARY.

A WELL-KNOWN figure in several varied circles of London life has just passed away. Surgeon-Major George Borlase Childs, late of the fourth battalion Royal Fusiliers, and for more than forty years surgeon in chief to the city police force, died on November 8 at his house, 1 Aldridge Road Villas, Westbourne Park, and was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on November 12. In addition to these appointments, he was consulting surgeon to the Great Northern

Railway and examining medical officer for the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Mr. Childs was born at Liskeard in 1816, of a family long conspicuous there in the profession of the law. After passing through Westminster Hospital he became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1838 and a fellow in 1846. Soon after taking his first degree Mr. Childs published several works on medical subjects, and especially on the curvature of the spine, and for many years was a frequent contributor to the principal medical journals. As a surgeon to the city police force he long resided at Finsbury, within the city precincts, and his house was conspicuous for its hospitality to all classes, but markedly to members of the dramatic profession. To the stage he was devoted, and to its followers he rendered ready assistance. He acted as surgeon to the Royal Dramatic College, threw himself with energy into all its operations, and for several years—prominently between 1857 and 1864—composed little pieces, which were performed with great success by the chief London actors for the benefit of its fund at the annual gatherings at the Crystal Palace. The words for several popular songs were of his composition, and he was possessed of much musical taste. Some time ago Mr. Childs retired on a well-earned pension from the surgeoncy to the city police.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO TENNYSON.

[AFTER reading the "May Queen" and the "Grandmother" to an audience of outcasts in London.]

Port of love, thou hast the master-key
Of human hearts, to ope the secret cells
Where choked 'neath hate and sin and shame
there dwells
The hidden germ that languished save for thee—
As when the sailor, leaving the open sea,
Heeds on the breeze that brings the sweet shore
smells
The strange-familiar sound of Sabbath bells,
His thoughts shake off the moment's cares and
flee
To scenes and days of boyhood, and he sighs
To think how happy were those untried years:—
So these poor strugglers in the toils of sin,
Touched by thy words, have welcomed in their
eyes
The coming-back of long-estranged tears—
"One touch of Nature makes the whole world
kin."

PAGET TOYNBEE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the November number of the *Antiquary* the Rev. H. F. Tozer concludes his paper on the Bookhewn Churches and their Frescoes in the Terra d'Otranto. His account of the Greek rite as it lingered in Italy is very interesting; but it requires expansion, and, if we are not mistaken, correction in some particulars. Mr. J. H. Sharvel-Bayly contributes an account of Saint Hilderferth, or rather of his relics. The information that has come down to us regarding mediaeval saint-worship is scattered very widely; but no one has hitherto, it would seem, thought it worth while to gather the fragments together, except in the solitary instance of Waterton's *Pietas Mariana*. That valuable, though most imperfect, work, which was, indeed, written rather from the point of view of Catholic devotion than from that of the antiquary, gives a suggestion of what is required. We imagine that if investigation were made it would be found that relics (real or supposed) of Saint Hilderferth were preserved and honoured at other places besides those noticed by Mr. Sharvel-Bayly. His paper is, however, an interesting contribution to a curious subject.

Mr. Evelyn Redgrave's article on Sarum is worthy of notice as a bright and intelligible sketch of one of our old cities concerning whose origin and history many fables are abroad. An anonymous contributor furnishes a copy of the customs of the manor of Berkeley. We do not remember to have seen them in print before, and are, therefore, thankful for them. We trust a time may soon arrive when all our old manorial customs will have been put by the printing press beyond reach of destruction. Mr. J. C. Woods has extracted some curious notes from the diary of a Cambridgeshire worthy of the last century. They do not give us much new information, but are interesting as showing the state of feeling and knowledge common among men of the middle-class in the reign of George II.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BORCKE, J. v. Kriegerleben. 1808—1818. Nach dessen Aufzeichnungen. bearb. von v. Leszcynski. Berlin: Mittler. 6 M.
DAUBERT, A., etc. L'Eran: avec 28 compositions par A. Sazanne. Paris: Rothschild. 80 fr.
NOEL, O. Les Banques d'émission en Europe. T. 1. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 18 fr.
SPRENGER, F. Der vorletzte Sohn im Drama d. 16. Jahrhunderts. Innsbruck: Wagner. 8 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BRESLAU, H. Handbuch der Urkundenlehre f. Deutschland u. Italien. 1. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Veit. 9 M.
CONFORTI, L. Napoli dalla pace di Parigi alla guerra del 1798. Napoli: Anfosci. 4 fr.
DAMPPIERRE, le Marquis de. La Saintonge et les Seigneurs de Flasseac: le Duc d'Epemont, 1554—1642. Paris: Floard. 7 fr. 50 c.
FILIPI, G. L'arte del mercanti di Omalina in Firenze ed il suo più antico statuto. Torino: Bocca. 30 fr.
FINOT, Ed. Fort-Royal et Magny. Paris: Chametot. 8 fr.
GLASSON, E. Histoire du droit et des institutions de la France. T. 3. Fin de l'époque franque. Paris: Cotillon. 10 fr.
NICOLAI episcopi Botrontinensis relatio de Heinrich VII. imperatoris itinere italico. Hrag. v. E. Heyok. Innsbruck: Wagner. 8 M. 60 Pf.
PINTNER, L. Graf. Der Thesbestand d. Sachbesitzerwerke nach gemeinem Recht. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 12 M.
PUSORI, A. L'Archivio Montaire des Patriarches d'Aquilee. Trieste: Schimpff. 4 M.
SCHMIDT, C. Michael Schütz, genannt Toxites. Leben u. Humanität u. Auszug aus dem 16. Jahrh. Straßburg: Schmidt. 8 M. 80 Pf.
SCHMOLLER, E. Zur Literaturgeschichte der Staats- u. Sozialwissenschaften. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
THOMSEN, E. Schriftproben aus Handschriften d. 14.—16. Jahrhunderte. Basel: Dettloff. 8 M.
THRAEMER, E. Pergamen. Untersuchungen ü. die Frühgeschichte Kleasiens u. Griechenlands. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
WALLON, H. Les Représentants du Peuple en mission et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départements en l'an II. (1793—1794). T. 1. La Vendée. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
YRIARTE, Ph. César Borgia: sa vie, sa captivité, sa mort. Paris: Rothschild. 20 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DISTEL, M. Die Steiner'schen Schliessungsprobleme nach darstellend geometrischer Methode. Leipzig: Teubner. 4 M.
EXNER, F. Vorlesungen ü. Elektrizität. Wien: Dentike. 14 M.
GOULD, Le l'énigme: Esquisse de philosophie générale. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 60 c.
LEHMANN, O. Molekularphysik m. besond. Berücksicht. mikroskop. Untersuchgn. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Engelmann. 22 M.
RAMMELSBERG, C. F. Chemische Abhandlungen 1838—1839. Berlin: Habel. 10 M.
RIBOT, Th. Psychologie de l'attention. Paris: Alcan. 2 fr. 50 c.
SOMMER, V. Idealismus u. Realismus in ihrer Ver-söhnung. Darmstadt: v. Aigner. 4 M.
STEINMETZ, M. Die menschlichen u. tierischen Gemütsbewegungen als Gegenstand der Wissenschaft. München: Riedel. 5 M.
STEINMANN, G. Elemente der Paläontologie. Unter Mitwirk. v. L. Döderlein. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- AMARON, S. sermonum libri IV. H codice Dresdensi A. 167 a nunc primum ed. M. Manitius. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 25 Pf.
COMMENTARIA in Aristotelem graeca. Vol. IV. pars 2. Dextiphi in Aristotele categorias commentaria. Ed. A. Busse. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M. 80 Pf.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HILALI CODEX.

London: Nov. 12, 1888.

The fate of this celebrated Scriptural codex and the significance of its name "Hilali" are questions that have long exercised the minds of scholars. The codex is supposed to be lost, and its name is usually derived by modern scholars from a town Hilla, near the ruins of ancient Babylon. But the older and more probable theory was that the codex derived its title from the name of its scribe. Norzi (circa 1600) frequently speaks of "the book of Hillel the Scribe," whom he describes as "a learned Massorite, whose book was at Toledo." A more important, because a much earlier, authority on the subject is Abraham Zakut (circa 1500). In a well-known passage in his *Juchasin*, he specifically ascribes its authorship to a Moses ben Hillel, after whom, he adds, it was named "Hileli"; and he further asserts that it was 900 years old in his day. That the MS. could have been so old as Zakut thinks is far from likely; but there is an *a priori* probability about the fact as to which both these authorities are agreed—viz., that "Hileli" or "Hilali" represents the name of a man and not of a place. I venture to think that the means of solving these difficulties are to hand.

In 1875, Dr. Hermann L. Strack contributed to the *Zeitschrift für die gesammte lutherische Theologie und Kirche* notes on the Biblical and Massoretic MSS. found at Tchufut-Kalé in the Crimea, in the course of which he referred to an incomplete MS. of the Hagiographa (numbered 44), written by one Moses ben Hillel, and dated A.D. 994. The following is a portion of the epigraph which follows on the book of Nehemiah:

"I, Moses the Scribe, son of Hillel, have written and punctuated the entire twenty-four books of Scripture belonging to R. Joseph the Sephardi, the son of R. Isaac. . . . I concluded my work in the month of Ellul 4754 A.M."

Now, Dr. Strack has thrown out the valuable hint that this Moses ben Hillel may not impossibly be the very Moses ben Hillel referred to in the *Juchasin*, although Zakut ascribes to him a date some four centuries too remote. Dr. Strack was, unfortunately, too pressed for time to test his own suggestion, and I am not aware that anyone has followed it up since. Might it not be worth the while of some scholar who is interested in the subject, and has an opportunity of visiting the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg (where the Tchufut-Kalé collection is deposited), to set the question at rest by collating this Hagiographic MS. with the known variants of the Hilali Codex, as given, say, in the third volume of Dr. Ginsburg's *Massorah*? If the readings should agree, the important result would, almost for a certainty, follow that, so far as the Hagiographa is concerned, this celebrated codex is not lost; and almost the whole of its Hagiographic readings would be available for the settlement of disputed points in the Massoretic text.

ISIDORE HARRIS.

JUNIOR-RIGHT AMONG THE CANAANITES.

Oxford: Nov. 11, 1888.

Like all beginners, Mr. Jacobs claims infallibility. I will not dispute the claim. When his opinion—which I willingly call ingenious—concerning junior-right among the Canaanites is adopted by a historian of Israel, he will discover to what small proportions his argu-

ment will be reduced. I am vexed that "my view was expressed very obscurely," but it is not everybody's fortune to write as classically as Mr. Jacobs. I will merely add a word about textual criticism, which Mr. Jacobs admits only in the case of emendations. Textual criticism applies also to the indication of later additions in a text, which, in my opinion, is the case in 2 Kings iii. 27. Are the *Teraphim* really *penates*, and is the history of Rachel (which is distinctly Aramaic, although tribal history is not admitted by Mr. Jacobs) certainly older than that of Aaron, because it is said to be so by Prof. Wellhausen, whose critical powers I certainly admire?
A. NEUBAUER.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Oxford: Nov. 8, 1888.

Mr. Mayhew has, in the ACADEMY of November 3 drawn a red herring across the scent of your readers. The substance in Mr. York Powell's happy observation was the identity of the Rock of the Dead of the Polynesians, the *Λευκός πέτρη* of the *Odyssey*, the *neuvaine nœs* of *Judith*, and the Rock of Forebears in the Icelandic saga; and for this identification "abysmal" as epithet serves even better than "dark." For black and white are not the same thing. Nor is it even absolutely certain that *Λευκός* is here a Greek word at all, and not one of those will-o'-the-wisps that beset the path of etymologists; for if the identification be right, as I think it is, we are dealing with superstitions rooting far back in ages long ere a syllable of Greek was breathed.

The idea propounded by Mr. York Powell on this important question has never been mooted before. For this reason alone he deserves our thanks. Etymologies are all very well in their way. Here they are only a side issue; and the reader must not be led astray. That must be my excuse for troubling you with these few lines.

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "ROAD."

Cambridge: Nov. 12, 1888.

Certainly this word does not "await explanation." The Anglo-Saxon *rād* is related to the past tense stem of *ridan*, "to ride"; precisely as the Dutch *reed*, substantive, is to *reed*, past tense of *rijden*, and as the Icelandic *reidr*, adjective, is to *reid*, past tense of *rida*. Again, the Dutch has *reed*, formerly *reede*, "a road for shipping to anchor in" (Hexham), i.e., where ships ride at anchor. We cannot have "a clearing" out at sea!

In the Anglo-Saxon *rod*, "a clearing," the *o* was short. We see this from the Old Swedish *ruda*, "a clearing" (Ihre); not *roda*. The Swedish *u* answers to Anglo-Saxon short *o*, and Swedish *o* to long *o* (see my *English Etymology*, pp. 168-9).

WALTER W. SKRAT.

"HOIL" AND "κοῖλος."

London: Nov. 10, 1888.

Substituting a question of chemistry for one of philology, the following imaginary quotation is an accurate parallel to the contents of Mr. Addy's letter in to-day's ACADEMY: "What evidence is there that vinegar is a compound? If it be a simple substance, as its acid properties lead me to suppose, then my suggestion that it is the liquid form of common air is not a wild fancy, but is probably correct." If the subject had been chemistry, a communication displaying such ignorance of the elements of the science would not have been admitted into the ACADEMY; but, where philology is concerned, English periodicals are accustomed

to adopt a more indulgent standard. As the letter has been inserted, and may conceivably mislead some very simple reader, it may, perhaps, be worth while to point out that it contains at least five separate blunders, any one of which is sufficient to prove that the writer is not yet qualified to form a trustworthy opinion on any question of English philology.

(1.) Mr. Addy knows of no evidence to prove that the vowel in *hoil* was originally short. Almost the first lesson which a beginner learns of the history of English sounds is that a modern English long *o* does not (except before *w* and *r*) descend from an original long *o* in Old English. If the Old English word had been *hōl*, its modern equivalent would have been *hool*. Mr. Addy thinks that the dialect form *hoil* tends to prove that the vowel was originally long. He may learn from Mr. Mayhew's letter that it proves just the contrary.

(2.) According to Mr. Addy, the connexion of *hoil* and *κοῖλος* is (perhaps) impossible if the former had a short vowel, but would become possible if the vowel was long. The reverse of this is the truth. If the word had been *hōl*, no philologist could have thought it cognate with *κοῖλος*. The fact that the vowel was short has rendered it possible for some eminent scholars to maintain that *hōl* and *κοῖλος* are both derived from the root *heu* (*kou, ku*).

(3.) Mr. Addy fancies that the connexion of *hoil* and *κοῖλος*, if proved, would justify him in referring to the latter as an illustration of the dialectal form *hoil*. It would do nothing of the kind, because the resemblance in the diphthong, which was the point of the comparison, would still be merely accidental and delusive.

(4.) The surname "Youle" cannot be connected with *hoil*.

(5.) The verb *youl* is not "a variant of *howl*," but an unrelated word.

HENRY BRADLEY.

"OLD BLAKESWARE HOUSE."

London: Nov. 14, 1888.

Will you allow me to correct an error in your notice of the *Essays of Elia* in the "Temple Library."

My drawing of "Old Blakesware House" was not taken from that engraved in Canon Ainger's article in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which shows the house in course of demolition, though I am indebted to that article for indicating where a view of the building as it stood was to be found. Canon Ainger says that a portfolio of sketches, made about 1790 by Luppino, one of the scene-painters at Covent Garden Theatre, includes a view of the old house, and mentions that this has been engraved in Cussan's *Herefordshire*; and it was from this engraving (or rather lithograph) that I made my drawing.

I should like also, if I may, to add a word to this letter as to the "want of dignity" in my drawing of the house. I have not founded my conception upon the essayist's words, but copied it from a contemporary print; and does it not strike you, Mr. Editor, that, perhaps, this most charming essayist has in this, as in other matters, somewhat misled his readers? For we must remember that he was but eighteen when his Aunt Field died; and the eyes and imagination of childhood invest early scenes with a fictitious dignity, which he would not be careful to correct in writing of them in after years and away from the scenes described.

HERBERT RAILTON.

[We willingly print Mr. Railton's letter, though we cannot quite admit an "error" in our own notice. What we there said was "The view of 'Old Blakesware House' is apparently

taken from the old water-colour drawing discovered by Canon Ainger . . ."—ED. ACADEMY.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Pigments," II., by Prof. A. H. Church.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Time and Tide: the Romance of Modern Science," I., by Sir R. S. Ball.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Growth and Progress of Moral Ideals," by Mr. S. Alexander.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 8 p.m. Statistical: Presidential Address, by Dr. T. Graham Balfour.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Friction-brake Dynamometers," by Mr. W. Worby Beaumont.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Contributions to the Skeletal Anatomy of the Mesosuchia, based on Fossil Remains from the Clays near Peterborough, in the Collection of A. Leida," by Mr. J. W. Hulke; "The Small Mammals of Duval County, South Texas," and "The Mammals obtained by Mr. C. M. Woodford during his Second Expedition to the Solomon Islands," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; and "Liste supplémentaire des Oiseaux recueillis en Corée par M. Jean Kalinowski," by M. L. Taczanowski.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Opening Address by the Duke of Abercorn.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Remains and Affinities of Five Genera of Mesozoic Reptiles," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Radiolaria of the London Clay," by Mr. W. H. Shrubsole; and "A New Species of *Clupea* (*C. tectensis*) from Oligocene Strata in the Isle of Wight," by Mr. E. T. Newton.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of Varnishes, &c.," by Prof. A. H. Church.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Electrical Transmission of Power," by Prof. W. E. Ayton.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "A System of Electrical Distribution," by Mr. H. Edmunds.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

8.30 p.m. Art and Crafts Exhibition: "Book-binding," by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23, 8 p.m. Physical: "The Measurement of the Luminosity of Coloured Surfaces," by Capt. Abney; and "The Suppressed Dimensions of Physical Quantities," by Prof. Rüchker.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

On the History of the Process by which the Aristotelian Writings arrived at their Present Form. By Richard Shute. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

RICHARD SHUTE was born in 1849, was educated chiefly at Eton and Oxford, and died in 1886 after a brief but brilliant and useful career. His premature end seems to have been hastened, if not directly caused, by hard collegiate and university work, persisted in under what we must consider a mistaken sense of duty. Severe out-of-door exercise also contributed its part, as with many others in the present day, to the breakdown of a constitution naturally weakly. At twenty-seven he wrote a book called *A Discourse on Truth*, which appeared in 1877, and was well received in philosophical circles. The essay now given to the world was written for the Conington Prize competition in 1882, but not printed during the author's lifetime; nor was it revised by him in the light of that much further acquaintance with the subject which, as we learn from the preface, he subsequently acquired. Nevertheless, his friends believe, rightly as I think, that it contains good work enough to justify them in publishing it.

Good work there unquestionably is, but it is mixed up with other work of a more doubtful character; and, unfortunately, it is by the latter that the general drift and aim of the essay are determined. Nor can one see what good purpose any subsequent revision would have served had it not led the author to abandon his fundamental position. This position I understand to be that the Aris-

toelian writings as we have them were not written by Aristotle himself, but only contain the opinions of Aristotle "filtered, at least, to some extent, through other minds" (p. 1); that they were never more than "notes for or of lectures" variously worked up by Peripatetic professors, and subsequently corrupted to an almost hopeless extent by the combined labours of commentators and copyists. Now, in order to establish this point it is not enough to show, as Mr. Shute seems to think it is, that Aristotle's speculations were not published in book form during his lifetime, but were orally communicated to his disciples. That there was no publication in book form with some few small exceptions, is, I think, far too hastily assumed; but we will let that pass. Why need we not suppose that Aristotle dictated his lessons to a class, afterwards listening to and solving their difficulties as he and they walked up and down the shady alleys of the Lyceum? The MSS. thus obtained, collated, revised, and preserved with religious respect among the archives of the school, would afford very satisfactory materials for subsequent publication. That such authoritative MSS. did exist in Athens at a very early date is proved by the still extant fragment of a letter from Theophrastus to Eudemus in reply to a question from the latter touching the exact text of a certain passage in the *Physics*—a letter nowhere alluded to by Mr. Shute. It is also proved by the fact that Theophrastus and Eudemus both left behind their own versions of the Aristotelian teaching on various subjects, those of Eudemus being often in such literal agreement with our Aristotle as to be used by late commentators, in whose time they were still extant, for the correction of the text. Now it is only by working on a written original that such close agreement among different versions can be obtained. The late survival of these secondary Peripatetic treatises is strangely enough ignored by Mr. Shute, who speaks of them as "doomed to destruction" (p. 47) from the moment that a standard text of Aristotle was formed and admitted. If so the destruction took a long time—more than five centuries—to accomplish.

Again, the Aristotelian writings afford internal evidence of their authorship in certain passages which bear on their face the stamp of a great original genius. For instance, there is the concluding passage of the *Topics*, which would be absurdly misplaced in the mouth of anyone but the creator of logic. There is the character of the magnanimous man in the *Ethics*, given with a stately simplicity of diction not likely to be preserved by oral transmission through a series of rhetorical sophists. There is at the beginning of the second book *De Caelo* one of the grandest passages in all Greek prose, evidently a prolonged effort of literary composition, and the work of one who was, what we know Aristotle alone of his school to have been, a consummate master alike of language and of thought. Perhaps Mr. Shute would have replied that the passage was patched in from the dialogue *περί φιλοσοφίας* (p. 165). But if so is it credible that Simplicius, who had read the dialogue in question, should not have mentioned the fact in his commentary on the *De Caelo*? And there is another passage of simple and almost

touching eloquence on the study of anatomy in the first book *De Partibus Animalium*, of equally unmistakable authenticity, which no critic, I suppose, pretends to derive from a dialogue.

Mr. Shute seems to accept, with some few reservations, the theory that our Aristotle was more or less unskilfully edited from certain MSS. found early in the first century B.C., in a vault at Skepsis, where they had remained buried and forgotten—a prey to moths and damp—for 150 years. He is, indeed, aware of what the German critics have demonstrated—that the Peripatetic philosophers and others continued to show a good working knowledge of Aristotle's books, whoever it was that wrote them, during the whole period when, according to Strabo, our principal authority for the Skepsis story, the only existing copy of those books was hidden out of sight. But he attributes their knowledge to a more or less adulterated tradition preserved by the lectures of successive teachers at the Lyceum, and by the notes on their lectures. Not that he believes the Skepsis MSS. to have been real Aristotelian autographs, for, according to him, such autographs never existed, or were not preserved; he only attributes to them a more faithful reproduction of the master's teaching than any that subsequently circulated in the school. He argues that Apellicon, the first purchaser of the Skepsis MSS., would not have destroyed them had he believed them to be in Aristotle's handwriting. But that the documents in question ever were intentionally destroyed is an arbitrary assumption on Mr. Shute's part; I cannot find any statement to that effect in Strabo or elsewhere. And how about the works of Theophrastus, which, if the story is true, were included in the same find? If they were mere versions of his master's lectures, how came they to be accompanied by another version, presumably drawn up by another disciple; and how came the latter to be distinguished as more peculiarly Aristotelian? If they were of a more original character, and signed by Theophrastus himself, why should we not suppose that Aristotle was equally careful to leave behind some written record of his philosophy other than the juvenile Dialogues?

That Andronicus co-operated with Tyrannion in purifying the much adulterated copies made from these Skepsis MSS., and that he accepted them as the principal authority for his own great edition of Aristotle, is another theory accepted on most insufficient evidence by Mr. Shute. One would suppose from his confident language that he had some private information about the doings of those scholars, or rather that he had been in and out of their studies and looking over their shoulders at every hour of the day. To begin with, there is no reason to believe that Andronicus ever visited Rome at all. This, by the way, helps to dispose of the extravagant theory incidentally put forward by our essayist that from Cicero's time onward

"Rome is the centre of Aristotelian culture as Athens is of Platonism. All the great scholars of Aristotle in the first two or three centuries either are real Roman citizens like Flavius Boethus, or have taken up their abode in Rome like Andronicus, Tyrannion, and Galen" (p. 52).

Flavius Boethus was doubtless an intelligent gentleman, but he has simply no place in the history of Aristotelian scholarship. Galen resided in Rome for personal and professional reasons, not to study Aristotle. Tyrannion was taken there without any choice of his own, being a slave. Andronicus, as I have said, is not known to have ever visited Rome at all, and certainly could not have resided there, seeing that he was scholar of the Lyceum at Athens. The great Aristotelian commentaries were all written in Greek cities by Greeks for Greeks. The Romans who affected philosophy were chiefly Stoics, sometimes Epicureans, less often Platonists, almost never Aristotelians. But to return. That Andronicus received copies of the Skepsis MSS. from Tyrannion is a statement which there seems no reason for doubting, although it rests only on the somewhat questionable authority of Plutarch. But that he "probably accepted this source as the test of accuracy" (p. 124), is a most unwarrantable assertion. We know very little about the matter, but that little points in a different direction. In revising the Aristotelian text he seems to have consulted a number of independent MSS.; and in discrediting certain treatises he is not reported to have appealed to the Skepsis edition. Mr. Shute is, of course, quite right in rejecting the derivation of the Aristotelian catalogue in Diogenes from the *πίνακες* of Andronicus. But it is strange that he should treat the opinion that it was so derived as "pretty generally accepted" (p. 86), when two or three years before he wrote it was mentioned by Zeller as almost entirely discredited; while Mr. Shute's own theory that the catalogue in question is, in fact, a list of the MSS. in the Alexandrian Library, was put forward a generation earlier by Brandis, and might be considered to "hold the field" while the Christ Church tutor was discovering it for himself.

If Richard Shute was rather weak on the historical ground, he shows himself strong in matters of minute textual criticism. He seems especially successful in demolishing the authenticity of the numerous cross references by which the Aristotelian books, as they have come down to us, are connected together through their whole extent. He proves that the same book is referred to under a variety of titles; that the references imply a fixed order in the Aristotelian treatises which they owe to their editors; that books are referred to as Aristotelian which Aristotle did not write; that the passage referred to is sometimes misunderstood. The repetitions, also, are ably handled. And there seems much plausibility in Mr. Shute's theory that two competing texts were developed by rival schools of commentators; that subsequent editors noted down alternative readings in the margin of their copies; and that, still later, these were introduced into the text by stupid copyists. All that he says on the subject deserves, and will no doubt receive, due consideration from future editors of Aristotle. But the essay, as a whole, cannot be recommended to any but professed Aristotelian scholars. It would only serve to puzzle and mislead those who know much less than the author knew when he wrote it. And, speaking generally, sceptical attacks on the authenticity of classical writings are most earnestly to be deprecated.

unless they can be supported by a much stronger body of evidence than is here brought forward.

ALFRED W. BENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WOMAN'S LANGUAGE OF ANCIENT CHALDAEA.

Queen's College, Oxford: Nov. 9, 1888.

A writer in the *Expositor*, who signs himself "E," has lately fallen into an error of an elementary kind, which affords a fresh illustration of the dangers incurred by beginners in Assyrian when they presume to write upon the subject. As even so careful and conscientious a student as Dr. Bezold has also shown himself to be misinformed upon the point in the last volume of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, it is worth while to explain what the facts of the case actually are.

The so-called cuneiform syllabaries occasionally attach the two ideographs *eme sal* to certain words given as the non-Semitic equivalents of Assyrian vocables. As such words are found in a particular class of non-Semitic texts, it has been inferred that the texts in question are written in a dialect of the pre-Semitic language of Chaldaea, and that the technical name given to this dialect by the Babylonian scribes was *eme sal*. Now, as every Assyriologist knows, the two ideographs *eme sal* signify "the tongue or language of a woman," and nothing else. Remembering, therefore, the numerous cases in which "a woman's language" exists by the side of that of the men, I proposed to see in "the woman's language" of Chaldaea another example of the same phenomenon. See my *Introduction to the Science of Language*, second edition, vol. ii., p. 205.

Prof. Delitzsch, however, believed that he had found a passage in which the ideographs *eme sal* were rendered by the Assyrian *naqbu*, and he accordingly suggested that the term was a purely grammatical one. With this suggestion I was never able to agree, and persisted in thinking that Delitzsch's reading and explanation were incorrect; in fact, had they been correct, the word ought to have been the feminine *naqbūtu* and not the masculine *naqbu*. Dr. Bezold has now discovered that I was right in my scepticism, and that the characters Prof. Delitzsch read as *naqbu* are really *eme sal*. Prof. Delitzsch's theory consequently falls to the ground, and mine alone remains. That a "woman's language" was once spoken in Chaldaea may now, therefore, be admitted without hesitation.

A. H. SAYCE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE first scientific meeting of the Zoological Society of London for the current session will be held, at 3 Hanover Square, on Tuesday next, November 20, at 8.30 p.m., when the library bequeathed to the society by the widow of the late M. J. M. Cornély will be ready for inspection. Among the papers to be read on that evening is one by Mr. Oldfield Thomas, on "The Mammals obtained by Mr. O. M. Woodford during his Second Expedition to the Solomon Islands."

THE last annual report of the Department of Mines for Victoria, drawn up by Mr. Langtree, contains not only the usual statistical matter, but a great amount of useful information with regard to mine-surveying, and numerous tables and rules compiled for the use of the practical miner. The report also contains illustrated descriptions of various improvements in the

processes of gold extraction, such as the Newbery-Vautin method of chlorination and the hydrogen-amalgamation process.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, October 29.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—The president exhibited some specimens of Roman pottery found in the excavations made for building purposes on the Madingley Road. The most perfect of these was a fragment of Samian ware with a figure of a deer. Nearer the surface a silver halfpenny of Edward III. was found. Most of the pottery was found in a pit of black earth, evidently the trace of an old excavation in the gault.—Mr. J. W. Clark exhibited a skeleton of a red deer (*Cervus elaphus*), lately mounted by his assistant, and placed in the Museum of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. The bones were found in December last in a deposit of peat at Manca, on the estate of William Wiles Green, Esq., who kindly presented them to the university. This skeleton is the largest, of a full-grown animal, yet found in a complete state, measuring 4 ft. from the ground to the top of the dorsal spine. A skeleton of an adult Scotch stag, exhibited by the side of it, measured only 3 ft. 4 in.—The President remarked that the late Prof. Jukes described and figured in the *Proceedings* of the Geological Society of Dublin a skeleton of a red deer of unusually large size from Bohoe, Co. Fermanagh, and with 14 pairs of ribs. Another very large red deer skeleton from Co. Limerick is in the National Museum of Dublin. Mr. Green mentioned that a bronze coin of Vespasian had been found in the immediate vicinity of the deer-bones, and invited members of the society to come and co-operate with him in investigating the spot.—The Rev. E. G. Wood read an elaborate and learned memoir upon the University at Stamford. The chief points advanced in it were as follows:—The claim advanced for Stamford was not that it had ever in the strict sense been a *Universitas*, i.e. in accordance with Savigny's definition a university (or corporation) of persons as distinguished from a university of studies; but it was claimed that Stamford was a *Studium Generale*, not that that implied that all the faculties existed there, though reasons were given why it was probable that theology and philosophy, canon law and physics, were taught, and that there was a faculty of theology, and a faculty of arts, and that degrees were conferred. Reference was made to the legends, which assigned a very high antiquity to the university life of Stamford. The authentic record related but to a period of about eighty years at the close of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries; during that time not only a *Studium Generale*, but halls and colleges also were in existence at Stamford. The earliest was the Carmelite College, founded by Henry de Hanna, the second provincial in England. The next was Sempringham Hall, founded by Robert Luttrell in 1292. This was especially for students of the order of the Gilbertines. There was also Peterborough Hall, Black Hall, Vauldrey Hall for students of the Oistercian Abbey of Vauldrey (*De Valle Dei*), near Grimsthorpe, Brasenose College, and St. Leonard's Priory, dependent on Durham and the abode of the Northern students. (At this time none but Peterhouse had been founded at Cambridge.) Remains existed of many of these buildings, as well as of what were probably the public schools until the last century; now nothing remains except the gateway of Brasenose (a full century earlier than the Oxford Brasenose) and St. Leonard's Priory. The names of many of the Stamford doctors were given. A manuscript of the Commentary on the *De Disciplina Scholarium* ascribed (erroneously) to Boetius by one of these, William Whetley, is in the library of our own Pembroke College; and another copy, though apparently not entirely identical, at Exeter College, Oxford. Anthony-a-Wood, after examination of the contents of the Commentary, pronounces it to have been prepared for university teaching, and from it concludes that Stamford was a *Studium Generale*. The same fact could be argued from the existence

of a book of "Determinations" by another Stamford doctor, William of Liddington. This was a clear indication of men having incepted at Stamford. The lectures on *The Sentences* was another indication. The great impetus to Stamford university life was given by the secessions from Oxford and Cambridge. The last, however, alarmed Oxford that the Stamford *Studium* was forcibly suppressed in 1335 by royal authority. Both Oxford and Cambridge at the same time enacted a form of oath, to be taken by all inceptors, against any university teaching or recognition of degrees granted elsewhere in England. The Oxford oath specifically mentioned Stamford. The memory of the university of Stamford, however, lingered on for a considerable period. It is mentioned both by Harding and by Spenser, while many have recalled Merlin's prophecy,

"Doctrinae studium quod nunc viget ad vada Borni
Tempore venturo celebrabitur ad vada Sarsi."

Prof. E. C. Clark expressed some doubt as to whether it could be shown that more than one faculty ever existed at Stamford, and asked several pertinent questions.—Mr. Mullinger congratulated Cambridge on the suppression of Stamford as a university, considering how many colleges had flourished there, and explained the meaning of *The Sentences*.

CARLYLE SOCIETY.—(Thursday, November 1.)

THE PRESIDENT, and afterwards M. Pagliardini, in the chair.—After current business, Dr. Eugene Oswald read a paper on "St. Simon and the St. Simonian Society," with special reference to a passage in *Sartor Resartus*, book iii., chap. 12. Here Carlyle, in the person of the editor—having mentioned the disappearance of Tenfeldebröck, after the French Revolution of July, 1830, from the university town of Welschnichtwo, where, at the news of the revolution, he was not known, at the friendly inn of "the Gans, or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once these three: *Es geht an* (It is beginning)"—resumes "When the St. Simonian Society transmitted its propositions hither, and the whole Gans was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation, and astonishment, our Sage sat mute, and at the end of the third evening, said merely—'Here also are men who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man is still Man; of which high, long-gotten Truth you already see them make a false application.' Since then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post-Director, there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin, and our Professor himself. . . . Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain of their emissaries; or did he go forth voluntarily to their headquarters to confer with them and confront them?" The lecturer undertook to show that this passage, like others in *Sartor*, but slightly veils an autobiographical fact. But, reserving this point for the end of his lecture, he drew attention to a number of passages from the *French Revolution*, the *Life of Sterling*, and the remarkable and now not much read essay on "The Signs of the Times," which latter utterance of Carlyle's first attracted the attention of the St. Simonians. (Letter of Carlyle to Goethe, Aug. 31, 1830.) It was shown that the indexes to Carlyle, generally so carefully made, are, with reference to this matter, erroneous, both by omission and commission, the latter by confounding the memoir-writer, St. Simon, with his relative the social reformer. After a survey of the life and writings of the elder St. Simon, the career of the younger was dwelt on in detail. It was pointed out that with him originated the idea of the piercing of the Panama isthmus, as that of the Suez canal was brought forward by his disciples, notably Enfantin. His much-chequered life was related in detail, his writings were analysed, the growth of his ideas was shown from the *Lettres d'un Habitant de Genève* (1803), and the *Introduction aux Travaux scientifiques du XIXe Siècle* (1808), to the *Réorganisation de la Société européenne* (1814), where the earlier projects of Sully and the Abbé de St. Pierre were mentioned, as well as the modern peace societies, and the bold conceptions of the *Organisation* (1820), and the *Système industriel* (1822), to the latest develop-

ment in the *Catholicisme industriel* and the *Nouveau Christianisme* (1825). His great influence on men of position was shown, such as Augustin Thierry, Auguste Comte, Halévy, Rodrigues, &c. Parallels were drawn, or points of contact were noted, with the more or less contemporaneous activity of Bentham, Robert Owen, and Carlyle himself. After alluding to the Utopias of Plato, Thomas More, Campanella, and the conspiracy of Babeuf (1796), and Buonarrotti's work thereon (1828), the Comte de St. Simon was considered as the founder of modern socialism in France. The term "social reformer" is first found in the writings of his disciples—a term since adopted by many in the English Social Reform Association and outside of it who would be far from being thought enemies of society. The developments of the school after St. Simon's death were dwelt on in detail, and their principal literary productions were mentioned; the *Exposition de la Doctrine*, by Bazard and Enfantin, was analysed as the *Nouveau Christianisme* had been, and a parallel to one of its strongest paragraphs was furnished in a passage from Fawcett's *On Pauperism*. Quotations from Louis Blanc, Lacordaire, Mr. A. J. Booth, M. Hubbard, were introduced to prove the great impression produced by the school. The names of the principal disciples were introduced and their after-careers pointed out; in the cases of Carnot, the father of the president of the French Republic; Michel Chevalier, the free-trader and friend of Cobden; Péreire and Gustave d'Eichthal, the bankers; Félicien David, the musician, sent by the St. Simonian apostolate into the East, and thence bringing back the impressions out of which *Le Diar* was created; and Charles Duveyrier (1799-1864), who was, most probably, the one who, during his mission apostolique to England, called the attention of Carlyle to the society. After a glance at the July revolution of 1830, the hopes which it evoked, the tendency to plutocracy which it developed (*French Revolution*, book vii., chapters 6 and 7), it became necessary to show the distrust of the bourgeoisie, and the contrast between the workman and the employer—a contrast which was not at all present in the earlier writings of St. Simon, where the "industrial" in all his stages was opposed to the non-producer, and the leadership was such as Carlyle conceived of in the *Captains of Industry* (*Past and Present*). The later extravagances of the St. Simonians—the theory of the Emancipation of the Flesh, the socialistic community at Mémilmontant, which was compared with the Brook Farm experiment, their intestine quarrels, and the judicial proceedings against them, and their final dispersion—were related. Robert Owen's sympathetic words on their fall—they "are buried, they are not dead," &c.—were quoted from the *Orbis* (October 13, 1832). A correspondence between the lecturer and Mr. Froude, published in the *ACADEMY* of November 20, 1886, was read, containing the only little scrap which Mr. Froude possessed of the points referring to the St. Simonians in the Goethe-Carlyle correspondence, not accurately quoted, together with the lecturer's correction. Three letters were then referred to in the now completed correspondence—Carlyle to Goethe, August 31, 1830; Goethe to Carlyle, October 17, 1830; and Carlyle to Goethe, January 22, 1831—leaving no doubt about the autobiographical character of the passage in *Sartor* (1831), which is found to be an almost literal transcript of a passage in the last of these letters.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 5.) SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The president delivered the annual address on "Common-sense Philosophies." Common-sense experience of the visible world of men and things, such as we all have before we begin to philosophise, is the problem or *explicandum* of philosophy, and therefore also in a sense its test, since an *explicatio* must always be confronted with its *explicandum*. The means at the disposal of philosophy for such an *explicatio* consist ultimately in analysis of experience as it actually comes to us, that is to say, of the states of sentience and our reaction upon them, out of which the common-sense experience of men and things has been actually built up, prior to philosophy. But common-sense philosophies are something very different both from common-sense itself and from analysis of experience. They arise from adopting a prejudice of common-sense without analysis, and using it as an

hypothesis to explain the *explicandum* of which it is a part. This prejudice briefly and generally stated is, that things are identical with their operation; as indeed they are for the practical non-philosophical purposes of common-sense. Water is that which wets, fire is that which burns; wetting and water are one, fire and burning are one. Now the two great ultimate realities of the common-sense world are matter and mind; and accordingly common-sense philosophies, which adopt these without analysis as realities, fall under three main heads—(1) philosophies which explain everything by moving matter; (2) philosophies which explain everything by creative mind, or some leading function of it, such as thought or will; (3) philosophies which combine both, or the properties of both, in their ultimate explanation, as, e.g., theories of mind-stuff. Philosophies of all these kinds agree in putting all our relations with the universe upon a speculative and hypothetical basis, conceive the universe as finite, and are at variance with philosophical analysis of experience as it is really experienced. They make of philosophy a quasi-scientific system, based on some inadequate hypothesis. The conception of the universe to which philosophical analysis leads is very different. It is a conception of it as infinite, the known and finite part of which rests upon an unknown existence, our relations to which are practical and not speculative, relations of faith as distinguished from relations of knowledge. In this sense it is, and not as demonstrating articles of any religious creed, that philosophy may be truly called the handmaid of religion.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, November 8.) SIR J. COCKLE, president, in the chair.—The chairman dwelt in feeling language on the death during the recess of Arthur Buchheim, and the loss thereby accruing to the council, of which he was a member, and to the society.—The ballot resulted in the election of the gentlemen, whose names have been already published in the *ACADEMY*, to serve as the council for the ensuing Session. The new president (Mr. J. J. Walker) having taken the chair, called upon Sir J. Cockle to read his presidential address on "The Confluences and Bifurcations of certain Theories." The following further communications were made: "Cyclobomic Functions.—(1) Groups of Totitives of n , (2) Periods of n Roots of Unity," by Prof. Lloyd Tanner; "A Theory of Rational Symmetric Functions," by Capt. P. A. Macmahon; "The Factors and Summation of $1r + 2r + \dots + nr$," by the Rev. J. J. Milne; "Rasbe's Bernoullians," by J. D. H. Dickson; "Certain Algebraical Results deduced from the Geometry of the Quadrangle and Tetrahedron," by Dr. Wolstenholme; "A Certain Atomic Hypothesis," by Prof. Karl Pearson; and "Deep-water Waves resulting from a limited Original Disturbance," by Prof. W. Burnside.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, November 9.) W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. Peddie read a paper by Prof. Tait on the relation between systems of curves which together cut their plane into squares; Mr. A. Y. Fraser communicated a solution by Prof. Steggall of the problem of dividing the circumference of a circle into seventeen equal parts; and Mr. G. A. Gibson gave a short notice of the additions to the mathematical theory of heat since the publication of Fourier's *Théorie de la Chaleur*. Dr. Ferguson exhibited a diagram drawn by Mr. Morham, city architect, showing, by means of small squares, one million units. The following office-bearers were appointed: president, Mr. G. A. Gibson; vice-president, Mr. A. Y. Fraser; secretary, Mr. J. Alston; treasurer, the Rev. J. Wilson; editors, Mr. R. E. Allardice and Dr. Peddie; committee, Mr. W. J. Macdonald, Mr. A. C. Elliott, the Rev. Norman Fraser, and Mr. J. T. Morrison.

FINE ART.

COTMAN'S DRAWINGS AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB.

ABOUT a hundred and thirty drawings by John Sell Cotman—all, it is hoped, that one can need to see in order to understand the range and the

charm of Cotman's art—are exhibited at the present moment at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Nearly three-fourths of these were beheld at Norwich last July by Cotman's fellow townsmen and by those London amateurs who be-thought them to go there. There were likewise at Norwich many less important drawings which it was not deemed desirable to bring to London, especially as the Burlington Club has had access to collections which seem to have been closed to the organisers of the Norwich show. Five important drawings of Cotman's later period, belonging to Sir William Drake; five, of various dates and admirable quality, from Mr. Lewis Fry; a pretty sea piece belonging to Dr. Hamilton; a delicate black-and-white drawing of Mr. Poynter's; Mr. Pyke Thompson's extraordinarily characteristic "Golden Twickenham"; a beautiful "St. Michael's Mount," belonging to Mr. Gunn, who knew the artist personally; and a fine drawing belonging to Lady Eastlake, who was Cotman's pupil—these, and some others, added to the best things which were at Norwich, and which are principally in the possession of Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Colman, and Mr. James Reeve, make up a show which one trusts will be found to be lacking neither in interest nor instruction.

The arrangement of the drawings on the walls and in the catalogue—I mean particularly the arrangement of the Water-Colour—is more strictly chronological than was the order adopted at Norwich, where regard had especially to be paid to the fact that certain of the wall spaces that had to be filled were undesirable and ill-lighted. Nevertheless even at Norwich it was sought, roughly speaking, to put the drawings of the first half of Cotman's career in one room, and the drawings of the second half of his career in another. And whatever has been attempted in London, it has not, I am sure, been imagined by anyone concerned with the exhibition that a quite strictly chronological arrangement could be maintained. But, at all events, hardly one dated drawing should be found out of its place, and a good deal of evidence, external and internal, has been brought to bear upon the question of the dates of the many which Cotman has not himself signed. This, it is hoped, may add something to the value of the show for purposes of study. As regards the facts of Cotman's life and the facts connected with his work, it could not be very easy, after the mass of material accumulated by Mr. Reeve, and lavishly employed by him in the Norwich catalogue, to add to what had been already done; yet Mr. John Lewis Roget, in the pages which he contributes to the Burlington Club catalogue, on the subject of Cotman's various publications, has managed to convey some wholly fresh information, which, I cannot but think, is admirably systematised and suggestively expressed.

The Water-Colour drawings form the bulk of the collection, and they are of course that part of it to which the larger public will be chiefly attracted. In them is displayed the sober harmony of colour which was one of the greatest characteristics of Cotman's work in his earlier time—from 1803, when he seems to have first entered into full possession of his means, to about the period of his first visit to Normandy, in 1817. In them likewise—far better than in his fragmentary and somewhat occasional painting in oil—is displayed the more ornate splendour of his later style. The uncertainty of result which must be allowed to characterise a portion of this artist's drawings belongs exclusively, we may consider, to his later time. In that later time, when his physical health was so irregular and his spirits now depressed and now exalted, he produced not infrequently work which can hardly defend itself from the charge of gaudiness and the charge of artifi-

duality, but produced also work in which his poetic feeling found some of its best expression. The water-colours, too, afford the most conclusive proof of the variety of theme with which he was fitted to deal. Lovely and refined visions of sylvan or river-side nature—such as is afforded by Mr. Reeve's "Twickenham" and the same collector's "Bridge over the Greta"—are succeeded by architectural studies of the utmost breadth and decisiveness, fearless in handling, very strong in light and shade, yet, withal, very pleasant as to colour. Then come, perhaps, marine subjects, in which it appears to me that, though Cotman is not less competent, he is sometimes less individual. Then, highly wrought drawings of the elaborate architecture of some Norman town, or of some foreign place beyond the borders of Normandy—some place he never actually visited. Then, as we get still further into his later work, the drawing becomes yet more obviously a composition; and the facts of nature are apt to be overlooked through the artist's pleasure and preference perhaps for an exercise in luscious colour or in selected form. If among all these classes of subjects one were compelled to distinguish two or three as those in which Cotman most excelled, one would say, I suppose, architecture, the representation of trees, the representation of running water. His architectural knowledge is of course unquestioned. His sympathy for the theme is shown not only in the broad water-colour sketches and the more finished, but not more admirable, later drawings, but also by his delicate pencil-work. His trees, while not less graceful, are more particularised than Turner's. The "pear-shaped tree" is practically absent from Cotman's work. Stone-pine and willow, poplar and chestnut, witch-elms and ash, he enjoys the structure of each of them, and portrays of each the dignity of line and grace of leafage. The water of rivers, now flowing very softly in a wide quietude, now lapping against lawns, now bearing down towards us in rapid currents through a narrow channel—the beauty and interest of all that has seldom, I suppose, been as finely given.

The Black-and-White must not go without a word, for no virtue which Cotman's art possessed—save, inevitably, his charm as a colourist—is denied to it. Great contemporaries of Cotman's—Girtin, for instance, in Cotman's youth, and David Cox and Dewint in Cotman's middle age—made no such full use of pencil and lampblack, sepia and black chalk. In black-and-white, or in monochrome, they expressed themselves far less fully. The Black-and-White at the Burlington Club affords examples of the most detailed study of architecture. It includes a pretty powerful marine. It embraces many an example of the almost unequalled tree-drawing of which something has already been said. It displays Cotman in more obvious compositions, in massive arrangements of light and shade, in visions of the country wholly poetic, yet robust—like "Turning the Clod—Evening." And it ends with the series of rapid off-hand sketches—two or three of them done sometimes in a single day, perhaps in a single hour—in which what he portrays is the meadow-land and the copices of his own Norfolk country in a wet and windy autumn. This was the autumn of 1841. It was the last of Cotman's life, and he remained at Norwich till December. Returning to London, he died early in the following summer; so that it is very possible that we are here face to face with the last suggestions which the actual presence of Nature ever made to him. In any case, these quick and dramatic transcripts—though as slight as they can be—are not the least interesting of that which is gathered here from the work of his pencil.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE following exhibitions will open next week: (1) the annual winter exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street; (2) a collection of over two thousand drawings in water-colour, black-and-white, &c., made for Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.'s publications, at Foster's Gallery, Pall Mall; (3) a series of pastoral landscapes, by Mr. W. Estall, at Messrs. Buck & Reid's, New Bond Street; (4) drawings in black-and-white at Mr. Mendoza's, King Street, St. James's; and (5) a picture by Mr. Bruck Lajos, entitled "The Quartet"—representing Herrs. Joachim, Strauss, Ries, and Signor Piatti—at Mr. Lefèvre's, in the same street.

MR. G. BERTIN will deliver a course of four lectures at the British Museum, on Fridays at 2.30 p.m., beginning on November 30, upon "The Chronology and History of Babylonia, as fixed by the Monuments and Tablets." Mr. Bertin claims to be able to reconstruct the Babylonian annals from a period much earlier than has hitherto been attempted.

A TABLET of unusual design has just been completed as a memorial to the officers and men of the 92nd Highlanders who died in the wars in Afghanistan and Africa. The author of the design is Mr. Frederic Shields, and he has had the assistance of Mr. Nelson Maclean in modelling it in relief. It consists of three figures arranged in a somewhat similar manner to those in Raphael's little early picture of the Vision of St. George, in the National Gallery. In front lies a wounded Highlander and behind him are figures representing Military Fidelity, who extends to him a crown of laurel, and Heavenly Hope, who bears the undying torch of love. In the background is indicated the city of Kabul. This beautiful relief has been very successfully cast in bronze by the *cire perdue* process. It is surrounded by the names of the soldiers it commemorates engraved on brass, which has been allowed to retain the inequalities of surface produced by the workman's hammer. The whole is framed in delicate red marble.

Correction:—With reference to a note in the ACADEMY of last week on the current number of the *Archaeological Review*, we learn that a certain passage in it has given rise to a misapprehension. When we wrote that "the Greek . . . is sadly to seek," we certainly intended no more than that there were an excessive number of printer's errors. Nothing was further from our mind than to make any imputation against the scholarship of the writer of the article in question; nor can we believe, even now, that our unhappy attempt at a witticism would generally be interpreted in such a sense.

THE STAGE.

M. MAYER no longer invites the teacher of French to bring her youngest and most innocent pupil to see his entertainment at the little hand-box theatre—the Royalty, in Dean-street. And wisely too; for, though "Clara Soleil" is not a more *risqué* thing than most French pieces of the humorous kind, it is quite *risqué* enough. It deals with the adventures of a certain Monsieur Bavolet, who permits to two ladies the name of "Madame Bavolet." Letters and tickets arriving for the one are somewhat apt to fall into the hands of the other; and thus arise complications which do not tend to Monsieur Bavolet's peace of mind. They are, no doubt, sufficiently amusingly illustrated. The chief parts fall to Mlle. Aimée Martial, Mlle. Reynard, M. Lagrange, and a veteran comic actor M. Schey. They are well enough interpreted, though it is permissible even in

presence of Mlle. Aimée Martial's performance to miss the light and airy vivacity of Mlle. Réjane, who was seen at the Vaudeville about three years ago in the part of Clara Soleil.

At the Shaftesbury Theatre—pending the production of a new piece, as we understand—there is to be a revival of "The Lady of Lyons"—a piece with which half the actresses in England are in love, and which nearly every man of letters in London heartily dislikes or mildly smiles at.

We shall next week be able to give some account of "Hands across the Sea," the new Princess's melodrama, which was produced on Saturday evening amid every token of popular success. It had been postponed from Thursday in consequence of an all-night rehearsal on Wednesday having proved insufficient. The scenery is very elaborate. It is said to be very admirable, but it would not act when it was wanted to; hence the delay.

If opera-bouffe has become, as it is said to have become, less cared for in England, there is no decline apparent in the popularity of real burlesque. "Faust" is an excellent subject for burlesque, and Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt have made the very best of the business at the Gaiety. "Faust up to Date" is undeniably funny. Mr. Stone is comic; Mr. Lonnen very comic indeed. He is a person of infinite resource, who could at need bear upon his shoulders a load of literary stupidity with which Mr. Sims and his friend are certain never to trouble him. Miss Lilian Price, and other ladies—whose names escape us—are, at the least, pleasant to behold. The actress who impersonates the rejuvenated "Faust" will indeed hardly cause the public to forget Miss Farren, who has a very real talent in such things, and is curiously incisive in method. But as Margaret, Miss Florence St. John—appearing at the Gaiety for the first time, probably—is all that one could wish her to be. She is full of quiet humour, and she sings with nothing less than her earliest London success. Indeed, we fancy she is almost better as Margaret than she was as Olive. The piece will run either until the return of the regular Gaiety company from America, or until the beginning of those important French performances which Mr. Abbey has arranged for, and to which we lately drew attention. There is at all events an end of the horrors and the nonsense of "She," which, in its stage version, owed to Miss Mary Burke, and to Miss Sophie Eyre, whatever possibility there was of hearing or beholding it with equanimity.

We are glad to hear that the version of M. Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" by Mr. Jocelyn Brandon—which was brought out some time ago, on only two occasions, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—is to be revived at *matinées* at the Princess's on and after Monday, November 26.

OUT of London it appears that they have restored the pathetic ending—the only true and possible—to the drama of the "Ben-my-Chree." We are in receipt of Edinburgh newspapers praising not only the piece, and the performance of Mr. Wilson Barrett, but likewise the pathetic death-scene of Miss Eastlake's. We are rejoiced to hear that the lady is again permitted to die—that the dictators in the gallery do not object, or that their objections are pluckily encountered—for no future in this world was conceivable for the heroine of the "Ben-my-Chree."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A MISSA SOLEMNIS for solo voices, double chorus, orchestra, and organ, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, on Friday

afternoon, November 9. The composer is the Rev. J. H. Mee, and the work was written as an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music. Dr. Mee, in an elaborate double fugue "Cum Sancto Spiritu," in a canonic movement "Et Resurrexit," and in the part-writing generally, has proved himself a sound and accomplished musician. But the work is not a mere display of learning. The music is in good keeping with the words, and contains much that is effective. The opening "Kyrie Eleison" is a well-constructed movement, but of extreme length. A bright "Gloria" leads to a peaceful quartet and chorus, "Qui tollis," one of the most taking portions of the Mass. The soprano solo, "Et incarnatus," is calm and flowing. The "Benedictus" also deserves mention. Dr. Mee's music in form and rhythm recalls Mozart and Cherubini, but there are many passages in which the harmonies have quite a modern flavour. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Harper Kearton and Watkin Mills. Mr. Alfred Broughton's Leeds Choir, of course, did full justice to the choral movements. Dr. Bridge presided at the organ. The theatre was crowded, and the work was received with great favour.

Miss Ethel Bauer and Master Harold Bauer made their first appearance at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. The young lady has made considerable progress since we last heard her. She played Saint-Saens's difficult and showy Pianoforte Concerto in G minor with great precision and brilliancy, and was much applauded. Master Harold also displayed skill in Vieuxtemps's Fantasia Appassionata. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel were the vocalists. The latter sang a graceful Romance, with harp accompaniment, by Beethoven, recently published in the Supplement of Breitkopf & Härtel's edition of that master's works. It was composed in 1815 for "Leonora Prohaska"—a drama, by one of the composer's friends. Perhaps one day Mr. Manns will give us the two other numbers written for the same occasion—a short chorus for male voices, and an arrangement for orchestra of the Funeral March from the Pianoforte Sonata in A flat (Op. 26). Mrs. Henschel also sang Wagner's "Träume." Her husband gave a Beethoven Aria, "Mit Mädchen sich vertragen," which he introduced last season at one of his Symphony Concerts; and "Wotan's Abschied," from "Die Walküre." The programme included Haydn's Symphony (No. 9, Salomon Set), Wagner's "Vorspiel" to "Parsifal," and the "Tannhäuser" Overture.

The Popular Concerts recommenced on Monday evening. Miss Fanny Davies gave a remarkably clear and intelligent rendering of Beethoven's variations on a theme from the "Eroica" (Op. 35). She never allowed the technical element to make itself unduly prominent. Mme. Néruda (Lady Halle) played three new pieces for violin by Dr. Mackenzie: the first, a "Benedictus," recently heard in orchestral form at the Crystal Palace; the second, a graceful Berceuse; and the last, a sprightly Saltarelle. Miss Liza Lehmann sang an air by Giovannini, and two light songs of her own composition. The three ladies were most heartily applauded, but we are glad to say that they all firmly refused the encore. We hope that their example will be followed by other artists, for the programmes, as a rule, are sufficiently long. The concert commenced with Beethoven's Quartet in C (Op. 59) admirably interpreted by Mme. Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti; and it concluded with Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in D minor, in which Miss Davies played with excellent taste and feeling. The hall was very full.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., &c. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Longmans.)

(First Notice.)

In treating with more than the normal biographer's ability the life of a man famous throughout Europe in his day, and not yet forgotten, Mr. S. Lane-Poole is to be congratulated upon the skilful and successful *mécanisme* of his last two large volumes. The basis consists of the memoirs (in pica); an autobiography begun about the diplomatist's eightieth year, and continued till his ninety-second. The superstructure (in bourgeois) consists of extracts from F. O. despatches, numbering some 15,000; of private correspondence with family, friends, and colleagues; and of personal details contributed by survivors now veterans, with an occasional note in *brevier*, the whole bearing chiefly upon diplomatic work. Each page carries a marginal date of the composition, together with the age of the autobiographer, and a numeral reference to the document or paper. In his running commentary the editor has subordinated, with much sobriety and no little art, his own style to the somewhat ambiguous "rounded periods" and the "finished, often too stately, language" of the autobiographer. This is evidently no ideal biography; but, as *documents pour servir*, the work has its own especial merit, and the keynote is struck in the opening sentence:

"Three statues stand side by side in Westminster Abbey: they represent George Canning, the minister; his son Charles, Earl Canning, first viceroy of India; and his cousin, Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe."

The diplomatist's mother, a woman worthy of a remarkable son, was Mehitabel Patrick, the daughter of a well-to-do Dublin merchant; and to this blood we must attribute a Hibernian pugnacity of disposition, backed and strengthened by the "bottom" of the sturdy old Canynghams, burghers of Bristol. The future ambassador dated his birth from November 4, 1786; and he came into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, as the popular saying has it. His cousin, "the great Canning" (for so the ambassador

called him to the last), was rising at the Treasury. Fox, Sheridan, and other notables, were warm friends of the widow, who, bravely but unsuccessfully, carried on the banking business; and "Stratty," after the slavery of a preparatory school at Hackney, was sent as King's scholar at nine to Eton. Here it took him ten years to pass through the various grades till he became "captain." He did not disdain athletics; he laid in a fair stock of classics for quotation—then the dreary fashion of Englishmen; he fixed and formulated his views and ideas, e.g., "the ignorant speed of steam"; and, though somewhat parlous, puritanical, and priggish, he made sundry life-long friendships. He also wrote a prologue (i. 18), and cultivated an English style, which began with being Johnsonian and Grandisonian and gradually became a notable echo of Gibbon (i. 61-68), often injured, moreover, by too scrupulous correction.

From King's College, Cambridge—where the youth "had nothing to do with horses, carriages, or boats"—he was appointed, while yet in his nonage, *précis*-writer at the Foreign Office, and then second Secretary to Copenhagen. His undergraduate life and his Downing Street clerkship were finally killed by his transfer to Mr. Robert Adair's Constantinople mission. Here fortune began to open upon him the budget of her favours. The Turk of the ancient *régime*, who is roundly abused (i. 42) as "proud, ignorant, crafty, jealous, cruel, cringing, bullying, cheating," was then officially at war with us, but inclined peacewards, because England began to prove herself victorious in the Peninsula. So the Treaty of the Dardanelles was signed (Jan. 5, 1809), and the Secretary of Embassy, at the ripe age of twenty-two, received from his "illustrious cousin" the dormant appointment of minister plenipotentiary, which awoke to vigorous life during the next year. It was presently followed by an annual pension of £1200—worth in those days thrice its present value.

To this unprecedented success, as the biographer candidly admits (i. 80), must be attributed much of the ambassador's domineering spirit, impetuosity, arrogance, and impatience of contradiction. Instead of toiling up the steep, and learning patience and *savoir faire*, he had sprung at once to the summit; and even this did not satisfy him. He had no "predilections for diplomacy"—the only walk of life for which he was fitted. His youthful conceit pined for the social and intellectual pleasures of London; for the clever anti-Jacobin's career of home-office; for the House of Commons, in which he ever figured as a mere mediocrity; and for literature, whereby as a penny-a-liner he would have starved. And this radical mistake of his own powers, which the elder Canning, his senior by sixteen years, was far too clever to incur or to encourage, lasted him to the last. I have heard him repeat what is affirmed in the Memoirs (i. 69), even during the later days of the Crimean War. He also complained bitterly of inactivity and over-leisure at the "vile hole, the *infâme trou*"—Stambul; and apparently it never entered his mind that a knowledge of Romain would have bred familiarity with classical Greek, that Italian would have aided

Latin, and that Turkish, Persian, and Arabic would have added much to his local influence. But the fad of the day was to spoil reams of paper and to be as English as possible by virtue of ignoring the world abroad. And did not Clive declare that had he been as familiar with the "native lingo" as his fellow officials he would have been as egregiously cheated by Hindu chicane?

Canning's long career of minister plenipotentiary to the Sublime Porte opened with some minor successes. By "not using a lower tone" he bullied the Rais Efendi (foreign secretary) into abating the nuisance of French privateering, alias piracy, in friendly waters; and the Turk could only complain impotently that "the business of a conference should not be interrupted by raising the voice, or by showing at one time a ruddy face and at another a yellow one." This is explained by Sir Henry A. Layard (*Early Adventures*, ii. 374), when describing his chief some thirty years afterwards: "His thin compressed lips denoted a violent and passionate temper; his complexion was so transparent that the least emotion, whether of pleasure or anger, was at once shown by its varying tints," added to which he already displayed "a somewhat too evident assumption of dignity and reserve." While obtaining the *firman* against privateering he was visited by sundry notables, including Byron ("our noble bard," but not an Etonian) and Lady Hester Stanhope, who, with stinging truth, described her host as "full of zeal but full of prejudice"; "both a religious and a political methodist"; "best fitted to be the commander-in-chief at home and ambassador extraordinary abroad to the various societies for the suppression of vice and cultivation of patriotism"; while she charged him with falling into "greater convulsions than the dervishes at the mention of Buonaparte" (i. 117). The spirited caricature, almost the only amusing passage in the work, so irritated his Excellency that he condescended to elaborate explanations; and, needless to say that he and her eccentric ladyship, who had grasped her nettle—the best and only way to treat it—were good friends ever afterwards.

This opening to the life-long drama ended in the Treaty of Bucharest (May, 1812), which limited Russia to the Pruth and restored Servia to the Porte. Canning always held it to be his earliest and greatest diplomatic triumph, binding Russia and Turkey ("rotten at heart" as she was) to the interests of England. The pragmatic plenipotentiary was assisted by the fact that for two years he received no political instructions from home. Such neglect of his high and mighty personality, of course, made him furious, and more so when the credit was assigned by the Duke of Wellington to his own *fainéant* brother. But the object of the "incompetent administration" was clear—to score in case of success, and should failure occur to have a scapegoat ready to slip. Moreover, the government trusted its representative despite his twenty-three years, and showed their confidence by not tying his hands. What a contrast between those days, when the "discretionary powers of a diplomatist" were duly recognised, and our times of "telegraphic ambassadors" and a prepotential "clerkery"!

The treaty gained for Canning the thanks

* Two vols., pp. 519+475=994. Vol. i., preface, pp. xiv. + list of contents, pp. xv.; vol. ii., contents, pp. xviii., and index (of names), pp. 7—the latter is utterly inadequate for facility of reference. There are three portraits of Canning: the frontispiece, set. 29 (Robertson), attractive and promising; Mrs. Canning with her babe, truly charming (Romney); and Viscount Stratford (George Richmonds), more formidable than necessary. The page of handwriting (i. 96), small and neat, shows the scholar, the student, differing materially from the scrawl of the man of the world and the big pothooks and hangers of the model F. O. despatch.

of Czar Alexander, with the usual snuff-box; and the first mission, which was one long tussle with France, ended after four years, charge being made over to easy-going Mr. Robert Liston. During the subsequent two years he threw himself into home politics with the countenance of his brilliant cousin. He was constant at Grillion's, courted Miss Milbanke, and frequented M^{me}. de Staël. He also aided in establishing the *Quarterly*, which has long since degenerated into an organ for private advertising; he "dallied with the muse"; discovered that "books impart knowledge and amuse the mind"—a fair specimen of his pompous commonplace—and printed anonymously "*Buonaparte; A Poem*," here given *in extenso* (i. 215). The exordium—

"Chieftains! to whom—nor distant is the day
Aright if Fancy dream, nor hope betray—
Attendant still on Conquest's gory path,
Just Heaven shall delegate the sword of
wrath!"—

may give the measure of this "copy of verses."

After a visit to France under the Allies, where he saw *Le Roi* make his entry into Paris, and met his future foe, Nicholas, in 1814 he was made minister plenipotentiary to the Helvetic Confederacy. In Switzerland he was utterly off his *assiette*. He had little to do after attending, by order of Lord Castlereagh, the Congress of Vienna. He began by finding the present playground of Europe a "blend of Elysium and Makomet's Seventh Heaven." But he ever hated compulsory residence; his nature was restless and unquiet; with him contentment was the dream and ambition the realism of life; and he soon learned to loathe "rustic diplomacy" and its *mise-en-scène*. The "Hundred Days" had made it easy for the Cantons to accept the Federal Compact recommended by the Congress, and had stultified a "grand coalition against Napoleon." During his leave of absence in England (1816) he married Harriet Raikes; and, in the course of the next year, buried her and her baby in the cathedral of Lausanne, where the massive monument by Canova is still shown with pride, one of the few ornaments of a temple so "protestantised" that it suggests a huge barn.

After five years of residence and touring, Canning turned his back upon Helvetia and returned to England, *vis* Turin, where he thoroughly misunderstood the king. His next mission was to the United States, under promise of a G.C.B.-ship if he could "keep those schoolboy Yankees quiet." After the usual rest of hard work in the London season, he set out (1819) for a post where the only labour was the maintenance of friendly relations and preserving the peace between mother and daughter, and where "such native luxuries as soft crab and cakes made of Indian corn opened a new field to the curious appetite" (i. 298). During his three years at Washington, then "the unpromising germ of a city," he had some business with the Secretary of State, rough old John Quincy Adams, whom he describes as "domineering," and for whose "irritation" and "sensitive temper" an excuse is found in the climate, whereas Mr. Secretary (*Memoirs*, vi. 157) explains it far more reasonably:

"He is a proud, high-tempered Englishman

... with a disposition to be overbearing, which I have often been compelled to check in its own way. He is, of all the foreign ministers with whom I have had occasion to treat, the man who has most tried my temper. . . . As a diplomatic man his chief want is suppleness, and his great virtue is sincerity."

Canning in the United States *could* keep his temper; and this fact suggests that its violent outbreaks were mostly calculated, while he confesses to the highest respect for "a tremendous passion occasionally" (i. 246). But while we may excuse an occasional infirmity, we have scant respect for the man who affects it. The envoy, however, had the good sense to own that his "residence in America was a second and rougher period of education"; and, after a tour through the States and a glimpse at Canada, he returned to England in 1823.

The *far niente* of an American mission was succeeded by an embassy to Constantinople. Here the question of the day was the establishment of a Greek kingdom at the expense of the Porte—a measure regarded as impracticable by the great cousin. His second visit was a failure, for which the blame was laid upon Russia. Other work was to be found for him in the shape of a temporary mission to St. Petersburg. At Vienna he had an interview with Prince Metternich, who seems generally to have been sympathetic, although the colloquy began with "You have a bug on your sleeve" (i. 349). The overland journey through Poland was detestable; but the reception by the Czar and Count Nesselrode was as friendly as could be expected, considering the triangular duel, wherein Russia, Austria, and Great Britain were striving their best to make capital out of the proposed kingdom, and each would doom the two other rivals to play a secondary rôle. This mission of a few months is eminently interesting. The recital contains a world of details, including a week's trip to Moscow and a visit to Berlin.

The return home was followed by a second marriage, the masterful diplomatist having rejected all refusal; and Mrs. Canning's influence in the embassy became an ever increasing quantity. During the third mission (1826-27) events marched fast. The "barbarisation of the Morea" and Ibrahim Pasha excited the strongest feeling in England, especially among the poets; and matters were complicated by the stubborn opposition of Sultan Mahmud, who had consolidated his power upon the judicial massacre of the Jannissaries; by "the impracticability of those rascally Turks"; by the effects of Lord Strangford's mischievous blundering; by the inertia of the Duke and Lord Aberdeen; and, lastly, by the death of George Canning.

Although Czar Nicholas—"the handsome youth who was destined to keep all Europe in alarm [?] for thirty years and to close a proud career under the pressure of a disastrous [?] war"—had succeeded to his brother with sentiments somewhat more pacific, the question of prestige was further complicated, and confusion was worse confounded, by a French army in the Peloponnesus, and by *pourparlers* concerning the frontiers of New Hellas. Her enemies would have confined her to the Morea and the central islands of the Archipelago—i.e., the Cyclades—with the

futile fancy of imprisoning a high-spirited, energetic, and ambitious race, ever proud of its past, to a desert of limestone dotted with oases. Her friends advocated as much northern extension as possible, and a compromise was effected for the Volo-Arta line—thoroughly insufficient as events are still proving.

The Gordian knot was cut at Navarino, where a stupid Turkish frigate fired the first shot. The Porte was mightily indignant, the diplomatists applied for their passports, Russia declared war against the Porte, and Canning, escaping to Smyrna in a small merchantman, returned to England (1827). His proceedings, although the mission had been an utter failure, were approved by the Cabinet; but he had been "nearly dead of fatigue and anxiety," and he had found "this Palace (as it is called) nearly as bad a grinding-mill as your Foreign Office." Yet in the next year he set out to study the Greek Question upon the spot; met at Calamos his old Philhellenic friend, General Church, touched at Navarino, had an interview with Ibrahim Pasha, who, "considering that he is on the point of being turned out of his province *bag and baggage* [hence, by-the-by, the Gladstone bag] was in excellent spirits," and joined his three colleague ambassadors in conference at Poros, where their decisions touching delimitation were formed and reported home. Count Capodistrias came to the fore, and Canning left Greece to winter at Naples. His liberal views of the new Hellas frontier were simply censured by "the Scottish Earl." Canning, having retorted as un courteously, sent in a conditional resignation (February, 1829), and "for nearly three years the Greek Question knew him no more."

"His long-desired opportunity for parliamentary work had come at last, and he exchanged the dignity and emoluments of an ambassador for the hazardous enjoyment of a seat in the House of Commons" (i. 493). His career of twelve years began with Old Sarum (1828) and was continued in Stockbridge and King's Lynn. He attributes his notable failure—for, like the magnates of Anglo-India, he was an essayist, not an orator, and he had lost touch of the people—to "shyness or timidity and penury of spirit," forgetting vanity and love of approbation; and he had reason to wish that "his nerves were made of cart-ropes." "It cost him a good deal to walk up the House; to go above the gangway was for some time simply impossible." He would enter, primed with copious notes, and make exit humiliated by the contrast of purpose with performance. It was the same in the Lords, where a magnificent exordium would frequently end in a solemn break-down. I still hold to my assertion that Canning gained a prodigious reputation in England—like not a few others—chiefly by living out of it.

R. F. BURTON.

"Canterbury Poets."—*Chaucer*. Selected and edited by Frederick Noel Paton. (Walter Scott.)

MR. NOEL PATON'S little volume of selections has at least one great claim on all Chaucer-lovers, for it saves us from the reproach of having allowed the quincuntenary of the Canterbury Pilgrimage to pass by utterly

unnoticed. It is true that the present writer had cherished other hopes—hopes in which the spectacle of all the members of the Chaucer Society on their way to Canterbury, “riding on their rouncies, as they could,” had played a conspicuous part. But these things were not to be, and Mr. Noel Paton has taken the best possible way to show his poet honour by endeavouring to popularise his works among the class of readers to whom the “Canterbury Poets” appeal.

On the whole Mr. Paton’s selection is very well made, for it contains *The Complaynte to Pitie*, *The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, *The Prologue*, and the *Tales of the Man of Law*, *Doctor*, *Second Nun*, and *Nun’s Priest* in *extenso*, together with some of the short poems, and abridgments of the *Assembly of Foules*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c. *The Pardoner’s Tale* of the *Three Brothers* who went in search of Death, and the first section of the *Squire’s Tale*, would, perhaps, have been good substitutes for those of the *Doctor* and the *Second Nun*; for the *Doctor’s* handling of the story of *Appius and Virginia* is by no means in Chaucer’s best style, and the *Second Nun’s* legend of *S. Cecilia* is among the earliest and weakest of the *Canterbury Tales*. But the difficulties of selection are proverbial; and, if Mr. Noel Paton has represented the weaker side of his poet’s work with a fulness which should have been reserved for the stronger, there is certainly no side of Chaucer, save one, which is not illustrated in this little volume of less than three hundred pages. The side unrepresented is, of course, that which is typified in the *Miller’s Tale*; and on this subject Mr. Paton has some sensible remarks in his brightly written introduction, though he should not make so dreadful an assertion, as that “Chaucer is a sort of *enfant terrible*,” of a poet who was at least quite as reticent as his contemporaries.

After Prof. Hales’s excellent sketch of Chaucer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to write the poet’s life has become an easy task, which Mr. Paton discharges very pleasantly. Like most of his predecessors, however, he identifies April 17, on which the pilgrims started for their ride, with April 28 in our calendar, forgetting that the error of eleven days in 1751, would have been somewhat less than eight 360 years earlier. It may be noted, also, that it is a needless exaggeration to claim for Chaucer that “he converted a dialect into a language,” and that to assert that he was the first English humourist is to ignore the existence of *Walter Map*.

With a fair choice of extracts and a useful introduction Mr. Paton only needed to choose a good text to print from to make his volume of selections a worthy offering to Chaucer’s fame. In his first extract, *The Complaynte to Pitie*, he has not only failed to do this, but can hardly have taken the trouble to read his proofs. Thus in the very first line “ago” is printed “agon,” to the destruction of the rhyme with “wo” in l. 3. In stanza 2, in the line

“And when that I by length of certaine yeeres,”

“when” is omitted, and in stanza 5 the line

“And yet she dyede nought so suddainly”

appears without the “nought.” In the next stanza Mr. Paton reads

“Bounty, perfilyte well armed and richely”
for

“Bounty perfitte, well armed and richely”

In stanza 7 we have “hold” for “helde” and “withouten faile” for “withouten any faile,” and in stanza 8 “confedred by honde until crueltie” for “confedred by bonde of crueltie.” To extend this list further is needless. It will be obvious that were the whole book printed with this carelessness the only place for it would be the fire. Fortunately this is not the case. Mr. Paton does, it is true, spoil the most beautiful passage in the “*Dethe of Blaunche*” by the omission of the second pronoun from the line “She tooke me in her governaunce.” But the text of the rest of the book, though not free from faults, is fairly good; and such misprints as “*imaginaicoun*” and “*cannnt*” are not likely to mislead. If Mr. Paton has any regard for his own or his author’s credit he will cancel the whole of his text of the *Complaynte to Pitie*, and his little volume will then deserve the good wishes of Chaucer-lovers.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

The Philosophy of Religion on the Basis of its History. By Dr. Otto Pfeiderer. In 4 vols. “Theological Translation Library Fund.” (Williams & Norgate.)

The philosophy of religion may claim to be essentially a German study. With the exception of Herbart, all the leading German philosophers have made it part of their several systems. In France and England the study is little more than an unacclimatised exotic. Doubtless in the latter country some progress has been made. That such an important element in human speculation, such a potent factor in human life and conduct, as religion should claim its part in any comprehensive scheme of thought is beginning to be recognised even among ourselves. English philosophers have at least progressed from the *Three Essays on Religion* of John Stuart Mill to a whole volume on *Ecclesiastical Institutions* by Mr. Herbert Spencer. At the rate of progress thus characteristically initiated we may hope that some future founder of an English scheme of philosophy may give us a work equal in comprehensive speculative power and spiritual insight and sympathy to Hegel’s well-known *Philosophy of Religion*.

But the mutual connexion designated by the term philosophy of religion, however great its importance, must be admitted to resemble other matrimonial alliances in this respect, that the inevitable striving for the mastery is found to result—at least among German ties of the kind—in a considerable loss of independence and personal identity on the part of one of the contracting parties—I mean religion. Students of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel will not need reminding how much religion, in the sense of Christian tradition, has been compelled to defer to the overmastering will of her supposed mate philosophy. Possibly it is to the general recognition of the fact that this subordination has been carried to undue excess by the system-makers themselves that we must ascribe the popularity of attempts like that

of Prof. Pfeiderer in the work above mentioned to view the issue from the *ab extra* and independent standpoint of a neutral observer. Dr. Pfeiderer’s work is only one out of a goodly number of such critical estimates of the philosophy of religion, though it is in my judgment one of the best.

The first edition of the original work was published so far back as 1869, and began at once to achieve considerable popularity, not only in Germany, but in foreign countries as well. There were ample reasons for its success. The work stood forth from others on the same subject by its ample erudition, by clearness of style, felicity of illustration and cogency of reasoning, and above all by a variedly sympathetic handling of the many relations that exist between philosophy and religion, and a scrupulous impartiality in awarding each its just due. The translation we are now considering was made, and most properly, from the second edition of the book, which was re-cast and so much enlarged that it can almost claim to be a new work. In point of fulness, and as containing the author’s latest and most developed views on the subject of which he treats, it is of course to be preferred; but in respect of simplicity of arrangement, a peculiar freshness and crispness of style and directness of statement, I must confess to a personal predilection for the earlier edition.

In its present form, the work is divided into two parts, to each of which its English translators have been obliged to devote two volumes. The first part deals with the philosophy of religion from Spinoza to the present day. The second, and in many respects the more important part, treats of “*The Genetic - Speculative Philosophy of Religion*,” in other words, the historical development of the religious consciousness and its contents. The two divisions cover—I need hardly say—a very wide field of religious and philosophic speculation. Indeed, there are few subjects in either domain of thought which have interested thinkers of our own time but may be found under some one or other of Dr. Pfeiderer’s headings.

His criticism of religious philosophers begins, as I have said, with Spinoza, but is introduced by a few luminous remarks on the philosophy of the Renaissance. Personally, I could have wished some extension of this preface, and therewith a fuller recognition of the importance of the Renaissance thought for all subsequent European philosophy. It is something, however, to learn that Dr. Pfeiderer is disposed to take Giordano Bruno and not Descartes, as is mostly done, as the precursor of modern European thought. In this judgment I fully concur.

It is, of course, impossible to follow Dr. Pfeiderer in his detailed examination of the leaders of the religious thought of Europe. Nor is such detail needed. Each thinker is estimated from that standpoint of independent philosophical eclecticism, which affords the only trustworthy basis for an impartial consideration of a succession of thought-systems. Each chapter is marked with Dr. Pfeiderer’s characteristics—an intimate acquaintance with the system criticised, a keen insight into its strong as well as its weak points, and a catholic and genial sympathy with all those especial features which tell wholesomely on

the progress of religion and culture. As an example of his careful method as well as his critical ability, I may instance his treatment of Goethe's religious views and their place in his general thought. Nothing more just, or for the space assigned to it, more perspicuous, has been put forth by the numberless Goethe students of the last half century. Doubtless, it would be easy for enthusiastic students of any particular man or system to detect what might seem to them defects in its presentation by Dr. Pfeiderer. A passionately devoted Kantian, *e.g.*, might not particularly relish the tone of cold cautious critical approval with which our professor surveys his philosophy, and an enthusiastic Hegelian might resent the exposure of the inherent weaknesses of his master's scheme of thought; but the impartial critic—"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"—will probably come to the conclusion that Dr. Pfeiderer's judgments are not only substantially just, but quite as sympathetic as we could have expected.

I have referred to his treatment of Goethe as an illustration of his combined fairness and insight, because the example is one which might readily be tested by average cultured Englishmen; but numerous instances might be given of similar qualities in his treatment of other thinkers. This, *e.g.*, is his subtle discrimination of the aestheticism of Schleiermacher and Novalis (i. 266):

"Schleiermacher and Novalis both make religion consist in feeling; but the former thinks essentially of aesthetic feeling, such as goes with quiet contemplation; the latter of practical feeling such as originates in impulse, and, therefore, has a partly moral, partly pathological character. Schleiermacher's religious feeling is substantially the same as Spinoza's intellectual love of God; that of Novalis is partly the moral feeling of Fichte, and partly the closely allied pathological feeling of Feuerbach and Schopenhauer."

Or, taking the same qualities as manifested over a wider vista of thought, this seems to me a luminous and forcibly expressed generalisation, even if it be not in fundamental conception wholly original (ii. 49):

"As Leibniz was related to Jacob Böhme at the beginning of German philosophy, so is Krause related to Hegel at the culminating era of that philosophy in the first third of the present century. And the same contrast presents itself in the golden age of German poetry in the persons of Goethe and Schiller. On the one side are those who behold the idea of harmonious being in eternal accomplishment, on the other those who behold it in eternal becoming by the constant overcoming of antitheses which constantly break forth afresh. On the one side is the cheerful rest of the idyll, the smooth flow of the continuous epos, on the other the movement of the drama which develops itself through the appearance of opposites, the excitement of mighty conflicts and tragical catastrophes."

The second volume possesses an additional interest for English readers, both on account of the considerable space devoted to English philosophers, *viz.*, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, and also because it contains a discussion of the views of Mr. Matthew Arnold, furnished for this translation by Dr. Pfeiderer. This criticism is especially opportune in view of recent deliverances on the subject, and also on account of the awakened interest which has been excited in Mr. Arnold's opinions by

his sudden and lamented death. Prof. Pfeiderer seems inclined to do justice to our great critic's qualities, although some of our readers will, perhaps, regard his final summing-up as needlessly severe (p. 186):

"Arnold is no doubt a writer of great and many-sided acquirements. All that he writes is pleasant to read, and full of suggestions; but he possesses no real grip either in philosophy or in history, and, if he thinks he can make this want good by dint of clever and eloquent writing, he is mistaken; nor will it mend his error to exalt himself, and make his readers merry at the expense of those who have treated serious problems more seriously than he."

Dr. Pfeiderer's treatment of Mill and Spencer contains a curious illustration of his eclectic tendencies, which I must give in his own words (p. 160):

"Combining in one the highest Reason which Stuart Mill arrives at, and the Absolute Power which Herbert Spencer asserts as the existing mystery, we get just that reasonable omnipotence, that Almighty Reason, which we call God. Thus does Atheistic Positivism turn in the hands of its ablest advocates into an involuntary apology for Theism."

No doubt this may be perfectly true as an outcome of the combined Mill and Spencer system, but it takes no notice of what each of the thinkers in question would say as to his enforced connexion in this novel species of philosophical Centaur.

Passing now to the second half of the work—dealing, as I have already said, with (1) the development, and (2) the contents, of the religious consciousness, its interest appears to me to exceed that of the first two volumes, great as that undoubtedly is. Here Dr. Pfeiderer is the critic not only of the thought-schemes of modern religious philosophers, but of religions themselves. To a great extent, therefore, he passes into a loftier sphere of speculation. He deals with religion not only from the outside, but chiefly from within. He is the interpreter not only of what great men have said of religion but of the religious consciousness itself, together with its varied development under different circumstances and surroundings. A brief, but comprehensive, chapter on the beginnings of religion brings him to its historical development, (1) among the Indo-Germanic races, (2) among the Semites, and (3) as represented by Christianity. As may readily be inferred from this brief conspectus, the author does not pretend to give a complete account of thought-evolutions which have occupied such a large share of human history. What he does is to take the salient features of each separate development and submit them to tests suggested by his own standpoint as a philosopher and a Christian teacher. Not that he attempts to erect a system of his own: he has too keen an insight into the weaknesses and the fates of all dogmatic systems to desire to add to their number. He considers them from the point of view of a comprehensive thinker—a moderate rationalist, with a considerable leaven of a tender pietistic Evangelicalism. Dr. Pfeiderer is seen at his best in this part of his subject, in the fourth chapter of the third volume—"The Development of the Religious Consciousness in Christianity." Whatever exceptions may be made as regards defective presentation by Christian teachers of this country, few thinkers endued with reflective

power and comprehensiveness will refuse to concede to this chapter merits of an unusually high order. I had made several extracts from it in order to justify my appreciation, but must be content to refer my readers to the chapter as a whole.

"The Contents of the Religious Consciousness," dealing with the belief common to most religions, brings this remarkable work to a close. In this portion we have discussed most of the burning questions as well in philosophy as in religion which have come up for solution in our own time. Thus belief in creation leads to a full and fair treatment of the Darwinian theory. On this point I must remark that I am glad to perceive he does Herder tardy justice in acknowledging his position as a pre-Darwinian teacher of evolution (iii. 7, 343), and this is only one among many incidental matters in which Dr. Pfeiderer's remarks suggest a revision of ordinary English prepossessions. On the question of the union of religion and science he declares himself as follows (iv. 309, 317):

"If neither religion nor science can give up the claim to be in possession of truth, and if it is equally impossible that they should proceed side by side, disconnected and indifferent to each other, there is nothing for it but that the relation between the two should be methodically regulated. This task belongs to the science of religion," &c.

"No point of view," he adds a little further on, "can ever be found from which the two views of the world [*viz.*, the religious and scientific] will coincide absolutely for all people, and permanently. Hence the certainty which results from their hypothetical unity can always be an *approximate ideal only*, a *growing* and a *limited* one, never a *completed* and *absolute* one. It remains true that we 'know in part.'"

He concludes his work, in the wise spirit implied by this extract, by a warning against dogmatism:

"This admission," he says, speaking of the passage thus quoted, "has the advantage of preserving us from every kind of dogmatism, and from the exclusiveness connected with dogmatism. For this is the essence of dogmatism that it takes conditional truths for absolute ones."

My space is exhausted, otherwise I should have been glad to have treated this latter part of the book with a fulness which it undoubtedly merits, but I must leave its consideration to my readers. I have the less reluctance in so doing, because I am convinced that this translation will make its way among thoughtful and cultured students in England just as the original has already found appreciative readers both in this country and on the continent. The promoters of the "Theological Translation Library Fund" deserve the thanks of English thinkers for this addition to their valuable series. With the possible exception of Keim's *Jesus of Nazareth*, it seems to me far and away the best of the series. It certainly is admirably calculated to aid their object of liberalising and thereby of imparting greater strength and profundity to English theology. I must add that the translation seems well executed on the whole, though such novelties as "autoarky" and "anthropomorphification," however useful, are undoubtedly startling.

JOHN OWEN.

Elementary Commercial Geography. By H. B. Mill, D.Sc. (Cambridge: University Press.)

WHATEVER were the merits of his little book, Dr. Mill would deserve hearty congratulation in being the first to write an English treatise on commercial geography. For some reason or other—perhaps through ignorance of the use of geography to the merchant, perhaps from an unwillingness to put to a new disadvantage their trading rivals who were so easily distanced in the first half of the present century—the people of this country have wholly neglected the study of geography in its especial relations to commerce. So, while the whole continent swarms with textbooks of a similar character to that now under notice, we alone have been content to rely on our wits and on chance information contained in journals or in geographies of a more general nature. Probably many commercial geographies are now in preparation, but Dr. Mill has stepped into the gap first.

There is much in his book, indeed, which makes the reader wish that it were not so limited in size, and that its composition did not bear such evident marks of haste. No doubt many minor errors are to be attributed to causes such as these—what, for instance, I would ask, does Dr. Mill mean by saying that “until 1877 Holland was the only country sending fresh meat to Britain”—a judgment, indeed, which might be corrected by inserting the word “foreign” before “country” and by substituting the term “United Kingdom” for “Britain.” Again, he writes: “In most countries young men must give up several years to military service”; that “the natural resources of a country are mainly the mineral commodities and agricultural produce that it yields,” forgetting the typical instance of Australian wool; that “in the United Kingdom there is almost free trade.” Take, again, the section relating to Victoria. Surely Melbourne is chiefly a seaport in the sense that it lies within easy reach of Sandridge and Williamstown; while of recent years there has been a strong reaction in the gold stream, which seems to be setting toward and not away from Australia. These and other similar small matters require revision, which, no doubt, Dr. Mill will give them when, as certainly should be the case, a second edition of his book is called for.

There are other points of a larger nature on which I feel more inclined to quarrel with the author. Statistics ought not to be stated for only a single year, as any trade may exhibit in any particular year divergence from its normal course. Again, I cannot think that, in his treatment of the distribution of commodities over the face of the globe, he has acted wisely in adhering to the old divisions into the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms. It would have been better had he grouped them under the headings—food, raw materials, textiles, and hardware. Nor can his definition of commercial geography as wider in extent than geography plain and simple be justified; since, if political economy be contained in the one, the other might equally well include political and constitutional history.

Apart from these points, there is very much to commend in this little book, as anyone can see who turns to such para-

graphs as that on pp. 54, 55, where he gives an excellent sketch of the nature of English trade and trading relations. Compared, indeed, with such a treatise as the *Handels Geographie* of Dr. Carl Zehden, it seems small and insufficient; but, when its size be taken into account, it deserves hearty praise as a valuable attempt to supply the beginner with a sketch of the existing commercial relations of the world. I only hope that Dr. Mill will be encouraged to go on in his work, and to give us a fuller and more thorough volume on the same subject.

E. C. K. GONNER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Rogue. By W. E. Norris. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Track of the Storm. By Dora Russell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

From the Dead: a Romance. By Denzil Vane. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Graysons. A Story of Illinois. By Edward Eggleston. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Under a Cloud. By the author of “*The Atelier du Lys*.” (Hatchards.)

Branded; or, The Sins of the Fathers shall be visited on the Children. By Mrs. Bray. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

A Broken Stirrup-Leather. By Charles Granville. (John Murray.)

MR. ANDREW LANE in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* made a remark to the effect that Mr. W. E. Norris was—if I may use an advertising phrase—an “excellent substitute” for Thackeray. Such a comparison is meant to be complimentary, but it is apt to be damaging. Mr. Norris is not Thackeray, but he is himself, and our plain duty is to be grateful for the mercies of the present without casting a regretful glance at the mercies of the past. Many years ago Thackeray gave us Becky Sharp, and we were glad to have her; now Mr. Norris gives us Tom Heywood, and we are glad to have him. Nor do we welcome him the less, but rather the more, heartily because he is a rogue of a new pattern; and, though quite as unprincipled as his feminine predecessor, is unlike her in every other respect. Indeed, in one respect I cannot help thinking that he is superior to her. I knew that the remark savours of heresy, and, being a timid person, I like to be orthodox whenever I can feel that orthodoxy is colourably honest; but I cannot help thinking that Tom is really more credible than Becky, who has always seemed to me a little too uniformly clever and too uniformly wicked for perfect *vraisemblance*. She is surely a little too bright and bad for human nature's daily food. Becky in real life has been encountered only by the elect—the people whose strange experiences make commonplace people turn green with envy—whereas the Tom Heywoods of the world, those pleasant, sanguine, good-tempered, utterly unscrupulous people, who do more mischief in a month than the conventional villain of fiction can accomplish in a decade, are known to all of us; and the wonder is that novelists take so

little account of them, giving us in their place melodramatic scoundrels whose villainy is as patent as are the teeth and claws of a tiger. Lady Hester Burke, the shrewd, elderly woman of the world, who finds Tom out in those early days when he is puzzling his youthful uncle and winning golden opinions from everybody else, is another delightful creation; but, indeed, there is not a conventional or clumsily-drawn portrait in the book, even supernumeraries, like the fatuous Major Pycroft and the frivolous Mrs. Farnaby, being finished to the finger-tips. Perhaps the cleverest thing in the novel, however—I do not think it would be an exaggeration to speak of it as a stroke of genius—is the conclusion of the Fisher episode. Up to the last moment the story of the young lady who has refused the man she loves and is about to accept the man she almost hates, in order to save her brother from disgrace and ruin, strikes one as being much too hackneyed and battered a *motif* to be at all worthy of Mr. Norris; but all at once we discover that he has been cunningly leading us to one of the freshest and most striking situations in the whole book. In happy little bits of phrasing *The Rogue* is very rich. Nothing, for example, could be neater in its way than Tom Heywood's expression of surprise when he suddenly encounters the wife whom he supposed to be dead and buried:

“I no more dreamed of meeting you again on earth, Virginia, than I did of—of meeting you in heaven.”

The word “coy” is described as

“an adjective which indeed has become obsolete, owing doubtless to a general falling-off in the supply of the quality which it designates;” and certain racial characteristics are very happily hit off here:

“The Latin and Celtic races will shower benedictions upon your head in return for half-a-crown, hoping perhaps by that means to secure a repetition of the gift; the Anglo-Saxon does not seem too grateful for half-a-sovereign, lest he should convey the erroneous impression that he desires nothing more from you.”

Trifles like these do not make a novel, but they certainly make an otherwise good novel more enjoyable. When the book-maker of the future compiles a volume of the “Wit and Wisdom of W. E. Norris,” he will find *The Rogue* a happy hunting-ground.

Miss Dora Russell's new story, *The Track of the Storm*, is, like most of her books, a very good specimen of the circulating-library novel—a kind of book in which we do not expect distinction of literary style or fastidious fidelity to nature, but are quite content if a fairly interesting tale is creditably told. Such a tale and such telling we have here. Jack Munsters, Lucy King's lover, who is considered ineligible by Lucy's parents, is supposed to have been drowned when his yacht was wrecked. Of course every reader knows that he is alive; and, when Lucy is half-badgered, half-cajoled, into marrying the pompous, priggish, jealous Sir William Harley, the only matter for wonder is what Jack will say or do when he re-appears. He behaves in a manner which does equal credit to his head and his heart; but complications arise, caused partly by the elderly husband's senseless jealousy, and partly by the leaking

out of the fact that Sir William is a bigamist, or rather a trigamist—if the word be allowable; for, while Lucy is wife number three, wife number one is still living, and has a grown-up son and daughter. This son, who has chosen to adopt the trade of a butcher in order to annoy his aristocratic father, is represented as a very "high-toned" person, though he accepts an income from Sir William in return for silence concerning his mother's true position and his own parentage, and is altogether a somewhat unrealisable character. When he falls in love with his father's latest wife, who has left her home and changed her name, the complications reach a climax of tanglement; but Miss Russell knows how to untie her own knots, and everybody who is left alive at the end of the tale is as comfortable and happy as he or she deserves to be. It is only fair to remark that to briefly summarise a story like this is to throw into high relief all the improbabilities and absurdities which in the book itself are skilfully toned down.

I fear that the author of *From the Dead* will hardly thank me for saying he has written what is in many respects a very good story, when I add that it would be a much better story were it unencumbered of the stupid spiritualistic machinery on which—if his choice of a title indicates anything—he seems to set great store. "I believe," says the very unheroic hero, "that a new era has begun in human history; that the dark curtain which has hung between the seen and the unseen is slowly lifting"; but people who do not already share this belief will hardly be converted to it by the wild story in which we are told how Etal Berezna after his death dictated his opera to Aubrey Devenish. Apart from this, however, *From the Dead* is really an able and interesting novel. Devenish is a poor thing, but he is admirably drawn; and the portrait of Kate Noel, the literary young lady, who falls in love with the reviewer who cuts up her first volume, and who is by no means a poor thing, is equally satisfactory. The utterances of the said reviewer, Mr. Clive, are so uniformly sensible that it is rather surprising to find him saying to Miss Noel, "Don't read too much, for much reading destroys originality." Is it possible that the author has never read the first sentence of Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading"? I cannot think so; nor can I believe that so eminently respectable a person as Mr. Clive would have danced attendance upon a woman like Lady Marcia Clissold.

There is not as much humour in *The Graysons* as we expect from a book bearing the name of Mr. Edward Eggleston upon the title-page; but it is a decidedly interesting novel, and it gives one the impression of being a very truthful, as it is certainly a very graphic, picture of rural life in central Illinois a generation ago. The love-story of Barbara Grayson and the schoolmaster, Hiram Mason, who begins his courting in algebraical symbols, is a delightful prose idyll, which the discriminating reader will probably find even more attractive than the companion story, in which Barbara's somewhat reckless but right-hearted brother Tom is the prominent figure, though Tom's trial for the murder of his

rival George Lockwood is decidedly exciting. The introduction of Abraham Lincoln as Tom's lawyer is a piece of courage which would be called temerity were it not so amply justified by success. It should be added that in *The Graysons* the reader is not harassed by too much dialect, and what dialect there is is fairly easy.

We always expect refined and graceful work from the author of "The Atelier du Lys," and what we expect we find in *Under a Cloud*. Here, as in previous books from the same pen, the interest is largely artistic. There are only four characters of any importance; and of these one is an elderly connoisseur, another a rising young painter, and the third an enthusiastic girl-student. They are all admirable portraits, Squire Shirley, the superficially gruff guardian-angel of Frank Kennedy, and Eleanor Rideolph being specially good. Mrs. Rideolph is, I think, less successful, for she is comparatively conventional, and only just escapes being a trifle melodramatic. The dale and moorland scenery of Yorkshire provides a very attractive background; and, as a pretty, simple story of love and art, *Under a Cloud* leaves nothing to be desired.

The sub-title, the dedication, and the verses which appear as a motto on the title-page, all indicate that *Branded* has been written with a didactic, as well as an artistic, intent, and the reader soon discovers that this is the case. The theme of the book is the effectually redemptive power of divine and human love, and Mrs. Bray holds very fervently the doctrine which is generally known by the Laureate's phrase "the larger hope." *Branded* is not, however, a mere theological pamphlet in disguise. It is an interesting and powerful story, pathetic yet not too unrelievedly sombre, with a touch of sentimentalism here and there, but not enough of this, or any other fault, to impair seriously the pleasure of the sympathetic reader.

A Broken Stirrup-Leather is a novel not without some mild virtues, for it is fairly well written and the characters are tolerably lifelike; but it has the one vice which renders all virtues ineffectual, for it is very dull. The story of the silly young gentleman who lost money on the turf, ran away to Australia, and was finally discovered by his anxious friends, is not in itself inspiring; and no adventitious interest is conferred on it by the way in which it is told.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

France as it is. By André Lebon and Paul Pelet. Specially written for English Readers, and translated from the French by Mrs. William Arnold. (Cassell.) This descriptive and statistical account of administrative, political, and economic France will be most welcome to those who desire fuller and more detailed information than is to be found in such publications as Whittaker's *Almanack*, or the *Statesman's Year Book*. It will prove a most useful manual of reference when reading any ordinary account of France, or the commercial, political, legal, or economic reports in the newspapers. The conditions of the publication do not allow us to judge of the merits of the translation. The work reads smoothly. Occasionally we wish that the French technical term had more often been given in parenthesis,

especially when it suggests, as it sometimes does, an utterly false meaning to the English reader; e.g., the *fabrique* of a church is simply the vestry-board of administration. Sometimes we ask ourselves whether the best English equivalent has been chosen—e.g., page 41. "There is, perhaps, no more *rationalistic* people" than the French. Should it not rather be "logical"? Here and there are omissions of things which we expected to find; and now and then there are marks of the dual authorship. There is no mention of the military school of La Flèche, where the orphan sons of French officers are provided with an excellent education gratis—an institution we should much like to see copied in England. On page 63, the influence of the old customary legal codes seem to be ignored; but on page 199 it is allowed for. The startling contrasts of these *coutumes* is certainly one of the causes of the passion for equality being still so much stronger than that for liberty in modern France; and they still have more influence over the management of rural communes than our authors seem to be aware of. The statistical comparison of two countries is always difficult, and we have never been more impressed by the fact than while reading this work. It is not only that systems of keeping accounts and methods of administration differ; but the most common and apparently the plainest terms are often used in different senses. Only thus can we account for the number of manufacturers (employers) being stated as 1,169,500, exclusive of bankers and wholesale dealers (90,000), while retail dealers number only 528,000. This can hardly be the case in an English sense, unless every tradesman who makes a pair of boots, or a pound of chocolate, is put down as a manufacturer. On page 224 "the value of land has fallen within the last eight years to the extent of 20 to 25 per cent. in certain districts." In some departments the decline is even greater—from 30 to 50 per cent. in the case of poorer soils, as we know from personal inquiry from the best informed officials. It is a surprise to find that "every year land is sold to the amount of £120,000,000; personal property (state funds, shares, bonds, &c.) to the amount of £40,000,000 only" (p. 237). Is not this movement almost reversed in England? The decline of the value of English commerce with France is shown in the tables on page 338. Turning to matters of opinion, we somewhat differ from the authors on the value of the actual education, though the latest tendencies (putting aside the religious question) are undoubtedly towards a beneficial reform. We should not place either the realism of the school of Zola, or "the irreproachable technique of the young masters of the contemporary Parnassus" as superior to preceding styles in fiction and poetry. One of the best chapters, written with legitimate pride, is that on Algeria and Tunis. The success of the Torrens Act in Tunis is said to have been most marked. Foreign economists wonder why it has not been applied, with the necessary modifications, to Ireland. The publishers have given three maps—two of France, one of the world; but another is sorely needed to be able to follow with advantage the excellent description of these African provinces. The book is written from a Liberal and Republican standpoint. In dealing with England it is fair. If it should seem to a foreigner too optimistic towards France, this is only what may be expected of every work written of his own country by a native. In practice, it will, we think, be found to be one of the most useful of recent manuals of information on a foreign country.

Imperial Germany. By Sidney Whitman (Trübner.) Mr. Whitman's book thus entitled is a discursive examination of certain social and intellectual tendencies in modern

Germany, rather than of its material or political development. In the author's words, it is an endeavour to present "the general character, ethical and æsthetic," of the Germans. Mr. Whitman, however, is not a dispassionate student. As an admirer of modern Germany, his sympathies are naturally enough Prussian and Bismarckian. But this is scarcely an excuse for his having caught the worst manner of Prince Bismarck's panegyrist. Surely such a flight as this—

"Nowadays the commerce-gorged types of Frankfort sun their dull features in the blaze of stars and ribbons earned in the dust and glare of battle, and feel themselves belonging to a great military nation, against the creation of which they literally raved and whined"—

is beyond the mark. And why, again, should the unfortunate Frankfort "patrician" necessarily have "a bleary eye" when Mr. Whitman represents him as "privileged to pour his sing-song dialect" into the ear of that fine flower of civilisation, the Prussian lieutenant? The Herods of the reptile press must feel themselves out-Heroded. And yet Mr. Whitman elsewhere seems to have a glimmering that the Particularism of German politics is partly due to the earnestness of individual conviction. He also recognises that the incapacity so long exhibited by Germans for united action is a natural consequence of the elective system in the old German empire. *Imperial Germany* is indeed a disappointing book. Very inadequate use is made of German history and literature for purposes of illustration, and we do not feel that Mr. Whitman approaches his subject, as Mr. Baring-Gould did, with a mind saturated with German lore. Several interesting symptoms in modern Germany are altogether unnoticed; and, in fact, the volume amounts to little more than a cursory examination of some of the most obvious German characteristics. A brief perusal of Heine's brilliant criticisms on his countrymen would have given Mr. Whitman many ideas that he might have developed, and would have furnished him with many useful points of view. Perhaps, however, Mr. Whitman is at his best when he vindicates certain German principles and practices from commonplace English criticism. The German empire has certainly not been brought to its present position by private initiative and *laissez-faire*. There is at least something to be said for the government which rigidly supervises all articles of food and punishes the concealment of harmless adulteration, as against a popular opinion which admits that "adulteration is only a form of competition."

The Evil of the East. By Kesnin Bey. (Visetally.) This is a reproduction, if not a translation, of a French book. It is not written *virginibus puerisque*. Indeed, this is a lenient sentence to pass on this French Bey, considering the reliab with which he describes certain evils that are not peculiar to the East. This obliquity of moral vision is the more to be regretted, as in many matters the author shows sound sense and judgment. His pages are crammed with information, and his style is clear and epigrammatic. From the first chapter to the last the reader's interest never flags. We are told that the palace devours sixty millions of francs annually; that in every city of the empire there is a *kiosque* set apart for the Sultan, which he never inhabits; that the local post in Constantinople was suppressed "because certain droll fellows took it into their heads to write comic letters to the Sultan and to the Grand Vizier"; that the head eunuch goes by the pretty name of Europeanophagus, or devourer of all that is European; that the Sultan Aziz used to decorate his fighting cocks; that the government permits regiments to fire only with blank cartridge, because the parasites of the palace are afraid of the dangerous

uses to which ball might be put; and that in his zeal to please the Iron Chancellor, the Grand Vizier wished to abolish the teaching of French in second-class schools throughout the empire and to substitute German. Kesnin Bey exposes the abuses of Turkish misgovernment, in which moral worth goes for nothing; but he can not be called unfair to the Turk, as he is of opinion that it is the Christians who have corrupted him (p. 190). He asserts that "whatever is worst in the Ottoman administration is due to the Armenians," and comments severely on their "utter want of dignity of character" (p. 195). "The Armenian has but one idea, and that is money. He only measures a man by the length of his purse. In the East, the sole talents of which one ever speaks are talents of gold." The festival of Hassan and Hussein is described with graphic power. The author seems unaware that this sanguinary scene is only a form of that oriental worship which was witnessed on Mount Carmel, when the priests of Baal "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them." We cannot part with our author without noticing his rabid hatred of things English. We are an "envious nation"—our egoism is "insufferable" (p. 114). These remarks, though unkind, may be true; but surely to call us "carrot-coloured invaders" (p. 275) is unworthy of a wit, even though he be a Frenchman.

Old and New Spain. By Henry M. Field. (Ward & Downey.) This work is a somewhat unusual compound of tourist travel, history, and sermonising. It reminds us of Dr. Baxley's two volumes on Spain published in 1875. Like him the author is an American; he has the same strong religious feelings, a similar love for art, and an equal fondness for moralising on all occasions. Mr. Field visited some of the great cities of Spain—Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga. He went to Azpetia, and interviewed the Archbishop of Granada. His companion and interpreter was Mr. Gulick, the well-known missionary of San Sebastian. He was provided with letters of introduction to the American Minister, and to some of the chief liberal politicians of Spain. He attempts throughout the book a comparison of the former and the actual history of Spain. But this endeavour is everywhere marred by that kind of half-knowledge which is even more seriously misleading than "the false light of romance" against which he protests. To mention a few minor facts. It was the town not the citadel of San Sebastian that was stormed by the English in 1813. The elder Don Carlos was the brother, not the nephew, of Ferdinand VII. "Old Marshal O'Donnell" was only forty-six in 1854. If our author knew at all the true history of 1835, he would hardly have commended "the vigorous policy" then pursued towards the monks. Spanish Protestantism of to-day is in no sense "a remnant" of the older reformers, as French Protestants are of the Huguenots. Notwithstanding the guidance of Mr. Gulick, we have singularly few facts told about this movement. The cry of persecution is, however, wisely discounted. The Jesuits, and the whole of the religious orders in Spain, and even political Liberals, have been subjected within the last century to far more bitter persecution than the Protestants have been in recent years. If they cannot face this manfully, or if they lean on foreign help, their cause is lost in a country like Spain. Our author heard Castelar speak, and visited him privately; but he does not see that Castelar with all his eloquence is but the Lamartine of the Spanish republic—the real leaders are elsewhere. He had no time to learn what are the real hindrances to prosperity in Spain, and does not suspect that the administrative evils which a young, rich, and vigorous

country like the United States can bear with impunity may be deadly in a poorer, older, and less vigorous nation. In spite of all his sound common sense, Mr. Field is lacking in the knowledge which alone can make a comparison of old and new Spain fruitful of results.

Le Circulaire 33. Du Nord au Midi de l'Espagne. Par J. de Beauregard. (Lyons.) Thirty-three is the number of the circular ticket of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean railway, which gives its possessor the faculty of making the tour of Spain by rail. This work differs from English tourist books describing the same round chiefly by its far greater sympathy with Spain, and by a closer familiarity with Spanish literature. The Catalan writers, Verdaguer and Balaguer, seem as well known to the author as are Mistral and the Provençal Félibres. He is well acquainted with the Cid, both of legend and of history. His criticism of Cervantes is that of one who has really studied his works. He goes to Avila not for sight-seeing merely, but "to find repose in halting for a moment there at the tomb of a saint, and to recall, leisurely and on the spot, the memory of a woman of genius like Santa Teresa." There is none of that self-sufficiency and tone of disdain which so often mar the work of British tourists. In some things he gives the preference to Spain over France; especially placing (as we have also heard French officers do) the Spanish soldier, for certain qualities, above the French, and almost equal to the Prussian. He is also fully alive to the artistic beauty of the Spanish wood statuary and carving, which so many tourists overlook. An Englishman might do far worse than run his eye over these pages preparatory to a railway tour in Spain, in order to get his mind into the frame for full enjoyment and appreciation; although he will discover in them little that is new, or that cannot be found in the ordinary guide-books.

BAEDEKER'S *Great Britain* (Dulan) will be welcomed by every traveller in England, Wales, or Scotland. It does not, of course, pretend to vie in completeness with Murray's invaluable county guides; but the tourist cannot well carry seventeen volumes about with him, which is the amount that Murray devotes to England alone (and even—unless we are mistaken—then omits Herts, Beds, Warwickshire, Huntingdon, and Lincolnshire.) And Murray's *England and Wales*, useful as it is, has the defects of alphabetical arrangement, and is a good deal bulkier than Baedeker, though the latter includes the greater part of Scotland as well. In many parts of the country the tourist will do well to supplement his Baedeker by local guides; for the Lakes he cannot have better maps or panoramas than Jenkinson gives, while for Cornwall and Devon, the Peak, and Wales and Scotland, he will find Messrs. Baddeley and Ward's "Thorough Guides" almost indispensable. But even the "Thorough Guides" owe their inspiration and arrangement to Baedeker; and the smaller work will always prove a sufficient substitute for books which give more detailed information. The founder of the house of Baedeker, though he began as a mere translator of Murray into German, made an epoch in the art of guide-writing. In the number and accuracy of his maps and plans, and in the succinct and scientific arrangement of his matter, the Leipzig publisher has never been approached. Local knowledge can, of course, detect flaws even in a Baedeker: thus, on p. 235 of this book it should have been mentioned that the "valuable Welsh MSS." belonging to Jesus College, Oxford, are not kept in the college library, but in the safer custody of the Bodleian. But in a book whose every line is packed with information it would be absurd to grumble at small inaccuracies.

In Viaggio da Pontresina a Londra. Impres-

sioni dolci, osservazioni amare Ruggiero Bonghi. (Milan: Ulisse Lombardi.) In this little book, an Italian scholar and statesman has recorded the impressions made upon him during a visit to England for the purpose of taking part in the Manchester meeting of the British Association. He is a traveller who, like Dr. Johnson, is interested in men rather than in scenery, and his observations are always interesting and often acute. He is a more favourable critic of England than many of her own sons, and he is far more dissatisfied with Italy than many of her visitors. His observations on the superiority of modern English art over that of modern Italy points to a better culture and wider scope in the selection of subjects by our artists. His account of his visit to Lord Rosebery's seat at Mentmore is interesting, and leads him into speculations as to the effects of the abolition of primogeniture. Among other matters discussed are Home Rule, the British Association, the National Gallery, the University of Oxford, and the industrial life of England as exemplified by Manchester. The possibility of our busy public life arises, in Bonghi's opinion, from its contrast and alternation with the tranquil home life. Nothing appears to have surprised him more than the mention on a placard at the Horse Guards of a regimental library as one of the inducements for joining the army, and this leads him into a long and interesting digression on the love of reading which he found everywhere in England. The book, while pleasantly written, is one that furnishes abundant material for thought.

NOTES AND NEWS.

To celebrate the completion of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the editor, Dr. W. Robertson Smith, has invited the contributors to dine with him at Christ's College, Cambridge, on Tuesday, December 11.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY'S *Life of John Stuart Mill*, which will form the next volume of the "Great Writers" series, will be published early in December. Besides other judgments on Mill, it will contain a letter from Mr. Gladstone on Mill's career in Parliament.

MR. ALLEN, of Orpington, Kent, is about to issue a new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Poems*—that little volume, privately issued in 1850, which has so long been regarded by the collectors of scarce modern books as one of the most desirable of prizes. The new edition, we believe, will include several pieces not hitherto published.

MR. ALEX. GARDNER will publish next month Mr. Walt Whitman's new volume of miscellanies, under the title of *November Boughs*. Besides the papers on Shakspeare, Burns, Tennyson, which have already been announced, it will contain such articles as "Slang in America," "Some War Memoranda," "The Bible as Poetry," and "An Indian Bureau Reminiscence."

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish next week, in three volumes, Mr. Rider Haggard's "tale of country life," entitled *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, which has already been running as a serial; and also cheaper editions of *She* and *Allan Quatermain*, with the original illustrations.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of the complete works of Mr. Whittier, in seven volumes, to be issued monthly. The first, containing narrative and legendary poems, will appear in December.

MRS. (MONA) CAIRD has just finished a novel, entitled *The Wing of Azrael*, which will be published early next year by Messrs. Trübner & Co. Mrs. Caird has already published two novels pseudonymously, "Whom Nature

Leadeth" and "One that Wins." Her next work, though not polemical, will bear indirectly upon the psychological aspect of the question wherewith her name is at present identified.

At the New Shakspeare Society's discussion of Van Buchell's account of De Witt's description of the Swan Theatre in Southwark, circa 1596, so strong a wish was expressed to have Van Buchell's MS. at the British Museum for inspection by Shakspeare students, that Dr. Furnivall at once wrote to the Utrecht Librarian asking for the loan of the MS. to the museum. Dr. P. A. Tiele applied directly to the Dutch Minister of the Interior to allow him to send the MS. to Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum. He has obtained the desired leave, and in due course Van Buchell's MS. will be accessible to those wishing to see it. Unluckily it does not contain Van Buchell's other sketches of his own trips, so that inspectors of it will not be able to compare his renderings of the buildings which he saw himself with that of the Swan, which he either drew from De Witt's description, or copied from De Witt's sketch.

ANOTHER MS. to come shortly to the museum, on Dr. Furnivall's application, is that of some of Wydlif's treatises, from the Royal Library, Stockholm, which the Bohemian reformer, John Huss—"Hus de Hussynetz," as the MS. says—copied in 1398, and which formed part of the booty carried off from Bohemia by Königs-marek at the taking of the Hradschin in Prague, on July 26, 1648. The MS. will be copied here by Mr. M. H. Dziewicki, who has undertaken to edit, for the Wydlif Society, our early reformer's philosophical and logical works, except the two in the hands of Dr. Rudolf Beer.

THE Wydlif Society has at last, to the great relief of its executive, got the whole of its work in hand. Its chief editor, Prof. Loserth, of Czernowitz, is just finishing vol. iii. of Wydlif's Sermons, and has vol. iv. nearly ready for the press, while he is preparing his copy of the *Opus Evangelicum*, and the long treatise *De Eucharistia*. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Sayle are just finishing the *De Officio Regis* (book viii. of the *Summa*); *De Apostasia* (book xi.) goes to press next week, edited by Mr. Dziewicki. Dr. Reginald Lane-Poole has at press his edition of the *De Dominio Divino*; Dr. R. Beer has nearly ready the *Quæstiones Logicae et Philosophicae* and the *De Ente Particulari*. Other works are in the hands of Mr. F. D. Mathew (through whose supervision all the society's proofs pass), Dr. Buddensieg, Dr. Schnabel, Mr. Patara, Mr. Archer, Mr. Hessels, &c.; and when the society's present eleven volumes have grown to twenty-five, it will be nearly through its work.

MR. F. S. WAUGH is about to print a second and corrected edition of his "List of Members of the Athenæum Club from its Foundation." Only a few copies will be issued, and those for private circulation.

A NEW edition of "The Parents' Cabinet," first published more than fifty years ago, is about to be brought out by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. The volumes, originated by Mrs. Frederic Hill, enlisted the sympathy of Maria Edgeworth, whose remarks upon the work and on the subject of literature for children in general will be incorporated in the preface to the new edition.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will issue shortly *A Ghost's Philosophy: a Story for Christmastide*, by P. I. Stuart.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have in the press a new novel, entitled *Cyril*, by Geoffrey Drago.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. will publish in a few days vol. i. of *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, of Hull.

It will include biographies of fifty of the leading modern poets of the northern counties of England.

THE second part of Cassell's *Popular Educator*, which will be published on November 26, will contain the first of a series of maps in colours, in which the commercial aspect of geography will receive special attention.

MESSRS. HOULSTON & SONS announce *The Scripture Mother's-Help*; or, *My Children's Sunday Hour*—a set of cards containing Scriptural answers to eighty-four questions on evangelical truth, by Mrs. New.

MESSRS. BURNETT & Co. will publish immediately a cheap edition of the Rev. H. R. Haweis's *The Story of the Four*, which forms the second volume of his series entitled "Christ and Christianity," with a new preface and a Scriptural appendix. We understand that 10,000 volumes of the series have been sold within a year.

DR. WRIGHT's article on "The Power behind the Pope," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for May, has already passed through two editions in book form; and we understand that a cheap edition will be issued this week by Messrs. Nisbet & Co.

WE are asked to state that the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter) cannot give his promised address to the Browning Society next Friday, November 30. He has been obliged to put it off till the end of January or February. The date, when fixed, will be duly announced.

THE Christmas lectures adapted to a juvenile auditory at the Royal Institution will be given by Prof. Dewar, the subject being "Clouds and Cloudland." They will begin on December 27. During the recess the staircases leading from the gallery of the theatre have been considerably altered in order to facilitate more speedy egress.

WITH reference to a paragraph in last week's ACADEMY, the author of *The Irish Green Book* (who is also the artist and joint compiler of other Gladstone "squibs," published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons) desires it to be known that he has no connexion with the brochure announced by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., and stated to be by the "writer" of "New Gleanings from Gladstone."

THE volume of verse, *The Witch in the Glass*, announced in last week's ACADEMY, should have been by Mrs., not Mr., J. J. Piatt.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for December will, as usual, consist of a double Christmas number. There will be no less than twelve full-page illustrations, of which five are from Mr. W. Biscombe Gardner's drawings, to accompany an article by Mr. Grant Allen, on "Surrey Farm-Houses"—a subject where both artist and writer are equally at home. Among the other contents will be "A Ramble through Normandy," illustrated by Mr. Herbert Bailton, whom we are glad to find going so far a-field; "The Angler's Song of Isaac Walton," illustrated by the appropriate pencil of Mr. Hugh Thomson; "Macbeth on the Stage," by Mr. W. Archer and another, profusely illustrated; and a short story by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "La Belle Américaine."

Atalanta will give a double number of 112 pages for Christmas, with a coloured plate, after M. Bastien-Lepage's picture, entitled "Allant à l'école," reproduced in facsimile by the Goupil process. Mr. George Grossmith has written a play, Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Macquoid stories, Mr. H. H. Boyesen a ballad, and Mr. Frith an article on "Art Teaching as

it was and as it is." The list of contributors also includes the names of Lady Lindsay, John Strange Winter, Mrs. Phelps, L. B. Walford, Clementina Black, Annette Lyster, &c.

THE December number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be a Christmas number, illustrated with twenty full-page engravings. Among the artists represented are Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, and Mr. J. Alden Weir. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, besides a second instalment of his romance, contributes a "Christmas Sermon"; the Reminiscences of Lester Wallack are concluded, with anecdotes about Macready; Mr. H. O. Bunner writes a short story; and a description is given of the Adirondacks in mid-winter.

THE December number of *Time* will take the form of a Christmas number in a specially designed wrapper. It will contain stories by W. P. Frith, F. O. Philips, Mrs. Molesworth, Ethel Coxon, Julian Corbett, Annie Thomas, &c., besides a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE *Quiver* Christmas number will be published next week under the title of "Christmas Arrows." It will be enlarged this year to eighty pages, in place of sixty-four pages as hitherto.

WE understand that the forthcoming number of the *Fortnightly Review* will contain an article on "The War in the Black Mountain," written by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who, from his residence in the Punjab, possesses special knowledge of the subject; and also a third paper on "Foreign Missions," by Canon Isaac Taylor.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archæological Review* will continue Mr. Morland Simpson's translation of Dr. Bahnson's description of the various European ethnographical museums. Among other articles are—"The Distinction between Romanesque and Gothic," by E. Bell; "Dedications of Churches," by E. Peacock; Subject-Index to the Old English Drama (VI.), "Chapman's May-Day"; Report on the conference of archaeological societies convened by the Society of Antiquaries, &c.

THE December number of the *Antiquary* will contain a further instalment of Sir J. H. Ramsay's investigations of "Early English State Finance"; articles on "Walkeringham Cross," by Mr. A. Stapleton; "Temples of Aithema," by Mr. Talfourd Ely; "The Dorner Monuments at Wing," by Mr. W. Brailsford; and "Historical English Clubs," by Mr. T. W. Tempney.

THE December number of the *Classical Review* will contain the "Beginning of a Catalogue of some Classical MSS. in Italian Libraries"—some never before catalogued, by Mr. Allen; Shute's "History of the Present Form of the Aristotelian Writings," by Mr. R. D. Hicks; Lucian Müller's "Nonius," by Mr. J. H. Onions; "Articles in Roscher's Dictionary bearing on Roman Religion," by Mr. W. W. Fowler; Hultsch's "Polybius," by Mr. Strachan-Davidson; Blaydes's "Plutus," by Mr. R. Neil.

Sunday Talk will henceforth be amalgamated with the *Scots Magazine*, published by Messrs. Houlston & Sons.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE WORK OF A LIFETIME.

In the flush of youth's beginning,
When renown seems worth the winning
By a score of schemes accomplished
Ere the eve of life draws nigh,
Then the mind surveys with pleasure
All the length of life and leisure
For researches carried forward
To completion ere we die.

But the march of time, incessant,
Proves our hopes are evanescent,
And the plans of finished labours
Dwindle down to two or one;
Strange delays, all unexpected,
One by one appear, detected,
And the more we do, the greater
Seems the task that lies undone.

Still, as year to year succeedeth,
Each in turn more swiftly speedeth;
Fifty years soon fly behind us,
And are dwindled to a span;
Still the final day draws nearer,
And the truth grows ever clearer
That a life is all too little

To complete the cherish'd plan.

What remains? Shall we, defeated,
From the project uncompleted
Draw aloof, and seek for solace
In an indolent repose?
Rather be the strife redoubled,
Though the light grow dim and troubled,
As the swiftly-falling twilight
Hastens onward to its close.

No! let never the suggestion
Of thy weakness raise a question
Of the duty that lies on thee
Still to follow on the trace;
Every stroke of true endeavour
Often wins, and wins for ever,
Just a golden grain of knowledge
Such as lifts the human race.

Truth is one! To grasp it wholly
Lies in One—its author—solely;
And the mind of man can fathom

But a fragment of the plan;
Every scheme, howe'er extensive,
Though it seem all-comprehensive,
Is a portion of a portion,
Fitting life's allotted span.

Death is near; and then—what matter
Though a coming hand shall shatter
All the fair but fragile fabric
Thou laboriously didst raise;
If a single brick abideth
That thine honest toil provideth,
Thou hast borne thy part right nobly,
Thou shalt win the Master's praise!

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE November *Livre* is a pleasant number to read, but hardly calls for much critical comment. It opens with one of the editor's *bibliophile* stories, freely illustrated; and this is followed by an account of the historian Mignet's society days, as they would say in America. The chief illustration of the number is a *portrait-chargé* of Nodier. It should be added that the reviews of current literature, dealing with the first results of the usual revival of publishing after the summer season, include a good many books of importance.

THE numbers July-September of the *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* appear together. Among the Roman inscriptions reported we have a fine example of inductive restoration in that of *Hasta Regia*, by Prof. Hübner. Of even greater importance is that of Cofñio in the Asturias, by Fernandez-Guerra. It contains the possibly Basque word *Ummise* (Umea, the child), and also that of an unknown tribe, *Penior(um)*. In Arabic, Francisco Codera prints the catalogue of Spanish Arabic authors in the mosque of Azzeitunah, Tunis. He has also notices of the Omeiyads of Andalusia, by Aben Hazam, and of a MS. of Aben Hayyan, in Constantine. The longest paper is an investigation, by Teodore Creno, from original documents, of the *coup d'état* of Ferdinand in suspending the election of the Diputación of Catalonia, and nominating them himself for six years, 1488-94. Vicente de la Fuente sketches the history of the Churches of Sancti-Spiritus, and of San Esteban in Sala-

manca, in support of the petition that they should be declared national monuments. The number concludes with the publication of thirty legends by Gil de Zamora, an account of the Libro de Carratense of the thirteenth century, and two inedited Bulls of Alexander III. and Honorius III., by Fathar Fita.

THERE is little in the *Revista Contemporánea* for October beyond continuations of current works. A lecture by Francisco Lastres shows once more the difficulty of obtaining justice in Spain, especially in mercantile transactions. Javier Garriga begins a parallel between poetry and music in their ancient and modern development. Balbín de Unquera has a favourable review of Sandoval's Catherine of Siena and her time. Sanchez de la Toca's chapters on Parliamentary Government and Universal Suffrage are valuable and suggestive. Acero y Abad analyses and gives large extracts from Pérez de Hita's pedestrian epic on the city of Lorca. Felix Rozanski descends on the MSS. of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in the Escorial. Fernández Merino continues his criticism of the Etymologies of the Dictionary of the Academy. Noteworthy as *pièces de circonstance* are the sonorous Latin hexameters, "Ad Barcinonem," by B. del B. V., with the Spanish translation by V. S. O.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BEITRÄGE zur Kunstgeschichte. Neue Folge. VII. Leipzig: Seemann. 6 M.
BOURGET, P. Etudes et portraits. 2^e Partie. Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.
CASTELLANE, Le Marquis de. Les hommes d'état français du 19^e siècle: Talleyrand, Follin, Thiers, Rouher, Gambetta. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 6 fr.
DISULAFOV, Mme. Jane. A Suse: Journal des fouilles. Paris: Hachette. 80 fr.
HOLSTEIN, H. Johann Reuchlin's Komödien. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. latein. Schuldrama. Halle: Waisenhans. 4 M.
HÖNE, H. Die Sprache d. neueren englischen Romans u. der Tagespresse. Colberg: Warnke. 1 M.
JUNKER v. LANGEGG, F. A. El Dorado. Geschichte der Entdeckungreisen nach dem Goldlande El Dorado im 16. u. 17. Jahrh. Leipzig: Friedrich. 5 M.
SCHULTZ, H. Die Bestrebungen der Sprachgesellschaften d. 17. Jahrh. f. Reinigung der deutschen Sprache. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 3 M.
SERVONNET, J. et F. LAFFITTE. Le Golfe de Gabès en 1889. Paris: Challamel. 4 fr.
WIEBER, F. v. Der natürliche Werth. Wien: Hölder. 6 M.
WOLF, G. Zur Culturgeschichte in Oesterreich-Ungarn (1848-1898). Wien: Hölder. 4 M. 80 Pf.
WOLFF, W. Von Banana zum Kiamwo. Oldenburg: Schulze. 4 M.

THEOLOGY.

- LIBER chronologicum. Textum masoreticum accuratissime expressit etc. S. Baer. Cum praefatione F. Delitisch atque commentatione F. Delitisch de nomine Tiglathpileasaris. Leipzig: Teuchniz. 1 M. 50 Pf.
RANK, E. Stutgardiana versionis Sacrarum Scripturarum latinae anteheliconianae fragmenta. Wien: Braumüller. 2 M.
RÉVILLE, A. La Religion chinoise. Paris: Fischbacher. 12 fr.
TEXTE U. Uebersetzungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur von O. v. Gebhardt u. A. Harnack. 5. Bd. 2. u. 3. Hft. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 10 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ABONJUS, J. Regesten zur Geschichte der Juden im fränkischen u. deutschen Reiche bis zum J. 1173. 2. Lfg. Bis zum J. 1170. Berlin: Simion. 3 M. 30 Pf.
ASCHBACH, J. Ritter v. Geschichte der Wiener Universität. 3. Bd. Die Wiener Universität u. ihre Gelehrten 1590-1598. Wien: Hölder. 10 M.
CAMPELON, Le Lieutenant-général de. Défense de Dantzig en 1813. P.p. Ch. Auriol. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
COSTA DE BEAUREGARD, Le Marquis. La Jeunesse du Roi Charles-Albert. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
HEDDEN, G. Entwicklung der Landstände im Herzogthum Braunschweig-Lüneburg vom 13. bis zum Ausgang d. 14. Jahrhundert. Jena: Neuenhahn. 1 M. 50 Pf.
JACQUINET, Madame de. Maintien dans le Monde et à saint-Oyr. Paris: Belin. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAZ, Hipp. Le Général F. S. Marceau: sa vie, sa correspondance, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Lib. d'éducation de la Jeunesse. 7 fr. 50 c.
PELLISSIER, A. L'apogée de la Monarchie française: études historiques sur Richelieu et Louis XI. Paris: Haton. 5 fr.

PICARD, E. Discours parlementaires: l'union libérale, 1864-1869. T. 2. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 QUENAY, F. Œuvres économiques et philosophiques. P. A. Oncken. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Baer. 50 M.
 REINER, V. v. Türkische Urkunden den Kries d. J. 1683 betr. nach den Aufzeichnungen. Marc Antonio Mamucha della Torre. Wien: Holder. 1 M.
 TAMM, T. Die Anfänge d. Erbsitzums Hamburg-Bremen. Jena: Neuenhahn. 2 M.
 USKUNDEBUCH der Stadt Strassburg. 4. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Strassburg: Trübner. 16 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAHRSON, K. Ueb. ethnographische Museen. Wien: Holder. 4 M.
 BIBLIOTHEQUE anthropologique. T. 7. La famille dans la société romaine. Par Paul Lacombe. 7 fr. T. 8. L'évolution de la propriété. Par Ch. Letourneau. 8 fr. Paris: Leconteur.
 CARO, H. Philosophie et philosophes. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr. 50 c.
 MICHALITSCHKE, A. Die archimedische, die hyperbolische u. die logarithmische Spirale. Prag: Haerpfer. 8 M.
 NIEZKI, R. Chemie der organischen Farbstoffe. Berlin: Springer. 7 M.
 TWEZ, E. Die geognostischen Verhältnisse der Gegend v. Krakau. Wien: Holder. 15 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ANDOCIDIS orationes. Ed. J. H. Lipsius. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 BRADKE, P. v. Ueb. die arische Altkulturwissenschaft u. die Eigenart unseres Sprachstammes. Gießen: Ricker. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 BRUGMANN, K. Grundriss der vergleichenden Grammatik der indogermanischen Sprachen. 2. Bd. Wortbildungslehre. 1. Hälfte. Strassburg: Trübner. 12 M.
 BURCHER, G. De Neocoria. Gießen: Ricker. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 BURCHER, V. De Tib. Claudii Donati in Aeneida commentario. Jena: Neuenhahn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 CORPUS inscriptionum atticarum. Vol. II. pars 3. Inscriptiones atticæ ætatis quæ est inter Euclidis annum et Augusti tempora. Edidit U. Koehler. Pars 2. Berlin: Reimer. 40 M.
 FLEISCHER, H. L. Kleinere Schriften. Gesammelt, durchgesehen u. vermehrt. 3. Bd. Leipzig: Hirzel. 20 M.
 GERHARD, E. Etruskische Spiegel. 5. Bd. 8. u. 9. Hft. Berlin: Reimer. 9 M.
 LUCHS, A. De Horati carm. II. 6 commentatio. Erlangen: Metzger. 1 M.
 SIELMANN, E. Bibliographie d. altfranzösischen Rolandsliedes. Heilbronn: Henninger. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 STOLL, O. Die Maya-Sprachen der Pokom-Gruppe. 1. Thl. Die Sprache der Pokonchi-Indianer. Wien: Holder. 10 M.
 TORP, A. Beiträge zur Lehre v. dem geschlechtlosen Pronomen in den indogermanischen Sprachen. Christiania: Dybwad. 1 M. 35 Pf.
 WEINHOLD, K. Julius Zacher. Beitrag zur Geschichte der deutschen Philologie. Halle: Waisenhause. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CENNAMELLA" ("INF." XXII. 10)—"CARAMEL"—"CANAMELLE."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Nov. 1, 1888.

The origin of *cennamella*, which from the context evidently signifies a musical instrument of some sort, has been a puzzle to Dante commentators, as the word itself was long ago to the copyists, to judge by the numerous forms (*cannamella*, *cemmamella*, *ceramella*, *cialamella*, *ciaramella*) under which it appears in the MSS. of the *Divina Commedia*. Blanc (*Vocab. Dant.* s.v.) thinks it is perhaps connected with Lat. *calamus* or *canna*. Diez (*Etym. Wörterbuch*, s.v. "Ceramella") hazards the suggestion that it may be a corrupted form of O. Fr. *chalemel*. It almost undoubtedly comes from the same source. Starting from Lat. *calamellus* (dim. of *calamus*; whence Prov. *calamel*, *caramel*; O. Fr. *chalemel*; M. Fr. *chalumeau*; Germ. *Schalmei*; Eng. *shawm*) we have L. Lat. *calamella* (explained by Ducange as "fistulatorius calamus," i.e., a reed-pipe) which gave Prov., O. Sp. *caramela*, Fr. *chalemelle* and *canemelle* (both in Froissart—the former in vol. xiv., p. 157 of prose works; the latter in l. 6 of the Pastourelle beginning "Entre Eltem et Wesmoustier," vol. ii., p. 308, of *Poésies*, ed. Scheler). We thus arrive at a word *canemelle*, deriving from *calamus*, through L. Lat. *calamella* (for the interchange of *l* and *n*, cf. Fr. *quenouille*, Burg. *quelongne*, Champ. *coloigne*, from Lat. *colucula*; and Fr. *Boulogne*, It. *Bologna*, from Lat. *Bononia*) almost identical in form with It. *cennamella* or *cannamella*, which we need

scarcely hesitate to refer to the same origin. The doubling of the *n* in the Italian word might seem to present a difficulty, but it may be due to a confusion with another word, identical in form, meaning "sugar-cane" (see below). It may be noted, too, that Ducange gives *cannamella* in the sense of "fistula," as another form of *calamella*. That the double consonant is not an inherent characteristic is shown by the forms *ceramella* and *cialamella*, the latter of which, recalling as it does the Fr. *chalemelle*, affords additional ground for assigning a common origin to the French and Italian words. The word, then, used by Dante (and also by Dino Compagni, V. Nannucci, *Man. Lett. Ital.* vol. i., p. 519) signifies a wind instrument, probably some form of pipe or whistle, since he speaks of its employment in signalling troops, and on board ship.

Fr. *caramel* is derived by Littré from the Arabic *kara-mochalla*, "a ball of something sweet." Seeing that we have the Prov. *calamel*, *caramel* (see above) from Lat. *calamellus*, surely it is much more probable that the French word comes from the same source than from the Arabic. The sweetmeat may very well have been so-called from having been originally manufactured into sticks, just as *cannelle*, "a cinnamon-stick," gets its name from the resemblance of the dried strip of bark to a stick or cane, *canne*.

I should also be inclined to assign the same origin (i.e., Lat. *calamus*, through L. Lat. *calamella*) to Fr. *canamelle*, L. Lat. *canamella*, *cannamella*, "sugar-cane," instead of deriving it, as Littré and others do, from Lat. *canna* and *mel*, as though it were *canne à miel*. The appropriateness, so far as meaning is concerned, of the derivation I propose is obvious. That there is no etymological difficulty in the way of connecting the two words I have already shown while discussing It. *cannamella*; and, further, my conjecture has the support of a passage in the *Periplus* of Arrian, where he speaks of μέλι τὸ καλδύμνον τὸ λεγόμενον σάκχαρι—i.e., "reed-honey, which is called sugar." The natural temptation to connect the word with *canna* would account for the L. Lat. form *cannamella* and Fr. *canamelle*, which exist side by side with *canamella* and *canamelle*.

If the etymologies I have here proposed be correct, it follows that we have two new pairs of doublets—*chalumeau-caramel* from *calamellus*; and *canemelle*, *chalemelle-cannamelle*, from *calamella*—to add to the list given by Brachet in his *Dictionnaire des Doublets*.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I find that Scheler in his *Dict. d'Etym. Franç.*, also questions Littré's derivation of *caramel*, and suggests the same origin for it as I have done.

THE DERIVATION OF "ROAD" (HIGHWAY).

Oxford: Nov. 12, 1888.

Mr. Mayhew and Prof. Skeat have rather complicated this question, by drawing in *road* (harbour), from which I had carefully parted it. This latter word is from Anglo-Saxon *rād*, from *ridan* (ride); as in the dictionaries. Upon the watery *road* we are all three at one. The new light which I think I have got from the land charters applies only to *road* (highway), as is clearly expressed in the sentence which Mr. Mayhew quoted from my introduction.

The word *rōd* (I must continue, as at present persuaded, to write the vowel long) means a clearing in the forest. I need not prove this, as it is not called in question—although as an Anglo-Saxon word it is quite new, and is not embodied, I believe, in any dictionary. But it is so easily illustrated by dialects that it need not detain us, the only wonder being that the word was not sooner recognised as belonging

to our literary English. What struck me with the force of a new discovery was the finding this *rōd* used in the sense of *road*. References are given under *rōd* in my glossarial index; and the passages are so plain and manifest that it seems to constitute a historical record of the fact that our peculiarly English word *road* (highway) is neither more nor less than the word for a clearing.

And then as to *road* (harbour). We have been in the habit of taking the latter word (I imagine) as a sort of a metaphor from the ways of the land to those of the sea—an idea towards which the scholastic mind, familiar with the Homeric *ὄρπη κλέυρα*, would readily incline. But now it appears that they are two several words, and that the land-road has yielded in orthography to the influence of the sea-road.

About the length of the vowel I will not now contend; because, if the historical fact is there, it is for the phoneticians to accommodate it to their rules as they can. It will not do for them to say, "We shall not admit it, because it infringes our phonetic laws." Two considerations restrain me from entering upon this topic now. The first is one of order. I have, in the very next sentence to that quoted by Mr. Mayhew, given what seems to me the strongest proof that the *o* is long, not by any remote or dubious evidences like those brought by one of my friends from Huddersfield and by the other from Sweden, but by a broad and well-recognised phonetic indication—namely, that this *rōd* (clearing) has engendered a verb *redān* (to make a clearing). Controversy is not analogous to war, but to tourney. It is a bout between friends, and it ought to be conducted by recognised rules; and, if I may formulate one, I would say that the assailant of an obnoxious position ought to consider it his first duty to refute the reasons (if any) which have been adduced in support of that position. Else, controversy may degenerate into a *mêlée* of shifts, dodges, feints, and stratagems. But far greater is my second reason. I think that to appear to make an issue turn on phonetics, when it is adequately established by history, is a process that is likely to generate confusion.

J. EARLE.

IS ENGLISH "HOLE" CONNECTED WITH GREEK κοῖλος?

Sheffield: Nov. 19, 1888.

If Mr. Bradley had practised in the courts of justice he would have learned that the title of an action cannot be altered or varied without leave of the court. By substituting the words "hoil and κοῖλος" at the head of his reply he has attempted to make the issue materially different from that which I, by the title of my letter, distinctly propounded. I trust that he will, if he has more to say, keep strictly to the point of comparison.

I reply to each of Mr. Bradley's numbered paragraphs as follows:

(1.) The surname Hoole (sometimes Hoyle), which is common all through Yorkshire, is found in the Poll Tax returns for the West Riding, made in 1379, as "Del Hole," "De Hole," and "in the Hole," for Bradfield; "in le Hole" and "in le Hoyle," for Sheffield; "at Hoyle" and "Hoyle" for Handsworth. These returns were published in 1882 (London: Bradbury). This surname still exists in these parishes as Hoole, and occasionally Hoyle. In 1440 the word occurs in the *Prompt. Parv.* (p. 243) as *hoole*. It frequently occurs in the Ecclesfield Registers (1558-1619), published by Mr. Gatty of the Heralds' College, as *Hoole* or *Howle*, but never *Hoyle*. It is found in the Wakefield Court Rolls in 1617 as *Howle* (Taylor's *History of Wakefield*, p. 69). In some deeds which I have examined affecting land in Derbyshire I find, in 1591, "*Howle storth*." In 1606 this

field is called "*Houle storth*," and in 1683 "*Houle storth*"; and so the word has come down to the present day. Here we have an unbroken chain of evidence from the *Houle* of 1379 to the surname and place-name "*Houle*" of the present day, proving that the word "*hole*" was pronounced *hool*, and sometimes *hoil*, through all that long period. That evidence cannot be shaken by the inferences of phoneticians, which are of small value when compared with the weight of historical testimony. How can we say that the vowel was long in 1379, but short in the time of King Alfred? I do not admit that the dialect form *hoil* tends to prove that the vowel was originally short, as contended by Mr. Mayhew. It might as well be said that *goos*, the Derbyshire pronunciation of "*goose*," or *clois*, the Yorkshire pronunciation of "*close*," tends to prove that the vowel in those words was originally short.

(2.) The root *heu* (*kou*, *ku*) is an abstraction or inference drawn by philologists, which may be either right or wrong. I know too little of comparative philology to express any opinion on this point.

(3.) The point of comparison, as the title of my letter showed, was not between the *α* of *κελες* and the dialectal form *hoil*, but between the modern word "*hole*" and the Greek word.

(4.) I reaffirm the statement that the surname "*Youle*" is connected with "*hole*," or with *Houle*, spelt *Houle*, in paragraph 1. "*Youle*" occurs, among other places, in the Ecclesfield registers, cited above, in the year 1565 as "*Youle*," and is there rightly treated by the editor as the equivalent of "*Houle*." It is written *Youlf* in the Poll Tax Returns, p. 59; and the surname "*Houle*" is often pronounced *yool* in this district. Therefore *Youle* = "*hole*." Compare the surnames "*Heald*" and "*Yeald*."

(5.) I also reaffirm the statement that the verb *yowl* is a variant of *howl*. Dogs are said to *howl*, and also to *yowl*; *held* is a slope in the field-names of this district, and so is *yeld*; "*Hester*" becomes *Yester*, "*earth*" becomes *yearth*. So a hundred analogies might be cited.

Having now dealt one by one with the "five separate blunders, any one of which is sufficient to prove that I am not yet qualified to form a trustworthy opinion on any question of English philology," I must leave the matter to the judgment of the reader.

S. O. ADDY.

"CHIZZEL" = "BRAN" IN YORKSHIRE.

Carr Manor, Meanwood, Leeds: Nov. 18, 1888.

In the ACADEMY of October 6 Mr. Henry Bradley cited *chizzel* = "*bran*" from a Kentish Glossary as one among "*survivals of words which, in northern and midland English at least, have long been obsolete*." This is not the case. *Chizzel*, in the meaning of "*bran*," is not infrequently heard in Yorkshire.

I am told by a friend—whose reference I have not verified—that *chizzel* = "*bran*" is to be found in a Glossary of Yorkshire, published by J. Russell Soho, in 1855.

T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, NOV. 26, 5 p.m. London Institution: "*Time and Tide: the Romance of Modern Science*," II., by Sir R. S. Ball.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "*The Chemistry of the Process of Oil-Painting*," by Prof. A. H. Church.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "*Light and Colour*," I., by Capt. W. de W. Abney.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "*Journey to the Atlas Mountains*," by Mr. Joseph Thomson.

TUESDAY, NOV. 27, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "*The Witham New Outfall Channel and Improvement Works*," by Mr. J. Evelyn Williams.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "*A Gold Breast-plate from an Ancient Peruvian Grave*," by the President; "*Marriage Customs of the New Britain Group*," by the Rev. Benjamin Danks; "*The Survival of Corporal Penance*," by Mr. Osbert H. Howarth.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "*The Phonograph*," by Col. Gouraud.

8 p.m. Microscopical: Conversazione.

8 p.m. Essex Hall: "*The French Revolution and English Poetry*," I., by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke.

THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 7 p.m. London Institution: "*Handel, with Vocal, Instrumental, and Pictorial Illustrations*," by Mr. W. H. Cummings.

8 p.m. Arts and Crafts Exhibition: "*Design*," by Mr. Walter Crane.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "*The Chronology and History of Babylonia*," I., by Mr. G. Bérin.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting.

"*The Covered Service-Reservoir of the Southampton Corporation*," by Mr. E. T. Hildred; "*The New High-Level Storage-Reservoir for the Grand Junction Waterworks Company at Hanger Hill, Basing*," by Mr. Herbert Ashley.

8 p.m. Browning: a Paper by Miss Omerod.

SCIENCE.

A Short Account of the History of Mathematics.

By W. W. Rouse Ball. (Macmillan.)

In his preface Mr. Ball states that his book is mainly a compilation from existing treatises on the subject; and he gives a list of such treatises, indicating, at the same time, those of which he has made most use. It will thus be seen that he has had as a basis to work upon all the principal authorities who have treated the history of mathematics as a whole, or considerable portions of it. But, while utilising the histories, Mr. Ball has not confined his attention to them. There is evidence in the notes, as well as in the text, that he has consulted a large number of the monographs on particular writers, and many of these monographs are of great value. Such a wealth of authorities, often far from accordant with each other, renders the work of compilation extremely formidable; and students of mathematics have reason to be grateful for the vast amount of information which has been condensed into this short account. The author mentions, and it is one of the merits of his work, that he has been as little technical as possible, in the hope of being intelligible to anyone who is acquainted only with the elements of mathematics.

Mr. Ball divides the history of mathematics into three periods—namely, mathematics under Greek influence, the mathematics of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and modern mathematics. He prefaces, however, his account of Greek discovery by a chapter devoted to Egyptian and Phœnician mathematics. The duration of the three periods may be said to be, roughly—of the first, from the beginning of the sixth century B.C. to the end of the sixth century A.D.; of the second, from the end of the sixth century to the end of the sixteenth; and of the third, from the end of the sixteenth to the present day. The characteristic feature of the first period is the development of geometry; of the second, the creation of modern arithmetic, algebra, and trigonometry; and of the third, the development of analysis and its application to the phenomena of nature.

In treating of the first period a chapter is devoted to each of the great schools of mathematics, the Ionian and the Pythagorean, those of Athens and Cyzicus, and the first and second Alexandrian schools. After two short chapters on the Byzantine school and on systems of numeration, the second period

is reached, and the author discusses the rise of learning in Western Europe, the mathematics of the Arabs, and the introduction of Arabian works into Europe. In the mathematics of the Renaissance there is seen the development of synopsed algebra and trigonometry, of symbolic algebra, of mechanics, the introduction of the principle of continuity, and the invention of projective geometry. The third period commences with Descartes, and in it five stages are discernible—the invention of analytical geometry and the method of indivisibles, the invention of the calculus, the development of mechanics, the application of mathematics to physics, and the recent development of pure mathematics. The longest chapter in the book is taken up entirely with the life and works of Newton, and in the last chapter will be found short notices of the works of most of the principal mathematicians now living or recently dead. This statement of the contents of Mr. Ball's work has been made as far as possible in his own words.

In a survey of so wide extent it is of course impossible to give anything but a bare sketch of the various lines of research and of the results reached, and this circumstance tends to render a narrative scrappy. It says much for Mr. Ball's descriptive skill that his history reads more like a continuous story than a series of merely consecutive summaries. There are, as perhaps was inevitable in dealing with such a multiplicity of details, a few mistakes of a trifling character, but they do not detract from the substantial merit of the work. The fact that there are so few is a proof of the scholarly care which has been bestowed on all the parts of his subject. In summing up the defects of Euclid as a textbook of geometry, it is said that the idea of an angle is never extended so as to cover the case where it is equal to or greater than two right angles; and in a note it is added that the second half of the thirty-third proposition in the sixth book as now printed appears to be an exception, but it is due to Theon and not to Euclid. It is quite true that the second half of this proposition is due to Theon, but the extension of the idea of an angle is as necessary to the first half of the proposition as to the second. The latest complete edition of Euclid's works is said to be that by E. F. August. The only complete edition of Euclid's works, or at least of the writings attributed to Euclid, is that of Gregory. August's edition is confined to the *Elements*, and the latest edition of the *Elements* is now that of Heiberg. The brief notice of Robert Simson might, perhaps, have stated that he was the first to throw light on the obscure subject of Euclid's *Porisms*, and that he left a treatise thereon; the mention of a work of his on Pappus's *Collection* is, I fear, erroneous. In what is said of Euclid's *Porisms* (p. 55) the name of Proclus has been inadvertently used for that of Pappus.

With respect to the names of authors, Mr. Ball very justly remarks that it is as pedantic as it is confusing to refer to an author by his actual name when he is universally recognised under another, and that he will, therefore, in all cases so far as possible use that title only, whether Latinised or not, by which a writer is generally known. I am not sure that this plea will justify him in writin

Plaquidus, Bernouilli, Gunther, Lhulier, and Ferrari. The last name, it must be confessed, is what is usually, perhaps one might say universally, given to Cardan's disciple in mathematical books, it being supposed to be the Italian form of the Latinized Ferrarius. His name, however, was Ferraro, as may be seen from any of the (now very rare) pamphlets that passed between him and Tartaglia. Three misprints may be worth noting. Herigone's *Cursus mathematicus* was in five volumes, not in two; *Zeticorum* (p. 207) ought to be *Zeticorum*; and should not *Bjita ganita* be *Bija ganita*?

J. S. MACKAY.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE OLD TESTAMENT IN GREEK.

THE Clarendon Press has in preparation a Concordance to the Greek Versions and Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, compiled by Dr. Edwin Hatch, with the assistance of other scholars. The mode of publication will be in six parts, to be issued at intervals of six months.

The work is designed to be a complete Concordance to the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, to the Greek text of the Apocryphal books, and to the remains of the other versions which formed part of Origen's Hexapla. The only intentional omissions are those of personal pronouns and proper names.

The texts of the Septuagint version to which it is a Concordance are (1) that of the Codex Alexandrinus A, (2) that of the Codex Vaticanus B, (3) that of the Codex Sinaiticus s, (4) that of the Sixtine Edition of 1587, B. For a large part of the text, the autotype and facsimile editions of the three MSS. were independently collated to serve as a basis for the Concordance; but the great accuracy of Nestle's Supplement to Tischendorf's edition, which appeared while this collation was in progress, made further work in that direction unnecessary, and Nestle's collation was used for the remainder of the text. It is hoped that no word has been omitted which occurs in any one of the four texts; but it has not been thought necessary to include all the variants in either orthography or grammatical forms.

In regard to the numeration of the chapters and verses, the Sixtine edition of 1587 had divisions into chapters only. The division into verses is subsequent to that edition, and has so largely varied that it may be doubted whether any two editions agree. In the absence of any recognised standard, the choice lay between an enormous multiplication of references and an adherence to a single edition. The latter alternative was adopted, and the numeration is that of the Clarendon Press reprint, with the exception that in a few passages, where that reprint does not number the verses, the numeration of Tischendorf has been followed. Where, as especially in the Psalms and Jeremiah, the numeration of the Hebrew differs from that of the Greek, a double reference is usually given, the first to the Greek, the second, in a bracket, to the Hebrew.

The object which has been aimed at in the quotations relative to each word has been to give, as far as possible, enough of the context to show the grammatical construction of the word, and the words with which it is ordinarily associated. But, to have combined in each quotation all its points, either of grammatical interest or of analogy with other passages, would have made the work inordinately long; and, consequently, it will frequently be found that the quotations under a single word are made on different principles in order to illustrate different points relating to it.

In regard to the other versions of the Hexapla, inasmuch as a large proportion of the surviving fragments consists of single words, and an insufficient proportion of the whole translations remains to enable a syntax of the several writers to be constructed, the quotations are not given at length. And, since Dr. Field's edition of the fragments is likely, unless new MSS. be discovered, to be that which scholars will ordinarily use, that edition has been strictly followed, in regard both to the text and to the numeration of chapters and verses.

So far as possible, and without making the assumption that the Greek is a word for word translation of the Hebrew, the Concordance gives the Hebrew equivalent of every Greek word in each passage in which it occurs. But for economy of space, instead of printing the Hebrew equivalents at length in each case, a numbered list of all the equivalents of a given word is printed at the head of each article, and a reference number is printed after each quotation. The absence of such a number implies that the passage does not exist in Hebrew, and the presence of an obelus (†) instead of a number implies that the identification of the Greek and Hebrew is doubtful, or, at least, that a student should examine the passage for himself.

OBITUARY.

ARSÈNE DARMESTETER.

IT is with much regret that we record the death of M. Arsène Darmesteter, professor of the language and literature of mediæval France at the Sorbonne, which occurred on Friday last, November 16.

M. Arsène Darmesteter was born in 1846 at Château-Salins (now called Saltsburg), in Lorraine. Like so many of the leading French savants of the present day, he was of Jewish descent; and he further resembled some of them in having taken to wife an English woman. Indeed, he was scarcely less known in this country than his younger brother, M. James Darmesteter, the Zend and Pushtu scholar. In the summer of 1886, he delivered a course of lectures in London, which was afterwards published under the title of *The Life of Words as the Symbols of Ideas* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.). He was more devoted to the linguistic than to the literary side of his subject; and in linguistics he was an ardent advocate of the historical method. His earliest book was *Traité de la Formation des Mots Composés dans la Langue française* (1873); and his essay *De la Création actuelle des Mots Nouveaux de la Langue française* (1877) was crowned by the Institute. Apart from Romance philology, he wrote (in conjunction with M. A. Hatzfeld) upon the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and also upon Hebrew epigraphy. For some years M. Arsène Darmesteter had been engaged upon a great French dictionary, which (we understand) is left ready for the press.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE medals of the Royal Society have this year been awarded as follows: the Copley Medal to Prof. Huxley, for his investigations on the morphology and histology of vertebrate and invertebrate animals; the Rumford Medal to Prof. P. Tacchini, for his investigations on the physics of the sun; and the Davy Medal to Mr. W. Crookes, for his investigations on the behaviour of substances under the influence of the electric discharge in a high vacuum. The Royal Medals have, with the approval of Her Majesty, been awarded to Baron Ferdinand von Müller, for his investigations of the flora of Australia; and to Prof. Osborne Reynolds, for his investigations in mathematical and experi-

mental physics. The medals will be presented at the anniversary meeting on St. Andrew's Day, November 30.

MR. W. CROOKES has presented a collection of sixty-eight radiometers and similar instruments for permanent exhibition in the science galleries of the South Kensington Museum. They illustrate the steps by which he was led to the construction of the radiometer, and to the production of motion and of phosphorescence by streams of electrified molecules in high vacua. Many of the instruments are of historical interest. Among them is included the first radiometer, with many others which are described in Mr. Crookes's papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Others are of intrinsic value, as they contain collections of diamonds, rubies, &c., for the exhibition of the phenomena of phosphorescence.

PROF. THEODOR KJERULF, the Director of the Geological Survey of Norway, has recently died at the age of sixty-three, having been born in Christiania, in 1825. Dr. Kjerulf was for many years professor of geology in the university of his native city, and was an indefatigable scientific writer. Perhaps his best known work is his description of the geology of the south of Norway, *Udsigt over det sydligste Norges Geologi*, accompanying an excellent map which represents much of the work of his lifetime.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

BY the next Indian mail may be expected part i. of *Epigraphia Indica*: a Record of the Archaeological Survey of India, edited by Dr. James Burgess, with the assistance of Drs. A. Führer, E. Hultzsch, and Messrs. Rea and H. Cousens. This part will contain a Prakrit grant of the Pallava king, Civaskanda-varman, and other important inscriptions edited by Drs. Bühler, Kielhorn, and Hultzsch. Part ii. will probably be issued in December. The subscription is 12s. (for the set of four volumes), if paid in advance to the Superintendent of Government Printing.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* will contain the following articles: "Khan, Khakan, and other Tartar Titles," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "The Inscriptions of the Syrian Monuments," by J. Imbert; "A Pentaglot Monoclature of Buddhist Terms" (continued), by Prof. C. de Harlez; and "A Talmudic Question to Prof. J. Oppert," by Dr. Moise Schwab.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Nov. 7.)

SIDNEY L. LEE, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. A. H. Bullen read a paper on Dr. Thomas Campion, the song-writer. Mr. Bullen began by pointing out that music and singing were universally cultivated in Elizabethan England. After noticing the achievements of William Byrd and John Dowland, he went on to remark that the most gifted of the song-writers was Dr. Thomas Campion. Byrd and Dowland wrote only the music for their songs; but Campion was both a poet and a composer. Of Campion's life little is known. A Thomas Campion was a student of Gray's Inn, in 1586; and it is probable that he is to be identified with the song-writer, who is shown to have had some connexion with the Inn, from the fact that in 1594 he contributed a song to the Gray's Inn masque "Gesta Gralorum." Abandoning the study of the law, Campion applied himself to medicine, probably obtaining his degree of M.D. abroad. The first mention of him as a poet is in the prologue to Peele's "Honour of the Garter" (1593), where he is addressed as—

"Thou
That richly clothe'st conceit with well-made
words."

William Clarke in "Polimantela" (1595), speaks

of him as "sweet Master Campion"; and in one of the Harleian MSS., dated 1598, three of his songs are found. Hence it is plain that many of his songs were circulated among his friends in MS. some years before the appearance in 1601 of his *Book of Airs*. His earliest publication was a collection of Latin epigrams (1595). This book is so rare that nobody at the present day appears to have seen a copy. It was reissued with large additions in 1619, the year of the poet's death. We learn from these epigrams something of the literary society in which Campion moved. His most intimate friends appear to have been Oxford men. Two epigrams are addressed to Charles Fitzgeffrey, the author of a spirited poem on Sir Francis Drake. Fitzgeffrey, in his *Afuntia* (1601), has two epigrams in Campion's praise. Another friend was William Percy, of Gloucester Hall (now Worcester College), a son of the Earl of Northumberland, and author of sonnets "To the fairest Ocella." Edward Mychelburne, also of Gloucester Hall, who is styled by Wood "a most noted poet of his time," was Campion's bosom friend. Another member of the Oxford circle was Barnabe Barnes, with whom for some reason Campion quarrelled. Many unpleasant things are said about Barnes in the epigrams; but in, or before, 1606 a reconciliation took place, for in that year Campion prefixed two copies of commendatory verses to Barnes's *Four Books of Offices*. Afterwards the quarrel broke out again. One of the epigrams, clever but somewhat malicious, is directed against Nicholas Breton:

"Carminis defunctum, Breto, caute inducis
Amorem;
Nam numeris nunquam viveret ille tuis."

Campion's Latin is usually easy and elegant, and some of his epigrams have all the compact neatness of Martial. In his handling of hendecasyllables he was particularly successful, and his sapphics are gracefully turned. But it is by his English songs, not by his Latin verse, that he will be remembered. "In these English airs," he writes, "I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together"; and he succeeded. It may be admitted that his work is not at all times equal, that some of the poems are carelessly worded, others diffuse. But his best songs are miracles of sweetness. His devotional poetry is as excellent as his love-songs. To fine religious exaltation he joined the true lyric faculty, and such a union is one of the rarest of literary phenomena. In 1602, the year after the publication of the first *Book of Airs*, Campion issued his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*, in which he sought to show that the "vulgar and unartificial custom of rhyming" should be forthwith discontinued, and that English metres should be formed on classical models. Samuel Daniel, in his *Defence of Rhyme*, written in answer to the *Observations*, expressed his surprise that an attack on rhyme should have been made by one "whose commendable rhymes, albeit himself now an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth." Luckily, Campion's practice did not square with his precepts. The lecturer then proceeded to give an account of Campion's masques; of his "Songs of Mourning" for the death of Prince Henry; of the "Two Books of Airs" and "The Third and Fourth Books of Airs."

NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 9.)

DR. R. GARNETT in the chair.—Mr. H. B. Wheatley read a paper on "A. Van Buchell's copy of Johannes de Witt's account of the Swan and other theatres in London and Southwark, about 1596, as published by Dr. Gaedertz." After stating that, like the rest of the meeting, he had only seen the printed book, and had not inspected the original, Mr. Wheatley remarked that there was nothing strange in our receiving information of this description from a foreign source. It was only natural that inquiring visitors from abroad, rather than natives, should take pains to notice these details. He would confine himself strictly to the points at issue, which were three. Firstly, to whom was the information due? De Witt or Van Buchell? Dr. Gaedertz did not make this point very clear. Secondly, as to the construction of the Swan Theatre, "ex coacervato lapide

pyrritide." On this point we might notice that in the contract for the building of Henslow's theatre, "which is to be built like the Swan," there is no mention of flint. Thirdly, the statement that the theatre could seat 3000 people. Here Mr. Wheatley, after making allowance for the looseness of a traveller's report, did not find any great difficulty. On a rough calculation, from the sketch which accompanies the description, he thought he could make out accommodation for 2000. An amphitheatre, as this was expressly stated to be, would hold more than a theatre; the Albert Hall held 6000. Dr. Gaedertz's opinion that De Witt was in London in 1596 appears to be a mistaken one, as the Swan was not built till 1598-9. The chairman paid a high tribute to Dr. Gaedertz's knowledge and industry, which he had had evidence of; and he gave an interesting account of the "Pyramus and Thisbe" woodcut included in the volume, which he thought might possibly have suggested to Shakespeare his burlesque treatment of that tragedy. On the question of the "flint" construction, flints were especially common in Kent, and at a very short distance from the Bankside. As to the sketch, the great question was, whether it was De Witt's own (autoptical), or whether it was drawn by Van Buchell from De Witt's description ("observationibus"). The scene represented on the stage, with the (apparent) characters of lady, confidante, and messenger, was more like a scene from the classical or French drama than the English. The Dutch drama of that period was very little known, and the origin of the scene might be found there.—Dr. Furnivall remarked that the whole question turned upon the meaning of "ex observationibus." As to the audience of 3000, the quotation expressly says that the theatre would seat 3000, and this, with the standing-room in the arena, would go far to make accommodation for 5000, which he was quite unable to believe.—It was the general feeling of the meeting that an ordinary observer's estimate of any large number was usually quite untrustworthy.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 16.)

H. BRADLEY, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. Dr. R. Morris, president, read a paper by Dr. H. Hupe, on "The MSS. of the English versions of the *Cursor Mundi*, their Forms and Dialects," with some observations by himself. Dr. Hupe had collated three of the MSS., besides examining Dr. Morris's texts. The Cotton MS. was once owned by Wm. Coosyn—a name which often occurs in Lincolnshire records. The Göttingen MS. was owned by John of Lindberg, which was also in Lincolnshire; and Dr. Hupe argued that the *Cursor* was written by a Lincolnshire man, the dialect being Northern, more or less. Inconsistent forms, due to the scribes, occur—for the Northern *a*, *thof* for "though," as for "as," *ho* for "she," &c. In the Göttingen MS. *oi* occurs for "u," *twis* is changed to "twa," &c.; these are due to a more Western scribe. The Fairfax MS. is West-Midland, according to Dr. Morris; West-Yorkshire according to Dr. Hupe, and of the early part of the fifteenth century. The Trinity MS. was copied by a South-Midland man, of the first quarter of the fifteenth century. Dr. Hupe then discussed the phonology of the *Cursor* MSS., and showed that it was not pure Northumbrian, like Hampole's *Priests of Conscience*, but modified in Lincolnshire. Dr. Morris and Dr. Murray thought the *Cursor* was written near Durham in the fourteenth century. Dr. Hupe contended that it was done in Lincolnshire in the second half of the thirteenth century, no doubt between 1255 and 1280. The author must have been a Lincolnshire man, living near the Yorkshire border. The rhymes confirm this. Dr. Hupe's two specimens of a critical text of the poem could not be read. Dr. Morris then gave his collation of certain differences of the words of the MSS., showing how some Northern terms had been misunderstood by the West-Midland and Southern scribes, and others substituted for them. (One MS. refused "battle-wright" for a warrior.) This collation confirmed generally Dr. Hupe's classification of the MSS. his results from phonology, &c. Dr. Hupe's paper will appear at length as part vii. of the Early English Text Society's edition of the *Cursor Mundi*.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—(Friday, Nov. 16.)

A PAPER was read from Prof. Richet, of Paris, on some experiments of his own on "lucidity" or "clairvoyance," made with M^{me}. B—, a hypnotic subject, known to French physicians. He found that she could frequently recognise an ordinary playing card, unknown to anyone present, and enclosed in two thick envelopes. She touches the envelopes in question under Prof. Richet's supervision; but Prof. Richet thinks that the hypothesis of tactile hyperesthesia is not really admissible; and he inclines to believe that she discerns the cards by the exercise of some other faculty as yet imperfectly known. He is continuing his experiments.—A paper was also read on "The Relation of Hypnotism to the Subjective Phenomena of Spiritualism." It was argued that the "trance utterances" of so-called "mediums" when (as is often the case) there is a real and not only a pretended abnormality of condition during the utterance, were the result of "self suggestion," inducing a somnambulant state, combined with a tendency to impersonate some deceased person, or supposed spirit, on whom the mind of the medium had been previously fixed. There may thus be no conscious deception, while yet the words uttered are the product of the medium's own mind, just as much as if they were uttered in obedience to a suggestion given by a hypnotiser (as in a now common form of experiment).

FINE ART.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

I.

WITHIN the last twelve months there have been added to the collection of casts from Italian sculptures of the Renaissance at South Kensington a number of specimens of the highest importance, both in virtue of their beauty, their magnitude, and their representative character. In the selection of these important examples the authorities of the museum have exercised a wise discretion, and have conferred a real boon on students as well as on the general public.

Foremost among the new additions is the great central portal of S. Petronio at Bologna, with the famous series of marble reliefs which occupied Jacopo della Quercia during the greater portion of his artistic career. An admirable opportunity is now afforded for confronting these with the works of Michaelangelo, and especially with the "Moses" and the photographs from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (shown in the same department), with the result of strengthening the conviction that the later and greater master borrowed the germs of many of his vastest and most typical creations from the bold inventions of his Siennese precursor. Another addition of unique interest—to which I propose to return presently—is the cast of the famous font and tabernacle from the church of S. Giovanni, at Siena, containing, besides some of Quercia's finest work, reliefs in gilt-bronze by Lorenzo Ghiberto, Donatello, and others. Yet another addition of high interest is the marble portion of Luca della Robbia's exquisite monument to Benozzo Federighi, Bishop of Fiesole, now in the church of S. Francesco di Paola (not "Francisco di Paolo"), at Florence, the central recumbent figure of which may count as one of the great sculptor's most pathetic masterpieces. The crowning decoration, consisting of an enclosing frame or border of fruit and flowers, in enamelled terra-cotta, is unavoidably omitted in the reproduction. Next in importance are two well-known lunettes, by Andrea della Robbia—one the masterly "Meeting of S. Dominic and S. Francis," from the Loggia di S. Paolo, opposite the church of S. Maria Novella; the other the more popular "Annunciation," which adorns a side door leading into the church of the Ospedale degli Innocenti—both in Florence. Further minor, yet very interesting, additions

to the collection are: the *stiacciato* relief (by Donatello) of the "Assumption," from the Brancacci tomb, by Donatello and Michelozzo, in the church of S. Angelo a Nilo, at Naples; the spirited, if intensely mannered, series of reliefs by Giovanni Antonio Amadeo of Pavia, forming part of the decoration of the pulpits in the cathedral of Cremona; and Antonio Rossellino's fine marble *tondo* of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Bargello—the terra-cotta sketch for which, formerly in the possession of Mr. Drury-Fortnum, has recently been acquired, like so many other of England's treasures, by the Berlin Museum. Very curious, and not exactly paralleled in style by anything in the South Kensington Museum, is the huge fifteenth-century mural monument to the Marquis Malaspina, the original of which is in the desecrated church of S. Giovanni in Sacco, at Verona. To this, too, I propose to return later on.

In connexion with the department now under consideration—thus further enriched as it has recently been—it becomes a duty, though a sufficiently unpalatable one, to make some remarks as to the ordering of the examples brought together with so much labour and expense, and also the manner in which, on the authority of the establishment to which belongs in England the duty of dictating laws in this special branch of art, they have been named and described.

Seeing how precious is the material for the study of art in general, and of Italian and German art in particular, now brought together in the galleries at South Kensington, it is more than ever inexplicable that the authorities should—more particularly in the two vast halls which form, as it were, the vestibule to the galleries proper—continue to adopt a system of arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, such as has no parallel in any museum of the first rank in Europe. In the right-hand section of the great hall some elimination and re-arrangement has of late taken place, with a view to bringing about a saner mode of classification than has heretofore obtained; but in the left-hand section confusion is worse confounded than ever. Here we still have the magnificent Romanesque portal of Santiago da Compostella overshadowing with its arches (1) a late Renaissance "Mercury and Psyche," by Adrian de Vries; (2) a model of Rauch's "Unter den Linden" equestrian statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin; (3) the "Mercury" of Giovanni Bologna; while in the centre of the court the bisected column of Trajan confronts a sixteenth-century Flemish tabernacle by Cornelius de Vriendt, a huge Graeco-Roman "Melpomene" from the Louvre, a Romanesque bronze lion from Brunswick, Adam Krafft's great sculptured "Deposition" from S. Sebaldus at Nuremberg, English Gothic and Renaissance tombs, a Roman biga, works by the late Alfred Stevens, and a thousand other light and unconsidered trifles. The wall-space is shared by Mr. Poynter, Benvenuto Cellini (with the "Nympe de Fontainebleau"), a Spanish fifteenth-century painted reded, a specimen of Mauresque mural decoration from Toledo, and the music-making angels from Exeter Cathedral! Even in the right-hand section of the hall, where it was hoped that by degrees Italian and Teutonic art of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century would elbow out other competitors, all attempts at arrangement have been neutralised by the sudden intrusion of a collection of Central American sculptures and casts, which are uncontestedly of unique interest, but are none the less hopelessly out of place at South Kensington, and more especially *dépayés* where they now stand, completely hedged in on all sides but one by a Romanesque church-screen from Hildesheim, by the great Pavia

chimney-piece from Bruges, and, finally, by a collection of casts from so-called "runic" and "early Christian" carvings and specimens.

Far more serious, however, is the fact that the authorities who preside over the section of Italian Renaissance art show an inconceivable carelessness in the attribution and description of many of the great examples which have been brought together, it may be supposed, for the purpose of instruction as well as of aesthetic enjoyment. This reproach is specially directed at the explanations attached to the specimens in the collection of casts, the section of original sculptures of the same type and period being better ordered, though even there alteration appears very necessary in many cases. I propose to give a number of instances in support of what may appear an overbold assertion.

The bronze "David" and the "Niccolò da Uzzano" of Donatello, the "Marino Succino" of Vecchiotta, the "Rinaldo della Luna" of Mino da Fiesole, the terra-cotta "Youth in Armour" of A. Pollajuolo, the "Brutus" and the sculptured *tondo* of the "Virgin and Child" of Michaelangelo, are all described as being in the Uffizi, though every tourist knows that they have been for years in the museum of the Bargello (Museo Nazionale). The sculptured slab from the monument of Maria del Carreto, by Jacopo della Quercia—also described as being now in the Uffizi—after having been removed long since with the other Renaissance sculptures to the Bargello, has quite recently been restored to the Luccese, so that it may be re-incorporated in the tomb to which it originally belonged. In the great Font and Tabernacle from the church of S. Giovanni at Siena, the cast of which has recently been acquired by way of exchange from the Berlin Museum, an opportunity absolutely unique is afforded for comparing, in the closest juxtaposition and as applied to kindred subjects, the art of the three greatest sculptors of the early Renaissance—Jacopo della Quercia, Ghiberti, and Donatello. It might have been imagined that in such a case the museum would have seized the opportunity of designating those portions of the work for which each of these famous Tuscans is responsible, instead of confining themselves, as they have done, to a bare statement to the effect that the general design and the reliefs of the prophets in the Tabernacle are attributable to Quercia, and the bronze reliefs to Quercia, Ghiberti, and Donatello. As a fact, to Quercia belongs, besides the magnificent reliefs above mentioned, the bronze relief "Zachariah expelled from the Temple"; to Ghiberti, the "Baptism of Christ," and the "Capture of S. John the Baptist"; to Donatello, the "Head of S. John placed before Herod"—perhaps the most intensely dramatic composition of the fifteenth century—and further, the statuettes of "Faith" and "Hope," besides three *putti* in the Tabernacle above. The reliefs, showing respectively the "Birth" and "Preaching of S. John the Baptist," are by the Siennese sculptor Turino di Sano, and his son Giovanni di Turino, to the latter of whom (under the influence of Quercia) belong the statuettes of "Charity," "Justice," and "Prudence," that of "Fortitude" being by Goro di Neroccio. Again, to return to what must inevitably appear a wearisome enumeration. The famous "Madonna della Tosse," executed in 1480 by Matteo Civitali, and now in the Church of the SS. Trinita at Lucca, is quaintly described as a work of the "Pisan school of the fourteenth century, now in the Campo Santo at Pisa"! Benedetto da Majano's fine terra-cotta bust of Filippo Strozzi—of which the marble original is in the Louvre—is described as being in the Strozzi Palace at Florence, although it passed in 1879, with the cream of the Strozzi collection, to the Berlin Museum. The medallion of the "Virgin and Child," from the Strozzi monument at S.

Maria Novella, by the same sculptor, is put down as in the "Church of Santa Maria, Florence" (*sic*). The great lunette of the "Meeting of S. Francis and S. Dominic," by Andrea della Robbia, is described as executed in enamelled terra-cotta, though only the ground (and not the figures which form the chief part of the work) is of that material. The date of the artist's death should be "1525" and not "1529," as here given (see *Les della Robbia*, by Cavalucci and Molinier, 1884). The noble group of the "Visitation," from the Church of S. Giovanni-fuori-Civitas at Pistoja—one of the finest works of its kind of the expiring Quattrocento style—is here still given to Fra Paolino da Pistoja, though it is now very generally ascribed by competent authorities to Andrea della Robbia, by analogy to the "S. Francis and S. Dominic," to which we have already referred. This, however, being a question of appreciation rather than of fact, is a matter as to which the authorities of the museum are, of course, entitled to their opinion, if they have one on the subject. The work is executed in glazed terra-cotta, very sparingly coloured in parts, and not in terra-cotta pure and simple, as is stated in the description.

Until recently two fine busts of Venetian dignitaries, executed in the latter part of the sixteenth century by the celebrated Alessandro Vittoria—the pupil and successor of Jacopo Sansovino—were described as works of the fifteenth century by "Vittorio." This enormity was specially pointed out to the authorities of the museum, who in this case condescended to set matters right. Surely, however, these works, which are still described as being in the "Seminario, Florence," are really in the Seminario Patriarcale, Venice! The roughly executed but highly decorative mural monument to the Marquis Spinetta Malaspina, in the now desecrated church of S. Giovanni in Sacco at Verona, a cast of which has very recently been set up in the right-hand section of the great court of the museum, is practically undescribed, and therefore doubly interesting. It is evidently a work dating from about the middle of the fifteenth century, the exact period of which I have not at present been able to ascertain. By describing the monument as having been "erected in 1536" the museum has at a stroke destroyed the better part of the utility and interest to be derived from a study of its characteristics. As an example of the sculpture of the ripe Renaissance it would be incongruous and absurd. The simple fact, as disclosed by the inscription given on the reproduced monument, is that it was destroyed, or rather disintegrated, in 1516, and re-erected in 1536. The date of its original erection is not given.

Among minor examples which are also, in my opinion, incorrectly described, are the following: the relief of the "Madonna with Angels," from the collection of the Czar at St. Petersburg (1869, No. 7), which is given without query to Donatello, though it has no claim whatever to be considered a work of the great *caposcuola* himself, and as a matter of fact is not included in the revised catalogue of his works; the "S. Cecilia," belonging to Lord Wemyss, and here, as indeed elsewhere, authoritatively ascribed to Donatello, notwithstanding the fact that, on its appearance at the Academy last winter, it was—to understate the case—very generally doubted by the most competent authorities; two beautiful panels of angels in low relief (1867, Nos. 41 and 42), from the Museo Lapidario of the Brera, which are here, and it is believed there, ascribed to "Mino da Fiesole—about 1470." It must be evident to all who are acquainted with the technical characteristics of the Florentine and North Italian schools of sculpture of the Quattrocento, that these

panels are not only not by Mino, but that they are not Florentine at all, but clearly of North Italian origin. They stand midway between the jagged and energetic manner of the Mantegazzas and Amedeo and the somewhat softer Venetian style of Pietro Lombardo, and might possibly be ascribed to the early time of the latter. As if to make assurance doubly sure, the authorities have placed them in close juxtaposition with reproductions of well-authenticated works by Mino in Santa Croce at Florence, S. Maria in Trastevere at Rome, and the Bargello; all of which reveal a style and a technique entirely distinct from that of the Brera panels.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THIS winter's exhibition of "Old Masters" at Burlington-house—apart from the two rooms given up to the late Frank Holl—will be devoted mainly to Rembrandt, whose works will fill the large gallery. There will also be, for the third time, a collection of Turner drawings in the water-colour room.

The December number of the *Scottish Art Review* will have for its two plates an etching by Mr. W. Strang of "The Sower," and a reproduction of a work by the lately deceased Irish painter, Frank O'Meara, entitled "Evening in the Gatinais." There will also be articles on "Portrait Painting," by Miss Alice Corkran; on "Jade in Scotland," by Mr. C. G. Leland; and a notice of the late James Sellars and his architectural work, with illustrations.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS delivered the opening lecture of the winter session at the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, on November 13, taking for her subject "Egypt, the Birthplace of Greek Art"; and, on November 16, at Dundee, she gave, for the second lecture of the Armitstead course, "The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt." On November 17, in the town hall at St. Andrews, and, again on November 19, in the town hall at Ayr, Miss Edwards lectured on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt."

WE have received from the office of the *Illustrated London News* three Christmas numbers: (1) that of the "Illustrated" itself, with no less than three coloured plates and a story by Mr. D. Christie Murray; (2) *Father Christmas*, or the Children's Annual, which is less ambitious, though costing the same price; and (3) that of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, chiefly notable for giving portraits of its contributors. From the same office also comes the "Illustrated" Almanac, which is crammed both with information and pictures.

WE have further received a copy of the Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, which contains a number of stories and of illustrations. The latter are in the French style; and by far the most successful is the coloured plate entitled "Lady Love."

THE STAGE.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" AT THE PRINCESS'S.

TO Mr. Byron Webber, as I understand, is due the excellent—or, why may not one say at once, the splendid—title of Mr. Pettitt's new piece—a title which predisposes men in its favour. Its invention, or even its selection, if that is all, is the one literary touch which is discovered in a play crammed full of the most ingenious though not of the most novel bits of dramatic construction; but devoid of literary art, devoid of any fresh or striking studies of character, devoid of all, in fact, which does not belong to pure and simple

melodrama. But then this pure and simple melodrama is presented very ably both by author and artists. It is healthy in sentiment; nay, it is even domestic in sentiment. It is all the better, I humbly protest, for its dash of patriotism—its little suspicion of the Jingo. In itself not very clever, except in dramatic mechanism, it is yet the occasion of much cleverness in others. Unlike a melodrama of a poorer sort, it exacts some display of their art from players skilled and agreeable like Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Webster, and from players skilfully disagreeable, like Mr. Abingdon and Mr. Robert Pateman. I confess that energy fails me to follow this piece regularly through all its various developments; to explain the machinations of the villains (the play is liberally endowed with villains), the sufferings of the virtuous and their final reward, the sudden changes from a Devonshire farm to a hotel upon the Boulevards, from the hotel upon the Boulevards to a particularly wicked place somewhere in the Faubourg St. Honoré (the locality is not well chosen), from this particularly wicked place to the interior of a prison, from the interior of a prison to the high seas, or the promenade deck of a P. & O. steamer, from the promenade deck of a P. & O. steamer to the quay at Sydney, littered as amply as a harbour picture of Claude's with all the baggage of the adventurous, with the impedimenta of travel. No. How all these transitions are brought about, passes my capacity to narrate. I perceive the skill of it and do homage to Mr. Pettitt's ingenuity of construction—but would fain be occupied with literature. Failing that, let us look at the subject from the point of view of the actors' impersonations—so skilful, so hearty and industrious in nearly every case, and in two or three so fascinating.

Mr. Julian Cross, as the successful Colonist—a man of few words and generous deeds, it would seem—is sufficient rather than charming. Mr. Garden is Tom Bassett, and Tom Bassett is "a country gentleman," but so conceived by the author, perhaps, and certainly so realised by the actor, that it would puzzle most of us to define his station. He is a person, probably, who has not enjoyed what are called the "usual advantages"; and, were we to encounter him in Devonshire, we should not pitch upon him as likely to have held a commission in the Militia, or to have a seat upon the Bench, or to be in act to be solicited, just at this present moment, by admiring neighbours, to take his seat upon the County Council. He is a country gentleman whom we do not quite grasp; but it is a great recommendation to him that he commends himself to Miss Webster, who, as Lucy Nettlefold, makes love to him with a good deal of humour and a very pretty pout. Mr. Bassett has comfortable times in store, it would seem. Mr. Pateman, Mr. Abingdon, and Mr. Bucklaw represent what is most villainous among the *dramatis personae*. The first impersonates a French gentleman, who forgets *noblesse oblige* to that extent that, failing to be the accepted lover of a young married woman, he spitefully poses as the recipient of favours that were never bestowed, and so damages the lady as much as he can, like the veritable cad of melodrama. The second, Mr. Abingdon, as the scheming on of

a disingenuous farmer, is rather more addicted to revenge than sane and occupied people often are in this nineteenth century. He acts with dexterity and *aplomb*, and with something of what it is the fashion to describe as "nervous force"—"nervous force" being now promoted to that position of esteem which the "reserved power," at present happily played out, enjoyed a little too long. Mr. Abingdon's method, one may say, appears to be, as far as possible, Mr. Willard's; but the pupil—if it is not offensive to call him so—is, although promising, less great than the master. Not quite the worst villain, but certainly the worst looking, is Mr. Robert Pateman as Jean de Lussac. This worthy is a gambling-house tout, pale with abstinence, shaky with late hours. The police, when they want him, insist, as a means of his identification, upon an "excitable manner." His nervous system—as Mr. Pateman skilfully, though repulsively, represents him—is, without doubt, disordered; and he is carried away in the last act, after having suffered what is called "an attack," unknown probably to the faculty. It is surely not epilepsy; it is not apoplexy; it is something infinitely more distressing to behold than the common fainting fit. Perhaps it may be described as a very ugly little Frenchman's equivalent for his mistress's *crise de nerfs*.

When we come to Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Mary Rorke, we are with the virtuous and the long-suffering, with those whose tribulations afflict and whose prosperity rejoices a Princess's audience. Mr. Neville has never been more spirited, never more refreshing. The gods who awarded to Tithonus alone perpetual life have given to Mr. Neville what is so very much better—perpetual youth. Here he is again—eager, chivalrous, impulsive, manly, and a little breathless—playing with even a more assured command of his means than he could display as Bob Brierley in "The Ticket of Leave Man," a score of years ago. Never once does he flag. Nor must it be imagined that, because subtlety is foreign to the very nature of his performance, it is not genuinely artistic. It is based, on the contrary, on a perfect understanding of the effect he desires to obtain. Every detail of his dress—to take one point alone—is carefully studied. Mr. Neville knows quite well that the wholly chivalrous young man must tie his necktie loosely; must wear a short jacket; must never behold a waistcoat; must discard "braces," and, with trousers out low in the waist, must gird himself together with a belt. So arrayed—and hearty of voice, active of movement—he may reckon confidently on overcoming every difficulty, on suffering with courage and triumphing with grace. Mr. Neville as an actor is careless with pains, artless with elaborate deliberation. And of melodrama—as indeed sometimes of poetic drama besides—is not Miss Mary Rorke a model heroine? She has dignity, simplicity, womanliness—a grave and refined charm. No opportunity which the part of Lilian Melford allows her to take escapes her instinct or her judgment.

Of the scenery and the mounting it will be sufficient to say that they are seen to the least advantage in the apartment at the Grand Hotel, and to the most advantage in the act devoted to the P. and O. boat. To object to

the hotel that it is not thoroughly French would be hypercritical, since it is not the business of a Grand Hotel to be French, but to be cosmopolitan. But the cosmopolitan apartment would never be as sombre as that at the Princess's. Its mantelpiece would have a time-piece and candlesticks properly furnished. And the insignificant nick-nacs, now to be seen everywhere, would be seen nowhere. The deck of the *Australasian*—with its davits and its ventilation, its deck-chairs and its companion-way—is realised liberally. And the Oriental sailors were a very good thought, but enough is not made of them. They should be now here, now there, now aloft and now upon the bulwark, barefooted, and nimble as the monkey or the squirrel. It is a mistake to employ men. An agile girl's or boy's figure recalls to the traveller much better the like neatness of the Lascar in Southern waters under tropical or sub-tropical skies.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE first concert of the Hackney Choral Association took place at Shoreditch Town Hall last Monday. Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" was, we believe, last performed in London in 1847, the "Elijah" year. This revival of one of the composer's finest works is, therefore, one of considerable interest. "Joshua" was written in 1747, and produced at Covent Garden in the March of the following year. When Haydn was in London he heard the chorus, "Glory to God," at the "Concert of Antient Music"; and referring specially to the middle section, "The Nations Tremble," he said to Shield that "he had long been acquainted with music, but never knew half its powers before he heard it; and he was perfectly certain that only one inspired author ever did, or ever would, pen so sublime a composition."

And of this chorus Handel himself said to a friend, "You will live to see it a greater favourite with the public than my other finer things." The celebrated chorus, "See the Conquering Hero Comes" is, as everyone knows, to be found in "Judas Maccabaeus"; but it was originally written for "Joshua," and, as Mr. Rockstro informs us in his life of Handel, "was transferred after the first season to 'Judas,' in which it has ever since been performed as if by prescriptive right." The chorus "Hail! mighty Joshua," with which the third part opens, is wonderful for its dignity, its marked contrasts, and its impetuous close. The solos in Handel's Oratorios are not always inspired, but a work which can boast of such a graceful song as "Awful pleasing Being" (the title of this air will give some idea of the silly words of the libretto), such a delicate piece of *mezzo recitativo* as "In these blest scenes," such a pathetic air as

"Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain," cannot, in spite of other songs of less interest, be accounted dull. Miss Annie Marriott sang the soprano music with much brilliancy and dramatic effect. Miss Hilda Wilson was an excellent contralto. Mr. J. Gawthrop, the tenor, has a pleasing voice, but sang for some time in a constrained manner, though towards the end of the evening showed more vigour, as became the leader of the Israelites. Mr. W. H. Brereton (bass) may be praised for his clear declamation. With regard to the chorus, we must say that the sopranos disappointed us. They did not sing with half their usual point and spirit. The basses were splendid. The Oratorio, on the whole, went well. There was a slip in the orchestra at the opening of "Glory to God"; but it seems unkind to mention any little failing, when only one full rehearsal was possible. The additional accompaniments were written by Mr. Prout with his usual care and judgment. The first soprano air, "Oh! who can tell?" seems, however, specially to want the support of either organ or piano. Is it for want of room on the platform that Mr. Prout does not have a piano to accompany the *recitativo secco*? It would afford an agreeable contrast of tone. The solos were accompanied by the orchestra with great delicacy. Mr. Prout, as conductor, met with the usual enthusiastic reception.

The first London Symphony Concert of the season took place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, with a very attractive programme. The first part included Wagner's "Faust" Overture, and Beethoven's Symphony, which was exceedingly well played. The second part was of a lighter character. It comprised the charming ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamunde," Schumann's seldom heard Overture, Scherzo and Finale (Op. 52), and a Grieg Suite marked as "new; first time in London." It was described in the programme as "from the music to Ibsen's Dramatic Poem, 'Peer Gynt'" (Op. 46). For many years the incidental music to a drama "Peer Gynt," for four hands, has been published as a pianoforte duet. The "new" Suite consists of four pieces from this. The first and last are for ordinary orchestra, and are exceedingly clever and effective. But the two gems are the "Death of Ases," and "Amtra's Dance." The first is for strings only; the harmonies are plaintive and delicate. The second is for strings and triangle, and it is wonderful what striking effects of contrast the composer obtains with such limited means. The little Mazurka is simply delicious, both in form and colour. Mr. Henschel will do well to repeat these pieces at an early date. There was a good audience. Is it not a mistake to have no programme-books?

Mdme. Patti gave the first of her farewell concerts, at the Albert Hall, on the same evening. There was a crowded audience, immense enthusiasm, and the usual number of encores. Mr. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Miss Nettie Carpenter (violinist) took part in the concert. Mr. Ganz was the conductor.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. Second Series. (Macmillan.)

WE may regard this volume as a legacy of its distinguished author, who selected its contents for republication, as Lord Coleridge tells us in a prefatory note. Beside a short address on Milton, *apropos* of the memorial window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, which hardly calls for comment, we have the general preface to Ward's "English Poets," special introductions to Gray and Keats, prefaces to Selections from Wordsworth and Byron, and articles on Shelley, Tolstoy, and Amiel.

Amiel, we learn, hardly deserved the garlands woven for his tomb by friends in France and England, who consoled themselves for his rather barren career by the late revelation of his subtlety, and even set him above De Senancour.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

A half-hardy pessimist may turn cynic and eat his heart out quietly. A hardy pessimist will turn stoic and say he finds freedom in duty. A sensitive pessimist will turn Buddhist and seek escape through knowledge. The Hindus—who were all pessimists, all subtle, and all sensitive—differed much as to the way of deliverance. They all agreed that we need to be delivered from our works, not by our works. Granting that they all were wrong, is there anything profitable to be said of or to a clever man who cultivates himself into a state of fastidious incompetence? Perhaps it is the best he can do—especially if he seems to emerge, after many disillusionments and more renunciations, into an atmosphere of incommunicable insight. Then they call him—in Nepal—a Pratyeka Buddha, who is far below the real Buddha, the Tathagata, who can teach; below the Bodhisattvas, who will know; below even the Arhats, who are learning. And yet his life is a dumb lesson, far more precious than any usefulness of practical men.

Amiel—who lived at Geneva, not at Khatanandu—ought, it seems, to have gone into harness like Sainte Beuve (ought he to have "improvised a family"?), and found his true vocation in literary criticism. Often, not always (Victor Hugo, like Blake and Southey, gained by overrating himself), he hit the right nail upon the head in passing, and thought no more about it. This was a loss in the eyes of a critic who liked to drive every nail home and pause between the strokes for such music as might lie in the tones of the hammer, who liked also to take the latitude and the longitude of every nail beforehand from more than one observatory. For him, indeed, this was not tedious, and for us

it was safe. Now he is gone one wishes he had been less patiently didactic. He might have found time to say all he wanted, once.

He had meant to speak again of Shelley, "that beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." This was written before Shelley's family had decided to publish all that is still known about his life. After commenting with just severity upon "his inhuman want of humour and his superhuman power of self-deception," the critic assures us that "the ideal Shelley, the angelic Shelley still subsists." But he is distressed that Prof. Dowden should have forced upon his shrinking sight the "real Shelley" of the Philistines, against whom one of their own prophets lately lifted up his heel. Saint Beuve would have enjoyed dissecting an enthusiast, who had a holy horror of entails and lived upon postobits, who melted at every sorrow and fretted at every duty, who was false to all ties and true to all ideals.

Byron, like Shelley, gave great occasion to the Philistines to blaspheme; unlike Shelley, he made them tremble in their camps. Was this his attraction for Matthew Arnold? or was there another? Father Faber, when less pious than usual, wished to be alone by a stormy sea,

"Where the elements might be
As scapegoats to my mind."

Was Byron ever a scapegoat to his editor? There must have been some hidden link between him and a poet whose "criticism of life" amounts to this: it is a poor thing; there is nothing better than to nurse the passions that undo us far from home, where more splendid storms beat upon loftier mountains, where scorn of a meaner present can feed upon ruins of a greater past. This seemed at the time the criticism of one sold willingly to powers of darkness, who taught him in exchange to see and scathe all that was hollow and sordid in the respectability which he renounced and defied. Southey, who canonised George III., Scott, who was touched by the condescension of George IV., are sane and helpful in comparison. No doubt it needed rare courage in a contemporary of the Peninsular War—when, if ever, the horn of the Philistine and the Barbarian was exalted with honour—to defy "cant" openly and steadily. And yet "sincerity" is a curious praise for Byron,

"Who through Europe bore
The pageant of his bleeding heart,"

and half the time was laughing at the pageant in his sleeve. After all, we may hope that the pose of "Childe Harold," of the "Giaour," of "Manfred" was further from the "real Byron"—if there was one—than the pose in which he sat to Moore—as a generous, genial man of the world—with no other and worse vices than other men of fashion—decidedly shrewder and more public spirited than most peers, or many commoners. If the ethical criticism of Byron is lenient, the literary criticism at one point is over severe. Byron was a slovenly writer, but he is to be pitied rather than blamed for the detestable blank verse of his plays. He knew dramatic blank verse ought not to scan itself; he knew nothing else, and acted on his knowledge. When he wrote in sonorous metres which do scan themselves, the music

of the metre enriched and ennobled the eloquence of his passion when he was in earnest, and gave an illusory elevation to his fluency when he let himself be led idly by the rhyme; though at his best he hardly ever attained the music within and above the metre which came to Shelley at will, and to Coleridge in dreams, and met Keats by the way.

Much space in the essays on Wordsworth and Byron is devoted to the doubtful thesis that both are best represented by selections. Both are unequal, both are long. There is much in both to which we cannot return too often, much which we cannot forget too soon. This points to an anthology, but any reader who cares enough for either had better make his own. The best things of the "Excursion," or "Childe Harold," or even the "Giaour," are better in their place. The mass and volume of a long poem by a great poet make part of its power. A reader who goes through it heartily grows as he reads into fellowship with the poet, and is able to rise with him to his heights. There are readers who are "fat and scant of breath." Anthologies are made for them. One suspects that—at the proper age—they prefer *The Black Arrow* to *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*. And, beside all its other merits, *The Black Arrow* is a very clever criticism of Scott—as penetrating, if not as weighty, as Matthew Arnold's criticism of Byron and Wordsworth.

If Wordsworth and Byron wrote too much, Gray and Keats wrote too little. The author is full of excuses for Gray. "He never spoke out." He was born out of due time, like Bishop Butler, whose light, no doubt, shines in an atmosphere as murky as Rembrandt's. Has anyone pitied him for not being a contemporary of Turner or Van Eyck? No doubt Gray might have been happier and more productive if he had been born a generation later. He withered, it may be, in a climate not more ungenial than that in which Schiller's genius blossomed first. Gray may be compared with Schiller in another way. Both at their best were, and aimed at being, romantic in substance and classic in form. Gray, at least, was always seeking and seldom finding the new wine of romance to fill his classic urns. His critic—like Goethe—was classic by aspiration, while his inspiration was romantic.

Justice, generous justice, is done to the magic charm of Keats, and to his manly character; which, perhaps, leads the critic to overestimate the promise of his precocious and parasitical genius. He was always girding up his loins to wrestle with the angel, and the wrestle always ended in an embrace of enervating ecstasy. Perhaps he did not fall too soon into the arms of "La Belle Dame sans merci." The first draft of "Hyperion" is as perfect in execution as it is faulty in conception; the second is no improvement. Ariosto did not inspire him like Milton or Boccaccio. He, like Chatterton, another "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," might have survived to become a meritorious man of letters.

The essay on the study of poetry is full of good things new and old. The doctrine that poetry, not philosophy, is the true interpretation of life, is put tellingly and persuasively. Familiar texts of the "grand style" re-appear, to be applied with good effect as touchstones

to Chaucer and Burns, who is criticised incisively, if not impatiently. The estimate of Dryden and Pope and their school is less incisive, not less incomplete. It is true that when we look back to them, and compare them either with their predecessors or their successors, they seem to represent the poetry which is nearest to prose—which addresses itself to common-sense, to men of the world; but the poets of the school seemed to themselves to stand upon a higher level than their predecessors, not to be coming down to *terra firma* from Parnassus, but ascending to new heights of classical dignity. Their way of looking at it wants explaining, too.

Perhaps Matthew Arnold might have been tempted to return to the subject by the completion of the final edition of Pope. He would certainly have returned if he could to Count Leo Tolstoi, who attracted him as an artist, and more strongly as a religious teacher. Though Tolstoi's protest against the ways of "the satisfied classes" may be too crude, and his zeal for the "Five Commandments of the New Law" decidedly too literal, we are clearly to understand that the root of the matter is in him. He has burned his idols and renounced his habits in a world where most find or think it their wisdom to hug their habits while they can, and regild their idols if they can. He cleaves to the commandments without claiming the promises. He chooses the cross without the crown. If prophet and critic are right, it is a good thing that those who leave all to follow after the commandments have always been a little flock. Few of those who seek find here. If there is no reward for the righteous but the answer of a good conscience, it is obvious that there are no two people to whom this is worth the same; no two who have to pay the same price for it; no two to whom the want of it is an equal pain; no two to whom the attainment, if it were attainable, would be an equal joy. If men, and *a fortiori* Man, be mortal, perfection is a dream, "the satisfied classes" do well to abide by the flesh pots, which, too probably, hold little but husks.

G. A. SIMCOX.

TWO SCOTCH PRINCIPALS.

Memoir of Principal Tulloch. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Blackwood.)

Principal Shairp and His Friends. By Prof. Knight. (John Murray.)

HAD these biographies of the two Scotch Principals who spent so many years of their lives together been of equal ability, they would have given between them a very pretty picture of latter-day St. Andrews—that delightful little Fifeshire town, which to the salubrity of Margate unites some of the cloistered charm, but also some of the coterie-superiority, of Oxford—as a centre, if not of light and leading, certainly of liberal theology and Wordsworthianism in Scotland. But, unfortunately, they are an absolute contrast to each other in point of ability.

Mrs. Oliphant's *Memoir of Principal Tulloch* is, except in one or two particulars, to which allusion will be made, as nearly perfect as a biography of one friend by another can be. Prof. Knight's *Principal Shairp and His*

Friends, on the other hand, is as unsatisfactory and disappointing—I had almost said as slovenly—a work of the "Life" kind as was ever written by a good and able man, in thorough sympathy with a late colleague, whom he wishes to have regarded as a force in literature, criticism, and ethics. Mrs. Oliphant does, unquestionably, introduce one to Tulloch. One shakes hands with him; sees him laughing in the college class-room; marrying in haste and on a little oatmeal, but not to repent at leisure; writing magazine articles and theological prize essays far into the night in his manse study; chatting with the Queen; addressing the General Assembly of his Church; formulating and almost fulminating theological liberalism in that fine old library of St. Andrews, which would have made him a bishop had he not been born one; forgetting the society of his friends in an arm-chair nap, to transfer, by a curiously inverted form of altruism, the responsibility for his mild indecorum to "my dear." But Prof. Knight never allows one to break through the ring of Principal Shairp's friends and have a word or two with Principal Shairp himself. Instead of telling us directly and simply what Shairp did at any particular stage of his career, he must needs quote at inordinate length from letters written by men who were Shairp's intimates and contemporaries, showing what they thought of him at different periods. This book is little more than a series of *eloges*; or, rather, it is a "reception" given by Prof. Knight in the name, and to the memory, of Principal Shairp, and quite as unsatisfactory from the standpoint of literature as, looked upon as a contribution to human happiness, is the compound of cheap patronage, crypto-sycophancy, scrambling ambition, and gregariousness run mad, which is known by the same name in real life.

Mrs. Oliphant has left undone one thing which she ought to have done; she has done one thing which she ought to have left undone. The late Principal Tulloch played a most important part by the side of the late Norman Macleod, the late Robert Lee, and other men still living, in connexion with that effort to liberalise Scotch religious thought and aestheticise Scotch public worship which commenced many years ago, and which has been popularly rather than accurately termed a Broad Church movement. This effort Mrs. Oliphant sympathises with to a certain extent; but she does not seem to understand it in all its bearings. Nor does she make it absolutely clear that the movement was of purely Scotch origin, and not a mere outcome of something similar on this side of the Border. It would have been better—though, possibly enough, it would not have added to the interest of her work in the eyes of purely English readers—had she entrusted the writing of the chapters dealing with this portion of Tulloch's life to some one who has an esoteric knowledge of what she terms "the Renaissance" in Scotland. Then Mrs. Oliphant goes out of her way to introduce into her volume uncomplimentary and irrelevant references to persons both dead and living whom or whose opinions she obviously dislikes. Occasionally also she seems to use some words of Tulloch's as Mr. Froude has used some words of Carlyle's, as indeed nine biographers in ten nowadays use the language of their

idols, as brickbats to throw at the head of Mr. Gladstone. Otherwise this memoir is written with perfect taste and admirable simplicity. It contains descriptive passages, such as manse "interiors" which could have been written by no one but Mrs. Oliphant—passages which, like many that could be given from her other works, suggest before all things the idea that were she to devote three years to the writing of a single novel it would prove superior to every other work of fiction by any other living author. Thus, Dean Stanley may have loved St. Andrews quite as much as Mrs. Oliphant, but he has not done it so much literary justice. Then, although towards the end of her task, Mrs. Oliphant's writing has a jaded look, as if, in some subtle way, she were suffering with her friend in his last illness, she could not have told better than she has done the story of Tulloch's happy, honourable, and laborious life from his birth in the Perthshire village of Dron, in 1823, to his death at Torquay, in 1886. Most Scotchmen of middle age were quite aware, before Mrs. Oliphant wrote this memoir, of the distinction that Tulloch attained as the greatest authority in the North on what he termed Rational Theology. He was the Scotch equivalent to the late Dean Stanley, and, in a measure, to the late Matthew Arnold; but he was of larger presence, though his writing may not have touched finer issues, than either. The value of Mrs. Oliphant's memoir lies not in her accurate appraisal of Tulloch's position as a theologian, but in her account of his personal struggle before he attained this position—his gallant effort, when a country minister with a scandalously small stipend, to find his way into British literature; his fight for the first (which ended in his obtaining the second) Burnett Prize Essay on Theism; and his hard and prolonged work as an ecclesiastic and an educationist, even after he became principal of St. Mary's College in St. Andrews. Tulloch was at heart quite as much a man of letters as he was a clergyman and a theologian; and one gathers from Mrs. Oliphant's narrative that it was his resolute effort to resuscitate *Fraser's Magazine* that brought on the last attack of that mysterious ailment, evidently a form of nervous prostration, from which he suffered at intervals during the greater part of his active life. But for this malady and occasional pressure of work, Tulloch's life would have been almost an ideal one, for he was singularly happy in his domestic and university life. He stands revealed as a simple-minded man, although his manner was sometimes interpreted as hauteur. Painfully sensitive to hostile, and warmly appreciative of kindly, criticism, he was frank and aboveboard in all things. His *naïveté* sometimes shows itself in curious ways, as in the letter in which, after telling how—a vote having taken place in the House of Commons which darkened certain "bright dreams"—he entered the Athenaeum Club and "found Percival the historian and Roundell Palmer sitting together," he comically complains, "They show no emotion, these beggars, at anything." Tulloch was a *persona grata* to the Queen, one of whose chaplains-for-Scotland he was. He also came into close personal contact with literary and other notabilities, both in England and in the

United States. With the help of his bright and interesting letters, Mrs. Oliphant narrates this part of his story with great skill and judgment. In spite, therefore, of the imperfections already mentioned, her memoir, as a whole, is a worthy monument to a very distinguished Scotchman, whose qualities of heart were equal to those qualities of head which gained for him the place he holds in theological literature, and in the opinion of his countrymen.

When the fog of friendly enthusiasm, in the shape of letters, lifts from Prof. Knight's biography one gets glimpses of Principal Shairp, whose life ran as closely parallel to that of Principal Tulloch as it well could do, seeing that he was born in 1819 and died in 1885. That life was quite as happy as Principal Tulloch's, and even less eventful, for Shairp does not appear to have been ever compelled to struggle, like his colleague, for better, if not for bread. From first to last, from his university start in Glasgow till his death as Principal in St. Andrews and Professor of Poetry in Oxford, he does not appear to have suffered any greater misfortune than the not gaining of an expected fellowship. Prof. Knight unquestionably brings out, in his own far too roundabout way, Shairp's marvellous faculty for contracting warm attachments wherever he went, his keen literary susceptibilities, and his genuine passion for moral purity, for Scotland, for Scott, and for Wordsworth. At the same time, it must be said that, although Clough, Macleod, Cardinal Newman, and others of Shairp's friends, contemporaries at college, and correspondents, are named or quoted abundantly in this book, they seem to be wandering voices rather than beings of flesh and blood. Prof. Knight's method of illustrating Principal Shairp's life by long quotations from his poems, is also singularly inartistic and positively provoking. He offers his readers a quotation much as one man used to offer another a pinch of snuff. Shairp's biographer naturally enough takes the side of his friend and brother Wordsworth in the controversy which was occasioned by the appearance some years ago of the volume on *Burns* in the "English Men of Letters" series, and gives extracts from letters written in the same sense by Prof. Lushington, Lord Coleridge, and the late Dr. John Brown. But Prof. Knight misses or ignores the main contention of those who unfavourably criticised that volume, which was that a writer who lectures Burns for not possessing "a little less worldly pride and a little more Christian wisdom and humility," who regrets that satirical poems like "The Holy Fair" "were ever written," who is revolted by "the coarseness" of "The Jolly Beggars," and who manifestly inclines to the opinion that "Bruce's Address" is "not much more than a commonplace piece of schoolboy rhodomontade about liberty" was, however estimable personally—and he was very estimable—altogether incapable of understanding the character and difficulties of the man he criticised, and ludicrously unfit to assign him his proper place in English literature and Scotch history.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Leaves from an Egyptian Note-book. By Isaac Taylor. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

UNDER the title of *Leaves from an Egyptian Note-book*, Canon Taylor has reprinted his very interesting letters from Egypt, published during the early part of this year in *The St. James's Gazette*. These letters attracted so much attention at the time of their issue, and evoked so much criticism, that they are in a measure reviewed already. A first and a last chapter have, however, been added to the published volume: the first, descriptive of street scenes in Cairo; the last, a contribution by Miss Taylor from the pages of her own diary. We could have spared the first, for its career has already been long and useful. It made its first appearance in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and since that time it has been repeated, with or without variations, in every book of Egyptian travel (including my own), as well as in all the guide-books. Miss Taylor's chapter is very agreeably written, and draws an amusing picture of modern life at Luxor.

But the main interest of Canon Taylor's book begins with the second chapter, and ends with the fifteenth. Those chapters which treat of "Education and Culture," of "The English Occupation," of "English and Native Administration," and of "Mohammedans on Mohammedanism," are not only the most important, but are also calculated to do permanent service to the cause of that "Greater England," which, as Prof. Seeley suggests, we have annexed, not merely in light-heartedness, but in positive absence of mind.

Canon Taylor, according to his own statement, went to Egypt "in order to investigate the truth of certain assertions which have of late been freely made as to the barbarism, ignorance, profligacy, and intolerance of Mohammedan nations"; and to this end he made it his business not only to obtain much information at first hand from Europeans resident in Egypt, and from high officials in the employment of the Egyptian Government, but also from Moslems of every class, with whom he talked freely about politics, social subjects, questions of religion, and many other topics which, as a rule, are scrupulously avoided in conversation between the followers of Christ and the followers of the Prophet. It may indeed be said, without exaggeration, that, since the time of Edward William Lane no Englishman has entered so impartially or so sympathetically into the feelings and prejudices of the Mohammedans of modern Egypt. It needed some courage, probably, to discuss polygamy, slavery, and the Koran with even the most courteous of Moslem Pashas. But the Pashas, if they were suspiciously careful to keep "the seamy side" of their social system well out of sight, were straightforward and practical enough when dealing with administrative and international subjects; and their opinions on these matters are unquestionably not without value. Being asked, for instance, whether Egypt would welcome annexation by the English, a native gentleman whom Canon Taylor describes as "of great distinction, considerable culture, and high position," replied—

"Yes, if you would guarantee our debt, so that we might re-borrow at 3 per cent. and pay

off the bondholders. The saving thus effected would make it possible to remit certain oppressive taxes, and would enable the government to be carried on with efficiency."

The same speaker, referring to the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts, said emphatically that the English could at that time have done anything they liked,

"and Europe would not have moved a finger; but," he added, "the opportunity will arrive again; and take care that when it comes you are ready to take advantage of it. All that Egypt wants is tranquillity, freedom from foreign interference, and security from domestic disorder; and it is only the English who can give us that" (p. 23).

The return of the Turk, according to the unanimous verdict of those whom Canon Taylor sounded on the subject, would be almost as unwelcome as annexation by the French. They acknowledged that Egypt was unfit for self-government; they regarded English rule as "inevitable and beneficent"; and they foresaw that to fix a term to our occupation of the country would be "to unsettle everything, destroy the present feeling of confidence, and retard the growing prosperity and wealth—the signs of which are everywhere manifest." Being asked whether, "if the Sultan were to be driven from Constantinople, he would be welcomed in Cairo, the answer was most decisively in the negative. Cairo, I was told, would be no place for him; let him go to Broussa, or, still better, to Damascus; but to Cairo—no. The spiritual office of the Khalif is looked upon much as the office of the Pope is regarded in France. If he were attacked by a foreign Power, they would feel bound to defend him; but they desire to have as little as possible of his presence or interference" (p. 22).

Touching the English occupation, Canon Taylor found "no one who thought that the alternative of a French occupation would be preferable to an English protectorate"; yet those who gave him this assurance were at the same time careful to impress upon him the fact that the English themselves were the reverse of popular. They admit that we are "honest and wish them well"; but they do not profess to love us.

"You do not send us officials who understand us and our ways," said a gentleman whom Canon Taylor describes as "one of the most intelligent of the Pashas." "They are too imperious, and meddle too much in small details. We are willing to be advised, but we do not like irritating interference. You are always making blunders. You have no fixed policy. As soon as a man learns to know the country he is removed" (p. 25).

"The Russians," said another, "act more wisely than you do. They carefully pick the officers they send to Central Asia; they send men who will be *bons camarades* with the natives. We do not like your officers. They are too haughty and exclusive" (*ibid*).

Even if we had not heard the same thing again and again, not only in India, but wherever an English annexation or protectorate is established upon Oriental soil, the sound sense, and unfortunately the truth, of these criticisms would at once be apparent. Inconsistency and want of tact may not be very serious accusations to bring against a conquering or governing power; but the exercise of a rapacious despotism would scarcely be more detrimental to our nation

interests. A young English officer, for instance, who "knew nothing of Arabic and a very little French," was indignant with Canon Taylor for advising him to cultivate the society of some of the Egyptian gentlemen.

"Gentlemen!" he said, "you don't think I am going to call on any of those niggers. We conquered them, and they have got to behave accordingly. Call on those niggers! Not if I know it. If they want anything, it is their business to call on us."

Apart from the fact that the Egyptian is not a "nigger," and that we did not "conquer" him (propositions which the young Englishman would no doubt have admitted at once if seriously challenged), the mischievous bad taste of this outbreak of insular scorn is not its worst feature. Canon Taylor is probably but too correct in surmising that his young friend's conversation "represents the ordinary tone of the mess-room." Nor is it, I fear, confined to the mess-room only. The English soldier echoes but too surely the ignorant prejudices of his officers; and if, as Canon Taylor believes, the British rank and file are personally less unpopular in Egypt than the native troops, it is only because "a good deal of coin is circulated by the army, and payment as a rule is liberal and prompt."

Want of space forbids me to more than refer to the impartiality with which Canon Taylor discusses the burning question of slavery in Egypt, and the pains with which he has investigated the merits and demerits of the *corvée*, the *kourbash*, and the capitulation system. Slavery he describes as "the red rag which, waved in the face of John Bull, drives him into fury"; and, he adds his testimony to that of Lane, Abbot, and other unprejudiced Europeans, when he shows how this "red rag," when waved in Egypt, means something quite different to the red rag which was waved of old in the Southern States of America. He holds it to be "very doubtful whether either masters or slaves will be greatly benefited by the impending abolition of slavery in Egypt." In most cases,

"the position of the slaves will be distinctly altered for the worse. They are subjected to no cruelties or hardships, and compulsory manumission will deprive them of the claim they now possess to a comfortable maintenance in their old age" (p. 78).

Of the *corvée* he very truly says that it is not, as generally asserted,

"a modified form of slavery, but an ancient application of the modern principle of beneficial mutual co-operative labour on a large scale" (p. 72).

Touching the many interesting conversations with Egyptian, Syrian, and Armenian officials, which Canon Taylor has recorded verbatim in his *Leaves from an Egyptian Note-Book*, it has, I believe, been said by adverse critics that the author is unacquainted with "colloquial Arabic"; and that, being at the mercy of an interpreter, his evidence is to be taken as at secondhand, and with reserve. But the direct contrary is apparent in every page. Each conversation is clearly *tête-à-tête*; and the ubiquitous dragoman, whose shadow seems never to cross Canon Taylor's path, is conspicuous only by his absence. With the Ministers and most of the

great Pashas he doubtless talked in French; but in many instances he can only have made use of "colloquial Arabic." In either case, his information was unquestionably derived at "firsthand." It may well be that some of those with whom he talked were not unnaturally anxious to convey the most favourable impression of their religious toleration, and of the purity, simplicity, and fitness of their domestic relations; but we are at liberty to take these things *cum grano*.

In the meanwhile, those who have the direction of our Egyptian affairs may learn much from the honest criticisms of the despised "niggers" whom we are supposed to have conquered.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Practicable Socialism: Essays on Social Reform. By the Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Barnett. (Longmans.)

Of the thirteen essays in this volume, the Rev. S. A. Barnett writes seven, and Mrs. Barnett the rest. Except number xiii., which was preached in St. Jude's Church to a congregation of social reformers, and number x., which was read by Mrs. Barnett to the members of the Charity Organisation Society, all the papers have already appeared in the magazines. The introduction points out that the essays have been written during a fifteen years' residence in East London as occasion called for them, and do not, therefore, "set forth any system for dealing with the social problem"; but for this very reason their practical value is all the greater. So many writers present us with purely theoretical schemes, which ignore the world as it is, that a book like this is a welcome relief. When we are tantalised by innumerable visions of unfulfilled desire, a simple record of work done is the best medicine for our souls. These essays propose no plans which the writers are not patiently and pertinaciously putting into practice, and they tell of several which have been brilliant and solid successes.

But, although there is no system in these papers, there are yet "two or three great principles" which underlie all the methods described and the reforms asked for. The essays are arranged in a sort of order. "Those placed first set forth the poverty of the poor; those which follow suggest some means by which such poverty may be met: (1) by individual and (2) united action, with some of the dangers to which charitable effort seems to be liable." The exposition of the "Poverty of the Poor" is perhaps the only part of the book which the professed Socialist will cordially welcome. Mrs. Barnett's paper is a merciless demonstration of the fact that a large section of society has not enough to eat. She proves by calculations carefully set out for our inspection that the unskilled labourer can afford "nothing but dull, keep-me-alive sort of food, and not enough of that to fulfil all nature's requirements"; that so long as his wage is considered a "fair wage," "the children must remain half nourished, and grow up incapable of honest toil and valuable effort"—thrift and temperance must be preached to the drunken and thriftless, but they are only ridiculous when put forward as cures for evils resulting from insufficient wages. Mrs. Barnett and her husband are at

one with the most rabid Socialist in making the clear perception of this fact the necessary preliminary to any plan of reform. The second essay, on "Relief Funds and the Poor," while it points out the complete inability of occasional and uncertain money gifts to alleviate the poverty of the poor, gives, by the way, reasons for believing that "poverty in East London is increasing actually" (p. 39), and thus supports the contention of essay i. But it does more than expose the uselessness of relief funds: it suggests some better methods. We are all used to tirades calling for a change in the habits of the poor. "It is more to the purpose," says Mr. Barnett, "that a change should be effected in the habits of the rich." It is their "habit of living in pleasant places which impoverishes the poor"—which makes it possible for the rich to "carelessly hear statements, see prices, and face sights which imply the ruin of their fellow-creatures." The charity of the poor, who understand the poverty of the poor, "is according to the measure of Christ's; the charity of the rich is according to another measure." The papers entitled "Passionless Reformers," "'At Home' to the Poor," "Pictures for the People," point out ways in which the rich may begin to share their good things with the poor—have begun to share them, indeed, for Mrs. Barnett describes actual experiments in her bright and vivid sketches. The account of the needs of "Young Women in our Workhouses" in essay viii. suggests work for more devoted and ardent spirits, and emphasises a principle insisted on throughout the book, that

"All crowds are made
Of individuals; and their grief, and pain,
And thirst, and hunger, all are of the one,
Not of the many: the true saving power
Enters the individual door, and thence
Issues again in thousand influences
Besieging other doors. You cannot throw
A mass of good into the general midst
Whereof each man can seize his private share;
Or if you could it were of lowest kind,
Not reaching to that hunger of the soul."

The paper which led to the foundation of Toynbee Hall (No. vi. on "University Settlements") serves as a link between those suggesting methods of individual action and those which propose plans involving united action, by the parish or the nation. "Town Councils and Social Reforms" (No. iv.) and "Practicable Socialism" (No. xii.) contain the sum of Mr. Barnett's teaching on the latter question. Reformers must realise that the one satisfactory method of social reform is that which tends to make more common the good things which wealth has gained for the few, and, therefore, "the nationalisation of luxury must be the object of social reformers." But as to the means of bringing about such an object Mr. Barnett is very definite:

"All real progress must be by growth; . . . a change which does not fit into and grow out of things that already exist is not a *practicable* change, and such are some of the changes now advocated by Socialists upon platforms."

Mr. Barnett proceeds to point out that the "Poor Law, the Education Act, the Established Church, the Land Act, the Artisans' Dwellings Act, and the Libraries Act, are socialistic," and calls for a careful deter-

lopment of such legislation: "the workhouses might be made schools of industry"; medical aid, if hospitals were properly organised, might be given gratis to all citizens; education, recreation, and public baths might be free; the possibility of investing in land might be made easy. If the "wealth locked up in endowed charities" is insufficient to bring about these things, perhaps "some scheme for graduated taxing might be possible." Mr. Barnett's own motive for working with all his might in these directions is best given in his own quiet words:

"It seems a hard thing—but I believe that it is on the line of truth—to say that the dock labourer cannot live the life of Christ; he may, by loving and trusting, live a higher life than that lived by many rich men, but he cannot live the highest life possible to men of this time."

We have not yet alluded to the papers which sketch Mr. Barnett's ideal of a reformed church. The Church of England, as it is, is "out of touch with the nation"; it contains more abuses than any other department of the state; but, since no social reform is possible without righteousness, since "character is the one thing needful," a National Church must exist: "as the state is governed by the people for the people, the Church must be governed by the people for the people." But many will feel that this scheme is not practicable. The clergy, as Mr. Barnett says, are a "protected class"; they do not admit with Lord Palmerston that "the property of the Church belongs to the state," nor with Burke that "what is taught by a state Church must be decided by the state, and not by the clergy"; and their opposition to such reforms as would overcome the indifference of the people to the Church will be fanatical and fierce. Mrs. Barnett's ideal Charity Organisation Society wants very little of being such a body as Mr. Barnett's ideal clergy would be, but an amalgamation of the clergy and charity organisers is still far off.

We have been able to give only a meagre outline of the teaching of this volume, and have no space adequately to express our admiration of the spirit which has inspired it. Patience and perseverance are, perhaps, the most obvious virtues of the social reformer it describes; but courage, love, and hope are equally strong in him. The essays are eminently readable, but they are much more. They are full of felicities of phrase and thought; they are careful, summing up a wide experience with anxious accuracy; and, above all, they breathe a spirit of intense and patient love for the poor of East London—a love which admires as well as pities, and is not less tender than wise. The book is one which leaves us hopeful for the future of England.

RONALD BAYNE.

NEW NOVELS.

In Far Lochaber. In 3 vols. By William Black. (Sampson Low.)

The Blackhall Ghosts. In 3 vols. By Sarah Tytler. (Chatto & Windus.)

Little Mrs. Murray. In 2 vols. By F. C. Philips. (Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Messon's Will. By H. Rider Haggard. (Spencer Blackett.)

One of the Forty (L'Immortel). By Alphonse Daudet. (Sonnenschein.)

The Unfortunate One. By Ivan Tourguénieff. (Trübner.)

The Haunted House. By Bevis Cane. (Spencer Blackett.)

Would You have left Her? By W. F. Kip. (Putnams.)

Avatar. By Théophile Gautier. Translated. (Vizetelly.)

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is so skilful a craftsman that, to speak in metaphor, it is only to be expected he should be able to spin of almost invisible gossamer a web whose substantiality should resemble that of thickest gauze. When one's labour is to spin, however, it is just as well to have ample to work upon. With this suggestion Mr. Black would probably not agree, for he has a faculty of weaving much out of little which might have confounded Minerva, not to speak of her rival of Colophos. In *Far Lochaber* would have made an excellent magazine story in two parts. It could even have been extended, without artistic loss, to the dimensions of a modest single volume. The merits of the story are so genuine, there is in it so much excellent writing, that is to be regretted both should be buried so deep in a solid layer of wordiness. Briefly, it is the story of a young girl brought up in the dreariest Presbyterianism at an unspeakably desolate Scottish town, Kirk o' Shields, who falls in love with a captivating Highlander, Ludovick Macdonell, who turns out to be a Roman Catholic. This awful barrier to the course of true love is surmounted by a civil marriage, and a mutual prospective agreement. There is the bigoted and inflexibly hostile father, a suffering (and quite unnecessary) sister, a tiresome (and still more unnecessary) "funny" boy, an excellent and amusing old aunt—who all play their allotted parts, and the reader is troubled by no speculations, for most of the action fulfils foregone conclusions. Distinctly the two strongest characters in the book are the heroine's father, the Rev. Ebenezer Blair, who considers all fiction as "pernecious and soul-destroying leterature," and Aunt Gilchrist. The latter is a fine old lady, whose comical treatment of her bodily ills is quite refreshing. The Reverend Ebenezer represents a type that has now nearly vanished, even from the most exorcisingly orthodox Scottish communities; but, notwithstanding all his wearisome and offensive poverty of human sentiment, he is of the stuff whereof the heroes of the Covenant were made. He would have died to preserve his people's freedom of worship—or to have banished a theatre from Kirk o' Shields. A grim, uncouth boor he undoubtedly is, yet in some respects a man of truly noble parts. He might have been made quite a monumental figure; but Mr. Black has lost his chance. The author's lapses from the central narrative are mostly into charming backwaters of picturesque description—and here Mr. Black is secure in his supremacy—but occasionally he lets himself drift into somewhat muddy shallows. On p. 158, vol. ii., there is an unfortunate slip in good taste, which is all the more reprehensible because the snobbish remark made by Ludovick is artistically im-

possible to that genuine gentleman. By the way, is the following English, or Scottish, or Kirk-o'-Shieldsian: "The Rev. James Cowan, as he drew near, stared and better stared at this stranger"? There is one exasperating episode in this generally pleasing and interesting novel—the absurd mock modesty of the heroine after her marriage. She has been inveigled by a would-be mother-in-law to a Portobello villa, and is found again by her distracted husband only after considerable delay, aggravation, and three-volume exigencies. Ludovick naturally asks his wife why, when she had left her father's house and ere she allowed herself to be persuaded to reside with Mrs. Cowan, she had not gone straight to him:

"'Ludovick,' said she, with her eyes cast down, 'how could I do this—unasked?'"

"'Then why didn't you write to me?'"

"'Wouldn't that have been just about the same thing?'" she said gently."

Here "the young person" is rampant indeed. This appalling bathos is as derogatory to any sensible woman as it is indicative of Mr. Black's occasional poverty of virile emotion and obliquity of dramatic vision.

It would be at once vain and unjust in a critic to condemn a book because of its being decently ordered through three sedate volumes to an unexciting and satisfactorily commonplace conclusion. There are those who take no delight in fiction save in mild and rigorously respectable stories, and to them the *Blackhall Ghosts* may be confidently recommended. If no very seductive premium be here set upon the practice of the "daily virtues," there is no fear of the depicture of the ways of sin being so alluring as to wean intellectual sucklings from the food of righteousness. This history of the misunderstandings, misfortunes, and ultimate welfare of Joanna Endicott, alias Lady Jones, is no advance in literary merit upon Miss Tytler's best books, *Ottoyenna Jacqueline*, or *The Bride's Pass*, or even *Nobless Oblige*; but it is quite up to the level of her other writings. Personally the present writer is more interested in the reprehensible Celia than in any of the good folk of Blackhall and the neighbourhood. She has capacities for evil; most of the others are worthy people because they could hardly be anything else. It is really much easier to be respectably virtuous than openly vicious. Celia generally speaks to the point (often to the discomfiture of that most clerical of clergymen, the Rev. Miles North), and, when not spiteful, is worth attention. As she wisely says: "If family reconciliations are, as a rule, idiotic and despicable proceedings, family feuds are still more so." Though none of her relatives is so robustly cynical as this young lady, her hint is accepted, everybody is reconciled—and at least one reader does not deeply regret having to say goodbye to Lady Jones and her numerous connexions.

As in a *Looking-glass* was an exceptionally able book; *The Dean and His Daughter* was less so; *The Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*, though very interesting, was still less able; and *Little Mrs. Murray* is very much less interesting and able than *Lucy Smith*. Mr. F. C. Philips has not always avoided certain banalities, and they are to be found tolerably freely

in what at any rate the present critic finds a dull and rather stupid narrative. Not that there is any too palpable economy of cleverness: it is the cleverness, indeed, that is sometimes banal. The story relates the adventures of a young widow in quest of a livelihood, and to this end she experiences divers vicissitudes—from employment in a “beauty part” in a travelling theatrical company to enlistment in the East-end association known as the Inner Circle of the Community of St. Cunegonde. It is in the last-named section that Mr. Philips has gone most astray. Sister Altheas—*demi-mondaines* with eyes too much made up, dresses a little too *décolletées*, and with full lips carefully parted à la *Samary*—exist only in Mr. Philips’s exuberant fancy. Equally is the impossible Father Superior, who drinks, smokes in ladies’ company, plays Nap, cants promiscuously when he remembers his religious calling, and, when he does not, shouts “You can take it out of that, my pippins,” as he plants down the ace, king, and queen. Finally, Mrs. Murray does what she ought to have done at first, and what the discerning reader will have foreseen as ultimately inevitable, and marries the “good boy” of the novel. The millinery of the story is, no doubt, very *chic*. Anyhow, I am willing to believe it is, and to accept even the “multi-coloured sash ribbon in demi-tones.” But I pity the worthy gentleman for whose sake Mrs. Murray became Mrs. Tom Hurst.

If Mr. Rider Haggard had not so speedily gained a prominent place—no doubt very justly—in the ranks of living romancists, his books would have incurred a much better chance of really critical consideration. Whatever Mr. Haggard’s merits and demerits, there has been quite absurd condemnation of *Mr. Meeson’s Will*. If it had been written by Mr. A. B. C. or by Miss D. E. F., it would have been acknowledged to be an eminently readable story for an idle hour—neither distinctly better nor obviously worse than the average standard of sensational fiction. The book is an excellent specimen of its class. It is brightly written; it is inartistically improbable; it is not calculated to bring a blush to the face of the young person (unless she be an artist, and looks at the illustrations, some of which are in execrable taste); the narrative is not hampered by any refinements of style; the sentiment is as superficial as sentiment generally is among “the backbone of the nation,” as somebody defined “the great middle-class”—and what more could be wanted for a successful romance at the present moment? The “backbone” should obtain, for it would certainly relish, *Mr. Meeson’s Will*.

The Reverend Miles North, in Miss Tytler’s novel already alluded to, shudders at the iniquity of French writers in general, and particularly of M. Daudet. He has a qualified admiration of *Le Nabob*. If he has not perished during perusal of the later *Sappho*, he will certainly be appalled by *L’Immortel*. The dominant feeling in the mind of the reader of this book (which has been excellently translated by Mr. and Mrs. Verrall) must be one of puzzled amazement. M. Daudet is an acknowledged realist. If, then, Parisian “cultured” society be anything like what he asserts it to be, it were time that the star of the rag-

picker were in the ascendant. Vice—vulgar, stupid, and generally ineffectual, because meanly calculated vice—would appear to be the dominant motor in individual and social evolution. In France the novel has sold literally by tens of thousands; but to foreigners it must surely be as savourless as Dead Sea fruit. The backstairs scandals of the Academy are, to those who have the misfortune not to be French, of no more essential interest than the domestic vicissitudes of the late Brigham Young, or the confectionery-quarrels of the ladies of the Sultan’s harem. *L’Immortel* has been dragging its slow length along in a monthly magazine. It is, however, more palatable in book form, for it can the more readily be absorbed—and forgotten. There is not a single fine character in the story, which is as great an outrage to the realities as the most fatuous redundancy of virtue.

It is a wholesome change to turn from M. Daudet to the most delicate as well as one of the most forceful and original of Russian novelists. *The Unfortunate One*, however, is not one of Ivan Tourguénieff’s finest productions, though it is none the less a remarkable and significant tale. It has the Russian characteristics of apparent vagueness of theme and looseness of touch, with really keen insight and the most absolute verisimilitude. Mr. A. R. Thompson’s style in his translation, unfortunately, is not very satisfactory. Tourguénieff cannot be translated haphazard, as Dostöievsky can be, to a certain extent—for the one is typical of those authors who write in despite of their literary disqualifications, and the other of those whose qualifications irresistibly impel them to composition.

The Haunted Tower is a capital story of the “bogy” class. The main divisions of the narrative are not in due proportion; but the interest is continuous, the incidents are vividly described, and the supernatural element, while enthralling, is within comparatively reasonable bounds. This record of “Roland Trench’s mysterious disappearance as related by his Brother” should take a foremost place among the innumerable Christmas books which a prolific supply is offering to a scarcely adequate demand.

Mr. Kip’s tale might have been a good deal duller. This negative praise seems to me all that *Would You have left Her* need call forth. It is a not too long, a fairly interesting, and a creditably written American story.

Théophile Gautier’s *Avatar* is so clever and interesting a psychological romance that it is a pity it has been so villainously translated. “An indigestion of masterpieces” is not English; “the Long-Arno,” “the Cascines,” and “the Palassio Vecchio” are not Italian. On two pages near the commencement there are no fewer than six gross disfigurements. As for the style, the opening sentence of the third chapter—to specify one of innumerable instances—is enough to make the author of *Émaux et Camées* and *La Mort d’Amoureuse* turn in his grave.

WILLIAM SHARP.

GIFT-BOOKS.

The Adventures of Her Serene Limpness the Moonfaced Princess. By F. St. J. Orlebar. (Bentley.) It is characteristic of Her Serene Limpness that she has no name. She has only a style and a title with an epithet. She has no beauty, no wit, no knowledge, nothing but a heart and a smile—and such eyes! Yet she is the daughter of the Mikado, and the granddaughter of Lady Glencartney; and she finds her way to England, and, after enrapturing the skipper and all his crew, and a policeman, and a clergyman, and Lady Gwendoline Lockhart, obtains her rightful place of honour in “society,” is received by the Queen, and, after finding her mother (who is dead), is finally escorted back in an imperial junk to the kingdom of her father. If this outline of her story seem a little incoherent and unnatural, we must confess that we have presented it in this fashion to the reader in order not to betray any secret or brush away the slightest bloom from a story which has charmed us. Do you like Japanese dolls? If so, you will like this story. If, on the contrary, you do not—or, in other words, are blind to the attractions of their winsome eyes, their limps and their serenity—then you will not be able to appreciate the delightful absurdity, the delicate fancy, and the spiritual sweetness of this most strange and original story. The illustrations will not compare in technical skill with the letterpress; but they are in tune with it, and we would not wish them changed for better drawn performances by a less sympathetic hand.

THE late Captain Mayne Reid’s *The Free Lances* (Sonnenschein) runs on lines familiar to readers of his Mexican and Texan stories. It is filled with duels, fights in the open, hair-breadth escapes, and cold-blooded assassinations. It has, as usual, a Quixotic hero, who happens in this case to be an Irishman, and who has, also as usual, a stalwart Sancho Panza, not, however, the immortal “earless trapper,” perpetually shouting “Jeehosaphat,” but Cris Rock of Texas, who “stands full six foot six in a pair of alligator leather boots.” To complete the resemblance between *The Free Lances* and other works from the same pen, a sort of running fight is maintained from almost the first page of the story to the last between the hero and the villain, who are, of course, rivals in love. It strikes us that there are two new features, the one positive and the other negative, in *The Free Lances*. It contains an extra scoundrel in the shape of a marvellous murderous dwarf; and the love-making is neither too abundant nor too pronounced in quality. The story is full of the rapid movement which boys like, and the only incident that it would have been as well without is the killing of the dwarf by Cris Rock in the same fashion as Jehan Frollo is killed by Quasimodo in *Notre Dame*. *The Free Lances* is above, not below, the average of Captain Mayne Reid’s writings.

MR. G. A. HENTY is incapable of writing a book that boys will find altogether unreadable, and his story of the Californian gold-fields, *Captain Bayley’s Heir* (Blackie), presents many stirring episodes. But the plot is not so carefully constructed as in most of the stories from the same pen. The connexion between Frank Norris’s unmerited disgrace at school, and his appearances as an adventurer in California, is by no means so obvious as it might and ought to be. As regards school life, with its jealousies and what not, Mr. Henty is here inferior to other writers, such as Mr. Talbot Baines Reed, to whom he is in other respects decidedly superior. The main narrative, moreover, is too frequently obstructed by “yarns” about “river pirates” and what not, which, although interesting in themselves, seem

here a nuisance rather than anything else. Finally, the rivalry between Frank Morris and Fred Barkley for the hand of Alice Hardy is far too prominent in a story intended specially for boys in their teens. Yet the portraits of Captain Bayley, the uncle of Frank and Fred, and the head master of Westminster School, are admirably drawn; and the adventures in California, which are distinctly Frank Norris's own, are told with that vigour which is peculiar to Mr. Henty.

Vera's Trust, by Evelyn Everett Green (Nelson), is a remarkably good story of the domestic sort, by an author who is scrupulously careful in the matters of style and plot. The two leading characters in it, Vera Carmichael and Russell Graham, alias Arthur Gordon, are lifelike sketches. The melancholy mystery which compels Arthur Gordon to mask his identity is exceedingly well sustained; and the story of his brother Lancelot's fall from strict honour and veracity, which seems to render his treading in his unhappy father's footsteps but too certain, is told with a skill, accentuated here and there by pathos, which is a distinct revelation of literary power on the part of Miss Green. Vera's character stands out quite as distinctly as Russell Graham's, though it is manifested indirectly rather than directly, and not so much by what she does as by her relations to the bevy of children whose good angel she is.

The Treasure Finder. By W. J. Gordon. (Frederick Warne.) This is an excellent story, not only for boys, but for older readers as well. The hero of the tale is Sir William Phipps, the first colonial governor of colonial birth. Sir William, as he told James II., was one of a family of twenty-six children, all born of the same mother. "The proper sort of woman to go to our colonies." "Yes, your Majesty, and twenty-one of them were sons, and I was the twenty-first." "The top of the wrong end," said the king. James II. certainly acquitted himself on this occasion with more wit than he is usually credited with. But miserably as James II. failed in many things, he never failed in his judgment of a sailor. He knew a seaman when he saw him; and he not only appointed the plain Boston shipwright to be captain of one of the king's ships, but subsequently knighted him and made him governor of Massachusetts—the colony of his birth. We have said enough to show that this book in an unassuming manner can claim to be called an historical novel. We must leave the reader to amuse a leisure hour with the stirring incidents of Phipps's biography.

Joan's Adventures at the North Pole and Elsewhere, by Alice Corkran (Blackie), is a little volume of wanderings into a dreamland which is not without some resemblances to the real world, executed with all its author's well-known skill, and pervaded by even more than usual of her quiet but effective humour. Of Joan's three adventures, recorded under the titles of "The Wizard of the North Pole," "Joan's Visit to Want-Land," and "The Wizard and his Goose," the first is the best. The realisation—perhaps it would be more accurate to say the idealisation—of Eskimo life, with its wonderful family dinner, is exquisitely and irresistibly comic.

Ralph Hardcastle's Will. By Agnes Giberne. (Hatchards.) Miss Giberne seems, in this story, to be more weighted than usual with the importance of her plot, and with the necessity for introducing a number of incidents into it. She might have spared us the peculiarity, because that is an absurdity, of Ralph Hardcastle's will, and perhaps also the burglary, or pseudo-burglary. There are, however, three as good characters in *Ralph Hardcastle's Will*

as Miss Giberne has ever drawn—Miss Priscilla Hardcastle, John Arundel, and, above all, Audrey Osborne, the heroine herself. Audrey's adventure, when she is brought under the power of her scampish, but not wholly bad, half-brother, in which John Arundel and his dog Bruce appear to good purpose, is told with great spirit.

One False Step. By Andrew Stewart. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.) Careful writing and arrangement, and a certain power of telling a tale, may be conceded to the author of this very commonplace, and often highly improbable, romance. The heroine's "false step" is that she allows herself to be condemned to a year's imprisonment for a crime she did not commit in order to shield the real offender. We cannot quite understand why the step was false. The villain is painted very black indeed, but may justly plead that a man rejoicing in the name of Blackadder could not very well avoid hanging. The fine character of Dr. Mackay is well drawn, and redeems the occasional vulgarity of the story. The illustration is bad, but otherwise the get-up of the book is admirable.

Nellie O'Neil. By Agnes C. Maitland. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) This pleasant little story is written with that minute attention to detail which children like, and the author shows she understands them. It is the simple tale of a home in a quiet country village. The children are natural and unaffected, and the descriptions of their daily life most true to nature. The moral is not too forcibly drawn; but there is a healthy tone in the book, and some parts, especially the account of the flood, are not devoid of power.

The Missing Merchantman. By Harry Collingwood. (Blackie.) To put the estimate moderately, there are several thousand brains busily at work at this present moment trying in one way or another to destroy the "perils of the deep." Some are trying to discover the secrets of the weather, so that anyone may know what storms are coming and whence; some to prevent storms from happening; some to build ships that can never sink; and some to mark and buoy and light every rock beneath and above the sea. Others seek to improve the knowledge of the officers and the morals of the men, so that incompetency and mutiny may be things of the past. What can we do but wish with all our hearts for the success of such beneficent endeavours? Who is there that dare desire the ways of the sea to be unsafe, or those of the sailor to be criminal? But yet, in this oddly constituted world of ours there will always be found some persons who will not be wholly satisfied with reform however beneficent; and, should this marine millennium for which so many are striving some day actually arrive, will there not be some complaint—if not from wise men, at least from disappointed boys? However sad it may be that so many "merchant men" are missing, a good many boys will rejoice over the "missing merchantman" of Mr. Harry Collingwood, with its gallant sailors and wicked mutineers, its undiscovered islands and discovered treasure trove, its storms, its fights, its hopes, and its despairs. Is that "missing merchantman" missing still? That is the question which—unless the reader is weak enough to solve it prematurely by looking at the end of the book before he has fairly got there—will (for all the assistance we shall give him) take him several pleasant hours to find out.

The Saucy May; or, *The Adventures of a Stowaway*, by Henry Frith (Blackie), is a capital story of its kind, dealing with life in a Yarmouth smack, the alcoholic horrors of Dutch "copers," and the excellent work done by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, which last is, however, not made too much of. The scenes

on board the "cooper" when adrift, and the discovery by the stowaway of his father under very peculiar circumstances, are evidences that Mr. Frith is capable of writing melodrama, if not tragedy. The skipper of the *Saucy May* reminds one of Dickens in some of his characteristics.

The Fisherman's Daughter. By Florence Montgomery. (Hatchards.) "My dear girls, if you happen to be the daughters of poor fishermen, and your parents are misguided enough to give you a better education than is usual in your rank of life, be very careful not to let it make you discontented and ambitious, or else, perhaps, you may aspire to be dressmakers. Having arrived at this giddy height in the social scale, you may conceive the unworthy desire of succeeding in your profession. Then, who knows but what you may yearn for a wider sphere of exertion than is afforded by your native village, and come to the great metropolis, and, alas, rise to be forewomen, and even heads of great dressmaking establishments! This will tempt you to neglect your fathers and deny your mothers before duchesses. Then surely will remorse follow, and you will have to confess your wickedness before your workpeople, retire to the neighbourhood of your parents, and marry the fishermen you loved in your youth." We should be sorry to misunderstand the author of *Misunderstood*, but this seems to be the moral of her latest story.

For Abigail. A West Country Story. By S. K. Hocking. (Frederick Warne.) In its truthful analysis of the human heart and the many motives which sway mankind, this story is deserving of much praise. The flow of incident is abundant, and the descriptions of Cornish scenery and customs, are admirable. Of course, west country dissent is touched upon; but, while carping at the empty profession of the religious pretender, the author fails to point out a remedy. Indeterminate goodness, easily acquired and as constantly passing into another form of pietism, constitutes the blot of the book. The love story which runs through it is touching, and the lovers are constant through numberless troubles. The Californian scenes, too, are well written. Toby Wrench, the old coast-guard man, so full of his dignity and importance that he is "not at all certain but that he is responsible for the good behaviour of the English Channel," forms a clever portrait. The heroine is meek but devoted, and most men will fall in love with her. *For Abigail* reminds us to a certain extent of *John Halifax*, and its author will not care for higher commendation.

Edwy; or, was he a Coward? By Annette Lyster. (Blackie.) This is a charming story, and sufficiently varied to suit children of all ages. Edwy is a highly sensitive child who comes from India to find himself the butt of five rough cousins. The account of his heroic act in saving the cruellest of his tormentors from the hands of a maniac is as pathetic as it is powerful. There is more force and vigour in this little book than is usual in most tales for the young, and the characters are particularly well drawn.

On Duty, by Angelica Selby (Frederick Warne), is, if not remarkably stirring in respect of incident, a very agreeable, carefully written, and beautifully illustrated tale of a child who is, through circumstances—the chief of which is her father being "on duty" in Egypt—thrown on the tender mercies of her cousins for companionship. Miss Selby tells very prettily how the child finds her way into the heart of her guardian, Sir Norton Manners, and even overcomes his rather irrational dislike to soldiers and soldiering. The boy and girl passages in *On Duty*, being full of action, childish fun, and high spirits, will be especially liked by young readers. They are, indeed, almost faultless.

Pen. By the Author of "Tipcat." (Walter Smith & Innes.) Sandy MacLaren's motives for proposing to marry Pen at the age of fifteen may have been excellent, but if they had succeeded he would have fully deserved to spend the next few years of his life in the inside of a jail. However matters may have appeared to his poor addled brain, there was absolutely no excuse for his conduct except imbecility. It seems like a good stroke of fortune when her aunt carries Pen off on the morning appointed for the ceremony, and takes possession of her for ten years; but it is all to no purpose, for this equally imbecile young person throws herself into the arms of the elderly, ungainly, and stupid old Scotchman as soon as she gets the chance. The principal characters are not only uninteresting but unnatural, and the very weak thread of the story is stretched out to a preposterous length. The author's theory of writing stories for the young is better than her practice, for she complains of those who take "elaborate pains to simplify and explain everything, and leave nothing to be wondered over, and no possible wrong conclusions to be arrived at—when, after all, the wondering and the wrong conclusions are half the fun of it." There is little of this or any other sort of fun in *Pen*.

Abraham Lincoln. A Biography for Young People. By Noah Brooks. (Putnam's.) Young men rather than boys will be appealed to by this admirable life of Lincoln. The author was personally acquainted with the man he describes, and it is therefore natural and easy for him to write with enthusiasm. The book is, moreover, carefully compiled and well arranged. Lincoln's early struggle with poverty displays, on a small scale, the qualities of perseverance and endurance afterwards so conspicuous in his conduct of the war against slavery; and this Mr. Brooks's narrative is careful to impress upon us. The intense interest of the story is never allowed to flag; and, on the whole, it may safely be said that, as a popular biography, the volume will not easily be superseded. The illustrations, paper, and printing are excellent.

The Pupil Teachers of St. Martin's. By S. W. L. (S. P. C. K.) This modest effort to describe the life, and what should be the aims, of the pupil teacher is pleasantly written, and has a graceful illustration drawn by Mr. Frank Dadd. As a story, it fails from lack of incident. The division into chapters is quite arbitrary, and adopted apparently only to give occasion for one or two well-chosen quotations.

Linda and the Boys, by Cecilia S. Lowndes (Blackie), is a presentation at once truthful and humorous of the dispositions and adventures of three children—Linda and her two brothers. The book is essentially a child's book, and will be heartily appreciated by the young folk. The motherly air with which little Linda watches over her brothers is very amusing, though that type of child is not found so often among the classes as among the masses. Let us add that the get-up of the volume is in the unexceptional style which we are accustomed to expect from Messrs. Blackie & Son.

Brotherhood; or, In the Way of Temptation. S. P. C. K. The object of this anonymous book is to set forth the claims and duties of sisters and brothers, especially in relation to the weaker members of the family circle. Nothing can be more admirable than its tone and object, but the style is deficient in flexibility and naturalness. The plot is too much spun out, and the sentiment, religious and ethical, suffers occasionally from a morbid hyper-consciousness. Probably, however, young people will not detect these shortcomings, and, with the aid of a few skippings, will be able to get to the end of the story.

The character of Mr. Ryan—immersed in his Dictionary of the Irish Language, but getting no further than the letter F—is naturally conceived, possibly sketched from life.

A RIGHT excellent book for children is *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers* (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—a simply and definitely written outline of fundamental truths in science, history and religion. The author (Lucia T. Ames) aims at giving the unalloyed gold of thought, dispelling the anthropomorphic idea of God, and considering it better that the truth should be learnt when young, lest in maturer years God's truth be discredited, when man's tradition is found to be but tradition. The science and history are given here in a form sure to take with children. We have not many children's books of this sort.

IN *The Trivial Round* (Nisbet), Sarah M. S. Clarke deals ably enough with village life, and has supplied a book that will interest and refresh dwellers in cities with this glimpse of a life in many respects different from their own. The story turns chiefly on the evil effects of drunkenness.

The Wedding Ring, second edition, by Joseph Maskell (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), is a fairly exhaustive treatise on the ring. It is prettily bound, and would make a dainty and instructive present.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE collected essays of the late Mark Pattison, which Prof. Henry Nettleship is editing for the Clarendon Press, will be published very shortly in two volumes. The essays dealing with the history of philology and education will form the bulk of the first volume; while those treating of the history of religious thought will be found in the second. There is also included a fragment of Pattison's intended life of Scaliger, hitherto unpublished. Prof. Freeman, Mr. Bywater, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Mr. W. J. Courthope have revised certain of the essays.

WE hear that the Villon Society will shortly issue an addendum to their edition of *The Thousand Nights and One Night*. The new volume will contain the stories of Aladdin and Zeyn el Asnam, translated from the newly-discovered Arabic text by Mr. John Payne.

MR. SYNDY J. HERBERTAGE, who has lately finished the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* (Cassell), has now nearly ready a new edition of the late Thomas Wright's *Dictionary of Provincialisms*, and has almost completed a new Slang Dictionary, much fuller than any existing one, for which he hopes to find a publisher.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a volume of stories by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, to be entitled *A Nine Men's Morrice*.

MR. FRANK CARE, of the Willows, Walker-on-Tyne, is editing a volume for the "Camelot Series," *Hazlitt as an Essayist*. He will dedicate it to Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, the editor of the admirably thorough edition of *English and Scotch Ballads*.

MR. WALTER SCOTT has in the press a little volume, entitled *Death's Disguises, and other Sonnets*, by Mr. Frank T. Marzials.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week *Greater London and its Government*, by Mr. George Whale. The book endeavours to explain to the London ratepayers and electors their share in the work of the government of London, and to point out what may be done to prevent any abuse or neglect of the powers of the various local bodies.

THE publication of Mr. W. L. Courtney's *Life of John Stuart Mill*, in the "Great

Writers" series, has been delayed till the end of the present month. The last volume in the same series, Mr. William Sharp's *Heine*, is being translated into German.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHN & Co., will issue shortly Dr. A. T. Schofield's *Queen Anne's Hospital, its Senators and Sufferers*, showing how most of the cases in our hospitals are directly due to the traffic in drink. The book also deals with the question of hospital government.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have in preparation a new edition, by Mr. C. Plummer, of the portion of Prof. Earle's *Anglo-Saxon Chronicles* dealing with the years 800-1001 A.D.

The Weird Mystery is the title of a sensational story by Mr. Philip May, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Lambert & Co.

MESSRS. MACLEHOSE & SONS will have ready on Monday the new edition of *The Life and Letters of the Rev. W. B. Robertson, D.D.*, of Irvine, by Dr. James Brown. The first large edition was exhausted in a few days.

THE third year's issue of *The Schoolmasters' Calendar* is now in the press, and will be issued by Messrs. George Bell & Son early in the new year.

AMONG the articles in the second number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* will be: "The Book of Hosea in the Light of Assyrian Research," by Prof. Sayce; "Eldad the Danite," by Dr. Neubauer; the conclusion of Mr. S. Schechter's "Dogmas of Judaism"; "The Rise and Development of the Massorah," by the Rev. J. Harris; Letters from Austria, &c.

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly Review*, edited by the Professors of Political Science at Columbia College, New York (London: Frowde), will contain articles on "The Ballot in England: its Legal Incidents," by Mr. H. H. Asquith; "Its History and Practical Working," by Mr. E. Goodby; "Socialism in English Politics," by Mr. W. Clark; "The Legality of Trusts," by Prof. Dwight.

MR. ANDREW LANG succeeds the Earl of Strafford as President of the Folklore Society, and will deliver his inaugural address at the annual meeting of the society, to be held on Thursday next, December 6. The Hon. J. Abercromby, Mr. J. G. Frazer, and Mr. E. S. Hartland will be proposed for the council. The report of the council recommends that the future work of the society should be directed to classifying and arranging existing collections; and the director, Mr. Gomme, has drawn up a scheme for the analysis of customs and superstitions.

MR. ROBERT POTTS, of the Shelley Society's committee, has had some good photographs taken of the cottage where Shelley lodged at Keswick in August 1811 to February 1812. The cottage has been built on at both sides since, but the Shelley part is otherwise untouched. The road runs at the back, the cottage is in the midst of fine trees, is of one high story, with three windows, the centre one a large high bow, with semicircular top, and falling on to a half door that opens on to the rough shrub-full garden, through which a rill of water runs. Mr. Potts is an old Shelley pilgrim, having wandered to many of the poet's haunts in company with Mr. Stopford Brooke. But Mr. Potts has not yet visited, or had photographed, Shelley's Bishopgate cottage, now belonging to the Misses Loch, and in the hands of an American tenant. This cottage, too, has been enlarged. It is situated on the side of an old roadway leading from the Bishopgate to the South-western high road. This roadway, in Shelley's time, ran into Windsor Park; but a

neighbouring landlord grabbed the park bit of the road past the cottages, and there is now probably no right of way over it. Shelley's cottage was, in Dr. Furnivall's boyhood, used as a rough timber-yard. No secluded was it that for many years it has never even entered on the rate-collector's book, but Mr. Holmes at last pointed it out. It was here that Dr. Pope, of Staines, and Mr. G. F. Furnivall, the surgeon of Egham, first knew Shelley. Miss Loch has promised Dr. Furnivall to restore the name "Shelley Cottage" to the poet's home of 1816.

THE Royal Academy of History of Madrid has appointed a commission to continue the researches of the brothers Siret, in Almería; and also one to form a catalogue of all books and MSS. of all kinds relating to Columbus against the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE matter of the contributions from colleges to university purposes has reached a further stage at Cambridge. In reply to an application from the financial board, the chancellor (the Duke of Devonshire), in exercise of a discretion reserved to him under the statutes framed by the Commission, has directed that the amount to be levied from the colleges during the years 1888, 1889, and 1890 be diminished by two fifteenths. This is equivalent to a reduction of £2000, so that the sum payable in each of these three years will be not less than £13,000 nor more than £16,000. For the present year it is proposed to levy £13,237, being 6½ per cent. on the assessable income of the colleges. In the meantime, another proposal is still under consideration—the discussion of it fills eight pages in the *Reporter*—to alter the statutes so as to retard the augmentation of the contribution in years subsequent to 1890.

THE University Library at Cambridge has recently received two very valuable donations: (1) Dr. Venn's unique library of logical books, comprising more than one thousand volumes, and forming a complete record of the progress of logical science and teaching during the last four hundred years. No public library in England possesses a series of logical works at all approaching this in extent and value. The formation of it has cost Dr. Venn many years of constant attention; and, as the subject is one that has been little taken up by bibliographers, the task of collection has demanded great special knowledge, as well as much labour and thought. (2) The Oriental books and MSS. of the late Dr. George Percy Badger. This collection contains sixteen Arabic and Syriac MSS., a large number of scarce and valuable printed books, and a series of MSS. and *adversaria* in Dr. Badger's hand, including the original copy of his English-Arabic lexicon. Among the Arabic MSS. is the original from which he translated for the Hakluyt Society the history of the Seyyids of 'Omān. The *adversaria* include many blue-books and documents bearing on affairs in 'Omān, Aden, Zanzibar, and other parts of the East, with corrections and elucidations based on his personal knowledge of these regions.

SIR HENRY ROSCOE was to deliver an address to-day (Saturday) at Oxford, in connexion with the Teachers' Guild, on "Technical Education."

At a meeting of the Ashmolean Society on Monday next, December 3, Prof. J. G. Romanes will give a lecture on "Mental Evolution in Man."

THE following is the congratulatory letter, drawn up by Prof. H. Nettleship, which has

been sent to Dr. K. E. Georges, of Gotha, by some of his admirers in England, on the occasion of his completing the sixtieth anniversary of his activity as a lexicographer:

"Gratulamur Tibi, Vir Doctissime, sexagesimum annum ineunti vitæ philologicæ, qui duorum prope sæculorum decursu quasi Nestor philologorum industriae, doctrinae, iudicii nobilissimum exemplum iunioribus hominibus dedisti, simulque rectam viam et rationem in re lexicographica monstravisti. Id scilicet laudamus in Lexico tuo Latino, multo labore, et adversa interdum valetudine condito, quod artem ita adhibuisti criticam, ut inter omnia huiusmodi opera linguae Latinae studiosis sit utilissimum. Errat enim vehementer, si quis putat rem lexicographicam in colligendis tantum verbis et exemplis constare; quæ ita poscit omnia philologiae subsidia, summam doctrinam et industriam sensu critico ac sagacitate coniunctam, ut nihil eam temptantibus deesse oporteat. Neque ignoramus multa Te habere scripta, quæ partim nondum publici iuris facta sunt, partim in Diaritis Philologicis hic illic protulisti; in quibus incertum reprehendisti, falsa notasti, prava correxisti, industriam iuniorum excitavisti ac fovisti. Quæ scripta, cum intra fines Lexici vix possint comprehendere, speramus Te olim ita uno corpore prolaturum esse ut harum rerum studiosis adiumento sint; simul a Deo optamus ut multi tibi anni supersint operi philologico idonei, utque fructum studiorum plenissimum ipse percipias cum aliisque communices."

THE *Oxford Magazine* of November 28 prints a further instalment of Mr. F. Haverfield's interesting extracts from the *Gentleman's Magazine* relating to the university from 1762 to 1773. One paragraph reports the expulsion of six students from Edmund Hall, for holding Methodistical tenets, and "taking upon them to pray and read and expound the Scriptures and sing hymns in a private house."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DISILLUSION.

YOUNGER years of golden promise ere the wrinkles
lined the brow,
Days of hope and faith unshaken, where is all your
promise now?

When the world was young and trustful, when we
dreamed of conquests won;
Wiser than our fathers seemed we, born to do the
deeds undone.

Truth and freedom, peace and plenty, dawned at
last for lord and thrall;

We were "heirs of all the ages" like the heir of
Locksley Hall—

Ah, the morrow's chill awakening with its shadow
on the wall!

Disillusion deep and bitter as the very flower of
gall!

Dead the fires that burned within us, dead the
youth that fed the flame;

And the world is grey and heartless, and its pur-
pose void of aim.

Truth is but a flying phantom fleeing from the
grasp as air:

Freedom is the power to plunder and to seize the
larger share.

Peace is kept by armed millions, and the breathless
nations wait

With the eyes of hungry lions glaring ever red
with hate.

Plenty crowns the smooth-faced "sweater" while
he fattens on the poor:

Does it crown the starving seamstress shivering at
his gilded door?

We are wiser than our fathers: they obeyed the
rule of one;

We bow down before the many, shouting "Let
Thy will be done!"

And the many-headed hydra sniffs the fetid in-
cense flame

From the lips of blatant babblers, reckless of their
country's shame.

We are wiser than our fathers: empire built they,
broad and strong;
We have left their sons to perish where the desert
days are long.

'Tis the progress that we dreamed of in the years
we scarce recall,

In the golden prime of manhood ere the evening
shadows fall;

Chill and rude the dream's awakening with the
shadow on the wall,

Disillusion deep and bitter as the very flower of
gall!

A. H. S.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM RICHARD FISHER, barrister-at-law, who died at Guildford on November 17, aged sixty-four, was the author of a very valuable law-book and of an exhaustive history of the section of English forest-land. The former work was an elaborate treatise on "The Law of Mortgage and other Securities upon Property." It was originally issued in 1856, was reprinted in 1868, passed into a third edition in 1876, and bloomed into a fourth impression at the close of 1883. The latter was a detailed account of "The Forest of Essex: its History, Laws, and Ancient Customs, and the Wild Deer which lived in it (1887)." Mr. Fisher was engaged to advise the Corporation of London as to the nature of the rights of pasture which prevailed in Epping Forest, as it was confidently expected that through these it might be possible to upset the more recent enclosures; and he was thus led to study an immense mass of forest documents which had been collected for the city. These documents formed the basis of his book, and its last two chapters set out the work of the Corporation in rescuing the illegally enclosed land and dedicating it for public uses. He was born in August 1824, being the second son of Mr. John Groate Fisher of Great Yarmouth, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn on June 13, 1851.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BAUMEISTER, G. *Fabeln und Fabeln aus alten türkischen Sagen und Märchen*. Nürnberg: Schrag. 8 M.

CHAIKIN, A. M. *La rhétorique et son histoire*. Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.

HAUBOLD, R. *Les Nouvelles récréations et jeux de l'esprit de Bonaventure des Periers in litterarisch-historischer u. stilistischer Beziehung*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

LAMBERT, Eug. *Les chiens et les chats. Texte par G. de Oherville*. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 40 fr.

MÜNZ, S. *Aus dem modernen Italien*. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 6 M.

PRESENSE, F. de. *L'Irlande et l'Angleterre, depuis l'acte d'union jusqu'à nos jours (1800-1888)*. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

QUELLEN zur Geschichte d. geistigen Lebens in Deutschland während d. 17. Jahrhunderts. I. Briefe G. M. Lingelsheims, M. Berneggars u. ihrer Freunde. Heilbronn: Henninger. 30 M.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ON CELTIC LATINITY AND THE TRIPARTITE LIFE.

London: Nov. 4, 1888.

In Old-Celtic the feminine *d*-declension (corresponding with the Latin first) had the following terminations:

Sg. nom. -a	Pl. nom. -ās
gen. -i	gen. -āa
dat. -ēs	dat. -āvōs
acc. -in	acc. -ās.

Hence, as Siegfried saw, Gauls, when they wrote Latin, committed such solecisms as the "legionis secundae Italicae" of an inscription at Vaison (*Soc. Ant. Fr.* xvi. 143). Hence, too, as D'Arbois de Jubainville pointed out (*Rev. Celt.* i. 325), in Gallo-Latin of the Merovingian epoch, we find such nominatives plural as *culpas, villas, vacuas, reliquias, conlatas, donatas, nostras, eas, ipsas, utraque, suas*, and such datives singular as *basilicis, (rei) facti*. Hence, also, as I have lately seen, in the Book of Armagh, *prura* (the classical Latin *prora*) makes its accusative singular *prurim* ("ad anteriorem insulam . . . *prurim* naus conuertit," fo. 2 a. 1).

This word *prura* exemplifies another characteristic of Celtic Latinity, viz., the substitution of *u*, *i* for *o*, *δ*. Many instances of the change will be found in *Gregorii Turonensis Opera*, ed. Arndt et Krusch, pp. 926, 927; more in Hübner's *Inscriptiones Britanniae Christianae* (apostoli, pronepus, Pompeius, servatur); more in Bishop Reeves's edition of Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, preface, p. xvii.; more in the Book of Armagh (idulorum, fo. 2 b. 1, munilia, fo. 13 a. 2). Here we have a clue to the puzzling *adunatur* of the Brussels copy of Muirchu's *Life of S. Patrick*, which the Bollandist editor explains by "sepelitur," because, I suppose, a buried body is united (*adunatur*) to the earth. The passage in which the word occurs is "Ubi moritur ibi et *adunatur*." If for *adunatur* we read *aduratur* (i.e., *adoratur*) we get a satisfac-

tory meaning: "Where she [i.e., Moneisen] dies, there also she is [i.e., her relics are] revered." Compare the next sentence but one: "Quius transmarinae reliquiae ibi adorantur usque hodie," and the passage in the Book of Armagh, fo. 4 b. 2: "Quius reliquiae adorantur hi Sleibti." My edition of the Tripartite Life of S. Patrick, &c., pp. 497, 660, should be emended accordingly.

Three other conjectural emendations of the corrupt Latin faithfully printed in that book have been made by Dr. MacCarthy in his letter published in the ACADEMY, September 15, 1888, p. 172. They are as follows:

MS. (Egerton 93, fo. 18 a. 1).	
P. 264, <i>quodul</i>	leg. <i>quamvis</i>
" <i>quiss</i>	" <i>quis enim</i>
" <i>quique</i>	" <i>quaeque</i> .

Another conjectural emendation, this time of a corrupt passage in the Book of Armagh, fo. 6 b. 2 (= p. 291 of my book, l. 26), is made by Dr. MacCarthy in his edition of the Stowe Missal, p. 188, where he proposes: "[Nullum] tam bonum est cum [leg. quam] *grazacham illis. Portabitur, etc.*"

The other errors pointed out by Dr. MacCarthy in his letters published in the ACADEMY for September 1 and 15, 1888, and for November 3, 1888, pp. 138, 172, 290, fall into four classes: (a) typographical, (b) clerical, (c) real, and (d) imaginary. The style and arrangement of these letters is so peculiar that no one, probably, save Dr. MacCarthy and myself has read them through. I shall therefore be doing a service to him, as well as to the possessors of my book, by stating shortly the results of his criticism.

(a) Typographical Errors.

- P. 111, l. 19, for *lofty* read *leafy*.
194, l. 20, for *Patraio* read *Patraio*.
280, note 5, for *recordabimus* read *recordabimur*.

(b) Clerical Errors.

- P. 11, l. 13, for *The winter-time came* read *It came to pass in winter-time*.
11, 32, 36, for *firewood read withered sticks*.
31, l. 3, for *there read hereon* (lit. in this).
35, l. 27, for *along read past*.
41, last line, *omit therein*.
46, note 3, for *Ps. lxxviii. 1, 2* read *Ps. lxxvii. 2, 3*.
64, l. 22, *dele* [quam].
79, ll. 18, 19, read *The brother, then, of that Brennain is he that, &c.*
181, l. 6, for *quietly read piously*.
192, l. 21, for *Sleibti read Sleibtiu*.
201, l. 3, for *south read north*.
215, l. 25, for *as . . . other read as they delivered him, each of them to another*.
251, l. 25, for *their read the*.
253, l. 31, for *behind read upon*.
300, note 2, after *cacuminibus insert montis*.
310, note 2, l. 3, after *minus insert* [MS. *minim*].
460, note 2, for *ad read in, and for a 1 read a 2*.

To these errors, the result of mere inadvertence, I can add two more, for correcting which I am indebted to the Rev. E. Hogan, S.J.

- P. xvii, note 5, l. 6, for *Kevin read Cavan*.
512, l. 15, for *sancti read secundi*.

(c) Real Errors.

- The following mistakes are due to ignorance: P. cxlvii, l. 27, *dele* p. 458.
36, note 4, for *Ps. xxi. 21* or perhaps *Ps. xxxiv. 17* read *Ps. lxxviii. 19*.
44, note 3, for *Ps. xx. 7* read *Ps. xix. 8*.
99, l. 16, for *church east read free church*.

* As in p. 435.

† Compare Prof. Atkinson's "itadach, hungry," in the glossary to his *Poisons and Homilies from Leabhar Breac*, p. 778. The word, as of course he knows, means "thirsty."

(c) Real Errors (continued).

- P. 163, l. 1, for *noble city* read *free monastery*.
207, ll. 27, 28, read *The candle shall come to God's household in it*.
227, last line, read *Into Armagh, pleasant resting-place*.
458, l. 21, for *cum[asc]tha* read *cumtha*.
459, l. 22, read "And let thy comrades rub blood," &c.

To these corrections I add one for which I am indebted to Mr. S. H. O'Grady:

- P. 417, ll. 15–18, read *How (would it have been better) for him to say "across Albion" [than "across all the Alps"]?* Not hard [to say]. It was over Britain the angel brought him: so that "over Albion" is what ought to stand there instead of "over the Alps" (*der siab n-Alpa*).

(d) Imaginary errors.

First as to the text. In the ACADEMY for September 15, 1888, p. 172, col. 3, Dr. MacCarthy alleges that the thirty-one lines in p. 28 of the Rolls edition of the Tripartite Life differ in fifteen places from O'Curry's transcript of the same passage. He thus suggests that I have here committed fifteen errors. Now, I have recently collated p. 28 with the original MS., Egerton 93, fo. 2 a. 1. Not a single letter in that page (28) is wrong, though I have omitted a doubtful mark of length over the third *a* of *aralad* (l. 21) and over the *i* of *ni* (l. 25). Again, as to p. 160, l. 11, he makes another *suggestio falsi*—viz., that the Egerton MS. has, in the corresponding passage, *di di chainnech*, and that I have failed to note the former *di*. That MS. (fo. 10 a. 2) has only (as I have printed) *di chainnech*. Lastly, quitting suggestion for assertion, he declares (ACADEMY, November 3, p. 290, col. 3) that the name "Colman Uamach," printed in my book, p. 60, l. 27, is not contained in the passage of the Egerton MS. there published. It is in that passage, as any one may see by looking at fo. 4 a. 1, where it begins l. 41.

Secondly, as to the translation, two specimens of his criticism will suffice. In p. 42 occurs a passage which, literally rendered, is as follows: "It is to be observed by thee, then," say the wizards, "that thou shouldst not go (*ná dechais*) to the place." This I translated into idiomatic English as follows: "Thou shouldst take heed," say the wizards, "not to go to the place." Dr. MacCarthy severs the words "not to go" from the context, and "corrects" them into "that you go not." So in p. 46 there is a passage of which the literal version is "The king shall come to thee and shall give thy will" (*dobera do reir*). This I rendered idiomatically by "The king shall come to thee and shall do thy will," and Dr. MacCarthy (again severing the words from the context) "corrects" *do* into *bring*!

I proceed to note a few more of Dr. MacCarthy's corrections of imaginary errors. I select those which give rise to remarks likely to interest readers of the ACADEMY.

1. He says that *rolluicc*, "swallowed up," p. 92, l. 1, stands for *ro-n-luic*, and that I should have placed this *n* among the infixed pronouns. *Rolluicc* is the act. pret. sg. 3 of *sluicim*, cognate with German *schlucken* and Greek *λῶω, λυγνόμεαι*, and simply stands for *ro-sluiic*, the *s* (or *sh*) being assimilated to the following *l*, as in *rollca, eillistar, coll, ciall*, &c. How much Dr. MacCarthy knows about infixed pronouns appears from his rendering (ACADEMY, September 1, 1888, p. 138, col. 3) of *ní-m-boi* ("he had not," lit. non fuit ei), *Ml. 78 a. 4*, by "there was not."

2. He blames me for analysing the verb *dothlugim* ("I ask") as *do-thlugim*, "although," says Dr. MacCarthy, "*ioichtho* (gl. *inpetrandi*) of the Milan Codex (82a) establishes that the *t* cannot be radical." The learned doctor is

unlucky in his dealings with the Milan Codex. Readers of the ACADEMY for April 2, 1887, p. 233, will remember how he compared the *ian-iustide* (rōr 'iōvāior) of ML 86 a. 5 with a word which he renders by "Introduction." In the present case the gloss, as often happens, is not a translation of the lemma; and *loichtho*, the gen. sg. of *logud*, means "of forgiveness," not, as he supposes, "of asking." The root of *loichthim*, as of *ad-thuchur*, is *thuc* = the *tulk* in Lithuanian *tulkas*, "interpreter."

3. *Senais* ("sained"), *slocus* ("swallowed"), *fathaigis* ("founded"), pp. 36, 98. These renderings he "corrects" into "sains," "swallows," "founds," and thus furnishes three good examples of what the Germans call *Verschlimmbesserung*. The Irish verbs in question are *preterites* in the absolute form, and in Middle, as well as in Old, Irish must always be rendered as such, although by speakers of the corrupt dialects called modern Irish the tense is, I am told, regarded as an historical present.

4. *Bothaich in-aithir* ("who fled into another land"), p. 174, should, according to Dr. MacCarthy, be rendered by "who fled on a pilgrimage." Here he mistakes *aithir* for *aitheir*, the base for its derivative abstract. Compare *aithir-genti* (alienigenas). Wb. 7c 12, and *aithir* (perigrinationem) G. C. 782; *aitheir*, ML 137b 7. *Aithir* (= *aile* + *thr*) is the exact parallel of the Old-Saxon *eli-lendi*, "Ausland, Fremde," with which the Modern High German *Elend* is connected.

5. Objecting to *forothaigestar cella* ("fundavit cellas"), printed in p. 160 of my book from the Rawlinson Codex, he says that "the true lection" is the (corrupt) *forothaigestar cell* of the Egerton MS. He thus proves, what I had before suspected, that he does not know how to decline the simplest Irish noun. A similar blunder in Latin would be to object to Vergil's *legibus urbem fundavit*, and say that "the true lection" is *legibus urbs fundavit*.

6. *Dorargert*, p. 160, is, Dr. MacCarthy alleges, a *vox nihili*. "Yet Mr. Stokes, to judge from this place, does not know that *dorairgert* of his note is the pure form." One form is as "pure" as the other—*gg* being often used in Middle-Irish MSS. (as it is regularly in Gothic) to represent the guttural nasal. An Old-Irish example is *nuggabad* (= *nu-n-gabad*), Book of Armagh, 18 a. 2, where the *n* is the infixed relative. The practice was doubtless borrowed from the Greek γγ = *ng*.

Dr. MacCarthy is a clever man, and for his recent identification of the Ruben of the *Hibernensis* he deserves the thanks of all persons interested in Irish ecclesiastical history. But as an Irish linguist and palaeographer he may at present say of himself—"Ce que je sais, je sais mal, ce que j'ignore, j'ignore parfaitement."

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD.

Berkeley, California: Nov. 8, 1888.

Mr. York Powell's ingenious collocation of passages (ACADEMY, October 20) testifying to a wide-spread belief in a Rock of Spirits, sheds much light upon the passage in *Judith*. The two words, *neovol* *næs*, are associated twice again in Old English, viz., *Beowulf*, 1411, *Elene*, 832. The *Beowulf* passage is inconclusive. *Beowulf* passes over, or by, "stéap stánhlíðo, stige nearwe, enge ánpaðas, uncūð gelád, neowle næssas, nicorhúsa fela." *Nicorhúsa fela* may be translated "many mermaids' homes," or "many nixies' homes." Hence, if *neowle næssas* is to be regarded as synonymous with *nicorhúsa fela*, *næs* cannot here mean "cliff." But upon this I do not insist. There remains the other passage, *Elene*, 832. Lines 828-836

are the very ones which describe the invention of the Cross." They run:

"Ongan þá wífagen æfter þám wuldres tréo
elnes áhýdig eorðan delfan
under turfhagan, þæt he on twéntigum
fótmælum feor funde behelede
under *neólum* niðer næssas gehýdde
in þéostoroofan: hé ðær tréo mätte
in þám réonian hofe rōða ætómne
gréote begraene, swá hio géardagum
árléasa soeolu eorðan beþeacton."

This may be translated:

"He began then joyfully, the constant in zeal, to delve the earth under the sod, so that at the depth of twenty feet he found them concealed, down under *neólum næssas*, hidden in a cell of darkness; he there encountered three crosses together in the trifol (P) abode, buried in the soil, just as of yore the impious bands covered them with earth."

Neólum næssas can hardly be translated as "dark headland" or even "precipitous cliff" in this passage. Taking *neól* in its sense of *infimus* (Corpus Glossary, No. 1061), *neólum næssas* would mean "lowest—something (not cliff)." What shall we call it—"stratum," "layer of earth," with Grein; or "depth," "abyss," "Abgrund," with the translators? The mention of the rendering "Abgrund" suggests that *neól* is several times found with *grund*; so under *neowulne grund* (Ps. cvi. 25), translating *usque ad abyssos*; *niðer under næssas (nessas)*, in *pone neowulan grund* (i.e., hell), Sat. 31, 91; *niðer under næssas neole grundas* (i.e., infernal regions), Guthlac 535.

Anyone who has visited the Yosemite Valley, and stood at the base of El Capitan, can perfectly understand the transfer of meaning in the case of *næs*. Imagine that the opposite walls of this valley have been rent apart by a convulsion of nature. We have a level floor, and a sheer descent on each side. That which is just under this level floor is at the same time under the precipitous headland and under the deep chasm, and, looking from above, it does not much matter which we call it, only that if we chanced to be speaking of gnomes disporting below the surface of the valley, as in *Undine*, we should be quite as likely, I conceive, to think of the abysmal as of the promontorial aspect. And so I apprehend that we must interpret the *neólum næssas* of the *Elene* at least, without much reference to the primary conception of "headland." *Neowol* may have become associated with darkness through the idea of the underworld, Hades.

Since this letter may appear somewhat controversial in character, I desire to make public acknowledgment of my obligations to Mr. York Powell for valuable criticism of several details in my edition of the *Judith*, communicated in the most obliging and friendly manner.

ALBERT S. COOK.

THE VOWEL QUANTITY IN OLD-ENGLISH "ROD" AND "HOL."

Oxford: Nov. 24, 1888.

Prof. Earle and Mr. Addy refuse not only to admit, but to consider, the evidence afforded by the Huddersfield dialect as to the quantity of the vowel in the Old-English words *rod* ("a clearing") and *hol* ("a hole"). In my letter on Prof. Earle's new explanation of the word "road," I showed that an *o* in the Huddersfield dialect regularly represents an Old-English *ō* (when in an open syllable), and I gave some examples to prove my point. In spite of this undeniable equation, Prof. Earle still asserts without one atom of proof that *rod* ("a clearing") = the Huddersfield *royd* was pronounced in Old-English *rōd*; and Mr. Addy maintains that *hol* ("a hole") = the Huddersfield *hoil* was pronounced in Old-English *hōl*. Such, alas, is the perversity of human nature! Of

course the merest tyro in English philology must know perfectly well that, if the old forms were really (as Prof. Earle and Mr. Addy maintain) *rōd* and *hōl*, then they could not have given in modern standard English *road* and *hole*; they could only have given *rood* and *hoel*, as *mōd* has given *mood*, and *stōl* has given *stool*.

Again, the merest tyro in Teutonic comparative philology would be able to tell Mr. Addy that the quantity of the vowel in Old-English *hol* is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt by the equivalent form in modern German. Old-English *hōl* ("hollow, hole") goes with German *hohl* (*höhle*), just as Old-English *cōl*, *mō*, *fōla*, go with German *kohle*, *moo*, *fohlen*. On the other hand, a primitive Germanic *o* in Old-English regularly corresponds to modern German *u* (*uh*), as, for example, Old-English *stōl*, *bōc*, *rōd* ("a cross"), *cōl*, *hōf*, *fōr*, go with German *stuhl*, *buch*, *rute*, *kuhl*, *huf*, *fur*. All this is absurdly elementary; but it seems necessary to write it, or people may be led to imagine that there is something in Prof. Earle's baseless theory that there are two words spelt *road* in Modern English—*road* (1) = *rōd*, and *road* (2) = *rōd*. The latter is a figment.

A. L. MATHEW.

"HOIL" AND *κοῖλος*.

London: Nov. 24, 1888.

Mr. Addy will gain nothing by accusing me of trying to substitute a false issue for that really in dispute. Readers who understand the matter will already have seen that in this respect he is himself the offender. I had designated as "a wild fancy" his notion that *κοῖλος* might be cited to illustrate the dialectal word *hoil*. This phrase seems greatly to have discomposed Mr. Addy, and he has made strenuous efforts to prove it undeserved. Now, I had distinctly explained that I did not apply the phrase to the (probably erroneous, but not unscientific) hypothesis that *hole* and *κοῖλος* are etymologically akin. In his letter, printed November 10, Mr. Addy quietly ignored this explanation, and persisted in attributing to me the meaning which I had disclaimed. I do not for a moment suggest that this singular proceeding was due to any other cause than honest incapacity to understand the point; but it had the advantage of enabling Mr. Addy to avoid the necessity (to a sciolist always painful) of explicitly or tacitly confessing himself mistaken. It would, no doubt, have been more comfortable for Mr. Addy if I had allowed him to "vary the title of the action" to his own liking; but this was surely a little more than he had any right to expect.

If, as Mr. Addy now confesses, he is ignorant of comparative philology, why does he dogmatise ("affirm" and "reaffirm," to use his own words) upon philological questions? This is the very tune of the circle-squarers and the earth-flatteners: "I don't profess to understand mathematics, but I affirm that I am right and the mathematicians are wrong." It is notorious that disputants of this type cannot be convinced, and I should not dream of trying to do it. But for the benefit of any reader who may share Mr. Addy's ignorance without sharing his unwillingness to learn, it may be well to explain briefly what is meant by the statement that the *o* in the South Yorkshire form of *hole* is one of the proofs that the word originally had a short vowel. It is well known that the Old English short vowels underwent in Middle English (only under certain conditions, which, however, cover a great number of cases) a regular process of lengthening. They did not thereby become identical in sound with the original long vowels, because the latter had also become changed in pronunciation. When the original short *ō* had become *o*, the original long

ō had travelled some distance towards its present sound of *oo* (as in *cool*). Middle English had, in fact, three varieties of *ō*: one representing Old English *ō*, another representing Old English *ā*, and a third being a lengthening of *ō*. In modern standard English the two latter have become confounded: there is now no difference in sound between the *ō* in *bone* (Old English *bān*) and that in *hole*, *coal* (Old English *hōl*, *cōl*). But in some dialects the two are still quite distinct. Thus in South Yorkshire the Middle English *ō* from *ā* is represented by *oo*, but the "new-long" *ō* by *oi*. In native English words a South Yorkshire *oi* always descends from an original short *ō*. In words of foreign origin the case is different: the South Yorkshire form of *close* is *clois*, because the French word was not adopted until the Middle English period, and the sound of the French *ō* was then nearer to the "new-long" *ō* than to either of the other two varieties of the vowel.

It is unlikely that the surname "Hoole" can be derived from *hole*. It may come from the Old Norse *holl*, a hill, which, in early English, would be written *hole*. Possibly it may have been confused with Hoyle, Hole, or even with Youle; names that are at all similar in sound are always liable to confusion. But Mr. Addy's citations from documents contain no real evidence even of this. As to the fancied derivation of "Youle" from *hole*, the conditions in which a *y* is prefixed to initial vowels are well known, and they show that Mr. Addy's supposed "analogies" are irrelevant.

Mr. Addy made a great outcry about my criticisms on his glossary; but if they had been ten times more severe, and signed with a ten-fold more influential name, they could never have damaged his reputation nearly so much as the grotesque exhibition which the cruel kindness of an editor has permitted him to make of himself in the ACADEMY. He has now three courses open to him. The first is to go on incurring the ridicule of scholars; which, of course, he has a perfect right to do if he likes. The second is to write no more on etymology. The third is to master the rudiments of philological science. This third course I would fain hope against hope that he will adopt, both for his own sake (for I assuredly wish him no harm, but the contrary) and also in the interests of a study in which there are too few useful workers and too many finders of mare's nests.

This profitless discussion is now, so far as I am concerned, closed.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

University College, Liverpool: Nov. 21, 1888.

Some time ago, Dr. Whitley Stokes, quoting some Middle-Irish verses on the duration of man's life as compared with that of certain animals, asked for analogous references from other literatures. The question is treated by W. Wackernagel in his little book, *Die Lebensalter* (Basel, 1862). On p. 23 he cites from the Proverbs of Agricola (first published 1528):

"Ein Zaun weret drey Jare,
Ein Hund überweret drey Zeune," &c.

Then follow the horse, man, the donkey, the wild goose, the crow, the stag, the raven, and the phoenix. Man's life is thus fixed at eighty-one, that of the phoenix at 177, 147 years. A poem by the Minnesinger Reinmar von Zweter (thirteenth century) seems to contain a similar passage (v. d. Hagen, Minnes. II., 210a).

KUNO MEYER.

Lisbon: Nov. 12, 1888.

Launé has published an altered Breton ver-

sion of this legend, with a French translation, in the *Revue celtique* (iii. 204-205):

"Ar vran hi deuz tri oad den, tri oad march,
Ha c'hoaz ne deuz ked oad awalc'h."

"Le corbeau vit trois âges d'hommes, trois âges de cheval,
Encore ne se trouve-t-il point d'âge assez."

A Spanish parallel from Estremadura is found in *El Folk-Lore Frezeneuse*, Año I., No. 1, p. 52:

"Tres años dura un seto,
Tres setos un perro,
Tres perros un caballo,
Tres cabayos un hombre,
Tres hombres un cuervo,
Y tres cuervos un millano."

F. ADOLFO COELHO.

"CHIZZEL" = "BRAN" IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg: Nov. 28, 1888.

Chisselle means in this neighbourhood the coarsest kind of flour. It occurs in my *Manley and Corringham Glossary*. It is a word very commonly used, and not, I think, a new importation.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 3, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

London Institution: "The Colours of Polarised Light," I., by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Light and Colour," II., by Capt. W. de W. Abney.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Some of the Principal Races mentioned in the Bible," with illustrations from the Monuments, by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "Can the Nature of a Thing be learnt from its History alone?" by the President, and Messrs. F. C. Conybeare and G. F. Stout.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 4 p.m. Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead: "Heraldry in Monumental Art," by Mr. J. Lewis André.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Influence of Chemical Composition on the Strength of Bessemer-Steel Tires," by Mr. J. Oliver Arnold.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Two Vignettes of the 'Book of the Dead,'" by Mr. P. le P. Renouf; "The Legends concerning the Youth of Moses," by Dr. Wiedemann.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Mammals obtained by Mr. O. M. Woodford during his Second Expedition to the Solomon Islands," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "Certain Points in the Structure of *Cutellio* (Olaparide)," by Mr. Frank E. Beddard; "The Distribution and Morphology of the Super-numerary Phalanges in the Anura," by Prof. G. B. Howes and Mr. A. M. Davies; "The Natural History of Christmas Island, Indian Ocean," by Mr. J. J. Lister.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Graphophone," by Mr. H. Edmunds.

8 p.m. Geological: "Traverses of the Crystalline Rocks of the Alps," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "Fulgurites from Monte Viso," by Mr. Frank Rutley; "The Occurrence of a New Form of Tachylite in Association with the Gabbro of Carrick Fell, in the Lake District," by Mr. T. T. Groom.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Shakespeare's Earlier Comedies," by Miss Grace Latham.

8 p.m. Essex Hall: "The French Revolution and English Poetry," II., by Mr. Stoptford A. Brooke.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Shrine of St. Frideswide," by Mr. J. Park Harrison; "The Crossing of the Thames by Plautius," "Hastings Camp at Shoburyness," and "The Boat discovered at North Woolwich," by Mr. F. C. J. Spurrell.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Political Progress in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. S. R. Gardiner.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows; "A Method of determining Vapour Densities applicable at all Temperatures and Pressures," by Dr. W. Bott; "Derivatives and some New Colouring Matters obtained from a Pyroresol," by Dr. W. Bott and Mr. J. Bruce Miller; "The Action of Ammonia on Tungsten Oxychlorides," by Dr. S. Rideal; "Thionyl Thiocyanate," and "Mercuric Chlorothiocyanate," by Mr. G. C. McMurtry.

8 p.m. Folk-Lore: Annual Meeting; Presidential Address, by Mr. A. Lang.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Chronology and History of Babylonia," II., by Mr. G. Bertin.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Earliest Complete English Prose Version of the Psalter," and "The Dublin MSS. of Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*," by Dr. Karl D. Buehling.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Cause of Volcanic Action," by Mr. J. Logan Lobley; "The Mode of Occurrence and Origin of Metaliferous Deposits," by Mr. J. G. Goodchild. SATURDAY, Dec. 8, 2 p.m. Physical: "Some Facts connected with Systems of Scientific Units of Measurement," by Mr. T. H. Blakesley. 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Römisches Staatsrecht. Von Theodor Mommsen, Dritter Band, Zweite Abtheilung (Leipzig: Hirzel.)

ALL English readers will give a cordial welcome to the completion of this great work. Its merits have long been known to students of Roman affairs—its fulness and its originality. We should be afraid to calculate how many special papers in *Hermes* or elsewhere have their essence given here, and how many of the disputed assertions of the *Roman History* here find their authorities. Nothing is more surprising all through the book than, on the one hand, the immense quantity of detail, and, on the other, the thorough command of the author over his material. His only difficulty seems to lie in damming back his overflowing information. We can fairly say that there is everything in these volumes, if you only know where to look for it.

Now that the *Staatsrecht* is finished, we may glance back at it as a whole, and notice some of the chief points in the author's plan. Of its lucid and severely logical order we need say nothing; but it must be remembered that, though the book appears as part of a handbook, it does not confine itself to what is positively known or generally admitted. There is a great deal of hypothetical and even contentious matter in it. It is a work of research as well as of exposition; and the present volume is enlivened by many an assault on Willems's *Le Sénat de la République Romaine*.

In consequence of this character, the book has to supply arguments as well as illustrations; and Dr. Mommsen has a decided leaning to certain kinds of argument. He is fond of arguing back from the usages or the terms of a known period to the usages of a prehistoric period: e.g., of arguing from what is known to have existed in the late republic to what must have been existing in the early republic; or of arguing from the powers of the first consuls to those of the traditional kings. Very often this argumentation is sound, but not so often as he wants to use it. There is a great gulf fixed between those who think that something can be made out of the statements of Roman authors as to the monarchy or the earliest republic, and those who would make a clean sweep of such statements. The latter can never get rid of the suspicion that Roman authors, too, argued back: that one set argued back from what they saw in the time of the Gracchi, or of Cicero, or of the early empire, to the days of the young republic; and that another set went further, and, accepting what the others had written without critical examination, argued back from it to the institutions, or even the events, of the kingdom. Thus the blind led the blind. But it is our business to keep out of their ditch.

Again, Dr. Mommsen has an affection for municipal analogies. He establishes that a thing was law for other Roman townships by the *Lex Julia Municipalis*, or the *Tabula*

Malacitana; and then he infers that the municipal arrangements thus certified found an analogy or a parallel at Rome, that things were done there in the same way, and that a *acuna* in our authorities may be legitimately thus filled up. Very likely he is right nine times in ten; but there are occasions (pp. 900, 984, 992) when he has to admit that the analogy fails. The Roman senate never voted secretly; but the practice was not unknown in the townships.

Another prominent characteristic of the *Staatsrecht* has been its very full system of notes, supporting what is said by cross-references and lists of passages, generally with quotation of the important words. Every student can thus verify for himself what the author affirms. In this respect it is a model to handbook-makers.

Once more, the *Staatsrecht* has been marked throughout by its juristic character. The legal aspect of institutions and transactions has all along been prominent in the eyes of the author. He is always looking for legal grounds or drawing legal inferences; and perhaps in nothing will he have left his mark more deeply on Roman history than in the showing how respect for legality runs through transactions of the most petty or even apparently of the most violent and revolutionary character.

Is this true, however, of the institution of the imperial form of government? Had it for base some kind of constitutional understanding? We hardly know what to answer. We have looked forward to the conclusion of the *Staatsrecht* for Dr. Mommsen's full exposition of his theory of the dyarchy, and now it appears we must wait a little longer. The last chapter is on "Der souveräne Senat des Principats," but it gives, after all, little reason for calling the senate of the empire sovereign. When the emperor was of full years, industrious, and firmly-seated, he was, for all that we can see, the only sovereign that the Roman world had. The senate had been *de facto* sovereign in the middle republic; but Sulla's attempt to make it so *de jure* (pp. 881, 1252) failed, and we cannot yet agree with Dr. Mommsen (p. 864) that Augustus or Tiberius really repeated the effort.

We have not been able to find any short and clear expression of the relation between emperor and senate as Dr. Mommsen sees it. At p. 1252 he says that the constitutional state of affairs, from the battle of Actium to the reign of Diocletian, was "the practical co-existence of imperial and senatorial government." But all the value of such phrases lies in their explanation, and we must try to give a fair analysis of Dr. Mommsen's points. What, then, did the senate really possess under the arrangements made by Augustus and Tiberius? The right to declare war, and to treat persons as public enemies (p. 1270). True. But what else had the senate? Powers of legislation, of election to office, and of co-optation (p. 1265). But practically the emperors decided on all legislation, if we can believe the historians; and as to election and co-optation, the emperors nullified the action of the senate by their own rights of presentation and commendation (see p. 864), and by the power, assumed from Domitian onward, of extraordinary nomination to the senate (p.

857). What had the senate further? The control of Rome and Italy. But even here the emperor had a number of important, though special, powers (p. 1269). What else? Half of the provinces. But it was the unarmed half. Anything more? It acted as a supreme criminal court. But here, if the historians can be trusted, it had no will of its own. What else? Many formal dignities—the right to grant triumphs (p. 1234); the right to strike copper coins under imperial control (p. 1146); the right to receive deputations from Italian towns (p. 1198). But what was there behind those nominal powers? Was there any force, real or even only moral? Not that we can see. The army was wholly in the hands of the emperor. Dr. Mommsen insists on the exclusive right of senators to high military commands (pp. 896, 1254). But he has himself pointed out how the senators who held these commands were imperial nominees; in fact, doubly so—the emperors gave them the military posts, and the emperors had given them the senatorial seats which qualified them for those posts. As to moral force, we cannot see that the senate was often supported by it against emperors. If Tacitus can be believed, the moral force was generally against the emperor; but yet the senators had to do his will. It was not public feeling which got rid of Nero, but a military movement; and the united goodwill of senate and people could do little for Pertinax or for the unfortunate Gordians. There was only one thing which could really have given the senators moral force with which to face the physical force of twenty-five legions. If they had been "representative" in any real sense, their position would have been strong; and Dr. Mommsen does not hesitate to call them representatives of the citizens (pp. 864, 1238, 1253, 1266). But we cannot make out in what sense they, nearly all of them imperial nominees, were or could be representative of anything but imperial favour.

In short, the last account of the supposed dyarchy leaves us unconvinced. Dr. Mommsen himself appears to find difficulty in formulating his view, and many of his phrases seem to us to admit its hollowness ("Die Uebermacht des Principats," p. 1253; "Die Kaisergewalt durchaus die stärkere ist," p. 1262; the empire brought back "das effective Regiment der Magistratur," p. 1271). Pp. 1263-4 speak plainly enough of the real withdrawal of all important business from the senate. Moreover, the events of early reigns condemn the theory in the eyes of a historian, if not of a lawyer; and a lawyer ought to ask, Where are the documents? Where are your written proofs of this constitutional arrangement? Nothing, we believe, can be found in the way of documents, unless it be the language of vows (where the senate was mentioned along with the emperor) and the images on coins (among which is found, on the municipal coinage of the senatorial provinces, an imaginary head of the senate as well as heads of the emperors). But even these small usages must be explained, and what are we to think of them? How are we to fit these and the other facts together? Perhaps Dr. Mommsen would apply the English phrase, a "legal fiction." On p. 1254 he says the dyarchy did not rest

"auf einer formulirter Grundlage." But, if so, it was a very conscious fiction, and was seldom acted on. Tiberius may have encourage the fiction when he complained that the senate gave him everything to do; and the senators certainly acted it out when they tried to seize the government on the death of Caligula or in the time of Florianus. There are also two considerations which weigh with us in favour of Dr. Mommsen's view: the undoubted jealousy felt by the emperors of the senate; and the caution which the court-poets of Augustus show about handling his uncle, the self-appointed dictator who had taken up arms against the senate. Augustus's position and claims are never identified with those of Divus Julius. Yet we still doubt whether the ruling power ever seriously wished the theory of a dyarchy to be accepted; and we are tolerably certain that, if it was ever given out at all, it was a fiction and not a fact.

If there be any more in it than this, we must learn it from Dr. Mommsen's handling of the actual history; and that is one reason the more why we should hope that, having finished one task, he will now rapidly finish another and let us have without delay the missing volume of the *Roman History*.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

ORIENTAL STUDIES IN ITALY.

THE rapid progress of young united Italy must be the admiration of all scholars in every branch of learning. We will say nothing here of natural science, archaeology, or classical philology, but only notice oriental research.

Thirty years ago the name of the veteran Michael Amari stood alone in Italy as one of the most distinguished Arabic scholars of the day; while Syriac was the domain of the ecclesiastics, and other branches of study, like Hebrew, Ethiopic, Persian, Sanskrit, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chinese were almost unknown. What do we find now? A school which rivals the old-established ones in France, England, Germany, Holland, and Russia. We have only to mention Angelo de Gubernatis, Pezzi, and Lanzzone, in non-Semitic studies. Ignazio Guidi ranks with W. Wright, Noldeke, and others, in his Arabic, Syriac, and Ethiopic researches; Schiaparelli is the true follower of the great Amari; and Lasinio's name has been long known among Semitic scholars. The critical study of the Old Testament, however, was backward until Prof. David Castelli made modern criticism accessible by his excellent books on the history of Israel, the law of the Pentateuch, and the poetry of the Bible. But in order to form a school it is necessary to train disciples, as is the case in France, Germany, and Russia. Fortunately, Italy is striving to do the same. We see with great pleasure that a pupil of the School of High Studies at Florence, Signor Francesco Scoerbo, is following the guidance of his professors, Lasinio and Castelli, in Hebrew scholarship. Two years ago he brought out a very useful Hebrew and Aramaic Chrestomathy, which has just been followed by a simplified and very methodical grammar of the Hebrew language. It is intended for beginners, and limited to 152 pages; but it contains all the necessary information, with some few comparisons with Arabic and Aramaic. It is the equal in clearness and methodical arrangement of the grammars recently published in other countries. We regret only that the author had no access to English publications, such as Dr. Driver's book on the Hebrew tenses, which rapidly reached a second edition, and

Dr. Wickes' Treatises on the Hebrew Accents. We heartily congratulate the young author on his contribution to the advancement of the study of Hebrew in Italy, as we have congratulated his teacher, Castelli, on his contributions to the history of the Old Testament. A. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETRUSCAN NUMERALS—"ESLEMZARUMIS,"
"TEZAN," AND "ΘΥΝΧΥΛΕΛ."

Barton-on-Humber: Nov. 5, 1888.

In a former letter (ACADEMY, May 21, 1887, p. 365) I alluded to the numeral *eslem[z]arumis* (Gamurrini, No. 658), which I would explain as follows. As *ciemzarm*, one word, and meaning $(10-2) \times 10 = 80$, = an unabraded *cineminzarum*, or rather probably, as we shall see, *cinemezzarum*, which = the Arintzi *kinamischau-tung* ("80"), the Et. ordinal being *ciemzarmis* (= *cinemezzarumis*), so *eslemzarmis* = *esl-e-mza-θrum-is* = *esal-e-mizza-θrum-is* = "3 from 10 [*mizza* or *miza* = Ar. *minschau*, "10"] $\times 10$ + the ordinal termination (-*is*, -*s*), = "70th." Numerals formed by subtraction, e.g., the Ostiak 18 (= 2 from 20), will seem less strange when we remember that they are not unsuitable to gesture. Thus, 18 is easily expressed by holding up both hands twice, and then holding up two fingers, with some gesture expressive of subtraction. There must have been such a gesture to distinguish, e.g., between 9 and 11 in cases where, as in Zyrianian, $9 = 10 - 1$, and $11 = 10 + 1$. No doubt the usual 7-formation is $5 + 2$, i.e., as the Bakimo expresses it, *arfineq-mardluk*, "on-the-other-hand-2"; but Pott gives, among other formations, $8 - 1$, and 17 as $20 - 3$, while 8 and 9 are very commonly formed by subtraction.

Turning from the sepulchres of Etruria and the extinct Arintzi dialect, the loss of which has certainly retarded discoveries in Etruscan, let us notice how the above curious forms throw light upon, and are illustrated by, forms in a modern dialect—the Zyrianian. In Zyr., "8" is *kōkjamys*, which Pott explains as "[10] - 2," as if the "10" were understood. At times we meet with what Schott calls the "ellipse der zehn"; but this is not an instance. In the above mentioned letter I noticed that the Ar. *min-schau* is composed of two words, each of which originally meant "10," a meaning which had descended to the combination. Hence the syllables could be transposed (cf. *Adrahavīs-Hastadra*), and yet the sense be retained; and the 10-form *min*, *myn*, also appears as *mis*, *mys*, *mes*, so that, considering the Et. love of a *z*-sound, the Et. variant would probably be *mez*, not *min* (vide sup.). Instead of the Ar. *minschau*, Et. *mizza*, we could, therefore, equally have *schaumin*, *zamez* (cf. the Tunguse "20"; *gürmen*, i.e., "2 tens"; the Basque, *hamar*, &c.). Here, in Zyr., we find the latter—*jamys*, the Zyr. "8" being *kōk* (= Zyr. *kyk*, "2")—*jamys* (= *mysja*, Et. *mizza*, "10"), = "2 from 10." *Myn* and *mys* are dialectic variants—e.g., the Zyr. "40" is *nel-jamyn* or *nel-jamys* = 4×10 . Here we see both the Ar. and Et. forms. The Zyr. "80" is *kōkjamys-das* = $(10-2) \times 10$. Thus the Zyr. form *ko(k)-mysja* = the Et. *ci(n)emezza*. The Zyr. *das* ("10"), Mag. *tiz*, &c., is the "zehn[form]mit *t-s*" (Schott, *Das. Zahl.* 16); and, as Schott shows, has arisen out of a form *tasan*, = the Et. *tezan*. This latter is not the Aryan *decem*, &c., with which it has been often identified.

Pauli (*Die et. Zahlwörter*, 129) conjectures that the Et. *θυνχυλέλ* is a numeral, and has much to say about it, but does not explain it. As Deecke and he have shown, in Et. χ at times = θ (e.g., *me-χ-l* = *me-θ-l*); and the above apparently uncoth form is simply *θυν-χυ-λέλ* = θ (*θυ*, *θυν*) $\times 10$ (*χ-l*) = 50. *θυνχυλέλ* thus falls into its proper place with the *χ* decade-forms

(*cealχl*, *muvalχl*, *cepalχl*, &c.). The copulative particle *χυ* (*cu*) in *θυνχυλέλ* is not the Lat. loan-word *qu-e*, Et. χ , which in Et. as in Lat. is appended to a word, but originates from the Et. *ci* ("2"), meaning primarily "the other (second) hand," then generally "another," and, lastly, "+" or "x," as the case may be. This is exactly illustrated by the Ostiak *ja-zat-jong* (= Et. *θrum*). $1 + 10 = 11$. Here *za-t* originates from the Ost. *ka-t*, Ak. *ka-s*, Et. *ci*, *ci-n* ("2"); and, as Castrén suggests, *ja-zat-jong* might mean, in the original notation-scheme, "1 of the 2nd 10" = 11; but for many centuries *zat* has simply meant "+."

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new book by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace—*Darwinism, a Systematic Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its Applications*.

THE current number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* opens with a paper of exceptional value by Mr. H. A. Miers, of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, in which he enters into a critical study of the beautiful minerals termed Red Silver Ores. He concludes that the dark and light ores, known respectively as Pyrargyrite and Proustite, are always to be regarded as distinct species, though in some cases the two minerals are intimately associated, and the crystallisation is confused. The paper deals elaborately with the crystallographic characters of the two species. It may be mentioned that the author of this contribution to mineralogical science is the gentleman who suffered severely in the recent balloon accident near Maldon, in Essex; and it is matter of congratulation that he has so rapidly recovered. The same number of the magazine contains papers by Prof. Bonney, Mr. Teall, and Dr. Kinch.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Louis Havet communicated an ingenious suggestion with regard to the transposition of a passage in Vergil. The passage is *Aen.* vi. 616-620, describing the punishment in Tartarus of Theseus and Phlegyas. This passage M. Havet would insert between ll. 601 and 602. Apart from the improvement of the sense in both passages—which seems indisputable—he argued that both Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who imitated the entire episode, must have read it as thus transposed, though he admitted that the commentator Servius had our present text before him.

A RECENT article of the *Internationale Zeitschrift für Sprachwissenschaft* (Heilbronn: Henninger) contains an article by Prof. Karl Brugmann on "Gender in the Indo-European Languages." Rejecting the view which would seek for the origin of gender in the personification of inanimate objects, on the ground that grammar precedes such personifications, he argues in favour of a somewhat complicated theory of analogy and association, according to which the termination of a word expressing a thing naturally of one gender or other influenced the (accidental) gender of words of the same termination. For example, the Indo-European feminine has a final *ā*, because **gnā* = "woman" ends in *ā*.

RECENT numbers of the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* have contained reviews of Mr. Ellis's "Avianus," Mr. Capes's "Achaean League" (by Hultsch), Key's Latin Dictionary (by Georges), Mahaffy's "Greek Life and Thought," and H. J. White's "Four Gospels from the Munich MS." (by Rönisch). The

article on Mr. Ellis's book is in the worst style of German reviewing; but the criticisms of Hultsch, Georges, and Rönisch are valuable.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Nov. 13.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. E. B. Tylor read a paper, entitled "A Method of investigating the Development of Institutions, applied to Laws of Marriage and Descent." With the view of applying direct numerical method to anthropology, the author had compiled schedules of the systems of marriage and descent among about 350 peoples of the world, so as to ascertain by means of a "method of adhesion" how far each rule co-exists or not with other rules, and what have been the directions of development from one rule to another. As a first test of the results to be obtained by this means, Dr. Tylor examined the barbaric custom which forbids the husband and his wife's parents (though on a friendly footing) to speak to or look at one another, or mention one another's names. Seventy peoples practice this or the converse custom of the wife and her husband's relatives being obliged to ceremonially "cut" one another. On classifying the marriage rules of mankind, a marked distinction is found to lie between those peoples whose custom is for the husband to reside with his wife's family, and those where he removes her to his own home. It appears that the avoidance custom between the husband and the wife's family belongs preponderantly (in fourteen cases, as compared with eight computed as likely to happen by chance) to the group of cases where the husband goes to live with the wife's family. This implies a causal connexion between the customs of avoidance and residence, suggesting as a reason that the husband, being an interloper in the wife's family, must be treated as a stranger—to use an English idiom expressing the situation, he is not 'recognised.' Other varieties of the custom show similar preponderant adhesions. Another custom, here called "tahn-onymy," or naming the parent from the child, prevails among more than thirty peoples; as an example was mentioned the name of Ra-Mary, or Father of Mary, by which Moffatt was generally known in Africa. This custom proves, on examination, to adhere closely to those of residence and avoidance, the three occurring together among eleven peoples, that is, more than six times as often as might be expected to happen by chance concurrence. Their connexion finds satisfactory explanation in the accounts given of the Oree Indians of Canada, where the husband lives in his wife's house, but never speaks to his parents-in-law till his first child is born; this alters the whole situation, for, though the father is not a member of the family, his child is, and so confers on him the status of "Father of So-and-so," which becomes his name, the whole being then brought to a logical conclusion by the family ceasing to "cut" him. These etiquettes of avoidance furnish an indication of the direction of change in social habit among mankind; there are eight peoples (for instance, the Zulus) where residence is in the husband's family with the accompanying avoidances, but at the same time avoidance is kept up between the husband and the wife's family indicating that at a recent period he may have habitually lived with them. The method of tracing connexion between customs was next applied, with the aid of diagrams, to the two great divisions of human society, the matriarchal and the patriarchal, or, as Dr. Tylor preferred to call them, the "maternal" and "paternal" systems; and the method showed that the drift of society has been from the maternal to the paternal. Examination was next made of the practice of wife capture, recorded among about 100 peoples, as a hostile act, a recognised and condoned mode of marriage, or a mere formality. It appears from the tables that the rules of human conduct are amenable to classification, so as to show by strict numerical treatment their relations to one another. It is only at this point that speculative explanation must begin, guided and limited in its course by lines of fact. In the words of Prof. Bastien—"The future of anthropology lies in statistical investigation." Dr. Tylor's paper shows that the institu-

times of man are as distinctly stratified as the earth on which he lives, succeeding one another independently of race and language, by similar human nature acting through necessarily changing conditions of savage, barbaric, and civilised life.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY, MANCHESTER BRANCH.—
(Saturday, Nov. 17.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—Miss Gaffron read a paper on "Herder and Goethe in Strasburg." After tracing the course of Herder's life up to the time of his meeting with Goethe, and pointing out that the five years' difference in age had been for the elder man five years of self-dependant, earnest work, Miss Gaffron gave an interesting account of their meeting, and of their intercourse together during the time Herder was laid up in his sick room in Strasburg. She pointed out how readily the younger and more highly gifted nature subordinated itself, for the time, to the stimulating but censorious elder; and how deeply indebted through life Goethe was to Herder's teachings no less than to the tonic effect of his criticism. The latter saved him from the dangers of self-sufficiency, whereas the former widened and deepened his mind by introducing him to whole sides of literature with which Goethe was still unacquainted while Herder had made a close study of them. It was Herder who first called Goethe's serious attention to English literature—especially to Shakspeare and Goldsmith; and it was he who first made him feel the charm of popular poetry, and encouraged him to search for the rich treasures lying concealed among the songs and legends of the people. The direct influence of the poet Herder on the poet Goethe was comparatively small, as Herder's too severe and rather one-sided criticism had an effect more intimidating than encouraging, and naturally led Goethe to conceal his interest in certain subjects that were building themselves up into poetic form; but the indirect influence of Herder as *guide* and *thinker* on the young Goethe was simply incalculable.—A discussion followed, in which the chairman, while granting the intellectual advantages to Goethe of his intercourse with Herder, particularly through the fuller appreciation thus gained of the Greek poets, emphasised Miss Gaffron's remarks on the rasping effect of Herder's nature on Goethe, and mentioned, with approval, Scherer's suggestion that the memory of this time was in Goethe's mind when he wrote *Satyres*. In support of this view of Herder's character, he quoted a letter from Frau von Stein, dated 1795, in which the latter speaks of Herder's extreme irritability.—The hon. sec. though that Herder, as a man, had been rather hardly dealt with, at least for this early period of his life; and he suggested that the coolness which was said to have grown up between him and Goethe after their time in Strasburg may have arisen from the fact that Herder at that time was giving himself up mainly to theological studies, which had no particular interest for Goethe.—Mr. Prinsinger thought that Herder not only suggested *Satyres* to Goethe's mind, but even that some features of Mephistopheles were borrowed from him.—The chairman then read a very interesting note on K. P. Moritz, the author of *Travels of a German in England* (1782), reprinted in Cassell's "National Library" (No. 47). Moritz was much more intimately connected with the course of German literature than would appear from Prof. Morley's introduction. Besides his *Travels in England*, which quickly became popular, he wrote a well-known psychological romance *Anton Reiser*, and an important treatise on prosody; and he was moreover for some time an intimate friend of Goethe. In 1782, Moritz spent seven weeks in England, and while in London became intimate with the Danish Chargé d'Affaires Schönbörn, who had some eight years before met Goethe, and had some interesting correspondence with him. In 1786, Moritz himself met Goethe in Italy, where his expenses had been advanced by Campe, the publisher; his *Travels in England* having proved a great success. In Rome, Moritz met with an accident and broke his arm; and during his slow convalescence, Goethe (eight years his senior) was constantly with him, acting as his confessor, confidante, finance minister, and private secretary. The two were drawn to each other by community

of interests as well as by congeniality of temperament. Moritz was then at work on a *Traité on Versification*, which was of the greatest use to Goethe in deciding questions that arose in his versification of "Iphigenia;" indeed Goethe says: "I should never have attempted to turn 'Iphigenia' into iambs, had not Moritz's prosody shone upon me like a star of light. My conversation with the author, especially during his confinement from his accident, has still more enlightened me upon the subject." Goethe was evidently much interested in the young author whose life had corresponded wonderfully with his own, except that fortune, which had been kind to Goethe, had been unkind to the other. He advises Frau von Stein to read *Anton Reiser*, and recommends Moritz warmly to Herder, who became very friendly with him during his visit to Rome in 1788. (Jealousy, however, of Moritz's favour with Goethe seems soon to have changed Herder's feelings.) Shortly afterwards, Moritz visited Weimar to spend eight weeks with Goethe. He was introduced to Karl August, who took lessons from him in English, and whom he accompanied to Berlin. In 1791, Moritz again visited Weimar and Goethe, but he was then in very feeble health. In 1793, he died at Berlin.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Nov. 19.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Miss A. M. Anderson and Mr. M. H. Dziewicki were elected members. Mr. S. Alexander read a paper on "The Growth and Progress of Moral Ideals." His object was to show that Moral Ideals in their origin and development follow the same law as species in the animal world. The paper was followed by a discussion.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, Nov. 21.)

DR. W. KNIGHTON, vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. W. John Dixon read a paper on "Carlyle the Historian," introducing the subject upon the ground that the interval since Carlyle's death had given time to recover that equilibrium of criticism which was desirable in discussing remarkable men. Carlyle was disparaged nowadays without a fair hearing. Mr. Dixon gave a short conversation between Carlyle and his wife to show that his full biography was known only to himself. His religion was peculiarly his own, for he outstripped in intrepidity and freedom of thought the most advanced thinking of the age. His influence on society, whatever it might be, was apparently little as yet, owing to the fearless expression of his views and his lifelong crusade against time-serving expedites; but the rapid sale of his books, and recent simultaneous cheap issues of them, proved that they were being read widely, and that his thoughts were taking hold of the minds of a vast number of readers. His religion taught him that life was full of shams; that society was living in a fool's paradise, from which at some time—how soon he knew not—it would be rudely awakened and compelled to discard the time-worn tinkettle of government for a new one. Every new patch created a strain which resulted in a fresh leak elsewhere, and a sounder utensil must be provided. Two of the most prominent articles in his creed were moral education and general emigration. Passing on to Carlyle's literary fame, he said it seemed to be the result, not so much of mere love of literature for itself, as of a deep-searching study of the lives and experiences of nations and individuals of all ages in the past for his own guidance, and the consequent riveting in his mind of all great and leading facts worth remembering. His refusal of the honours offered to him by Mr. Disraeli was but the result of his deep-rooted conviction of the valuelessness of earthly distinction, and explained the tenacity with which he clung to that conviction and never tired of impressing it on others. He has been called a scold and a scoffer, whose oft-repeated censure of the evils of the age in which he lived must have at length become mere meaningless cant, even in his own eyes; but two little episodes in his life, many years apart, seem to be a sufficient answer to this contention—his address as Lord Rector to the students at Edinburgh University, and his farewell to the reader at the close of his *French Revolution*. After some observations from

the chair, in which Dr. Knighton took occasion to recount some personal reminiscences of Carlyle, a discussion ensued, in which Mr. Mackenzie Bell, the Rev. R. Gwynne, Dr. Zerffi, and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton (the secretary) took part, the last-named gentleman maintaining that Carlyle's appreciation of Shakspeare, though in the main correct, was scarcely wide enough.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Nuremberg. By H. W. Longfellow. Illustrated with Twenty-Eight Photogravures by the Gebbie & Husson Co. Illuminated and arranged by Mary E. and Amy Comegys. (Sampson Low.) This is a handsome drawing-room book, evidently of American origin, which is so bound as to open well, but not to remain open. Of all poets, Longfellow—who once himself collected poems about places—most readily lends himself to this kind of pictorial illustration; and it would almost seem as if his "Nuremberg" had been written for the very purpose. The method of illustration adopted, if not highly artistic, is at least adequate. The subjects consist of photographic views, and portraits of such worthies as Albrecht Dürer, Hans Sachs, &c. The illuminated initials, taken from MSS. and early printed books, are beautifully reproduced in colours.

Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets. Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert. (Sampson Low.) This is a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of a work issued twenty-six years ago. The artist's undoubted powers—his bold drawing, rich colour, and manifest enjoyment of a crowded scene—are here to be seen at their best. It is difficult to believe that some of Shakspeare's songs, such as "What shall he have that killed the deer?" and "Let me the cannakin clink," will ever be more effectively illustrated. The chromolithographs are printed by Messrs. Vincent Brooks, Day, & Son.

WE have received, from Messrs. Hyre & Spottiswoode, *Jack the Giant Killer*—the illustrations, and all the quaint text besides, by the late Richard, or, as he was affectionately known to all the world, "Dicky" Doyle. These illustrations are printed in colours. They were the work of the artist in very early youth; yet they are practically of his maturity in art, for "Dicky" Doyle's figure-drawing hardly became with time more Academic or more strictly correct, while in his early youth he had already—what he kept, indeed, to his old age—a boundless fertility of invention, and singular intensity as well as grace of expression. Now, *Jack the Giant Killer* does not give, we will allow, the full opportunity for grace; but for humorous terror how rich is the opportunity, and with what delight and unction is it seized! The little book is absolutely full of "go"; and so cheery, albeit in certain of its pages so gruesome, a guest will be very popular at many a hearth this next Christmas time, we feel assured.

THE 1888 volume of the *Magazine of Art*, which we have just received from Messrs. Cassell, is an immense advance upon any of its predecessors, but more especially is it an advance upon the magazine as it existed just before the editorship of Mr. Spielmann. Mr. Henley, in more remote days, had, at all events, been careful to supply it with literature good in its own way, if not always exactly appropriate; and the illustrations, or, at all events, the methods of them, have always been good. But during the interregnum—the dreary period after Mr. Henley had abdicated, and before Mr. Spielmann reigned in his stead—the *Magazine of Art* absolutely tottered. Alike for the literary man and the artistic person it lost

interest. Let us hope that somewhere in the provinces and the second-rate suburbs—some-where, perhaps, where they admire Mr. Rider Haggard as a novelist and Mr. Gustave Doré as a painter—it still found a home, amid congenial company. But from the very beginning of the present year the change has been complete. Even the illustrations—to whose excellence we have already bore witness—have improved. You can never do very much with “processes,” but some of the woodcuts are really quite amazing. Again, the editor has obtained a complete hold upon the artistic movement of the day. Instead of being a review of recondite subjects, the magazine has become, if that Irishism may be permitted us, a “monthly journal” of art. This is not an unmixed advantage, evidently, yet it is an advantage on the whole. Important artistic questions—exhibitions, leading artists, &c.—are treated by accomplished writers, whom the better portion of the public has agreed to accept; and, for the gratification of a public of a lower kind, there is trotted out occasionally—nay, there is trotted out a little too often—the utterance of the popular artist, who is not a writer at all. It is in this matter that Mr. Spielmann must be good enough to restrain himself. An artist like Mr. Watts, or like Sir James Linton, has indeed thoughts which one is interested in listening to. But painters, generally speaking, have not thoughts, but only opinions. And Mr. Spielmann must not encourage the commoner part of the public in the delusion that the bungling efforts of the painter in an art not his—the art of writing—can, except upon the rarest occasions, by any possibility, have value. We have attacked Mr. Spielmann thus cheerfully and boldly in what is well-nigh the only weak point of his editorial armour. To his general success—a success artistic on the whole as well as popular—we as gladly bear witness.

THE FORTNUM COLLECTION AND THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It will interest those who have at heart the progress of art and archaeology in our universities to learn that Mr. C. Drury E. Fortnum has made a free gift of the greater part of his magnificent collection to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, where it had already been deposited for some time on loan.

This munificent act—the liberality of which is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Fortnum is not himself an Oxford man—has placed at the disposal of the university for purposes of teaching and study many objects of almost priceless value in their relation to the history of art. The collection itself was formed with the distinct object of illustrating the whole course of civilised arts from the earliest times to the latest eddies of the Renaissance, and has thus a special educational utility. Various portions of it will be familiar to connoisseurs as having been exhibited on different occasions at the South Kensington Museum, the Burlington Club, and, in the case of a part of the Italian reliefs and bronzes, at the Royal Academy during last winter.

Among the objects of classical interest contained in the collection, the noble terra-cotta head, by some attributed to Skopas himself, and certainly belonging to his school, will be remembered by those who visited the recent exhibition of Greek terra-cottas and ceramics at the Burlington Club, where it stood out “velut inter ignes Lina minores.” The series is especially rich in the Italian department; and here, too, are two striking terra-cotta busts. One of them is a bearded head, which at Florence, at least, has been generally accepted as from the hand of Cellini; the other, by Pollajuolo, is the original of the well-known

marble bust of Lorenzo di Medici, the lower part of the face being evidently taken from his head after death. The sculptures and reliefs, in various materials, include representative works of the schools of Orcagna, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Majano, Rossellino, and others. Two reliefs—one in marble, the other in *pietra serena*—are ascribed to Desiderio da Settignano; and there is one of the terra-cotta originals of Pierino da Vinci's tragic group representing Ugolino in the *Torre del Fiume*.

The series of majolica includes selected specimens, many of them signed works, from all the principal Italian fabrics, Hispano-Moresque, Rhodian and Persian wares, a fine Palissy plateau, and other interesting French pieces, and must be regarded as in the highest degree representative. Among the more important works of the class are a tabernacle and part of an altar-piece by Andrea della Robbia.

The bronzes begin with figures illustrative of Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Graeco-Roman art; several of which, including the important figure of Venus from Stratoniké in Caria, were for a time exhibited at South Kensington. The Italian series is exceedingly rich, and supplies some noteworthy examples of the styles of Ghiberti, Cellini, Ammanati, Giovanni da Bologna, and others; while among the plaquettes, in which the collection is especially strong, is probably the finest existing group of the works of Moderno, who carried this branch of art to its highest perfection, and surpassed, in the opinion of competent judges, even the handiwork of Benvenuto Cellini.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Fortnum's munificent intentions extend far beyond his present gift, and that he is disposed eventually to bequeath to the university the remaining part of his great collection which still adorns his house at Stanmore, together with a sustentation fund in connexion with the museum. The move made at Oxford during the last few years on behalf of the study of art and archaeology has thus already borne good fruit; and there is every hope that the efforts now set on foot to secure the eventual unification of the art collections and antiquities of the university in a central museum, to be formed by extending the present galleries, will in process of time be carried to a successful end. The wise liberality of Mr. Fortnum will certainly act as both an encouragement and an incentive.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation *The Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer*, by Mr. W. M. Conway, late professor of art at University College, Liverpool. The volume will contain transcripts from the British Museum MSS., with notes upon them, by Lina Eckenstein, and will also be illustrated.

THE twenty-seventh winter exhibition of sketches and studies by members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours will be opened on Monday next, at their gallery in Pall Mall East; the private view is fixed for to-day. On Monday, also, Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons will have on view, in the Haymarket, a collection of pictures and studies recently made in Spain by Mr. Richard Beavis, entitled “Land of the Cid.” We may further mention that Messrs. Rud. Ibach Sohn have now on exhibition, in Oxford Street, Prof. Beckmann's historical painting of “Richard Wagner in his Home, Wahnfried.”

SINCE the restoration of the church of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, by the late Lord Provost William Chambers, much has been done to beautify and enrich the interior of the structure. We may, in particular, refer to the powerful stained glass by Cottier, with which

the great west window has been filled, by the gift of Mr. Hamilton Bruce; and to the smaller, but very excellent, window by Messrs. William Morris & Co., presented by the family of the late Lord Curriehill, in memory of that judge. More recently an exceedingly rich and elaborate memorial to “the great Marquis of Montrose,” has been erected by members of the clan of Graham. It takes the form of an altar-tomb, in the Renaissance style of our Jacobean period, designed by Dr. Rowand Anderson, the architect of the new Medical Schools, that finest of the recent buildings of Edinburgh. The marble recumbent figure of the marquis, sword in hand, and clad in armour, is from the chisel of Mr. J. M. Rhind; and the windows of the Montrose aisle are to be filled with glass, blazoning the arms of the Grahams and related houses. The latest decoration that has been introduced into the church is a bronze tablet, designed by Mr. Frederick Shields, which has been erected by the 92nd Highlanders, in memory of their comrades who fell in Afghanistan and in South Africa. This was described in the *ACADEMY* of November 17.

THE annual *Vorlegeblätter*, which archaeologists have got accustomed to look for from Vienna at this time of the year, will shortly be ready. The new series will be specially interesting, from its giving us in a convenient and accurate form the best of those archaic Greek vases which bear the names of the painters or potters from whose establishments they issued. This series of signed vases comes down to and includes the work of Exekias. From the specimens we have seen, Prof. Benndorf is to be again congratulated on his successful management of the *Vorlegeblätter*.

MESSRS. HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER have sent us what they modestly describe as a “small parcel” of their Christmas Cards, &c. Included in the parcel are a number of Illustrated Books and Booklets—in which Mr. Fred. Weatherly is conspicuous as the poet laureate of the nursery, and in which the coloured pictures are exceedingly soft in tone; and also some Photographic Opal Souvenirs, which we do much admire. Of the Christmas and New Year Cards, we would specially mention what seem to be novelties—the tinted shells, the leaves and flowers with irregular borders, and those embossed in gold and silver and tinsel. Among the most successful designers are Alice Havers, B. D. Sigmund, and Ernest Wilson. All are beautifully printed and got up, though we observe that the work is done in Germany.

THE Christmas number of the *Pictorial World* consists entirely of one of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's weird stories of murder and sleep-walking, rather poorly illustrated. There are two coloured plates, of which the larger is a fine example of chromo-lithography.

THE STAGE.

“THE WIDOW WINSOME.”

A GOOD deal of interest was aroused in theatrical society by the announcement of the performance, on Tuesday afternoon, of a new eighteenth-century comedy by Mr. Calmour; but the piece itself was not found to be charged with any great measure of vitality. It may, or may not, succeed to “Betsy” in Mr. Wyndham's evening bill. Should it do so, it will owe something no doubt to Mr. Calmour's ingenuity, but more to the undoubtedly strong cast with which it was on Tuesday provided. “The Widow Winsome” encounters, to begin with, a very serious difficulty, and lays itself open almost needlessly to criticism by reason of the writer's choice of period. It is hard enough to endow with reality the *dramatis personae* of our own day; but it is infinitely harder to give

as the result of creation, observation, and a fine analysis of human feeling, when every phrase in which these things have to be conveyed must engage the author in the business of correctness to the epoch he essays to depict. As a matter of fact, Mr. Calmou does not appear to have troubled himself very greatly to catch the tone or language of the time. His personages—or one or two of them—are provided with a moderate supply of eighteenth-century oaths, and the matron of presumably five-and-thirty addresses the young spinster of one or two-and-twenty as “child,” and the young spinster protests where she would now declare. But there the thing ends. The language, apart from these things, is a little mixed. It shows no traces of profound literary study. Again, it is but rarely that the dialogue is witty. Nor can it be asserted that the characters display freshness of conception, or much novelty of treatment. Here, however, we may lay claim to have exhausted the faults of the piece with not very malicious comment. Now, as regards its merits. The mechanism of the play is, on the whole, of sufficient ingenuity; and the piece has that very first of requisites for holding the attention of an English audience—an abundance and a continuity of action. At the bottom of the mischief of the piece is the jealous, and sour, and exacting woman, who does not scruple to lie in order to divide two lovers. She is a Lady Sneerwell in more dangerous movement. Then there is an irate father—a Sir Anthony Absolute in a fresh situation—who forbids his daughter to marry a young gentleman who, though he can flirt with many, has a heart but for her. There is the bold, but not immaculate, hero; a timid lover in the second rank; a funny serving man, and a sympathetic maid; a half-witted gentleman, whose nervous system has been a prey to the evil-minded woman; chief of all, an impulsive and impassioned heroine. Very admirably were most of these characters impersonated. Miss Gertrude Kingston, gifted with a fine lack of sympathetic attractiveness, and a certain measure of force, satisfied as Lady Priscilla Goshawke. She knew her business, and did it. Miss Laura Linden gave interest (and womanliness) to the sympathetic maid. Miss Kate Burke—seldom seen to more advantage than in first representations—was graceful and serviceable at all times, and impassioned at need. She can be intense with dignity. Mr. H. B. Conway, as this heroine's lover, was graceful and gallant, picturesque and sincere. Mr. Maude, as his friend, was interesting. The three other gentlemen of importance were Mr. William Farren, Mr. Fred Thorne, and Mr. George Giddens. What Mr. Farren has done aforetime in the true eighteenth-century comedy, he repeated, so far as the occasion sanctioned it, in this piece. Mr. Fred Thorne was really very laughable indeed: never exaggerating; continually effective. Perhaps it was hardly Mr. Giddens's fault if, in representing a worthy man of enfeebled parts, he struck only one note—a note of gentle pathos. There was but that note to strike. His play with his flute suggested a little the hunchback's attitude to his violin in that most pathetic and most musical of the poetic dramas of Coppée—*Le Luthier de Crémone*.

STAGE NOTES.

It is rather unfortunate that the management of Mr. Lart at the Globe Theatre comes to an end just this side of Christmas. For “The Monk's Room”—although somewhat unrelieved as regards true humour—is a piece that gains upon acquaintance. Its serious passages rise quite above the commonplace. They have dignity and they have feeling. And then, as regards several of its principal characters, the

play is acted with uncommon force and skill. We do not deliberately consider that Miss Alma Murray has a part so rich in opportunities as she found in Mr. Mark Ambient's Christina; but she has at least a rôle which gains by the discretion and the delicacy of her art. Mr. Vezin is as disagreeable as he could wish to be; and nothing is more immediately comprehensible than the regret with which the adorer of the sacred beetle learns that he is to share his bedroom—in itself a curious circumstance, by-the-bye; but the mansion was evidently built before large “house parties” were at all the fashion. Mr. Willard remains as incisive and forcible as at the first. Never has he held with a firmer grip the character with which he is invited to identify himself. And Mr. Ivan Watson plays his one good scene with singular completeness and good purpose. And Miss Marion Lea—albeit a little wanting, the second time we saw her, in sheer wickedness of mind—makes an unmistakable mark in the very striking prologue. The town must soon hear of her in some other character at least as important.

QUITE a new programme at the Strand will offer to the regular playgoer something that must be of interest. There are two new pieces. One of them is “A Highland Legacy,” by Mr. Brandon Thomas. It is adroitly constructed and well written—has some humour in it, and a very little pathos. The author acts the chief character with excellent discretion. He makes more of it than it was possible to make out of that part of Sweet Lavender's father, at Terry's Theatre, in which Mr. Thomas was last seen. Discreet, indeed, he was in that; but in his own piece he was distinctly effective. The second thing at the Strand is Mr. G. P. Hawtrey's “Atalanta,” a burlesque of the classic story. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey acts in it with singular smoothness and neatness, uncton and good humour. Mr. Squire is very dry, and Mr. Wyatt very jolly. The chief ladies are, we suppose, Miss Alma Stanley and Miss Marie Linden. Miss Stanley is Aphrodite—an Aphrodite abundant and luxurious. Miss Linden—who makes people laugh once or twice by a clever imitation of Miss Mary Anderson—shows at all points how well she knows her business, how practised and valuable a member of a company she is. And in the maddest business of burlesque it is never possible to forget that Miss Linden is a lady. And that is a recommendation still. The only other artist who seems to require separate notice is Miss Nellie Bennett—a charming person, with a pretty sense of humour. Some of the dresses are quite classical, and some are not at all so. All are effective, thanks in chief to Mr. Lewis Wingfield. The burlesque is smartly written. The puns are as far-fetched as they ought to be; and many an allusion in the piece reminds us that Mr. Hawtrey knows what is going on in the world.

At a dramatic entertainment given at St. George's Hall on Tuesday in last week, the Drawing Room Comedy Company of Messrs. Poel and Berlyn performed three short pieces. The company, it may be remembered, often includes, for the time being, favourite artists who have engagements at regular theatres. Of such, of course, is Miss Rose Norreys, who, at short notice, played, with her keen dramatic instinct, the bright little part in “The Mouse Trap,” which had previously been played by Miss Filipi and Miss Dickens. Of such, too, is Miss Beatrice Lamb, a young actress of dignity and directness of method, who, though she lacked variety of tone in “Chiromancy,” was good in “Mrs. Weakly's Difficulty,” and better still in a recitation which she gave in the unexpected absence of Mr. Rutland Barrington. Miss Robins—an

American actress, who has come to London with capital credentials, and who must be seen before long on a more important occasion—impressed one favourably as the young widow in the first piece played. Mr. Poel was genial and funny, Mr. Ernest Wright quite adequate, and Mr. Hinton Grove unquestionably quaint. Hans Wessely—an excellent Hungarian violinist—showed his art in a *reverie* of Vieux-temps and in dances by Brahms. There was a smarter audience than is generally wont to be gathered in the cavernous recesses of St. George's Hall.

By the death of M. Gondinet, which occurred last week, while he was but middle-aged, France loses one of the brightest, though undoubtedly one of the most farcical, of her dramatists—a man of happy humour and great fertility of invention, and one quite as popular personally as he was as a writer of extravagant comedy. “Gavaut,” “Minard et Compagnie,” “Les Plus Heureux des Trois,” and, last of all, “Le Parisien,” are among the most talked about of his plays. It is said, doubtless with truth, that while M. Gondinet's own successes in literature or stagecraft have been fully recognised, it is little known how much he has paved the way to the stage for many a work of one or other of his less celebrated comrades.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ introduced at his last series of chamber concerts a Quintet for piano and strings (Op. 81), by Dvorák, which proved to be a work of great freshness and originality. It was played last Saturday afternoon for the first time at the Popular Concerts, with Sir Charles at the pianoforte, and was evidently much enjoyed by the audience. The second movement (*Dumka*) is beautiful, but certainly too long. This is, however, the only complaint that can be raised against this composition, which will form a valuable addition to the already large *répertoire* of chamber music. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, gave an admirable reading of the work. The rest of the programme does not call for special comment. Mme. Bertha Moore, the vocalist, gave a pleasing rendering of Sir Arthur Sullivan's “Orpheus with his Lute.”

At the Monday evening concert, Brahms' New Gipsy Songs (Op. 103) were given for the first time in this country. This new work has properly been described as a sequel to the two sets of “Liebeslieder-Walzer,” which have become so popular. The eleven songs of which it consists are all extremely graceful and charming. The “gipsy” features consist principally of irregular rhythms, the employment throughout of 2-4 time, and imitation in the pianoforte accompaniment of the cimbalon, the national instrument of Hungary. No change of time may suggest monotony, but the constant changes of rate and rhythm give plenty of variety. We predict for these songs a success as great as that obtained by the “Liebeslieder.” The performance by Mrs. Henschel, Miss Lena Little, Messrs. Shakespeare and Henschel, with Miss Fanny Davies at the pianoforte, was extremely good. The audience tried to encore some of the numbers; but Mr. Chappell's artists, who appear to have turned over a new leaf, did not give way. They were, however, re-called several times at the close. Miss Davies played the catchy accompaniments with much taste and judgment. The programme commenced with Schubert's D minor Quartet for strings, and Signor Piatti played Max Bruch's Kol Nidrei. The last piece was a pianoforte solo—Chopin's Scherzo

in B flat minor (Op. 31), played by Miss Margaret Wild. She has good fingers, but we must take a more favourable opportunity of judging of her merits as a pianist.

The second Symphony Concert took place on Tuesday evening. The programme included a "Ritter Ballet," written by Beethoven for a masked ball given at Bonn in 1791. The composer's name does not seem to have been connected with it at the time. The score has only recently been published. It consists of eight short numbers. They are all light and pleasing, but they belong to too early a period in the master's career to be of real musical interest. No. 8, an elaborate coda, contains a phrase which foreshadows the opening theme of the finale of the first Symphony. The programme included Brahms' delightful Symphony in F (No 3), the Overtures to "Oberon," and "Tannhäuser," and Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, played with great refinement and taste by Miss Fanny Davies. The "Oberon" went well, but the performance of the symphony left much to be desired. And why was not the piccolo heard in the Beethoven suite?

Last July Mr. Ralph Stuart gave a Chopin recital, and we fully acknowledged his good technique and agreeable touch. But he had faults then, and those faults we found magnified at his recital last Wednesday afternoon. He played Tausig's transcription of Bach's Toccata and Fugue, but one could not hear the music for the noise. Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata was cold, jerky, and not always correct. There was some good playing in Chopin's Allegro de Concert (Op. 46); but Mr. Stuart would do well to avoid, for the present at any rate, such a formidable concert-piece. The Polonaise in A flat by Chopin was hard and exaggerated. Let Mr. Stuart beware, in future, of adding to the text of the Polish composer. Chopin knew very well, how, when, and where to put in ornaments. In the first part of Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor Mr. Stuart showed what good fingers he has. He has only to put himself into really good hands, and he will do well. His playing at present lacks charm and repose, and he appears to think that loud playing covers a multitude of sins.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Ruth" was performed by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. Mr. Barnby's choir revelled in the choruses, which form so important a feature of the work. There were, however, one or two weak moments—the altoes were not always sufficiently heard, and the basses were not very true in intonation in the recitative which introduces the great chorus "Praise Him." But in this chorus the power and brilliancy of the singing, especially in the imposing coda, were remarkable. Miss Anna Williams sang the music of Ruth with great care. Mdme. Bella Cole as Naomi sang so quietly that, at times, she was scarcely audible. The other soloists were Miss Larkcom, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Watkin Mills. There was a good and enthusiastic audience.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Novello Oratorio Concerts will commence on Thursday, December 6, at St. James's Hall, with Dr. Parry's "Judith" (first performance in London). The "Messiah" will be given on December 18, and "Elijah" on January 23, 1889. On February 26, Dr. Mackenzie's new Cantata, "The Dream of Jubal" will be produced, and on March 19 Mr. Dudley Buck's Cantata, "The Light of Asia." The series will terminate on April 9 with Handel's "Saul." Dr. Mackenzie will be the conductor.

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LITERATURE.

India. By Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

The publication of this volume is very opportune. For the policy with which Sir John Strachey's name will be for ever associated in Indian history has lately received an important development. It is probably by no accident, or if by accident then by a happy chance, that his full and accurate narrative of the inner working of the government of India during the past thirty years should have followed so closely on the great readjustment of the provincial and imperial finances, of which the detailed accounts reached England by the last Indian mail. But the book has a value quite distinct from, and far higher than, the interest which it derives from its well-timed appearance. It forms the most trustworthy record which has yet been given to the public of the momentous administrative changes by which the old India of the Company has been silently, skilfully, and securely remodelled into the new India of the Queen. In that deliberate revolution, probably the two most powerful, and certainly the two most permanent, human factors have been the brothers Strachey. With a ripe experience of India before the Mutiny, they, more firmly than any other of the great servants of England in the East, grasped the facts of the new situation which the downfall of the East India Company brought about. The construction of an empire out of semi-independent states and conquered territories which had been separated for ages by the barriers of nature, by the events of history, and by the fiscal follies of man—that was one aspect of the splendid task which lay before the administrators of India under the crown. The less obvious but not less important, and perhaps even more difficult, part of the process, consisted in so conducting the operation as to bind together the whole without strangling the parts or sacrificing their individuality. We rightly speak of the unification of Germany as the highest European achievement of this second half of our century. But in India a process of unification has been going on upon a mightier scale. In Europe the union was by fire, accomplishing itself conspicuously amid the thunder of artillery. The unification of India, as of a greater kingdom which began to cover the earth nineteen hundred years ago, has come not with observation. It is the result of administrative measures, of material appliances, and of moral forces, working with a cumulative potentiality towards a common end. What that end will be no man can predict. Even those who have most honourably laboured at the work only see their own side of it, and there are distinguished administrators who

still fail to perceive that the united Indian government of the present is only one phase of the united Indian people of the future. But as in Germany, so in India, the really historical statesmen of the past thirty years are those who have, consciously or unconsciously, accomplished the consolidation of the empire.

Before recurring to this aspect of the book, it may be convenient to give a general idea of its contents. It is, in its present form, the carefully elaborated result of a course of lectures delivered by Sir John Strachey at Cambridge in 1884. Both the universities have of late shown a desire to bring within reach of their youth the experience and knowledge gained by Indian administrators. Nor is it easy to conceive of any intellectual discipline more interesting or more beneficial to a recently retired Indian administrator than the delivery of such a course of lectures. He finds himself compelled to separate the essential from the accidental in Indian polity, and to search out the principles underlying the long series of phenomena which have passed during a lifetime before his eyes. He must generalise broadly if he is to interest his audience, but he must generalise soundly if he is to avoid contempt. These are precisely the qualities which give an exceptional value to the present book. In less than four hundred pages Sir John Strachey has furnished an account at once comprehensive and exact of the India which he has seen, and of the measures in which he has played so important a part. His impressions regarding provinces and races which lay beyond his own observation are not always quite accurate, nor does he seem to have perfectly gauged the significance of certain movements and changes which have taken place since he left India. But these deficiencies, as they seem to me, might not be reckoned deficiencies by others, and they do not interfere with the value of the great storehouse of personal experience and personal knowledge which he has thrown open to the reader.

Sir John Strachey starts with an account of the country, its geography and climate. To anyone who cares to see how tenderly the scenery of a civilian's early districts remains imprinted on his memory, I would commend Sir John Strachey's description of the Himalayas and Kumaon. A single paragraph, that on p. 27, for example, presents with marvellous vividness and fidelity a great mountain panorama:

"Among earthly spectacles," says Sir John, "I cannot conceive it possible that any can surpass the Himalya, as I have often seen it on an evening in October. . . . Beyond the river it seems to the eye as if the peaks of perpetual snow rose straight up, and almost close to you, into the sky. . . . The stupendous golden or rose-coloured masses and pinnacles of the snowy range extend before you in unbroken succession for more than 250 miles, filling up a third part of the visible horizon, while on all other sides, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the red and purple ranges of the lower mountains."

From the scenery of the country Sir John passes to the constitution of the government in India and at home—a most valuable chapter. The army of India, its finances and public revenues, its foreign trade, public works, public debt, famine insurance fund,

judicial system, and public instruction, form each in turn the subject of clear and accurate treatment. An exhaustive description of an Indian province, of its castes, races, institutions, and the official mechanism of its administration, follows. It is succeeded by a shorter account of the native states.

The book concludes with a chapter on Bengal, which I feel sure that Sir John Strachey would have modified if his practical experience of the people and districts of the Lower Provinces had been so large as it was of the people and districts of Upper India. It has been my duty to acquaint myself personally with every part of those provinces; and I here protest, as I have on many occasions protested, against generalising as to the people of Bengal from the anaemic dwellers in Calcutta and the surrounding districts. Those districts lie deep down in the fever-breeding Delta. Throughout a considerable tract of them, the tract immediately under the observation of English residents in Calcutta, ten thousand human beings are huddled together on each polluted square mile. Throughout many thousand square miles, inclusive of wide wastes and swamps, more than one person has to live off each acre. Nothing can be more unfair than to generalise regarding "the Bengali," if by that term is meant the inhabitants of even the Lower Provinces of Bengal, from localities in which human life is often a long struggle against the fever bacillus. I hope that Macaulay's exaggerations have now been quoted for the last time, unless for the purpose of correction, in any English book. The inhabitants of Lower Bengal are the race who in a special degree supplied the brains by which the appliances of English consolidation—the railway, the telegraph, and the public school—have been introduced, and were for a time worked (at least in the subordinate administration), throughout all Northern India.

It is as a record of consolidation that Sir John Strachey's lectures have a peculiar value. Those who desire to know how India has within the last thirty years been bound together by a strong central government, by the abolition of internal frontiers and customs lines, by a great system of public instruction and of public works, by railways, telegraphs, by common codes of law, and by a supreme legislative council, will find in this book, and in the brothers Strachey's former volume, the facts at first hand. They will realise, moreover, not only the influence which the two brethren have had upon the consolidation of India under the Queen, but also their successful efforts to preserve and to develop self-government and administrative responsibility in the provinces. Consolidation and decentralisation, in these two words the inner history of India during the past thirty years is summed up; the consolidation of the forces and resources of the whole, and the decentralisation of the local finances and administrative mechanism of the parts. The result is the India of to-day—an India which is not (as Sir John Strachey seems to fear it may be mistaken to be) a single state, but which is a united empire. If the book is incomplete in any serious respect, it is in so far as it fails to appreciate that the same process of consolidation which has taken place with

regard to the government of India is now also going on in regard to the people.

W. W. HUNTER.

Count Tolstoi as Novelist and Thinker. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution by Charles Edward Turner, English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg. (Trübner.)

THE names of few men are better known at the present time throughout Europe than that of Count Tolstoi. It is probably true that the austerity of the doctrines which he advocates and practises, and the thoroughness of his views about the poorer classes, have made him even a greater object of interest than his novels. It is but recently that these works have been heard of in Western Europe, although the date of their publication goes back many years—*War and Peace*, for instance, was published before 1870, and *Anna Karenina* in 1877. Excellent as these works are, we question whether they would have been known among us had not the political rapprochement between France and Russia caused them to be widely circulated in French translations, and the strange socialistic theories of the count have brought them into greater prominence.

We agree with M. de Vogüé, who sees in Tolstoi's views only a reproduction of theories which have prevailed in many parts of Europe. There have always been men of this type, and a very noble type it is. Such men are full of sympathies for suffering humanity, and hate the hollowness and conventionality of ordinary life. George Fox and John Howard belong to this class, and there is no reason to feel surprise that it should be found in Russia. The Slavonic mind is essentially democratic, as all the early institutions among them show—the communal tenure of land and the absence of titles indicating rank. It is also religious, as witness the many sects with which these countries have swarmed—all so many attempts at thinking out the great problem of existence, and the relations of man to the Infinite. Thus Count Leo Tolstoi is a thorough Russian, and a Russian of genius. He has shown his extraordinary skill in historical romance by reproducing on such a large canvas the heroes and events of the great year 1812, when Russia was shaken to her centre. Mr. Turner, in the book before us, justly praises *War and Peace* for the naturalness with which the subject is treated. There is no theatrical grouping, the characters come and go in the narrative just as we should have met them in ordinary life. There is no histrionic adjustment of rewards and punishments in the concluding scene. The same characteristic has been remarked as one of the great merits of *Robinson Crusoe*. Tolstoi, being a true artist in depicting individuals, does not care for intricacies of plot. He is equally successful in his Cossack stories and recollections of Sebastopol. He is a great master of the pathetic, as his *Anna Karenina* shows. We see that the author has not listened in vain to the "still, sad music of humanity." Many of the little tracts which he now publishes and dissemi-

nates among the people are full of the same power.

The modern Russian novel is clearly the child of the English. There is nothing French about it. It has always struck us as somewhat droll that the Russians should have earned the reputation of being so French in their character and habits. It may safely be said that if ever there was a people the very antipodes to the French it is the Russian—a kind of awkward seriousness and deep piety, an intense literalness and simplicity are his characteristics; and these are not the qualities generally assigned to the brilliant and vivacious, but somewhat unsteady Frenchman. Pushkin, in one of his poems, writes of the Russian noble, full of the traditions of a patriarchal society, introduced to the gay vortex of Parisian life, where he talks with the *encyclopédists*, "like an inquisitive Scythian with an Athenian sophist." It has been said of the Englishman that he cannot sin elegantly, and the same remark applies to the Russian. Without adopting the wholesale views of Mr. Turner on the imitative character of Russian literature in the last century—and we must remember that all literatures have an imitative side, the romantic style being as much a copy as the classical—yet it must be confessed that the gallicised courtiers of the reign of Catherine, speaking French and using it in correspondence, were an absurdity. Of course a good deal of their French was bad, as any one who reads, for instance, the documents of the time published in the *Russkaya Starina* ("Russian Antiquary") may easily find. Mr. Turner also gives us interesting sketches of Tolstoi's masterpieces and of some of his minor works. How pathetic is the story of Poliekoushka!—the poor fellow hangs himself for grief at losing a sum of money which his mistress had entrusted to him. He had been thought worthy of her confidence and had failed, from no fault of his own; but he cannot endure the idea that he should be considered dishonest.

Mr. Turner also gives us an outline of the life and opinions of his author. His book is a kind of pendant to the excellent work of M. de Vogüé, *Le Roman russe*. It is everywhere appreciative and enthusiastic. In some points we are not able to agree with him in his estimate of the Russian literature of the last century. He underrates Kantemir and Derzhavin. Moreover, it is a question whether the hostility of the Russians to the Jews is based upon any religious feeling. It is rather, as Prince Kropotkin has shown, to be traced to the encroaching nature of the Jewish *Kahal* and its attempts to exploit the people. In theological matters the Russian peasant is tolerant. Mr. Turner joins issue with the Count in his ideas on the education of women, and we do not like his views upon matrimony generally—at least, if they have been fairly reported.

In this little book we have a faithful portrait of a genuine philanthropist, a man who is content to act while others are declaiming. He seems the fit representative of his long-suffering people—quite an antique figure in the beautiful simplicity of his life. His noble faith is an embodiment of the deep Russian feeling which the poet Tyutchev has expressed in some beautiful lines, which we

cannot forbear giving here, inadequate as our version into English may be:

"O ye landscapes unalluring,
Where the scanty hovels stand
Land of labour all enduring—
Yea, our native Russian land!
With his looks of scornful loathing
Ill the stranger can divine,
What with secret splendour's clothing
That poor nakedness of thine.
But through thee the Lord of Heaven,
'Neath His cross all lowly bent,
In peasant guise hath wandered,
And hath blessed thee as He went."

W. R. MORFILL.

MR. MULLINGER ON UNIVERSITIES.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth Edition. "Universities." By J. Bass Mullinger. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

"Epochs of Church History."—*A History of the University of Cambridge.* By J. Bass Mullinger. (Longmans.)

FOR the first time in the history of the subject, the student who wants to find a fairly trustworthy English account of the main facts relating to the origin and development of the university system will now know where to turn. The space placed at Mr. Mullinger's command by the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was obviously insufficient for anything like an adequate treatment of a subject in which it is peculiarly difficult (so many are the reservations and explanations which every generalisation demands) to be brief without being inaccurate. Mr. Mullinger has wisely, in a work of this character, confined himself to the most condensed and summary account of the university system generally, and thus avoided most of the controversial questions with which the earlier part of his subject abounds. Great part of the article is taken up with accounts of the main facts about the foundation and development of particular universities.

We have said that the student may in general regard Mr. Mullinger's account as accurate and trustworthy as far as it goes. He has not, indeed, quite escaped the pitfalls with which the *origines* of the universities are beset. For instance, after tracing the origin of universities to the spontaneous association of masters or scholars, he says that

"it was a first stage of development in connexion with those primary organisations when the chancellor of the cathedral, or some other authority, began, as we shall shortly see, to impose on their masters the . . . 'facultas ubique docendi.'"

It is true that the licenses of Paris and Bologna acquired a *virtually* oecumenical recognition before they were given a legally universal validity by papal bull; but there is no evidence that the formula "hic et ubique docendi" was ever used in the conferment of the license prior to such bulls. At Oxford, which never obtained a papal privilege of this character, the formula was (so far as is known) never employed. The license was originally of purely local validity. Mr. Mullinger repeats what seems to me his heresy as to the Arabic origin of Salerno; but, as I have already broken a lance with him on this subject in the pages of the *Academy* (January 1, 1887),

I will not enter upon any further discussion of the subject. Suffice it to say that there is a well-recognised difference between the medical doctrine of the Arabs and the unadulterated teaching of Hippocrates. By the unanimous testimony of the medical experts, the early medical treatises emanating from the "Civitas Hippocratica" (which are extant) exhibit no trace of Arabic influence before Constantinus Africanus. On such a point the dissent of a lay writer (however great his general historical learning) weighs but little. The truth is that the popular estimate of the Moslem contributions to medical science is greatly exaggerated. The Arabs discovered some new drugs; but, on the whole, the importation of Arabic medicine into Europe was a retrogression, not an advance upon the purely Hippocratic teaching of the early Salerno school.

There are one or two other points—and only one or two—upon which the reader must be warned against the acceptance of Mr. Mullinger's statements as absolutely ascertained historical conclusions. He gives 1113 as the date of the commencement of Irnerius's lectures. This is really the first date at which Irnerius's name appears in documents; but there is very considerable circumstantial evidence to show that Irnerius's career as a teacher, if not over before 1113, was then nearer its end than its commencement. The date chosen by the Bologna authorities for the celebration of their octo-centenary represents approximately (though it is, perhaps, a little too early) the date accepted by the best authorities for the beginning of Irnerius's teaching. Mr. Mullinger avoids the mistake of making Irnerius the author of the revival of civil law studies in Italy, or even in Bologna; but even in so brief a summary it might have been well to guard his readers against so widely received a misconception. It might also have been well to mention that, though the *Decretum* is traditionally said to have appeared in 1151, there is evidence which Schulte and Friedberg regard as conclusively proving a considerably earlier publication. By his statement that the scholastic confederations were presided over by a common head—the *rector scholarium*—Mr. Mullinger seems to suggest that all the early universities of Bologna were united under a single rector; though a later statement shows that this cannot be the intention of the writer.

In his account of the *origines* of Paris, Mr. Mullinger, for the most part, wisely surrenders himself to the guidance of Denifle, but occasionally the want of first-hand knowledge is apparent. For instance, he tells us that the chancellor of Notre Dame "must be carefully distinguished from the later chancellor of the university." The reader would naturally infer that at some later period the university acquired a chancellor distinct from the chancellor of the cathedral. The fact is that the chancellor of Notre Dame grew into the "chancellor of the university," though the latter appellation was not used till post-mediaeval times. Mr. Mullinger hardly seems to be aware that in respect of the Faculty of Arts, the chancellor of St. Genevieve possessed the same rights in the academic polity as the chancellor of Notre

Dame. But, whatever uncertainty there may be as to Mr. Mullinger's meaning here, there can be no doubt that he is mistaken in the statement that

"at both the English universities, as at Paris, the Mendicants and other religious orders were admitted to degrees; a privilege which, until the year 1337, was extended to them at no other university" (p. 838).

I cannot recognise the evidence which Mr. Mullinger has misunderstood; but the facts are: (1) that at Bologna and universities of the Bologna type, Mendicants were never prevented from taking degrees; (2) that at Paris they were *never* admitted to degrees in arts; (3) that at Oxford a religious was compelled to graduate in arts, unless dispensed, before graduating in theology. While I am speaking of Paris, it may be well to notice the mistaken assertion in Mr. Mullinger's other work which lies before us (p. 48), that "the civil and canon law had been excluded from her curriculum." It was, of course, only the civil law that was prohibited; the canon law was one of the most prominent of Paris studies. I must really apologise for dwelling on blemishes such as these. Anyone who is at all acquainted with the mass of error and misconception which is to be found in books of the pre-Deniflean era, and the difficulty which some who have written since the appearance of Denifle's work have had in appropriating its contents, will not think it a small testimony to the general value of Mr. Mullinger's work that these are the biggest holes that I have been able to pick in it.

I do not wish to renew the controversy as to the origin of Oxford which has recently appeared in the *Academy*; but I should like merely to suggest two queries. Mr. Mullinger may be right in supposing that in some way, which has never yet been explained, the hypothetical monastic schools were "the nucleus round which the university grew up." But what is meant by locating these schools in "the dissolved nunnery of S. Frideswyde"? Secondly, what does our author mean by saying that, in spite of the "distrust" of King Stephen, "Vacarius maintained his ground"? John of Salisbury expressly states that the lectures (whether given at Oxford or otherwise) were stopped by King Stephen's order. Mr. Mullinger gives no account of the origin of the Oxford chancellorship, and thus ignores the most characteristic feature in the constitution of the English universities.

But, as has been already intimated, the bulk of the article is occupied by a list of the universities down to the most recent times, with the main facts of their foundation, and a few lines as to the striking characteristics of their constitution and history. No one who has not had some experience of the difficulty of getting the scantiest information upon parts of the wide field covered by Mr. Mullinger's researches will readily appreciate the amount of laborious research which this article represents. So far as I can judge, the work is thoroughly well done. It is a pity, indeed, that when we had got—for the first time in English literature—so near to a complete list of the universities of the world, Mr. Mullinger should not have arrived at absolute completeness. The Italian list stops at the end of the fourteenth century. It is true that most of the later

Italian universities are not very important; but Turin is a rather serious omission, when so many absolutely insignificant bodies in other countries are duly catalogued. But while (with this slight exception) Mr. Mullinger has spared no pains to get at the facts in what may be called the more technical part of his subject, he is at his strongest when tracing the relation of particular universities to the intellectual and general history of Europe. This is particularly apparent in his treatment of the mediaeval German universities. In all Mr. Mullinger's work on university history there is an occasional want of appreciation—perhaps want of interest in—the technicalities of the mediaeval scholastic and ecclesiastical system; but few university historians have known so well how to bring a wide knowledge of general history to bear upon the story of a particular university.

Mr. Mullinger's little *History of the University of Cambridge* is necessarily in its earlier part to a large extent a condensation or epitome of the larger volumes on which his reputation as a historian and a man of learning mainly depend. It must be confessed that writing of this kind loses by condensation. Picturesque detail and full quotation are necessarily replaced by mere generalisation or summary. Moreover, some of the strongest and most valuable parts of Mr. Mullinger's larger work—such as his account of mediaeval education in the pre-university era—have had to disappear altogether. Nevertheless, Mr. Mullinger has succeeded in producing a readable and useful volume, well fitted for its place in the excellent series of which it forms a part. If I venture on a more detailed criticism of some points in the book than would usually be bestowed upon an avowedly popular work, it is because I hope that this publication may increase rather than retard the demand for a new edition of the standard *History of Cambridge*; and when that edition appears my criticisms may perhaps be not wholly useless to the author, even though I may not be fortunate enough to secure his assent to my contentions.

I fear I must despair of persuading people that the English universities did not grow out of the monasteries. But, at least, those who hold this view of their origin should, I venture to submit, say plainly that these schools of S. Frideswyde, Oseney, Barnwell, Ely, &c., are purely hypothetical; and not state as an ascertained historical fact that "a certain amount of teaching was being carried on in the days of Edward the Confessor by the canons of S. Frideswyde" (p. 10). I do not dispute that this may have been the case; but the schools of S. Frideswyde are unknown to history, and were probably merely monastic schools in which grammar, and possibly—though this is conceding much—the *trivium* were taught to the novices. But it is, to my mind, as absurd in explaining the origin of a university at Oxford and Cambridge, to enlarge upon the existence of schools of a kind which existed in *all* monasteries and *all* towns throughout the kingdom, as it would be in a history of the university of Durham to say that "the Cathedral School, founded by Henry VIII., was the nucleus round which the university of Durham grew up in the

course of the nineteenth century. A certain amount of educational work was also carried on in later times by the Bluecoat School and the various charity or dames' schools in connexion with several of the parochial churches." Mr. Mullinger's statements may be true so far as they go, but the essential fact to emphasize is that universities were everywhere *secular* bodies (in the mediaeval sense). There were monasteries in Oxford and Cambridge, as well as elsewhere. The problem for the university historian to explain is, how these came to be universities in Oxford and Cambridge, and not elsewhere.

As to the origin of Oxford, Mr. Mullinger does not seem to have altogether made up his mind. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I was pleased to find that all allusion to John of Salisbury's supposed narrative of Oxford studies had disappeared; but in the *Cambridge* volume Mr. Mullinger repeats from his larger history an allusion to John of Salisbury's "return from Paris to Oxford" (p. 7). Are we to understand that John of Salisbury had studied at Oxford before he went to Paris, and that he returned to Paris for the same purpose? If so, Mr. Mullinger should have told us that the theory of John of Salisbury having studied or taught at Oxford is a pure conjecture, based on what is now generally admitted to be an entire misinterpretation of his words. At the same time I notice with intense satisfaction that he speaks of the testimony of Gervase of Canterbury as to Vacarius's lecturing at Oxford as "very doubtful" (p. 12). As to the origin of Cambridge, Mr. Mullinger admits that there is no trace of either university or schools before the migration from Oxford in 1209; but he infers therefrom that "both Oxford and Cambridge were recognised centres of study before the commencement of the thirteenth century." A strange inference, surely! Why infer the existence of a "centre of study" at Cambridge prior to 1209 more than at Northampton prior to the migration of 1261, or at Leipzig prior to 1409?

Mr. Mullinger's account of the studies of Cambridge, which, of course, will roughly serve for that of mediaeval universities generally, is one of the best things in the book. We would especially call attention to his account of a mediaeval lecture on pp. 61-62. But the Decretum of Gratian should not be called a "code" (p. 5), since its contents have not, and never had, any juridical authority except that which is due to the individual canons and rescripts of which it is composed. It is a text book, not a "code." Mr. Mullinger's account of the process of taking a master's degree (p. 25) is also somewhat obscure. Certainly he fails to draw the fundamental distinction between the chancellor's "license" and the "inception." In a popular book surely such terms as *Infortiatum*, *Digestum vetus*, *Decretals* (which are not distinguished from the *Decretum*), and *Caput* ought to be carefully explained. By a strange slip, the proctors are never once referred to in connexion with the mediaeval period; and when the office is mentioned it is assumed that we know what it means. In fact, how the university was constituted or governed in mediaeval times we are nowhere informed.

As I remarked, however, in connexion

with the *Encyclopædia* article, it is when the mediaeval period is passed that Mr. Mullinger is most in his element. It would be impossible to desire a fairer and more interesting *résumé* of the intellectual history of Cambridge from the Renaissance onward, and of its relation with the national life, than are given us in the latter half of the volume. Mr. Mullinger is thoroughly alive to the superiority of Cambridge to "her more ancient and more splendid rival" in intellectual vigour and progressiveness from the fifteenth century till a generation or two ago. It is, perhaps, too much to demand in a branch of history so near akin to biography that our author should have thrown into equally high relief the no less established fact of his *Alma Mater's* mediaeval insignificance.

In so slight a work, it may seem captious to complain of omissions; but when so many little known names are mentioned, it is strange not to find the name of Cumberland among the philosophers, of Middleton among the scholars and theologians, and of Charles Simeon among the evangelical leaders of the present century. But in general it is impossible to praise too highly the large amount of interesting and hitherto somewhat inaccessible information as to the later history of Cambridge which is packed into so small a space without any loss of interest, or the skilful manner in which the distinctive place of Cambridge in the ecclesiastical history of the country is illustrated in accordance with the general design of the series. From the point of view of the university historian, perhaps the most valuable thing in the book is the account of the curious process by which the Mathematical Tripos was evolved out of the ashes, so to speak, of the extinct "Determinations." This and much else in this part of the book invite us to look forward to future volumes of Mr. Mullinger's larger undertaking with even more pleasure and interest than all who are interested in university history have found in the two volumes already published.

H. RASHDALL.

Chess: a Christmas Masque. By Louis Tylor. (Fisher Unwin.)

Who is not familiar, by sight, with those daintily-bound books of verse whose white covers and old English lettering tempt us to look inside for merits corresponding to the attractive grace of the exterior? If we do look inside we find exquisite printing on unsophisticated paper, and we are tempted the more strongly to read what the printer has so well produced. Alas, in nineteen cases out of twenty the charm is then broken! One poet perhaps among twenty does his work well enough to merit this excellent craftsmanship of the paper-maker, the printer, and the bookbinder. As for the other nineteen, their productions are "vellum-bound vanities." The phrase was used a short time ago by a writer in the *Academy*, and it aptly describes a class of books that are multiplying with that power of increase which most unwholesome things seem to possess. Mr. Tylor's little book is one of these comely volumes—unexceptionable in appearance and craftsmanship both outside and in. Whosoever

takes it up will open it, either with the full assurance of finding something pleasant within, or with fear and trembling lest the outward promise should prove, as in the common case, to be illusory. But in this instance the promise is fairly well kept. Mr. Tylor's "Christmas Masque" is a poem of unquestionable merit; the idea of it is happily conceived, and much skill is shown in the composition.

The pieces on the chess-board have more than once before been made to play the living parts of men and women. But that has been done really in play and not in earnest. Who does not remember the White King in *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, that turned cold to the end of his whiskers, or the kitten that became the Red Queen, and was shaken back into a little black kitten again? Mr. Tylor's chessmen are serious people. They come to life in a dream, but it is one of those dreams that have the authority of legend for their reality. "Old folks say"—according to the verse which here does duty as "Prologue to the reader from the author"—

"That he who spends the eve of Christmas Day
Alone, and falls asleep 'twixt curfew time
And twelve, and wakes before the midnight
chime,
Finds all things that have known the sway of
man
Alive, and eager to unroll the plan
Of mortal destiny. Their form he sees,
Their voice he hears as human: should he please
To question them, they speak as those who share
Man's good and evil fortune."

The dreamer in Mr. Tylor's little book falls asleep after the striking of the chimes at nine o'clock. It is not often, even on Christmas Eve, that the chimes, in their musical way, say such excellent things as are here put down:

"FIRST QUARTER.

"Praise the Lord with changeful voices,
Loud and clear when life rejoices,
Low and sweet for death and weeping:
Praise Him ere the hour of sleeping.
Rest is praise: man trusts God's keeping.

"SECOND QUARTER.

"Day by day, before the breaking,
Busy brains betimes are waking,
Eager hands are broadcast sowing;
What shall prosper all unknowing.
Failing oft, at last succeeding,
Work is praise: man owns God's leading.

"THIRD QUARTER.

"Rises from the troubled city
Discord, mingled shame and pity;
Shame for rest that bears no burden,
Grief for toil that gains no guerdon.
Strife is praise: man feels God's guiding
Towards a city whose abiding
Knows not rich from poor dividing.

"FOURTH QUARTER.

"Hark! the happy Christmas greeting,
Sweeter yet for each repeating;
Making holy day of pleasure,
Filling Earth to Heaven's measure.
When for joy in rest from labour
Man seeks solace for his neighbour;
When his work the worker raises,
Peace on Earth shall crown our praises."

Before the chimes had lulled him to sleep the dreamer had been following a match-game at chess. The game was ended and the

players were gone, but the pieces which still remained on the table entered into his dream.

"Methought the smooth square board
Grew rugged as the chequered field of life;
My chessmen took a human shape and moved,
The White with purpose good, the Black with ill."
But there was a game within a game; for
not only did the white and black contend, as
good with evil,

"But lordly Pieces take one view of chess
And common Pawns another."

The larger or smaller strifes of men, the gains, losses, ambitions, jealousies that have their place in human life are reflected in the imaginary contest. Knights and pawns dis-course, as their human counterparts might do, of events that have one aspect for the knightly observer and another for the common people. Bishops take an ecclesiastical view of life. They are wise in their way, but are sometimes even more combative than the knights. The castles are so secure in their superior station that they do not need to concern themselves overmuch. The kings are majestically slow, as kings should be; the queens, with the freedom allowed to them in chess, are eloquent about themselves, though in widely different ways. The black queen exalts in her queenly splendour; the white queen exalts the mission of goodness of which she is the type and head. Black pawns and white pawns furnish a varying chorus, and "carollers" (without) connect the whole story with Christmas. Of the half-dozen carols they sing this is one:

It is a winter night with starry sky,
And see! a troop of horsemen riding by.
'What seek ye, friends?' 'Oh, we have seen a
sign

In heaven, tokening a birth divine;
And we bring gifts to offer at His shrine.'

"God speed ye, gentle sirs; but who are ye,
Tall, stalwart swains? what came ye forth to
see?"

'Shepherds, an't please you—even now a throng
Of angels sang the birth foretold so long—
We go to see the wonder of that song.'

"Ye simple shepherds! wherefore leave your fold,
The rich have gone before with gifts of gold:
What can ye offer?' 'Gifts of priceless worth;
The angels brought them down from heaven to
earth;
Peace and goodwill; we give them for His
birth.'"

These extracts must satisfy those who read them, I think, that this dainty little book is not a mere "vellum-bound vanity."

GEORGE COTTERELL.

NEW NOVELS.

The Countess Eva. By J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan.)

The Son of a Star. By Benjamin Ward Richardson. In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

Shamrock and Ross. By Mrs. J. Galbraith Lunn. In 3 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Master of Rathkelly. By Hawley Smart. In 2 vols. (White.)

Caroline. By Lady Lindsay. (Bentley.)

Her Great Idea, and Other Stories. By L. B. Walford. (Sampson Low.)

The McVays. By Joseph Kirkland. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

The Countess Eva is one of those super-imaginative sketches, more than touched with

mysticism, which Mr. Shorthouse has taught us to expect from him. Indeed, in this instance he has gone further than his wont, and has introduced a definitely supernatural element, not made very prominent, it is true, but distinctly flavouring the whole. The scene is laid in a Burgundian city, about the year 1785, when the shadow of the coming Terror had scarcely begun to creep up on the horizon. Mr. Shorthouse explicitly refrains from naming the city, but it reads a little oddly to find him giving us our choice between "Chalons, Dijon, Besançon, or Dole," seeing that only two of the four are in Burgundy, Besançon being in Franche Comté, and Dole also. Of course, if the old kingdom of Burgundy, and not the later province, be meant, the geography is right enough. The quality of style, often lacking to successful writers, belongs in a high degree to Mr. Shorthouse, and is clearly marked in the present book. Indeed, if anything, the descriptive passages, especially of scenery, are almost too highly wrought and ornate, giving a certain sense of lusciousness, much of which would be apt to cloy. The story is very slight, and just serves as a thread of connexion for the ideas set before the reader. And there is less local colour than we looked for.

Dr. Richardson's romance is an essay in a field wherein there are few successes scored—that of writing a story with the scene laid in antique times, necessarily remote from the knowledge and thought of the great majority of readers, and thus requiring the combination of exceptional literary power, to overcome this initial difficulty in arousing interest, with considerable scholarship to avoid the many pitfalls awaiting the unwary, and to give correct local colour throughout. But Dr. Richardson, in essaying to tell the story of the Jewish rising under Bar-Cochab in Hadrian's time, has not brought the necessary qualifications to the task. Despite several isolated passages which display some descriptive and imaginative power, the story as a whole is crudely conceived and awkwardly planned, having little coherence of plot or regularity of movement. And in matter of scholarship, he is not up even to fourth form level. He has little Latin and no Greek; he makes rudimentary mistakes in practically every place where he forsakes the ordinary text-books for an instant; and his chronology is foggy to the last degree. It is not fair or just to allege such charges as these without offering some proofs in evidence; and here are a few specimens. The title given to the governor of Britain is Vice-Caesar or Vice-Kemperor, never prefect or proprætor. The title by which the emperor, when present, is specially greeted is "princeps," at that date reserved to the heir to the imperial crown. Dr. Richardson supposes that the custom in the Roman triumph of placing a slave behind the victorious general in his chariot, to whisper in his ear "Remember thou art a man," was part of the habitual ceremonial on the appearance of the emperor in public on occasions of state, when that emperor was not a triumphing general, but the Augustus, ruler of the empire. He comes to signal grief over the token given by the posture of the thumb at gladiatorial shows, as to the question of death or mercy, precisely inverting

the facts. He supposes "Noviomagus" to mean the "state of the New Magicians," unaware that the termination *-magus* in Romano-Celtic place-names represents the Old-Irish *mag*, later Irish *mháig*, a "plain," or "level tract," as in such words as "Brocomagus," in its later form "Broombág," Anglicised as "Brookfield." This *mháig* is commonly transliterated in English as *moy*. "Antinous" Dr. Richardson supposes to mean "before all of us" (query, "Antenos"); and he has the following sentence at p. 91 of the first volume, which is conclusive on the matter of his Greek: "There is a pride in the anonymous greater often than in the nonymous." As to chronology, he represents a Jewish rabbi, no other than R. Akiba himself, making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in Trajan's time, and being much disappointed at what he found in the city, which had been totally razed more than a generation earlier, save for three towers left standing. Archimedes, who died somewhere about a c. 212, is actively inventing machinery under Hadrian. And, most bewildering of all, Sisera, captain of King Jabin's host, is all but a contemporary of the story, and has married a remote descendant of King David. Even where the main lines of the actual history lend themselves aptly to romance, they have been abandoned for mere inventions, of which the two most extravagant are that a Jewish girl masquerades for a considerable time in male attire as Antinous at the court of Hadrian, and that Bar-Cochab, instead of being slain in the storming of Bether, escapes to Juverna (Ireland), there to marry a lovely Irish lady and to found a new dynasty. In short, the book is a disastrous failure; and it is matter of regret that one whose record is so distinguished in another field of intellectual activity should have set himself to attempt an under-taking alien to his powers and acquirements.

Shamrock and Ross is a clever, if somewhat crude and unequal, attempt to deal with a difficult theme, that of the contrast and conflict of the Irish and English temperaments, when brought into close familiar contact. Two pairs, men and women, are intended to illustrate it. One of these consists of a married couple, an English husband, wealthy, clever, good-tempered to almost extreme optimism, and a Greek Epicurean in what stands to him in the place of a religion, and which he calls by that name. He marries, after a very brief acquaintance, a young, beautiful, and enthusiastic Irish girl, an ardent Roman Catholic and Nationalist, being herself the acknowledged descendant of a former chief king of Ireland, and that by so unquestionable a pedigree that she is currently given the title of princess by her own friends and dependents. Kithne O'Meath (an absolutely impossible surname, by the by) has fallen in love with Sterne Tempest, as he has with her, and they have married without delay. But after two years of married life the religious difficulty crops up, not by reason of any failure on Tempest's part to provide for his wife's access to the observances she has been accustomed to, but because she feels herself merely a petted toy, and without any share in her husband's inner mind and higher thoughts, which he, naturally a reticent man, would hardly share with her in any event, but is specially careful not to impart

to her because of his very consciousness how wide is the interval between them on all religious questions. The rift which this occasions, growing as it does by degrees, is the main situation of the story, which is in this part a commentary on those words which Dickens puts into the mouth of Mrs. Strong in *David Copperfield*: "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose." The other pair reverse the conditions. The gentleman is an Irish bard, first cousin to Bithne, and after her head of the family to which they belong; and the lady is a beautiful, generous-minded, and justice-loving Englishwoman. Fergus O'Meath has got mixed up in an assassination, not by actual complicity in the murder, but by screening the assassin from detection and punishment, in consequence of a promise hastily given to the dying wife of the murderer. How this affects his wooing of Grace Templeton forms the other half of the story; but it is not so well managed as the other and principal topic, wherein there is one scene with real power, that where the Irish wife, lying ill after a miscarriage, compels her husband to hear what she has to say as to their mutual relations. But the difficulty of treating the subject adequately is such that the author has given it up as insoluble; and we are not told, nor so much as supplied with a hint or clue, whether matters ever came straight between the Tempests again. The other pair do come to an understanding; but the gentleman in this case is of such an exaggerated type that he creates repulsion rather than sympathy, though such is far from the author's intention. The dialogue is very faulty. Not only are there continual dialectal errors recurrent (which holds good of Captain Smart's Irish diction also), but the O'Meaths, and persons in a higher station than they, not only habitually speak as if mentally translating into English as a foreign tongue, but the English they use is ultra-provincial in grammar and pronunciation, such as is usual among the peasantry and the smaller shopkeeping class, but has been unknown in practice among the educated classes for at least a century.

The Master of Rathkelly, like most of Capt. Hawley Smart's stories, is much occupied with sporting matters, and is written with even more than his accustomed carelessness of style. But it differs from its precursors in one signal particular—it is a novel with a purpose, being written to describe the Land League agitation in Ireland, as seen and judged from the landlords' point of view. Capt. Smart has told his tale clearly and plainly, taking all the leading incidents from actual narratives of fact, but slightly altered for literary purposes. And he has thus put a fairly effective picture of the great and unwholesome change brought about by the form the agitation has actually taken, and the means employed to increase its area and power. He has made intimidation, boycotting, mutilation of cattle, and assassination of inoffensive persons prominent details of his picture; but it may be doubted whether he has not seriously weakened the effect of what in other respects is a telling indictment by the impression he has left on at least one not wholly unsympathetic reader,

that in his eyes the worst of all the sins committed by the Leaguers in his story, surpassing murder itself in criminality and inexcusability, was breaking up the Harkhallow hunt. The anti-climax is fatal to the intended moral effect.

Caroline is brightly and cleverly written, with the rare merit of unforced and natural dialogue. There are two heroes, bosom friends, who set one another off, and one heroine, who, however, is not quite so clearly drawn as the men of the novelette, and does not impress her personality with the same force upon the reader. We are told that she is a woman of large, generous mind and flawless sincerity, and all that she says and does is quite consistent with this character; but, after all, we have to take her chiefly on trust and the author's warrant, whereas we get to know the two men as it were at first hand, revealed by themselves. If this had been otherwise, the book, already a meritorious one, would have taken high rank in its class.

Her Great Idea is the lightest of all light reading. The stories are neatly put together, have each a definite plot, and are gracefully told, being thus admirably suited to while away a spell of enforced leisure. But they have no permanent qualities, and are sure to be forgotten by the very readers whom they succeeded in entertaining, and that within a week or two after perusing them. They are so good in their way that one wishes they had more solidity.

The McVays is a piece of quite unsoftened realism, depicting a hard and rough industrial society, that of the raw new Western States of the American Union. The book, though complete in itself, presupposes acquaintance with a former story by the author, some of whose characters reappear. As a black and white presentment of the transitional stage through which the country is passing, it doubtless has its value; but it is entirely devoid of literary charm, and does not reveal a new Hawthorne, nor even a new Eggleston.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

GIFT-BOOKS.

The Curse of Koshu. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. (Ward & Downey.) This "Chronicle of Old Japan" (how far based upon history we should be sorry to affirm) is a very clever and well wrought attempt to realize for English readers what life was in Old Japan, in the days when the Mikado was a puppet in the hands of the Shogun, and the Shogun a puppet in the hands of the Shukken, and the history of the country consisted in the shifting fortunes of the great families, of which the Hojo was one of the greatest and dominant for several generations. Mr. Wingfield has succeeded in writing a romance of unusual power, full of stirring incident—a tragedy well developed to a terrible culmination. The characters are also well defined. The brutal No-kami, the noble Sampei, the loveable O'Tei, the shameless O'Kiku, are all strong personalities of types characteristic of Japanese romance; and the scenery and accessories have been studied with much care. If it be possible to interest English readers in a story dealing with a time so different from our own as the early feudal period of Japan, this book should be successful, for it is full of human nature.

At all events, it is assured of the esteem of all who prize fine literary workmanship and sustained imagination of a noble kind.

The Flight to France; or, *The Memoirs of a Dragoon*. By Jules Verne. With Numerous Illustrations. (Sampson Low.) The prince of French story-tellers has here "curbed his liberal pen," and undertaken a less elevated flight than we remember of him before. Indeed, *The Flight to France* is a realistic tale, somewhat in the manner of MM. Brockmann-Chatrian. The time is that of the outbreak of the Revolution, and for a second sub-title we have "a Tale of the Days of Dumouriez." But of the Terror we hear nothing; and the revolutionary general is merely introduced for the battle of Valmy. However, if this be not the M. Jules Verne to which we are accustomed, it is at least a good story, full of incident, and told with vividness and simplicity.

Quicksilver; or, *The Boy with no Skid to his Wheel*. By G. Manville Fenn. Illustrated by Frank Dadd. (Blackie.) Mr. Manville Fenn, when writing for boys, has two styles. Sometimes he treats them to strange adventures in foreign lands or in the historic past; at other times he takes a boy of to-day for his hero, and places him among ordinary surroundings. The present book belongs to the latter class, and will remind Mr. Fenn's regular readers of *Brownsmith's Boy*, which we have always thought his highwater mark in this peculiar genre. Readers of an older generation will be interested to find reminiscences also of *Sandford and Merton*. Not even Mr. Day, if we remember aright, ever went so far as to take a boy of eleven from the workhouse, and to try to make a gentleman of him straightaway. But the author reconciles us to the improbabilities of the story by his animal spirits, his keen discrimination of character, and his fidelity to his hero's cause. As an illustrator of Mr. Fenn's humours, we cannot think Mr. Frank Dadd so happy as was Mr. Gordon Browne. But Mr. Gordon Browne, we fear, is too much occupied with the ambitious task of illustrating Shakespeare.

Wild Life in the Land of the Giants: a Tale of Two Brothers. By Gordon Stables. With Illustrations. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This book divides into two parts, not very cunningly welded together. In the first, a pair of twins are brought up under the charge of an estimable aunt, who, instead of sending them to school, unaccountably places them under the care of an old sailor on board a hulk in the Hamoaze. How this hulk breaks her moorings and drifts seawards is excellently well told, and so is the story of the twins' running away. In the second part of the book the twins go to sea in earnest; and an element of novelty is introduced by making their ship be wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, among the savages of Tierra del Fuego. Then follow adventures with a rich Spaniard, who is a sort of "white chief" of the "giants" of Patagonia. But we must confess that we always prefer Dr. Gordon Stables when he remains on shipboard, or at least within scent of the sea.

The Adventures of a Midshipmite. By A. L. Knight. (Hatchards.) It is not easy after fourteen to read a book of rollicking adventures at sea with much interest, perhaps because of the lack of art and invention among the writers of such stories. This book, like Medea's caldron, brought back youth for the nonce. We read it delightedly from beginning to end, and were only sorry then that there was no more. It is a story of sea life, fighting, and adventure. Without wasting time, the author plunges into the studies and amusements on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, the training ship, but soon transfers his hero to a fighting frigate, and we know at

once that our blood will be stirred. There is a desperate engagement with the enemy on every other page, awful single combats, wrecks, exploits in cutting out ships and the like, enough to turn any boy's brain. Twice the hero is lost among savages, and is only saved by the skin of his teeth. There is a lion hunt too, the discovery of a pirate's hoard in Tristan d'Acunha, conflicts with slave dhows, and many more exciting scenes. The interest never flags, considerable *verve* is displayed in the conversations, and the illustrations are good of their kind. Mr. Knight has produced a capital story. If fathers do not wish their lads to join the Royal Navy or run away to sea, they had better reserve *The Adventures of a Midshipmite* for their own private reading, and, like us, live their boyhood over again.

Anchor and Laurel: a Tale of the Royal Marines. By J. Percy Groves. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This story cannot be said to be skilfully constructed, for it straggles over two lifetimes, and is interspersed with long episodes in the form of soldier-yarns having no connexion with the tale itself. In spite of this, the book is really very interesting. Mr. Groves has managed to weave into his story a good many incidents of military history, and has told them exceedingly well; and the fiction is so lifelike that we suspect it must be largely founded on fact.

Meg's Friend. By Alice Corkran. (Blackie.) It is a little doubtful who Meg's friend is, whether the stern old gentleman who sends her to school and ultimately turns out to be her grandfather, or Mr. Standish, the journalist, who is the one companion of her neglected childhood and afterwards marries her. On the whole, we conclude it is Mr. Standish; and the next time Miss Corkran writes a story, we should recommend her to avoid turning the grown-up friends of a girl's childhood into the lovers of her youth. Such things happen no doubt, and turn out well; but it is not the natural order of things, nor such an interesting order of things as when the two young persons are about the same age and have not stood towards one another in the relation of child and protector. From Miss Corkran we are sure to get some vivid and charming study of character, some genuine pathos, some striking and amusing incidents; and this account of Meg's childhood and her school days is one of her best efforts. No one can help admiring and loving Meg, and watching her strange career with an interest seldom excited by books of the kind. It is not sympathy, nor insight, nor imagination, that Miss Corkran needs; and, as a picture of a neglected child of fine character, brought up in sordid surroundings, and subjected to the taunts of her fellows at the fine ladies' school to which she is sent by her unknown guardian, it would be difficult to improve *Meg's Friend*. Yet, as a story, the book fails sadly. The latter part of it, in which Meg is received, without acknowledgment of her relationship, by her grandfather in his grand house in the country, is comparatively forced and formal, and is altogether too much like *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Then the author levies too great a tax on our credulity in making Mr. Standish turn up as the editor of the local newspaper and the author of violent attacks on her grandfather; and we utterly refuse to believe that he had in his youth saved this grandfather's son, who is Meg's father, from disgraceful exposure. Yet, though we think the fable a poor one, *Meg's Friend* is, on the whole, a charming book and well worth reading.

Will It Lift? By J. Jackson Wray. (Nisbet.) This "Story of a London Fog" is not another intense novel about the "social problem," but a bright, witty tale in the style of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, which older children will find very

pleasant reading. The *naïveté* of the author in marrying off all his characters so very satisfactorily and unexpectedly at the end of his story is very refreshing in these days of high art.

An American Hero. By Frances E. Cooke. (Sonnenschein.) Few nobler lives have been lived than that of William Lloyd Garrison, so admirably told in this biography "for young people." The author writes a clear, quick, condensed style, and exercises unusual powers of judicious selection and arrangement. The result is that when we begin one of her biographies we usually read it through at a sitting. *An American Hero* will rank with her other sketches, as an exceptionally powerful and vivid account of a noble career.

Aroer: the Story of a Vocation. By the Author of "Uriel." (Burnes & Oates.) In one respect this tale resembles the now famous *Robert Elsmere*. It describes the adoption by its principal character of a particular religious faith as an emotional process, making almost no effort to expound the intellectual development of the convert. We may also point out to the author of *Aroer* that Robert Elsmere hastens to the slums of London as soon as he has changed his first creed, and that not only Roman Catholics alone are to be found working devotedly in Whitechapel. But *Aroer* cannot be classed as literature along with the novel we have named. It is written by a refined and thoughtful mind, but lacks unity and energy. The picture of Norbertine as a young girl is graceful and original, but our author does not carry us along with him in describing her growth and conversion. Before the change comes about she is individual and interesting, afterwards she appears vague and shadowy. The book therefore fails in its main purpose, which is to make us understand how a clever and noble-minded woman becomes a Roman Catholic. Having opened with a clear and charming picture of the heroine, it continues in terms general and didactic, giving us, instead of an objective reality, the subjective impressions of the author.

Academy Boys in Camp. by S. P. F. Spear (Edinburgh: Nelson), is certain to be a favourite boy's book. It describes the somewhat wild life which the boys of Mr. Bernard's school led on the uninhabited island of Whaleback, wherever that may be. The story is full of boys' adventures, some of them sufficiently perilous, and is written with a buoyancy and *verve* which is itself suggestive of camping near the sea. The book is one to be thoroughly commended as a wholesome sterling boys' book.

Tales of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. By Margaret Vere Farrington. (Putnam's.) This pretty volume is a pleasantly written re-telling of the Arthur story after Malory, slightly supplemented from other sources. The introduction does not show much knowledge, but in a book of this kind for young readers scholarship is not particularly necessary. The illustrations are fairly good, and some of the initials and headpieces extremely pretty.

Poor Kari. by Mary Davison (S.P.C.K.), is a pathetic narrative of a little cripple living in an Alpine valley, where he makes the acquaintance of an English child of nearly his own age. There is not much in the story to call for especial remark, except that it seems needlessly sad. It is, however, a graceful little story, and well told.

The King's Bell Tower. By R. André. (Frederick Warne.) By way of framework for a fairy tale several young men talk modern slang in a smoking room, as they criticise human life in general and this story in particular, which is written by one of them, and

read chapter by chapter to the rest. The juxtaposition of the two styles—the would-be pleasantries and smart talk of the period beside the superfine historical-romance language of the fairy tale—is somewhat unfortunate. The story itself is both dull and improbable even for a fairy tale. There is a good deal of "i faith" and "marry," and the orthodox exclamations supposed appropriate to the Middle Ages, in the book, a lovely but revengeful damsel, a jester, a riotous young king, and the ordinary "properties" of the historical novel crossed with fairy tale; but the diction is far too grandiloquent for childish comprehension. What could a child even in the sixth standard make of such a sentence as—

"There was an incongruity between the jester's motley and the mysterious furnishing of the place, which was in accord to his cynical nature";

or,

"Two people flying at each other's throats, not from an inborn hatred of race to race, but at the bidding of this one man, vassals all of his evil will, the human stepping-stones over whose meaner lives he would tread on his path to glory"?

Small wonder if, like the carping critic, he should prefer the old-fashioned beginning, "once upon a time," and a simpler story of good-natured beauties and wicked Cornish giants, with a grand transformation scene at the end, when the fairy godmother makes everyone concerned happy.

Wanted a Camel. By Phoebe Allen. (Hatchards.) The title to this story is scarcely a very happy one, as it will lead little readers to entertain to their disappointment fascinating dreams of a zoological character. Nor does the story itself seem to us of the happiest, for it is all such a palpable story, "not a bit true, you know, only a make up." Miss Tell-tale means, no doubt, to impress upon young people that they are not only naughty, but silly, if they try to find a "camel" in their parents and guardians, and fancy that all their troubles and evil tempers are caused by the useless and irritating interference of their elders. But the moral will lose more than half its force, when these young people find out that naughty Margaret and Stephen, and Beverley and Robert, did not after all go through the terrible string of misadventures which followed their attempt at independent action. The net effect of the book, when they discover that Miss Tell-tale was only dreaming what might possibly happen, will be that the whole story is rather a "sell." Nevertheless, while they are reading it, they will be amused, especially at Margaret's famous dinner and the adventure with the milk-boy's cart. Miss Phoebe Allen is capable of writing a much better story than this.

In the Sunny South. By E. E. Outhell. (Walter Smith & Innes.) This is a pretty book, nicely "got up," and Mr. T. Pym's illustrations are charming in their way. The latter are better than the story, which is thin, and only just interesting enough to engage half the reader's attention through its short course of eighty-six pages. There is, however, nothing that is unpleasant to read, or silly, or in bad taste. Doll and Erie are nice children so far as they go; and their adventures, if not thrilling, have a certain mild excitement about them. Their mother was ill, and had to go to Cannes for the winter; and so we pass through some pretty scenery, and are told stories of the man with the iron mask, and St. Marguerite and the almond trees, and we go for a sail and a picnic, and there is a hermit and a goat, and oranges growing on trees, and their mother gets well, and we come home again.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS has been requested to write the lines on Robert Blake, the Admiral of the Commonwealth, to be engraved on the memorial to him which is shortly to be placed in St. Margaret's, Westminster. The lines on Caxton's window in the same church were written, it will be remembered, by Lord Tennyson; those on Milton's by Mr. Browning.

AN interesting relic of Charles Lamb and Southey is to be sold on Tuesday next by Messrs. Sotheby. It is a copy of the first edition of the *Essays of Elia*, inscribed: "Robt. Southey, Esq., with C. Lamb's friendly remembrances." It also bears Southey's book-plate engraved by Bewick, his autograph, and that of Caroline Southey; and it is covered in the quaint chintz binding in which a portion of Southey's books were bound by members of his own family, and which he jokingly styled his "Cottonian Library." The volume is accompanied by the *Last Essays of Elia*, published ten years later, similarly bound.

A NEW magazine entitled *The Library: a Magazine of Literature and Bibliography*, is announced, under the auspices of the Library Association, to take the place of the *Library Chronicle*. Among the contributors will be Andrew Lang, William Blades, Austin Dobson, Sidney Colvin, Walter Besant, Richard Garnett, R. Copley Christie, and many other well known literary men and bibliographers. The first number will be published on December 24, by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE new work on *Darwinism*, by Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in the press, aims at establishing the theory of Natural Selection on a firmer basis, and also deals with the various supplementary theories which have been put forth since the publication of the sixth edition of *The Origin of Species*.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately Mr. M. M. Bigelow's *Elements of the Law of Torts*, a textbook for students, which has already reached a third edition in America. The present edition has been adapted to the law of England by the author, and English authorities and illustrations have been substituted very generally for American; references to American cases have, however, been retained where they appear peculiarly instructive.

A COLLECTION of humorous stories, by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The *Adventitious Experiences of Amos Kibright* are those of a spirit who was materialised by some careless spiritualists, and thus re-admitted to society. Mr. Unwin will also publish next week *Two Little Confederates*, by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, being the adventures of two boys during the American Civil War.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, the author of "My Ladies' Sonnets," has put together another volume of bookish verses, which will be published early next year, in a limited edition, by Mr. Elkin Mathews, of Vigo Street. The title chosen is *Volumes in Folio*.

MR. W. T. STEAD's *Truth about Russia* will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in a few days.

THE Old Testament part of the Poet's Bible, completing the work, will be published next week by Messrs. Isbister. It will form a volume of 632 pages, representing the work of nearly 150 poets. Together with the New Testament part, already published, it furnishes the fullest poetical illustration of the Scriptures in any language.

LORD TENNYSON has accepted the dedication of a new volume of poems by Mr. W. H. Seal,

author of "Ione," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., under the title of *Visions of the Night, in Ballad and Song*.

A NEW novel, *Beyond Cloudland*, is promised by S. M. Crawley-Boevey, the author of "Dane Forest Sketches," in two volumes. It will be published by Mr. Alexander Gardner.

To the December number of *Popular Poets of the Period* Mr. Mackenzie Bell has contributed an essay on Mr. Theodore Watts, prefixed to a selection from his poems. The same number will also include selections from the poems of Dr. Charles Mackay, Mr. Samuel Waddington, Miss Constance Dixon, and Mr. Edward Oxenford.

A SECOND and revised edition of Mr. Worsley-Benison's *Nature's Fairyland* will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE Early English Text Society has this week sent out its last book for this year. In the "Original Series": (1) *The Latin Rule of St. Benet*, with interlinear Anglo-Saxon Glosses, and a dissertation on their phonology, by Dr. H. Logeman of Utrecht; (2) *Two Fifteenth-century Cookery-Books*, about 1430 and 1450, with extracts from three other MSS. at Oxford, edited by Mr. Thomas Austin. In the Extra Series, a reprint of Caxton's *Curial*, compared with Alain Chartier's French original by Prof. Paul Meyer, and edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

THE Early English Text Society's books for next year are all in type for both series; and Mr. Sidney J. Heritage has also just sent to press for the society two English prose versions of Guillaume de Deguileville's *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*: the first, about 1430, from the MS. in St. John's College, Cambridge, in the northern dialect; the second, a somewhat condensed and modernised version in the Cambridge University Library, last copied in 1655, and taken from the Laud MS., 740, in the Bodleian Library. It was probably a report of the story told in this Cambridge MS. which gave Bunyan the hint of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. The English prose versions are from Deguileville's first cast of his poem (1330-1), which has never been printed in French, or Jean Galoppes's prose version of it. Lydgate's English verse rendering is from the second or revised French version (in 1355). Of the free Englishing of De Guileville's second Pilgrimage, that of the Soul, the British Museum has a good illuminated MS., with little devils, red, green, tawny, and spotted, besides Caxton's text. This the Early English Text Society will reprint in due course. The French author's third Pilgrimage, that of Jesus Christ, is not known to have been translated.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution before Easter: Prof. Dewar, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on "Clouds and Cloudland"; Prof. G. J. Romanes, twelve lectures, constituting the second part of a course on "Before and after Darwin" (the Evidences of Organic Evolution and the Theory of Natural Selection); Prof. J. W. Judd, four lectures on "The Metamorphoses of Minerals"; Dr. Sidney Martin, four lectures on "The Poisonous Action of Albuminoid Bodies, including those formed in Digestion"; Prof. J. H. Middleton, four lectures on "Houses and their Decoration from the Classical to the Mediaeval Period"; Prof. Ernst Pauer, four lectures on "The Characters of the Great Composers and the Characteristics of their Work" (with illustrations on the piano-forte); and eight lectures by Lord Rayleigh on "Experimental Optics (Polarisation; the Wave Theory)." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 25, when a discourse will be given by Prof. G. H. Darwin; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Prof. W. C.

McIntosh, Sir W. Thomson, Prof. A. W. Rücker, Mr. Harold Orichton Brown, Prof. Oliver Lodge, Prof. Archibald Geikie, the Rev. Alfred Ainger, Lord Rayleigh, &c.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added *Yeast* to their cheap monthly issue of Charles Kingsley's Works. *Yeast* was published in 1851, though, apparently it was written earlier; for the author, in the preface to the fourth edition, dated February 1859, states that "this book was written nearly twelve years ago." It reached a second edition in its second year, while it seems that the original edition of *Westward Ho!* sufficed for two years, and that of *Hypatia* for three. *Yeast* has since been reprinted twelve times; and of these reprints, it is noteworthy that no less than nine have been since the author's death in 1875.

TOMO xviii. of the "Colección de Libros Españoles raros y curiosos" is *Cartas y avisos dirigidos a D. Juan de Zuñiga*, viceroy of Naples in 1581. The same editors promise three other volumes of letters addressed to Zuñiga, from Requesens, Cardinal Granvelle, and others, with over 150 from Don John of Austria.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

It is now authoritatively stated that the Rev. T. Fowler, president of Corpus Christi College, has resigned what will henceforth be called the Wykeham professorship of logic at Oxford, as from the beginning of the new year.

MR. WILLIAM GRYLLS ADAMS, of St. John's College, and professor of natural philosophy at King's College, London, has been approved by the general board of studies at Cambridge for the degree of doctor in science.

MR. H. A. TUBBS, of Pembroke College, has been elected to the Oraven fellowship at Oxford, which is now not merely a prize for merit, but an endowment for classical research.

MR. ARTHUR J. EVANS, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, gave a lecture at Oxford on Thursday of this week on "Stonehenge."

MR. F. MADAN—whose *Records of the Phoenix Common Room* we noticed a few weeks ago (October 20)—has now placed his college under a fresh obligation by editing (with Mr. W. E. Buckley, another former fellow) the *Brasenose Calendar*; being a double list, in chronological and alphabetical order, of all the members of the college from the earliest date available, viz., 1509. Several other such calendars, compiled by private hands, are known to exist in MS. at Oxford, and it is much to be desired that they should be published.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS has contributed to the first number of the *Magazine of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire*, which will appear in a few days, a lyric of progress.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has recently been issued, giving some statistics for the four Scotch universities. In the present year the aggregate number of students is 6799, having just doubled within twenty-six years. Edinburgh takes the lead with nearly 3500, or more than half the whole; then come Glasgow (2200), Aberdeen (918), and St. Andrews (218). During the last year or two both Edinburgh and Glasgow have shown a slight decrease, while St. Andrews has improved. The most valuable professorships are those of the medical faculty at Edinburgh, some of which reach £3000, and none are less than £1000. In the faculty of arts, the chairs of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, are worth about £1800 a year at Glasgow, and about £1400 a year at Edinburgh.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE holiday time has come,
But the boys, where are they now?
The boys who made the home
So bright 'mid frost and snow.
The holiday time—'tis years
Since I counted the short'ning days,
Then, hark! for the ringing cheers
Their boyish voices raise.
But, the boys are gone: one wed,
A man who is full of care;
The other, ah! he is dead—
And winter days are bare.
Yet Christmas joy is meet,
Though the holidays never come
With the boys we loved to greet
And bid them welcome home.

B. L. TOLLEMAACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE December number of the *Antiquary* has more papers of general interest than we have noticed of late. Mr. Sharvel-Bayly discourses on the church bells of Essex. It is a local subject, but his way of treating it makes it of general interest. We have all heard church bells, but they are commonly difficult of access. It requires not only enthusiasm, but muscular activity, to climb up into the bell towers of remote village churches, and in darkness or but faint light to make out the inscriptions with which most of our old bells are ornamented. Mr. Sharvel-Bayly has not troubled us with the rubbish of the eighteenth-century bell-casters, and for this we are grateful. The destruction of church-bells was very great in the sixteenth century. We know of several instances to the contrary; but it may be accepted as a general rule that there is but one mediaeval bell remaining in each parish. Many of these have been melted down in recent times by ignorant people unaware of the interest attaching to them. In the chantry at Billericay there is one inscribed—

"Sancte Katherina ora pro nobis."

Her name is very frequently found on bells. Why we know not. St. Catherine's is not a common church dedication in any part of England. St. Augustine is commemorated at Great Burstead and St. Thomas at Stambourne and Good Easter. This is, we take it, not St. Thomas the Apostle—the apostle of the Indies, as he is called—but the wonder-working saint of Canterbury, whose invocation spread everywhere. At Althorne is a bell with the name of St. Helen, the "inventrix" of the true cross, upon it; for some reason, error or fancy, we know not which, the order of the letters has been reversed in casting. Mr. T. W. Tempany discourses pleasantly on "Clubs and Club-Men." The club-men he talks to us about are not those misguided persons who troubled the Lord General Fairfax on his march to Bristol, but the men who have belonged in past times to political and social clubs. Many people fancy that these institutions are of quite modern date. This is a mistake. They are no doubt survivals from the mediaeval guilds which once existed everywhere throughout Latin Christendom. Mr. Brailsford's paper on the Dormer monuments at Wing brings to our mind once more the duty we have heretofore insisted on of a catalogue being made of the sepulchral inscriptions which still exist in our churches. They are perishing daily. If not mediaeval and in "good taste," no one seems to understand the duty of preserving them.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for October contains the *Fuero* de Sanabria (1263), now first printed by O. Fernandez Duro; also an unpublished biography

of Alphonso IX. of Leon, by Gil de Zamora. Vicente Riva Palacio reports on the MS., *La Conquista de Mejico*, in the Nahuatl language, by Chimalpatlín (1620). It is merely a translation of the Spanish *Historia de Hernando Cortés*, by Lopez de Gomara, and has been already published, though not very correctly, by Bustamante, in 1828. Fernandez Duro proves that the standard of the League used at the battle of Lepanto is preserved at Toledo, not at Gaeta; and that the sword of Don John is in the church of the Atocha, Madrid. A newly-discovered Roman station is signalled at La Torre, near Avila; and numerous inscriptions at Segovia are described and annotated by Father Fita.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ADERITZ, R., u. R. LEBEN. Untersuchungen ü. die Theorie d. Preises. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 12 M.
BABELON, E. Manuel d'archéologie orientale. Paris: Quantin. 8 fr. 50 c.
BROOK, M. Annuaire de l'économie politique et de la statistique. 1888. Paris: Guillaumin. 9 fr.
BOUGERT, P. L'irréparable. Paris: Lemerre. 6 fr.
COOPER, François. Contes rapides. Paris: Lemerre. 5 fr. 50 c.
DAUER, Alphonse. Souvenirs d'un homme de lettres. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion. 8 fr. 50 c.
FISCHER, H. Die Aequatorialgrenze d. Schneefalla. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
HALÉVY, L. Notes et souvenirs (de Mai à Décembre 1871). Paris: Boussod. 160 fr.
LALOUX, V. L'Architecture grecque. Paris: Quantin. 8 fr. 50 c.
LANTIERAN, J. L. de. L'Indo-Chine française. Paris: Alcan. 15 fr.
LE BON, Gustave. Les premières civilisations. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion. 10 fr.
MÖLLER, R. Der serbisch-bulgarische Krieg 1886. Hannover: Helwing. 6 M.
MONNET, On. De A à Z—portraits contemporains. Paris: Charpentier. 8 fr. 50 c.
REINHAUS, S. Voyage archéologique en Grèce et en Asie Mineure, sous la direction de M. Ph. Le Bas (1868-1894). Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.
ROUX, Joseph. La Chanson Lemousina, l'épopée limousine. Texte, traduction et notes. Paris: Picard. 5 fr.
SANTA-ANNA, MEY, F. J. de. Folk-Lore Brésilien. Paris: Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
STOLL, H. W. Wanderungen durch Alt-Griechenland. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- ZAHN, Th. Geschichte d. neutestamentlichen Kanons. 1. Bd. Das Neue Testament vor Origines. 1. Hälfte. Erlangen: Deichert. 12 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- DOMIOL, H. Histoire de la participation de la France à l'établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique. T. 3. Paris: Picard. 20 fr.
FAVÉ, le Général. L'Empire des Francs, depuis sa fondation jusqu'à son démantèlement. Paris: Thorin. 15 fr.
HARVEY, l'abbé. François Bosquet, intendant de Guyenne et de Languedoc, évêque de Lodève et de Montpellier. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.
HIPPAU, E. Histoire diplomatique de la troisième république (1870-1899). Paris: Dentu. 7 fr. 50 c.
KATSER, R. Placidus v. Nonantula. De honore ecclesiae. Kiel: Lipsius. 2 M.
KROCK, F. Die Kriessüge d. Germanicus in Deutschland. Berlin: Gaertner. 5 M.
MÉMOIRES de Frédérique-Sophie-Wilhelmine, Margrave de Bareith, sœur de Frédéric le Grand. Paris: Vieweg. 7 fr. 50 c.
SEGER, J. Byzantinische Historiker d. 10. u. 11. Jahrhunderts. I. Nikephoros Bryennios. München: Lindauer. 8 M.
SULLIVAN, C. J. Le Droit naturel; ou, philosophie du droit. Paris: Marecq. 10 fr.
TALLEY, F. de. Chapitres nobles d'Autriche. Wien. 14 M.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FLAISCHMANN, A. Embryologische Untersuchungen. 1. Hft. Untersuchungen ü. einheimische Reptilien. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 31 M.
NIEHMANN, A. Die Erziehung d. Menschengeschlechts. Philosophische Betrachtg. Dresden: Pearson. 5 M.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHAUCER ARTICLE IN THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

London: Nov. 22, 1888.

It was generous of the ACADEMY of November 24 (p. 331, col. 1) to praise the *Dictionary of National Biography* article on Chaucer, because one of the notes of that article is its wrongful neglect of the ACADEMY in some points, while it attends to it in others. I give three instances of neglect:

1. For many years the most desired piece of evidence among us Chaucer students of the new school was proof positive that the poet could not have been born in 1328, the absurd date which the men of the old school had assigned to his birth, and which—as I long ago printed—"just made a mess of everything" that we knew of Chaucer's early life. Well, on February 5, 1881, the ACADEMY announced (p. 97) that

"Geoffrey Stace's Petition to Parliament in 1328 to lessen the £250 damages [for carrying off Chaucer's father and trying to marry him to Joan de Esthale], says, 'le dit heire [Chaucer's father] est al large, & oue les avantditz Richard & Marie [Chaucer, the boy's stepfather and his mother], et uncore dismaris.' So here is, at last, proof positive, for Mr. Bradshaw's and Mr. Furnivall's sake, that Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, could not have been born in 1328."

Now this "proof positive" of the ACADEMY is conspicuous by its absence from the *Dictionary of National Biography* Chaucer article; and curiously so, because I put it into the 1883 edition of my friend Dr. Morris's *Chaucer Selections* for the Clarendon Press, p. vi. The quarter-column or so in the article of indirect evidence and talk on the date of the poet's birth is no fit substitute for the ACADEMY's direct proof.

2. The article says that Chaucer's "father was married at least twice; first, probably, to Joan de Esthale." Now of all the women in the world, Joan de Esthale was the very last whom John Chaucer was likely to marry. She was the girl whom the Staces forcibly carried him off to marry in 1324, when he was under 14: the girl whom he evidently refused to marry, for, as the ACADEMY (February 5, 1881, p. 97) says—citing a roll of 1325-6—the Staces "predicium herodem non maritarunt." I venture to say that the statement that Chaucer's "father was married at least twice" is pure invention,* and that the assertion that his first wife was "probably Joan de Esthale" is against all probability. These mistakes arose (I believe) in this way. The *Athenaeum* of January 29, 1881, contained a statement of the Joan de Esthale (or Westhale) marriage. The ACADEMY of the same date showed that no marriage took place, thus correcting its contemporary's mistake. The maker of the mistake at once acknowledged that he was wrong, and the ACADEMY of the next week (February 5) printed that this mistake-maker "admits, of course, that we were right in saying that the boy John Chaucer was not married to Joan de Esthale in December 1324." This admission was in the *Athenaeum* of February

* Chaucer's mother married twice; her second husband (1367) was Bartholomew atte Chapel, vintner.

12. In the Chaucer's Society's reprint of the *Athenaeum* letter the mistake does not of course reappear. Yet the *Dictionary of National Biography* article reproduces it; and no doubt it will appear again in many examination-papers, in articles, and books. One place where it was accidentally put was the 1883 edition of Dr. Morris's *Selections*, pp. vi.-vii. Two pieces of the old electrotypes were cut out for a correction, and to fill them I wrote

"The Coram-Rege Roll of Trinity Term, 5 Edw. III. A.D. 1331 shows, in the pleas of Geoffrey Stace, no statement that John Chaucer had then married the Joan de Esthale whom they tried to marry him to in 1324."

But this had two words too many for the spaces in the plates, so the compositor (on his own responsibility) left out the words "no statement," and made the paragraph say just the contrary of what I wrote. But cancels were soon printed, and I hope the misstatement is not in many copies of the book.

3. One of the doubtful poems attributed to Chaucer was "The Mother of God." Two MSS. name Chaucer as its writer; one gives it to Hoccleve. The poem is a fair one, not up to Chaucer's level, but above Hoccleve's when he is judged by his long poems like the "De Regimine," and not by his devotional ones. Its allusion to the sorrowing Virgin's white paps was not like Chaucer's good taste, and the poem contained no Chaucer touch, and did not claim for itself any place in the time-order of his works. But, on the whole, Mr. Bradshaw and I admitted it for the time as genuine; and its three MSS. were printed in my *Parallel-Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems*. Afterwards, I had the chance of examining Hoccleve's three presentation MSS. (written by the same hand) and of reading all his minor poems. The white paps were in all—or almost all—the Virgin poems; and the MS. evidence, which we had temporarily concluded was against Hoccleve's authorship, turned out to be conclusively in favour of it. The *ACADEMY* accordingly announced, before the issue of the *Dictionary of National Biography* article, that "The Mother of God" was not Chaucer's, but Hoccleve's; and Prof. Skeat will confirm, nay prove, this statement, by the poem's rhymes, &c., in his forthcoming edition of some of Chaucer's minor poems. The *Dictionary of National Biography* takes no notice of the spuriousness of "The Mother of God."

I think then that the *ACADEMY* may fairly pat itself on the back for having accurate information about Chaucer, for correcting its contemporary's mistakes, and for prettily praising the article which in some instances passed it by. I take off my hat to it, and have the honour to be, its most obedient servant,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

P.S.—I may, perhaps, too, set right a mistake reference in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, xi. 224-7, to a MS. "in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum . . . (Plut., clxviii., c.)." The MS. meant is the Additional 10,293.

THE LATIN "HEPTAPLA."

St. John's College, Cambridge: Dec. 4, 1888.

In 1562 the German schoolmaster, George Fabricius, first edited 165 Latin hexameters entitled "Genesis." This fragment reappeared in William Morel's *Cyprian* (1564), and has since formed a part of the editions of Cyprian and Tertullian. Even Hartel did not know, when he published his Cyprian, that more of the work existed, or in a better form than a thirteenth-century MS. Yet in 1733 the Benedictine Martene published 1441 lines of Genesis; in 1852 the Benedictine Pitra added fifty-one verses (c. 9, 10) to Genesis, and the whole of

Exodus and Joshua, with parts of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deut. In 1888 Cardinal Pitra finished his work by adding Judges, and the remainder of the books before left imperfect. Considering his unrivalled means of knowledge, we feel almost bound to accept his assurance that no other MSS. exist than those which he used (one at Laon, *saec.* ix., another at the same place, transcribed from the former, *saec.* x.; one in Trinity College, Cambridge, wanting some 2000 lines, but supplying a few not yet printed, *saec.* x.), those used by Martene (*saec.* ix.), and the fragment used by Fabricius and Hartel (*saec.* xiii.).

There are many gaps, transpositions, and corruptions of every kind in the text; yet a little attention, and a careful comparison of Vulgate and LXX., allow the restoration of almost every line with something like certainty. In the days of Sidonius it is a real refreshment to meet a Gaul, nourished in the purest classical school, teeming with reminiscences of the greatest heathen poets, with a very delicate ear for metre and cadence, and boldly casting off the dead machinery of mythology to sing the story of Israel inspired by the heavenly muse. The barbarisms which disfigure the printed and written texts melt away on examination (e.g., *mercem* twice appears as acc. of *merces*—in one case the MSS. read *mercedem*, omitting otiose *iam*; in the other, the law of insertion of antecedent in, or immediately before, relative clause, enabled me to restore *merces*); and the result is a poem singularly chaste and quiet in the general course of the narrative, and rising in parts into real dignity, a stately measure as of Mantovano himself.

I write to ask any of your readers who may examine libraries, especially in the departments of France, to look out for hexameter paraphrases of the Old Testament history. As yet all MSS. known are in France or England; Aldhelm and Bede cite the "Heptapla" as a classic in the monastic schools of their day. Except George Fabricius, and of late L. Müller and Ebert, Germans have done very little for the author. An edition by Peiper will appear in the Vienna "Library of Latin Fathers." Whether Peiper has any better authority than that of the thirteenth-century MS. for calling the author Cyprian, I know not; certainly Pitra is mistaken in identifying him with the Juvenius who wrote under Constantine; for our poet cites (probably at second hand) a poem written A.D. 396.

This Vienna "Library" has just rendered a unique service to students of Church history. Like a Phoenix from his ashes, 1603 years after his death—the first murder of Christian by Christian for difference of opinion—Priscillian has arisen to speak for himself.

JOHN E. B. MAYOR.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG THE TEUTONS. Nottingham: Dec. 2, 1888.

It is to be regretted that the passage from "Judith" cited by Mr. Yorke Powell is so obscure. The difficulty of translating *nes* by "headland" has been felt by Sweet, Grein, and others. It is, as Prof. Cook points out, quite impossible to so translate the *nes* of "Elene," 832. Can it be that, as Leo has suggested, the difficulty in this passage has arisen from a confusion between *nes* "headland," and the suffix *-nes*? We may compare the translation of Bede, iii. 19 "þā geeseah he swā þystre dene under him in nybernese gesette" = *subtus se in imo*. It may be useful to compare the parallel passage in "Elene," 1080 *egg.*, with the one cited by Prof. Cook.

"wolde ic þæt þū funde þe in foldan gēn
deope bedolfen ðierne sindon
heolstre behyded."

It is evident, from Mr. Sweet's text, that the

MS. of "Judith," 113, has under *neowulnes* [s], but under *neowulnes* seems a more probable reading, and it is so printed by Kittmüller. We can then compare "Elene," 942:

"þæt [þæ] se mihtra cyning
in neowulnes nyðer beoðflet,
synwyrrende, in sūla grund."

The meaning of *neowulnes* is plainly "abyss," and hence "hell": cf. Ælfric, *Hom.* i., p. 8: "þā niwelnisse þe under þære eorðan sind." There are, however, several passages where it is impossible to thus explain *nes*, and where it is equally impossible to translate it by "headland."

Mr. Mayhew is clearly wrong in saying that *neowel* = "dark," is "a meaning nowhere found in Old-English texts." How else are we to translate it in its frequent connexion with *ge-nip* "mist," and *nithscuwan* "shades of night"? Cf., for the former, Satan's description of hell in the "Fall of the Angels," 145:

"hafat us God sylfa
forswāpen on þis sweartan mista."

Sievers's etymology of *neol* does not account for the meaning "abysmal," "dark." Is the *w* of *neowel* original or is it an insertion, as in *hwesowel* = *hwesol* (from **hwe(g)wos*)? Uppetrom, assuming the *w* to be original, has connected *niwol* with the lost Old-English representative of Gothic **nehwān* (*nawān*, *evāner*, Mark, vi. 19), comparing the ablaut-relation of the Old-English adj. *spīwol* to Old-English *spīwan*. But this etymology does not give us the sense that we require. Is it possible that we have a confusion of three words here: (1) *ni-hald* "pronus," (2) *niwol* "low, deep," (3) *nifol* "cloudy, dark"? The last occurs in an exactly similar sense to the "Judith" passage in "Andreas," 1307: "sunne gewāt to sete under niðan nes." Bosworth-Toller also cites Thorpe's Psalms, 148, 10: "niðe nēðran cynn," where the meaning of *ni-hald* seems to be required. I assume that *nifol* is an adj. formation from Aryan *nebh-ōs* "cloud, atmosphere." Sanskrit *nābhās*, Greek *néphes*, and that it, roughly speaking, corresponds in formation with Greek *neph-ō-lōn*, Latin *nebulā*, Old-Irish *nēl* (= **neb-lō*), Old High-German *nebul*, &c., Welsh *niwl* (Brugmann, *Grundriss*, ii., p. 191). The Old-Norse sb. *nifl*, which occurs in compounds only, answers in form to this Old-English *nifol*; and the "mysterious" Old-Norse *nifl* is, according to Noreen (§214), a parallel formation. He assumes a loss of the voiceless labio-dental (?) spirant *f*—that is, *nifl* proceeds through the regular changes *neoh*, *neful*, from an original **nebulō*. This is obviously a more suitable etymology than the one proposed by Mr. Mayhew, which assumes the loss of a medial *h*, and gives the meaning "profound," which is hardly a synonym of "night." If *niwol* could be shown to be in some cases a confusion with *nifol*, its frequent application to hell, as in the "Judith" passage, might be illustrated by the similar use of the Old-Norse *nifl*. See the quotations in Cleasby-Vigfusson.

These speculations are rather bold; but I hope that, if they are shown to be absurd or impossible, the interest of the subject may excuse my rashness.

W. H. STEVENSON.

"MARRIAGE OF NEAR KIN."

London: Dec. 2, 1888.

May I call attention to what appears to me to be rather a flagrant case of literary piracy? Under the title of *Huwelkjen tuschen Bloedervanten*, a Mr. N. P. van der Stok has published a work which is merely a translation of the first edition of my *Marriage of Near Kin* (1875). He has added a little padding of his own, it is true, together with a few additional facts,

mostly of little importance; but he is ignorant of the appearance of my second edition last year, which, owing to the advance of knowledge during the interval, I had almost entirely to rewrite.

Adding insult to injury, he says (p. ix.) :—

'Voor zoover ik heb kunnen nagaan, bestaat er slechts één werk in den geest van het onderhavige. Het is: 'The Marriage of Near Kin' . . . Ik maakte met dat boek kennis, toen ik reeds een groot deel van mijn materiaal had verzameld. Het gevolg was, dat een groot aantal feiten, door mij bijeengebracht, ook in Huth gevonden werden; terwijl het bleek, dat een groot aantal onderzoekingen, waarnemingen, mededeelingen of meeningen den Engelschen schrijver onbekend gebleven waren.

"Ik behoef slechts te verwijzen naar de achter in dit boek geplaatste lijst der *Nederlandsche* geciteerde werken . . . 't welk alles, natuurlijk, voor den Engelschman niet bestond, om te doen zien, hoe onvolledig het werk van Huth is."

I may add that I am quite ready to substantiate my statement if the need should arise.

ALFRED H. HUTH.

"ROAD" IN MIDDLE ENGLISH.

Wimbledon: Dec. 8, 1888.

In connexion with the derivation of "road," a highway, from *ridan* and *rād*, I may point out that in fourteenth-century and fifteenth-century English, one leading, if not the leading, use of the word "road" is a riding or expedition. In speaking of the deeds of a military man the regular expression is to say that he had taken part in so many "roads" and "fields"—i.e., expeditions and battles (See, e.g., J. Hardyng, p. 351, ed. Ellis.) I am not sure that the word "road" is ever used in the sense of a highway, but I would not be positive on this point.

J. H. RAMSAY.

"STARED AND BETTER STARED."

Farnley, near Leeds: Dec. 3, 1888.

Will you allow me to mention in reply to your reviewer's query anent the phrase "stared and better stared" in Mr. Black's new novel, that it is a common colloquial expression in the district in which I reside, though I have never seen it in print.

LAURA HALLIDAY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Colours of Polarised Light," II., by Prof. Sylvanus Thompson.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Light and Colour, III., by Capt. W. de W. Abney.

8.30 p.m. Geographical.

9 p.m. Royal Academy: Distribution of Prizes to the Students.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Colonisation," by Mr. W. G. Gibson.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Influence of Chemical Composition on the Strength of Bessemer-Steel Tires," by Mr. J. Oliver Arnold.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "A New Form of Anthropometric Instrument, specially designed for the Use of Travellers," by Dr. J. G. Garson; "Social Regulations in Malacasia," by the Rev. Dr. B. H. Odington; "Australian Message, Sticks and Messengers," by Mr. A. W. Howitt.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Explosives," by Mr. W. H. Deering.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Revision of the Genus *Aulicus* (Ehrb)," by Mr. J. Batray; "The Frustule of *Striatella gemma*," by Dr. F. H. Bowman.

8 p.m. Essex Hall: "The French Revolution and English Poetry," III., by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Life History of some Plants," by Prof. C. Stewart.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: Annual General Meeting: Report of the Council; Election of Officers; Discussion, "A System of Electrical Distribution," by Mr. H. Edmunds.

8 p.m. "A method of Transformation with the aid of Congruences of a particular Type," by Mr. J. Brill; and "The Equilibrium of a Thin Elastic Spherical Bowl," by Mr. A. E. H. Love.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries

FRIDAY, Dec. 14, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Chronology and History of Babylonia," III., by Mr. G. Bertin.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting: "The 36-Knot Spanish Torpedo-Boat *Arctis*," by Mr. J. King-Salter.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Shakespeare's Development in Comedy," by Miss Grace Latham.

SCIENCE.

Hegelianism and Personality. By Andrew Seth. (Blackwood.)

THE subject of Prof. Seth's first series of Balfour lectures was, briefly, the relation between self and the material world; the subject of this second series is, briefly, the relation between self and God. In the first series Prof. Seth led us back to Reid; in the present lectures he uses the weapons of "natural realism" against Hegel's Absolute, and its representative in English Neo-Kantianism—the universal self-consciousness.

Neo-Kantianism, he tells us, offers a logic as a metaphysic. Its transcendental logic is a study of knowledge in *abstracto*—an analysis which reveals certain perfectly general and abstract conditions (categories), which must be fulfilled in actual knowledge, and, as a supreme condition, the unity of the pure ego. But this pure ego is not an actual knower, human or divine; it is merely the notion of knowledge in general. Yet Neo-Kantianism converts this mere notion of knowledge into a real knower:

"The form of knowledge being one, it leaps to the conclusion that what we have before us is the One Subject who sustains the world, and is the real knower in all finite intelligences" (p. 29).

"It seems a hard thing to say," adds Prof. Seth (p. 30), "but to do this is neither more nor less than to hypostatise an abstraction. It is of a piece with the scholastic realism which hypostatized *humanitas* or *homo* as a universal substance, of which individual men were in a manner the accidents. Similarly here, the notion of knowledge in general—the pure ego—which is reached by abstraction from the individual human knower, is erected into a self-existent reality—an eternally complete self-consciousness—of which the individual is an imperfect reproduction or mode."

This identification of the human and divine self-consciousness, or unification of consciousness in a single self, is noted by Prof. Seth as "the radical error of both Hegelianism and of the allied English doctrine." It is destructive, he thinks, of the reality of both human and divine personality. Of human personality, because

"each of us is a self. . . Each self is a unique existence which is perfectly *impervious*, if I may so speak, to other selves—impervious in a fashion of which the impenetrability of matter is a faint analogue. The self accordingly resists invasion; in its character of self it refuses to admit another self within itself, and thus be made, as it were, a mere retainer of something else. . . I have a centre of my own—a will of my own—which no one shares with me, or can share—a centre which I maintain even in my dealings with God Himself. For it is eminently false to say that I put off, or can put off, my personality here. The religious consciousness lends no countenance whatever to the representation of the human soul as a mere mode or efflux of the Divine. On the contrary, only in a person, in a relatively independent or self-centred being, is a religious approach to God possible. Religion

is the self-surrender of the human will to the Divine. 'Our wills are ours to make them Thine.' But this is a *self-surrender*, a surrender which only self, only will, can make" (pp. 216, 7, 8).

The divine personality is likewise destroyed by Neo-Kantianism. The permanent counterpart or sustainer of the world is "a purely objective consciousness," not really a self.

"We have learned—and this is well," says Prof. Seth (pp. 222 f) "—to be chary of attributing to the Divine Spirit a subjectivity like our own. But it must not be forgotten that if we are to keep the name of God at all, or any equivalent term, subjectivity—an existence of God for Himself, analogous to our own personal existence, though doubtless transcending it infinitely in innumerable ways—is an essential element in the conception. . . Moreover the admission of a real self-consciousness in God seems demanded of us if we are not to be unfaithful to the fundamental principle of the theory of knowledge—interpretation by means of the highest category within our reach. The self-conscious life is that highest, and we should be false to ourselves, if we denied in God what we recognise as the source of dignity and worth in ourselves."

We have now before us the main contention of Prof. Seth's present volume. If we compare it with the result reached in *Scottish Philosophy*, may we not say that Prof. Seth has at last told us in effect that, as the knowledge of the material world is given immediately in perception along with the knowledge of self, so the knowledge of God as a Person is given in "the religious consciousness" along with the knowledge of self? In other words, knowing God as a Person is implicated with being true to ourselves, with obedience to the imperative, "interpret by means of the highest category within your reach." As we know the material world for what it really is—so far, of course, as we do know it (see *Scottish Philosophy*, p. 173)—so we know God in His essence, i.e., as a Person manifesting Himself in nature and history (see *Hegelianism and Personality*, p. 223). This is what may be called the "natural realism" of Prof. Seth's theological position. But it must be confessed that, as "natural realism," it is somewhat disappointing. If we expect to find Prof. Seth making "the religious consciousness" an experience of the Personality of God as close and palpable as our experience of the material world, he soon undeceives us by pleading for "a critical anthropomorphism" (p. 224). It is, indeed, difficult to see in what respect Prof. Seth's "anthropomorphism" is superior to the method by which Green establishes his "eternally complete self-consciousness." Would it not be a fair retort to tell Prof. Seth that his method of "interpretation by means of the highest category within our reach" "hypostatizes an abstraction," viz, "the highest category within our reach"? If this retort is deserved, if Prof. Seth's "highest category within our reach" is only "the unity of the pure ego," and his "anthropomorphism" or "interpretation by means of this highest category" only another way of "offering a logic as a metaphysic," it is plain that this misleading method does not change its essential nature when it becomes "critical." "A critical anthropomorphism"

will only "hypostatise an abstraction" more skillfully than a *naïf* anthropomorphism.

I feel that in saying thus much I have perhaps laid myself open to the charge of being a *μυσολογος*, which we know from an eloquent passage in *Scottish Philosophy* is so seriously regarded by Prof. Seth. My apology shall be in the words of one who was no *μυσολογος*, Plato's great follower Plotinus:

"If a man were to inquire of Nature—'Wherefore dost thou bring forth creatures?' and if she gave ear and were willing to answer, she would say—'Ask me not, but understand in silence, even as I am silent.'"

J. A. STEWART.

IN MEMORIAM.

ARSÈNE DARMESTETER.

THE death of Arsène Darmesteter is the loss not only of his friends, not only of his readers, but of French philology. He had already done much, and discovered many things, but he was on the track of discovering more; and though, happily, a great part of his MSS. are sufficiently advanced to be finished by other hands, the rarest thing of all is buried in his grave with him. We shall not easily find again an experience so ample, a patience that will gather the humblest details, and an intelligence swift enough, and large enough, to combine these details in a lucid whole.

Arsène Darmesteter began his career as a philologist in 1874. Ten years of unremitting study had equipped him for his task; and at that date—the date of his earliest publication—he was already one of the first scholars of Europe in mediæval French and Hebrew texts. In early youth, he had meant to become a Rabbi; and his preparation for this calling—soon abandoned—had acquainted him with the Hebrew theologians of mediæval France. In the works of Raschi of Troyes he had been struck by the number of French glosses inserted in the Hebrew text, and had set to work on extracting from this unused material a dictionary of eleventh-century French. Years passed, and the young scholar visited the libraries of Paris, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Parma, and Turin, collating the different MSS. of Raschi. His object was destined never to be accomplished, although he never renounced the hope of completing it. But the time he had spent on it was not wasted; it was the education for his true career.

In 1874, Arsène Darmesteter published—with a commentary important equally from the point of view of philosophy, history, and literature—the two Jewish elegies commemorating the great auto-da-fé of Troyes (April 24, 1288), discovered in the Vatican by Dr. Neubauer. In the same year, his *Traité de la Formation des Mots composés dans la Langue française comparée aux autres Langues romanes et au Latin* showed the world of science that this young man, so accurately, so intimately, acquainted with the past, was none the less possessed by a living enthusiasm for the present—that language to him was never a dead thing, formed and finished, ready for dissection; but an organism growing and developing, a process in act of continuation. He studied the present with the same earnestness, the same enthusiasm, that he gave to the past. He brought to bear on a page of the *Débats*, or of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the scientific passion with which he analysed a Merovingian epic.

In 1876 his treatise, entitled *Phonétique française: la Protonique non initiale, non en Position*, established a law, since known as Darmesteter's law. Diez had shown that the atonic vowels of Latin words were invariably dropped in French except in the case of the

vowel *a*, which persisted in the form of *e*: for example *murum* (mur), *rosa* (rose), *murus* (murs), *rosas* (roses). Thereupon M. Brachet had invented a second law, which decided that the protonic vowels were always dropped when short, and always kept when long. This law was hailed as a discovery, and universally adopted until Arsène Darmesteter came to examine it in detail. He found it absolutely inexact; but, in the process of demolishing it, he discovered the true law of the protonic vowel—a law beautifully in conformity with that of Diez. In polysyllabic words the atonic vowel is dropped, be it short or long, if it be *e*, *i*, *o*, or *u*. But *a*, short or long, is invariably retained under the form of *e*.

In the next year, 1877, Arsène Darmesteter took his doctor's degree, and published his Latin thesis, *De Floovante*, and his French thesis, *De la Création actuelle de Mots nouveaux dans la Langue française*.

Few of his works were so dear to him as his *De Floovante*. None of them is more characteristic of his patient learning, his extraordinary width of view and power of combination. The author begins by describing the text of a certain rather unimportant fourteenth-century poem, *Floovant*, written in a semi-Lorraine dialect, of which the only existing MS., in the library of Montpellier, was published by MM. Guesard and Michelant in 1859. M. Darmesteter was the first to show that the Lorraine scribe of the fourteenth century had not composed the poem, but had copied it from an older version in the dialect of the Ile-de-France: frequent phrases of the northern language have been left in the transcription. *Ex pede Herculem*: M. Darmesteter was not content to prove the existence of an older French version. He established the identity of this Lorraine legend of Floovant with the "Storia di Fioravanti" of the immortal *Reale di Francia*—the book which nourished Boiardo and Ariosto; a book which still, in every hill-side cottage of the Apennines, is dear and frequent as Shakspeare's plays in the peasant homes of England. The Lorraine "Floovant" is one with the Italian "Fioravanti"; both alike descend from a common ancestor, a "Floovant" of the Ile-de-France. A version in Holland, a version in Iceland, prove the wide diffusion of the story in the early middle ages. What was the original "Floovant"? Who wrote it? What was the true story of the hero? The name will tell us: Floovant, or Floovint, is no other than Floovin = Hlothovin. The Frankish pronunciation of the German *Hi* is *Ol* or *Fl*. Thus we see that Hlodovin makes equally Flodovin or Olodovin. The Frank word Olodovin means the son of Clovis. The Paladin Floovint is, therefore, a son of Clovis. M. Darmesteter next compares the legend of the poem of "Floovant" as it remains in different versions with the *Gesta Dagoberti* and the *Gesta Francorum*. He finds that the story of Floovint is identical with the story of King Dagobert, son of Clovis. Floovint, the hero, is, therefore, Dagobert; and "Floovint," the poem, is the relic of the Merovingian epic—a fragment translated and corrupted indeed, but still a fragment of the very earliest literature of France.

Whatever Arsène Darmesteter did was well done and durable. His treatise made the poem of "Floovant" a point of importance to the philologists of Europe. Since then, MM. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, Signor Pio Rajna, and others have examined the origins of "Floovant." These researches have served to establish the brilliant and solid conclusions of Arsène Darmesteter.

We have said that in the same year (1877) M. Darmesteter published a treatise on the formation of new words: a vigorous protest

against the learned barbarism of "les mots savants"—ever the object of our author's scorn.

"La France," he wrote, "est divisée en deux classes: une immense majorité, le peuple, parlant français; une infime minorité, mais éclairée et toute-puissante, parlant un mélange de latin et de français... il a fallu neuf siècles pour que le français, le dialecte de l'Ile-de-France, fit la conquête de tous les autres dialectes parlés sur le territoire de la Gaule. Combien de temps faudra-t-il pour que le latin à son tour fasse la conquête du français?"

We are present at a struggle between science and language. New laws are born. What will be their effect? We cannot tell. To M. Darmesteter the crisis appeared serious for the future of French. It is impossible to limit the influx of Latin words with special meanings, the influx of a scientific terminology. But M. Darmesteter suggests that new words formed on an existing French word should be developed from its French form, and not from its Latin source. He recommends authors to abandon the half-unconscious pedantry which leads them to express themselves in Latin words, suggestive to them on account of their classical education, but valueless, almost meaningless, to the mass of the French nation. Unfortunately the tide is setting the other way. A French novel of the day is invaded not only by Latin, but by Greek, even by English barbarisms. The creation of new words is not to be regretted, for it shows that the language is a living, expanding organism. The thing to be deplored is that the new words should be developed chiefly on unlovely lines. No one need deplore the formation of "ornement" or "illusionner"; but what is one to say of "les circumfusa" for "les milieux," of "hisser" for "siffler," of "allomorphite," and all the tribe of the Greek invasion? It is against such words as these that M. Darmesteter ever raised his voice in protest.

The year 1877 was a fruitful time. The third book then published by M. Darmesteter (this time in conjunction with M. A. Hatzfeld) was a valuable handbook to the French literature and language of the sixteenth century, accompanied by extracts from the authors of the time. The book was crowned by the Institut. We believe it is adopted as a text-book in the universities of Germany. England would, in this respect, do well to follow their example.

Since 1878, Arsène Darmesteter has published little, saving the charming *Vie des Mots*, which appeared alike in France and England in 1886, and which is already known to so wide a public that any exposition of it here would be unnecessary. His time was more and more occupied by the *Dictionnaire Générale de la Langue Française*, begun in 1872, at which he laboured in conjunction with M. A. Hatzfeld. Probably the plan of the dictionary, not yet published, but already much discussed, is familiar to many of our readers. As in *La Vie des Mots*, M. Darmesteter here traced the history of words, their changed significance, their changed phonetics, through all the varieties of classical, mediæval, and old French, down to the original Low Latin. In the course of this vast pursuit he made continual discoveries. "I have published little of late years," he used to say. "Perhaps they think me lazy; but when the dictionary comes out, they will see!"

The dictionary did not absorb all his thoughts. First Lecturer, then Professor, of Mediæval French Language and Literature at the Sorbonne, much of his time was necessarily given to the university. He became the recognised authority on his subject. Almost all the candidates for the doctorate who meant to take their degree with mediæval research turned to him for a subject and a plan. None who has ever consulted him will forget the sympathy, the patience, the

earnestness of his response. His personal influence was no less great than his influence as a teacher, as a master. He would often give up one of his busy afternoons to correct some young man's thesis, to point out his errors, to set him in the right way. He had the true passion for science, for truth. Provided that there were labours in the vineyard, little it mattered to him whether the honour and reward fell to himself or to another.

Of late years another great interest absorbed him. When, about six years ago, the French Girtton, the Ecole Normale des Jeunes Filles, or Training School for Women Professors, was founded at Sèvres, the plan met with great opposition. The young girls who first recruited it were necessarily students whose earlier education had not been according to a university standard. A strong party in the university was against affording them a truly scientific education. It was argued, with some justice, that they had not been prepared for it. Everything depended on the first year. Arsène Darmesteter began with conviction to teach the young girls at Sèvres their own language on scientific principles. From the day of the opening of the college to the week before his death, his class at Sèvres was the most successful, the most enthusiastically followed. A course of French grammar which he delivered there is, we believe, shortly to be published. It should do well translated into English.

Between lectures at the Sorbonne, lectures at Sèvres, and work at home on the dictionary, his life passed away—busy, useful, happy. The dictionary was already in the press when, on November 6, M. Darmesteter caught cold at the Baccalauréat Examination. A week later, the chill developed into a dangerous illness. endocarditis supervened. He died at the early age of forty-two, a little after midnight between the 15th and 16th of the month. M. D.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. C. W. DEACON & Co. have in the press a *Textbook of Physiography or Physical Geography*, being an Introduction to the Study of the Physical Phenomena of our Globe, with coloured plates, maps, and illustrations, by Prof. Edward Hull, director of the Geological Survey of Ireland.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish forthwith an Arabic-English Reading Book, by Mr. H. Anthony Salmoné and Mr. H. Priestley, late of the Bengal Civil Service. The object of the work is to facilitate the study of Arabic to the beginner, and gradually lead him through all the intricacies that so often bewilder Oriental students. The early part is transliterated and translated, and the work contains copious notes arranged in a simple manner, and a complete vocabulary. To familiarise the student with the different forms in Arabic, reference is often made to Mr. Salmoné's "Table of Arabic Forms," which will be included in the Reading Book. Mr. Salmoné's Arabic-English Lexicon and the Index to the same will, it is hoped, be out very shortly.

WE have received two pamphlets dealing with Babylonian subjects. (1) Mr. George Bertin, in a paper reprinted from the last number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, endeavours to distinguish the racial types on the Assyrian monuments, as Mr. Flanders Petrie has done on the Egyptian. It remains to be seen whether his conclusions, which do not appear to be altogether borne out by his plate of profiles, will win acceptance. (2) Dr. Cyrus Adler, of Johns Hopkins Uni-

versity, considers "The Views of the Babylonians concerning Life after Death," chiefly in the light of the recent treatise by Dr. Alfred Jeremias (Leipzig, 1887). It would seem that the beliefs of the Babylonians on this subject closely resembled those of the Greeks. There was a shadowy Hades, from which the unburied were excluded, while the favourites of the gods were translated to a happier abode. A return to this earth was possible, by the special intervention of the queen of the under world.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Nov. 19.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—The president exhibited and described a fragment of an Egyptian stela belonging to Mr. Dodgson, of Ashton-under-Lyme. It consists of the head of a female; and on the edge of the stone it is inscribed with "Horus, son of Isis, the Goddess worshipped in the Amenti, The Mother Goddess Lady of Heaven, may they give." On the back there are only portions of four lines of the inscription, which read thus: (i.) "His Son causes his name to live," (ii.) "Thebes, to the Ka (spirit) of the Great Artist," (iii.) "May they receive cakes, To go in and out," (iv.) "With offerings in the Feasts in Kar-neter." The character of the inscription is coarse, probably of late date, and contrasts well with that of a stone of much earlier date, also in Mr. Dodgson's collection, of which a photograph was exhibited. This second stone was a way-mark, and is dated in the 28th year of King Amenemha, may he live for ever. "Direction (or district) of the Mer-Memfit (the chief soldier) chennu (priest) Mentuhetep 32 cubits." There are some curious things about this small stone. For purposes of symmetry and to fit the name in the line the *n* is left out, and the terminal *n* is intercalated between the *h* and the *n*, to prevent the two round letters being put together. The *n* also is long-necked, as is very commonly the case in early inscriptions. Mentuhetep was a common name in the time of Amenemha: there was a priest of that name who married Sebekaa, and had a son Mayiba and a daughter Amenese. Another priest, who lived in the 28th year of Amenemha, was the son of Setu and Aaa. This Mentuhetep may have been either of these.—Prof. J. H. Middleton made the following remarks upon an altar-cloth from Lyng Church, near Norwich, lent by the Rector, the Rev. C. Jex-Blake. This is a very interesting example of what was frequently done in parish churches during the Reformation; namely, the conversion of priests' vestments into hangings for the altar or pulpit. This altar-cloth, which measures 6' 9" x 3' 8", consists of a sort of patch-work of three different copest, all dating from the fifteenth century. The greater part is made of a cope of blue velvet, which was ornamented with a *semi* pattern of cherubim, seraphim, double-headed eagles displayed, and conventional flowers. Of the seraphim (distinguished by having six wings), only one remains, holding a scroll inscribed "Gloria in excelsis," and standing on a wheel. The cherubim, of which there are two, are similar in treatment, except that they have only four wings. Traces of the hood of the cope remain, cut up into two separate patches. The orphreys of this cope were ornamented with a series of single figures of saints under arches, alternating with square conventional patterns. These have been cut into separate patches, and are arranged side by side to form borders to the cloth, instead of being, as originally worked, one over another. The subjects are these—(i.) a prophet holding a scroll. (ii.) St. Olave crowned, holding a halbert and sceptre. (iii.) St. Paul holding a sword. (iv.) On the other border, St. John Evangelist holding a golden chalice. (v.) and (vi.) Two other prophets. (vii.) The Apostle St. Philip holding three loaves. No. ii. was a cope of crimson velvet, ornamented with half-length figures of prophets—only one remains holding a scroll with his name, "Daniel." Marks of two other similar figures remain. No. iii. a vestment of orange velvet, ornamented with the common *semi* pattern of conventional flowers, of

which four exist, cut into square patches. One piece only of the orphrey remains, with a fine representation of the Crucifixion, between St. Mary and St. John. The three sorts of velvet are all from foreign, probably Italian, looms; but the needlework ornaments in silk and gold are of purely English work and design. All the ornaments are worked on linen, tightly stretched on a small frame; when the needlework was finished, stout paper was fixed with size to the back of the linen to prevent fraying of its edges, and it was then cut out to the required outline, and sewn on (*appliqué*) to the ground. The figures on the orphreys consist of two thicknesses of linen—the ground being worked with silk on a long strip of linen, and the figures *appliqués* in a similar way, thus giving greater richness of effect by the slight relief produced by the double thickness of linen. The gold thread is made in the usual way by twisting a thin gilt ribbon of silver tightly round a silk thread. The spangles and the crown of St. Olave are of pure gold. The crown is beautifully made by sewing small bits of shaped gold on to the stuff, making a sort of gold mosaic. All the gold has a slightly rounded surface, giving great richness of effect, by the way in which it catches the light and conceals the thinness of the metal. Though very decorative in effect and rich in colour, this needlework, like all similar work of the same date, is poor in drawing, and rather coarse in execution—a very striking contrast to the needlework of England in the latter part of the thirteenth century, which was quite unrivalled by that of any other country. In design, too, a curious want of invention is shown, the same patterns being used again and again in vestments, frontals, dossals, "riddles," and other pieces of embroidered work. Cherubim, double-headed eagles, and conventional flowers of precisely similar design to those on this piece of work occur on many others of the same date; as, for example, on frontals and vestments at Hardwick Hall, Chipping Camden Church, in Carlisle Cathedral, in the Church of St. Thomas at Salisbury, at Alveley Church, and elsewhere. A similar monotony of design is to be seen in the needlework figures of saints on the orphreys. As this piece of work is quite unsuited for present requirements as an altar-frontal, it is much to be wished that it might be deposited in some museum, where it would be safe from injury by wear or accident.

OLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Nov. 24.)

W. O. H. CROSS, Esq., president, in the chair.—"A Woman killed with Kindness" was the play for consideration. There were general papers by Mr. Walter Strachan, Mr. W. O. H. Cross, Mr. W. Chamberlain, "a member," and Mr. G. Munro Smith.—Mr. Strachan thought the play of much interest as a picture of the time. Its great weakness is its want of constructive skill. Among other instances may be mentioned the devotion to her husband which Mistress Frankford expresses in words on her wedding-day, and which quite prepares us for the easy yielding to temptation shortly after. In fact, all the time we see the building with the scaffolding still up. In favour of the play, the equable flow of its lines may be noticed. The characters are not strongly marked, but are not, as a whole, unnatural. The moral aim of the author is certainly virtuous, although the plot may not accord with present proprieties. Frankford's kindness towards his wife has no pity in it. His revenge consists in so working upon her conscience that the remorse she feels will kill her. A parallel incident may be found in Hawthorne's *A Scarlet Letter*.—Mr. Cross said "A Woman killed with Kindness" was valuable as a subject for comparison with Shakespeare, and we get a clearer perception of his light from this example of the comparative darkness which surrounded him. The play itself falls in most of the elements of a work of imagination, and it has the one great flaw which makes all other qualities useless: it is not amusing or interesting. Heywood was evidently a man with no perception of right and wrong. He writes on these subjects much as a man who was colour-blind might write on the relative merits of blue and green. In connexion with the central incident of the play, we should have admired thorough forgiveness, we could have excused sudden and natural revenge; but for this vir-

dictive and cold-blooded torture we can have no feeling but contempt. It reminds us a little of King Arthur's treatment of Guinevere. In the character of Sir Charles Mountford, the author shows a similar incapacity for distinguishing good from evil. In reference to Collier's statement of not being able to "go through the proofs without a degree of emotion which almost disqualified him from the duty," Mr. Cross said that such sensibility in so experienced a literary man is charming; but he, on the contrary, had found throughout an artificial, overstrained tone which verges on the ludicrous. The play will still be read by those who aim at taking the entire drama for their province; but if it depended on its own merits, it would share the fate of those many productions which have gone to hold pastry and line trunks.—Mr. Chamberlain considered the play to be rubbish, and not worthy to be styled literature.—"A member" said it showed Heywood's power of mind and delicacy of feeling, that he rises above his subject, and produced what is, if rightly considered, a high moral lesson. From beginning to end, there is no palliation of evil, no confusion between right and wrong. The lines are strongly drawn; and, in our sympathy with the dying penitent, we are never for one moment allowed to forget the magnitude of the sin. In regard to rapid yielding, Mistress Frankford's parallel in Shakespeare's pages is found in Lady Anne. In each case, the woman's fancy is captured by alternate appeals to her sympathy and her vanity. Heywood shows true dramatic skill in introducing the strong affection between Charles Mountford and his sister as a relief to the darker colours of the story. The sentiments, the characters, the lessons to be found in this play, rank Heywood among the first of Elizabethan dramatists.—Mr. Smith said that a play, the ground-work of which is a particularly unpardonable crime, could only be prevented from violating artistic principles by great beauty of thought, and by skilful manipulation; and neither of these is present in "A Woman killed with Kindness." The method of working out the plot is feeble; and the acting of the piece would, from the frequent "asides" and soliloquies, be almost impossible. Frankford speaks the few lines that have any poetry in them in the whole piece, which abounds with unpoetical similes and expressions, the scansion often being eked out by the simple expedient of repeating a noun twice over. Heywood, who appears to have prided himself on the number of plays he wrote, must have scribbled this off without deep consideration of the dramatic rules of art.—Another member wrote, adversely criticising the play.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths, after calling attention to the evidence furnished by Henlowe as to the acting of the play some years before the date of the earliest known edition, read a "time analysis" of the play on the lines of Mr. P. A. Daniel's time analysis of Shakespeare's plays. The action requires nine dramatic days with six intervals of different and uncertain lengths.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Nov. 29.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Telford Ely read a paper on "Armorial Devices on black-figured Vases at Berlin," in which he maintained that such symbols generally referred to rapid movement, as in the case of the darting snake, the flying bird, &c.—Mr. W. de Gray Birch read a paper on "A Seal of the Statute Staple of Westminster," on which the treasurer also made some remarks.—A paper on "Recent Excavations at Strata Florida Abbey" (in Cardiganshire), was read by Mr. J. Willis Bund. This was illustrated by numerous photographs and drawings. Special reference was made to the peculiar mouldings and other ornaments.—After some remarks by Mr. Williams, who gave further details as to the excavations, the discussion was adjourned.

FINE ART.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

II.

In the great Central Hall devoted to the illustration of Italian art, from the so-called Byzantine period to the end of the seventeenth

century—but more especially to the exhibition of the great collection of original works belonging to the Quattrocento period—much has been achieved, by comparison with the chaos of the two outer courts to which I have already referred. Yet a close examination of the descriptions appended to the examples exhibited reveals that even here much still remains to be done in the way of correction and elimination. It is quite conceivable, and even excusable, that a private collector should adhere closely to attributions consecrated by time, and should feel considerable disinclination to accept such corrections as the progress of art study may render necessary—preferring rather to hug old delusions; but no such attitude is for a moment defensible in those who preside over a national museum, which, to be anything, should be the fountain-head of instruction in such matters.

The curious life-size statue, in painted wood, of an angel, halo-crowned and clothed in full clinging robes, which bears in a marked degree the characteristics of the Pisan school of the fourteenth century, has for a number of years been described as a work of the fifteenth century. This would still be a misleading description, even could it be shown that the work dates from the last years of the fourteenth, or the first of the fifteenth, century. For the expression "fifteenth century" denotes by usage more than a mere period of time; it is the popular designation of a distinct style, or progressive development of style. The marble panel of the "Madonna and Child" attributed to Antonio Rossellino (1493-1567) has long been regarded, both in and outside the museum, with more than suspicion—pretty generally held, indeed, to be a modern forgery. For this opinion excellent reasons are to be found in the technique of the work—in the execution of the staring, unmeaning cherubim of the background and the mechanical folds of the drapery. Yet, for no other apparent reason than because the relief once cost the nation £80, it is still put forward, without a word of warning, as an unquestioned work, and placed next to a masterpiece of Donatello, the "Dead Christ with Angels." Again, the beautiful frieze in *pietra serena*, showing two floating *putti* supporting a shield, with an ornamentation of foliage and flowers (1795-1857), is manifestly a work of the school of Verrocchio—as is shown by the peculiar type of the *putti* and the treatment of the decorative adjuncts—and has but little beyond the general impress of the Florentine style, in common with the manner of either Desiderio da Settignano or A. Rossellino, to one of whom it is dubitatively attributed.

One of the most precious of the minor works in this court is an old stucco *surmoulage* of the original sketch in clay by Luca della Robbia for one of the marble panels of the famous organ-gallery executed for the Duomo of Florence, and now re-erected in the Bargello. This is described as by "L. della Robbia—about 1460"; but it is now known that that great work, ordered in 1431, was completed in or about 1440, so that the sketch at South Kensington must be placed between these two dates, or more than twenty years before that now given.

The museum possesses, besides an undoubted original of Jacopo della Quercia—the front portion of a wooden coffer in which are set terra-cotta panels representing the Fall of Man—three interesting groups in the same material, also ascribed to him; viz., two representations in the round of the Madonna and Child (1573-61 and 1574-61), and another showing the Virgin with the infant Saviour, under an elaborate late-Gothic canopy, attended by saints (1572-61). The attribution of these works to Jacopo della Quercia sufficiently well indicates their period and

tendency, seeing that they all date from the first quarter of the fifteenth century, and display the early effort of the Renaissance style to emancipate itself by individuality of conception and freedom of execution from Gothic trammels. Dr. Bode has, however, in his remarkable *Italiensche Bildhauer der Renaissance*, published in 1887, given very convincing reasons for his contention that all these works, together with others of kindred style, which he designates as Florentine and Verona, are not by Quercia—or, indeed, of Sienese origin—but rather the work of contemporary Florentine artists. A close comparison of the technique and style of the groups in question with the undoubted works of Quercia—for which the museum now presents unequalled opportunities—shows almost conclusively the accuracy of Dr. Bode's conclusions, and renders very desirable the recognition of his attempt to classify the former works anew. The work of Quercia which comes nearest to the museum series of terra-cottas is the "Madonna with Four Saints," completed by him in 1422 for the Trenta family, and now in the basilica of S. Frediano at Lucca; unfortunately no cast of this is at present comprised in the very complete South Kensington series. In this, however, although we find the same struggle of the new style to dominate Gothic formulae, we find also that peculiar quality of *terribilità*, combined with a certain superficiality of expression, which is so essentially characteristic of Quercia. It is this element, as much as differences in the manner of technical execution, which serves to distinguish the productions of the great Sienese from those of other contemporary Tuscans, whose works also occupy the period of transition in which he was undoubtedly one of the chief pioneers.

The famous Martelli mirror—perhaps the most beautiful among the small bronzes of the earlier Renaissance—can no longer be accepted without question as a work of Donatello. Its provenance from the Casa Martelli, which still contains a number of original and important works by the great master, seemed for a long period to place the correctness of the attribution, consecrated as it was by competent authority, beyond question. Lately, however, there has been a very general tendency to place this celebrated work at a period of the fifteenth century later than the time of Donatello, and to give it rather to a North Italian than to a Florentine master. An examination of the style of execution in the nude, and of the technique generally, certainly tends to confirm the accuracy of the hewer and more hypothetical ascription. It may be mentioned that, in the catalogue of works by, and ascribed to, Donatello, published in Florence under the auspices of Signor G. Milanese, on the occasion of the festival to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the sculptor's birth, this mirror is not included in the section comprising the authentic works, but is placed among those wrongly ascribed to him. This is a case in which the museum cannot, perhaps, be asked altogether to give up, on what may be deemed insufficient evidence, a cherished attribution; but it may most certainly be called upon to give some note of warning which would call attention to the doubt existing on a point of great importance in connexion with Florentine art.

It would be interesting to know on what exact grounds the two bronze medallions, representing respectively two of the Labours of Hercules (58-81, and 149-82)—for each of which there was paid, as it appears, the fabulous price of £1000—are attributed to the medallist Sperandio. They have, certainly, little or nothing in common as to style with the long series of well-authenticated medals executed by the famous Mantuan in a manner the harsh yet dignified realism of which approaches that of Mantegna; or, indeed, with

my other works of his with which I am acquainted. On the other hand, the finer of the two medallions—that which shows the infant Hercules strangling the Serpents—bears, in its pseudo-classicality, a considerable resemblance to the work of another North Italian worker in bronze—the Paduan, Andrea Briosco, called Il Riccio—as will appear from an examination of several plaquettes from his hand shown in the same department of the museum.

Finally, I desire to call attention to the silver pax ornamented with nielli which is shown in another department—that of the works in precious metals (3580-56). This is described as an Italian production of the sixteenth century, and exhibited with works of that period. It is, however, in fact, one of the remarkable modern forgeries executed for the Venetian dealer, San Quirico, in the earlier part of this century. A collection of specimen impressions from engraved plaques, prepared for the counterfeit subjects then manufactured for the antiquity market, was gradually brought together in Venice by the late Mr. Edward Cheney—chiefly by means of purchases from San Quirico himself; and on his death, in 1884, the portfolio containing these impressions was, as is well known, acquired by the British Museum, where it is now to be seen in the Print Room. In this portfolio, placed together on the same sheet, are to be found impressions from the two nielli which make up the South Kensington pax—viz., the lunette-shaped “Eternal, in a Glory of Angels,” and the oblong representation of the “Nativity.” As a clever and long undetected counterfeit, the pax should have an interest *sui generis* for the public, but it must not any longer be placed before them as an authentic work of the period the style of which it successfully simulates.

Much might be said on another subject connected with the section of reproductions from typical works of Gothic and Renaissance sculpture at the museum. I refer to the strange persistence with which the authorities have, while illustrating in every phase Italian and Teutonic art, completely ignored the great successive schools of French sculpture which preceded the Italianised Renaissance style of which Jean Cousin, Jean Goujon, and Germain Pilon, are the best-known representatives. For South Kensington the unapproached Gothic school of the thirteenth century—so magnificently illustrated at Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Rheims—has no existence; neither is, so far as France is concerned, the more animated and grimacing manner of the fourteenth century illustrated, save in the section of sculptured ivories. The Burgundian school of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, exemplified by the great Dijon master Claus Sluter, is, it may be said, practically unknown in England; and hardly better understood is the earlier and truer French Renaissance, exemplified by Michel Colombe and other kindred masters. This, however, is a subject too wide to be dealt with on the present occasion. It must be reserved for separate treatment, to which, indeed, its great importance fully entitles it.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

J. B. BURGESS, the painter of Spanish subjects, has been elected a full member of the Royal Academy, in succession to the late Frank Holl.

A request of art critics, representing some of the most important of the London journals, three days' view should be allowed to the before the opening of the annual exhibi-

tion of the Royal Academy, was certainly not an unreasonable one, and has been received in a courteous manner. It is, however, unsatisfactory to learn that a question of this kind cannot be settled by a standing order, but that whatever concession is made by the council for this year may be upset by the council for the next.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, by Rodolfo Lanciani, professor of archaeology at the university of Rome, and director of excavations for the government and the municipality. The book will be in small quarto, with about 100 illustrations.

On Wednesday next, December 12, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a very interesting collection of silver plate, belonging to Mr. Robert Day, of Cork. There are included rare examples of *repoussé* ornamentation executed at Cork towards the end of the seventeenth century, and also some of those curious dish-rings which are peculiar to Ireland. On the following day the same auctioneers will sell a collection of Oriental and European China, with armorial bearings, formed by the late Rev. O. Walker, of Brighton.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & Co. have sent us a large parcel of Christmas and New Year Cards, which show that both in novelty of design and in delicacy of execution this firm does not intend to be surpassed by any competitor. We have been particularly pleased with some of the sketches on drawing-paper with rough mounts; with the greeting cards with a tinted landscape on one side; and with the reproductions of historic pictures, such as Holbein's Madonna at Dresden. From the same publishers we have received *Rip Van Winkle*, with etchings by Mr. T. Goodman. The book is an excellent example of typography, and prettily bound; but of the illustrations the less said the better. They compare very unfavourably with Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations of the same text two or three years ago.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co. are the publishers of the English edition of *Figaro Illustré*, which fully maintains its six years' reputation. It has certain advantages over our own Christmas numbers, in that the text is so printed as to be a pleasure to read, and is not interlarded with advertisements. The illustrations are reproduced by the Goupil process of chromotypography, which does full justice to M. Detaille's double-page plate of dragons, but is less successful with M. Henner's “Juana.” Among the contributors are three of the most recent members of the Académie Française, and M. Paul Bourget, who is still outside.

THE STAGE.

Our Recent Actors. By Westland Marston. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

THE recollections of recent actors which he has just given us are a contribution to literature quite as charming and quite as substantial as any of the plays with which, during his early and his middle life, Dr. Westland Marston enriched the theatre. Indeed, there is at least one particular in which these delightful volumes have an advantage over the author's imaginative work. That imaginative work is charged with grace and with care; there are in it a refinement and a play of fancy very scarce in our day. But in the creation of character Dr. Westland Marston may seem to have relied rather on the medita-

tions of the library than on study from life. Now in his book of recollections no such deficiency is apparent: it is even almost impossible that it should exist. Dr. Marston's powers of delicate discrimination and his wonderful memory have served him in good stead—his studies from the life have been ample, and the result of them is convincing. We have here two volumes of criticism at once charming and deliberate; and I do not know how long it is since so excellent a book has been given us on the theatre which we love.

Dr. Westland Marston, wisely perhaps, chooses to say very little upon living actors. Here and there they have been briefly commented upon when comparison between themselves and their predecessors seemed desirable, or when, as the author tells us, “they have so long retired from the stage that their career is become part of its history.” Dr. Marston has written in chief of the players of a generation now gone from us. The record of his experiences begins with the year 1834, when he came to London from Great Grimsby to study law under an uncle near Gray's Inn. Edmund Kean—whom, notwithstanding his orthodox dissenter's education, the young Marston had heard of in his earlier boyhood—had but lately ceased to be, and it happened that the lad's first visit to the theatre was not to Covent Garden, but to Sadler's Wells. What he saw there—in days, of course, long before the management of Mr. Phelps—affords to his record an opportunity for gentle humour such as we are thankful for. The second time young Marston went to the theatre, Covent Garden was chosen. He there saw Byron's “Manfred,” with Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) declaiming the lines allotted to the witch of the Alps. She was almost a beginner then, and her part was small.

“Nevertheless, in her appearance as she stood within an arch of a rainbow—in her garments, which seemed woven of serial colours touched by the sun—and in her voice, the tones of which, though sweet, were remote and passionless, she realised all the weird charm of a genius of lake and mountain.” “There was something,” adds Dr. Marston, “glacial in her unsubstantial loveliness, something that belonged to the forms of sleep rather than those of common day.”

One of Dr. Marston's most interesting chapters is devoted to Macready. We somehow get a much pleasanter notion of this tragedian from the present volumes than from those more elaborate writings upon him which are no longer new. Possibly Dr. Marston overrates Macready, yet it would appear that he has grounds enough to give for the faith that is in him. Macready, it appears, “was unapproachable” in “Lear”; and he was strongest in those parts of “Macbeth” and of “Hamlet” in which Mr. Irving has contrived and chosen to be most remarkable—in “Hamlet” for instance, he gave to the play-scene a breadth and passion which the charming genius of Charles Kemble had somehow need to be without. Again, in the last act of “Macbeth”—in which we saw some years ago and shall see again this winter the splendid inspiration of Mr. Irving—Macready, it seems, was wont to be overpoweringly effective. Of Charles Kean Dr. Marston has

less to say; and even his sympathetic appreciation and admirable tolerance—essential qualities in any real critic—cannot represent Charles Kean as much besides the melodramatic actor who had some breadth in his youth, some photographic realism in his later years. Coming to some more recent actors, Dr. Marston gives a subtle analysis of Benjamin Webster—an artist whom the superior portion of the public perhaps never quite truly appreciated; he entertains us with true and vivid portraiture of Buckstone and Sothorn; and he has a long account of Lillian Adelaide Neilson, the only real Juliet that the stage has known since the chance success of a clever young Frenchwoman, Mlle. Stella Colas. It is not possible to present a really lovable picture of Mr. Sothorn, a “good fellow,” no doubt, and an actor brilliant and painstaking, but one to whom the ruin of legitimate and the advent of eccentric comedy is in part due. One feels on the whole more grateful to Miss Neilson, who was imperfect as an artist, who was sometimes (or so it seemed to us, years ago, when we saw her in *Isabella*) mistaken in her view of a character, but whose aspirations were at all events towards the romantic and poetic, who did her best to encourage the taste for these, in days when they were little popular. Miss Neilson, too, had in a peculiar degree that which can never be, upon the stage or off it, a *quantité négligeable*—personal charm. And that gave much of its interest even to the passion of her Juliet, and made delightful the boisterous frolic of Miss Prue in “*Love for Love*.” Most of her great performances are analysed by Dr. Marston with a refinement of observation which shows how little personal friendship need warp the judgment of a born critic. In the following chapter there is a thoughtful discussion of the methods of actors as dissimilar as Alfred Wigan and Robson. And the book closes with some general recollections, in which Liston’s sensibility to pathos is insisted upon, in which it is explained how Harley was rather an entertaining than a fine comedian, and in which we are reminded of the grace and distinction of Mr. Leigh Murray, a *jeune premier* the like of whom the rising generation has hardly seen.

It is not impertinent, we hope, to congratulate Dr. Marston on the spirit in which he has conceived his task, and on the ripeness and generosity of thought and finish of style which he has brought to its execution.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE hear that the scene of Mr. Robert Buchanan’s new play, which is rehearsing at the Vandeville, is laid chiefly at Bath and Cambridge, and that the period of the action is the eighteenth century.

WE are informed that Miss Alma Murray has given up the project of adding to the existing London theatres one to be situated in Arundel Street, Strand. Miss Murray has, however, under consideration a site further west.

MR. HENRY IRVING—who has been conducting at Birmingham the first rehearsals of “*Macbeth*”—has now completed his provincial tour; while Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake have still in prospect Bristol, Brighton, and Nottingham, before the early part of the year.

WHEN Mr. Mansfield establishes himself at the Globe Theatre at Christmas, Mr. Lionel Brough and one or two other actors of well-established popularity, who have not been with him at the Lyceum, will, we understand, join his company.

WE shall next week be able to speak, in some detail, of Mr. Gilbert’s new play, “*Brantingham Hall*,” at the St. James’s, in which important parts are held by Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Julia Neilson, and Miss Rose Norreys.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MDME. ESSIPOFF gave the first of three Pianoforte Recitals at the Steinway Hall last Thursday week. She opened with Schumann’s Sonata in G minor, which was given with much finish, though not in a Schumann vein. Mendelssohn’s Prelude and Fugue in F minor, and many short solos were rendered with marked grace and life. Saint-Saens’s Duet for two pianos on a Beethoven theme was played by Miss F. Bloomfield and the concert-giver. The latter, who made her first appearance on this occasion, has good fingers and plays with spirit—indeed, with a little too much, for some passages were hurried.

Mdme. Essipoff played Schumann’s Concerto in A minor at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. Mdme. Schumann has taught us how this work should be interpreted, but the Russian pianist gives a very different reading. The one makes us feel the poetry and passion of the music; the other, in spite of digital dexterity, leaves us cold. The Palace programme included Schumann’s fine Symphony in E flat, to which the band, under Mr. Manns’ direction, did full justice.

At her second Recital at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Mdme. Essipoff played two Sonatas of Beethoven—the one in A flat (Op. 26), the second the Appassionata. In her Schumann performance at the Palace, the faults were chiefly negative, but in her reading of Beethoven they were both negative and positive. She failed to bring out either the tenderness and charm of the A flat variations, or the calm grandeur of the andante of the Appassionata. There was no mystery in the allegro, no passion in the finale of Op. 57. But the lack of all this was all the more marked inasmuch as the player substituted sentimentality for true feeling, and noise for passion. And there were many unwarrantable additions of notes to the composer’s text. Mdme. Essipoff has many good qualities: she can interpret with great success certain pieces which require brilliant technique and strong contrasts of *forte* and *piano*, but we cannot accept such interpretations of Beethoven as those which she gave at this Recital.

The Monday Popular Concert of December 3 deserves a word of mention on account of the first appearance of Miss Agnes Zimmermann since her long illness. She played Beethoven’s Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3). The opening movement might have been given with more power and dignity, but in the rest of the work the lady displayed her usual neatness and refinement. Mrs. Henschel sang most charmingly songs by Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Henschel, accompanied by her husband. Mr. Henschel, at the piano, is a “tower of strength” to a vocalist. M. Strauss appeared in place of Lady Hallé, who was suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. Henschel gave his third concert on Wednesday evening. The programme does not call for special comment. Miss Emily Shinner and Miss Geraldine Morgan gave a clever and artistic rendering of Bach’s Concerto in D minor for two violins. Mendelssohn’s Italian Sym-

phony, in the first movement, suffered so what from the conductor’s exuberant beat; *andante* was much more satisfactory. The symphonic poem, “*Orpheus*,” was given the first time for many years. Why is “*Tas*” so seldom heard? This work and “*Les*” ludes” are, to our thinking, the most taking all the set.

The crucial period of a society’s existence said to be the third year, and this the Westminster Orchestral Society has passed through with perfect safety. Emboldened by success it has resolved to devote the whole of its four season to works by living British composers and, moreover, most of the compositions included in the scheme have been written within the last decade. The Westminster Society, in doing this, will encourage native composers, and will draw the attention of the public to the talent which is to be found in England. Put aside the living *sommities* of the musical world in Germany—Brahms, Dvořák, and, perhaps, one or two other names—our home production will compare favourably with what is to be heard there. At the first concert on Wednesday evening, at the Town Hall, Westminster, the programme commenced with Dr. Stanford’s effective overture to the “*Oedipus Rex*” of Sophocles. The other instrumental works were Mr. J. Barnett’s Pastoral Suite, produced at Norway in 1881; Mr. E. Prout’s Birmingham Symphony (conducted by the composer), Mr. Wingham’s “*Concert Capriccio*,” well played by Mr. Kuhe; and Mr. Barnby’s “*Bride’s March*” from “*Rebekah*.” Songs were sung by Miss Clara Samuella and Mr. Gritton. Mr. Maipherson is a painstaking conductor, but he should try and get his strings to play more in tune. There was a good and enthusiastic audience.

The Heckmann Quartet from Cologne gave the first of two concerts at the Prince’s Hall on Thursday of last week. The programme included Quartets by Beethoven and Schumann and Brahms’ Quintet in F minor, with Mdm Haas at the pianoforte.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

A PERFORMANCE of “*The Messiah*” was given in Westminster Abbey, on November 29, on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians. The Oratorio has not been heard in the abbey since 1834, when it was given on the concluding day of the great festival held in that year. The abbey was crowded on Thursday last, and the chief feature of the performance was the fine singing of Mmes. Albani and Patey. The other soloists were Mr. Harper Kearton, and Messrs. Hilton and Brereton. The organist was Mr. C. S. Jekyll, and the conductor Dr. Bridge.

MR. FREDERICK NIECKS’s *Life of Chopin* will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Novello in two volumes, with a portrait from an original pencil drawing, in the possession of the author, etched by Mr. H. R. Robertson.

MR. DESMOND L. RYAN, for many years musical critic of the *Standard*, died last week at the early age of 37. His father, the late Michael Desmond Ryan, was also connected with the same paper. Mr. D. L. Ryan had suffered from a chest complaint; and a visit which he lately paid to Australia, by medical advice, proved of no avail. He had decided opinions, but always expressed them in a pleasant manner. He leaves a widow and two children.

THE Sydney papers of October 15 contain an account of a brilliant banquet, given to Mr. F. H. Cowen by the professional and amateur musicians of Sydney, during a flying visit paid by the composer to that city.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

No. 867, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Life of Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., &c. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Longmans.)

(Second Notice.)

IN the autumn of 1831, Canning was persuaded by Lord Palmerston to undertake another special mission to Turkey, Greece being again the object. He visited the Morea and other parts of the desolated land, where he was received with enthusiasm by the patriots; and he formed his opinions upon Argos and Capodistrias, Lord Elgin, Vagorides, and other matters. Arrived at Stambûl early in the next year, he noted great and portentous changes—the old humiliating etiquette had been abolished, the foreigner was feared if not respected, and the unturbaned Osmanli was “drinking champagne like a Christian.” And now, when treating with the “portentous Turk,” he saw the opportunity of posing as a great reformer, of galvanising, if not quickening, the moribund empire, and of becoming archiater to the Sick Man.

“I want,” he wrote, “to see her [Turkey] in a situation to receive the full tide of European civilisation, to take her proper [?] place in the general councils of Europe, and to base her military and financial system on the only true foundations of security for persons and property” (i. 508).

Thus a mighty change of tone had been wrought by a decade or so, at the beginning of which he exclaimed, “I wish with all my soul that the sultan were driven bag and baggage into the heart of Asia” (i. 307). This vision of reform was the will-o'-the-wisp, whose treacherous light misled the rest of his career and landed him at last in a slough of despond. Even genius cannot metamorphose hyaenas and foxes into what our amiable cousins call “smelling dogs.” National transformations must come from within; imported from without they savour of the farcical. Japan would appear to be a remarkable exception; but we have still to learn how the transformation will work, or be worked.

This “brilliant and successful mission,” as Lord Pam. termed it, ended with a return to England, and was followed by the Grand Cross of the Bath. Canning naively shows (ii. 8) how the “Yes, Sir Stratford,” of waiters and cooks gratified his *amour-propre*. He had hardly time to find London “a horrid town,” when he was gazetted ambassador to the Emperor of all the Russias, and at St. Petersburg he was curtly rejected as a *persona ingrata*. Upon this important subject the biographer is most unsatisfactory (i. 374, ii. 18-20). He assures us that the Czar and the diplomat never met except at a formal

reception in Paris (1814). But the late Lord Clanricarde, than whom none better knew the diplomatic holes and corners of his own day, assured me that there had been a dispute in St. Petersburg (1824), and that the fault lay with the future ambassador's unmanageable temper. The rejection inflamed his wrath, and his friends treated it as an insult to England, as if any country can claim a right to impose upon another an unwelcome envoy. The blunderer in this case was Lord Pam., who should have ascertained the Czar's views before laying himself open to such a slight. Not that we should think much of it in these times, when we tamely suffer “those school-boy Yankees” to turn out a British minister for writing a private note on public matters, nor visit the “electioneering dodge” with a return in kind. But the Russian incident, unimportant as it appeared, was destined to bear the bitterest fruit some twenty years afterwards, when the personal rancours of two imperious and vindictive old men deluged South-eastern Europe with blood, made England a mere satellite to France, and converted Russia from a friendly rival to an angry and acrimonious enemy. It scores, however, one for Czar Nicholas that he had the grace to address his arch-foe a letter of thanks, recognising the kindly treatment of Russian war-prisoners.

A pacific mission to Madrid for arbitrating between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel was preceded by a journey “like diplomatic gypsies wandering from court to court with their children at their backs.” Canning found “your Spaniard as hard a negotiator as your Turk,” suspected that he had been sent on a fool's errand, refused the ambassadorship to the court of Spain, and returned to England and the House (1833-41). His hopes of place in the Conservative Cabinet having, happily for his fame, been frustrated, he set off on his fourth mission to Constantinople, where his dreams of regeneration began to assume concrete form. Mahmûd, the stout-hearted Janissarycide, had been succeeded by Abdu'l-Majid, an “amiable and irresolute youth”—in plain English, a mere tool for the able handler. Reshid Pasha, most Rabelaisian of Turks, and a man as easily managed as his lord, was outlining the famous Tanzimât or Khatt-i-Sherif of Guikhânah, the new Magna Charta of the old blood-and-iron empire. Among these altered materials Canning began his work with the temporary downfall of Riza Pasha, Saraskier or commander-in-chief, who kept up, however, his hostility to the last. He succeeded with the assistance of the ambassadors—“I and my colleagues” was the style now generally adopted—in abolishing executions for apostasy. The memoirs (ii. 195) offer an imperfect sketch of the scene with Grand Vizier Rifât Pasha, where the tyrannical ambassador “thrust the note full in his face,” as recorded by Layard (ii. 459); his undignified violence, perilously approaching a *vois de fait*, being evidently calculated. This redoubtable negotiation led to other measures equally wise and beneficial, by removing minister after minister, and by establishing a *modus vivendi* between the Porte and Hellas, Syria and Persia. The active and intelligent part taken by Canning in the labours of Layard and Newton do him infinite honour. Yet the fourth mission

ended in disconsolate mood; and, after five years of hard labour at the desk, Canning returned to England with a sense of failure.

The famous year of revolutions (1848), when sceptre and crown came tumbling down, was spent by Canning in sundry diplomatic trips to Switzerland, to the German courts, and to Greece, where a notable lack of tact brought him into unpleasant collision with his old friends, Gen. Church and Sir Edmund Lyons. The twelvemonth ended with a fifth and last residence at Stambûl; and here the ambassador found himself in acute antagonism with a Russia becoming daily more dictatorial. The Turks marched into Bucharest, and the “personal duel” had opened with the refused extradition of the Hungarian refugees, MM. Kossuth & Co.

The second half of vol. ii. is occupied with the Crimean campaign, beginning at the eleven diplomatic notes (see ii. 278), which, intended to avert it, made war inevitable. I will not enter upon this now banal subject, having already recorded my impressions in a few pages which the *Athenæum* justly termed “an ill-natured chapter.” Unfortunately truth cannot always be writ with rose-water. Suffice it to say that the two old enemies, now more irascible and rancorous than before, stood face to face, each upholding his own nostrum, and each pooh-poohing the recipe of his rival. Czar Nicholas determined to protect with a strong hand his fellow-religionists, the Greeks—numbering some twelve millions—from Turkish tyranny and violence; and what this evil was we may learn from Canning's letter to Layard (ii. 213), noting “massacres, pillages, and revolting outrages at the expense of the Christian population in Syria and Bulgaria.” At that early stage I was travelling in Arabia and resting at Cairo, where every European who knew the condition of affairs, and who could afford to speak out, loudly praised the Russian's determination, as I have recorded in my *Pilgrimage*. Such absolute interference with the rights of a civilised power over its lieges would be a mere outrage. But Turkey was not, is not, and never will be civilised as long as Turks rule; and the massacre of Christians at Damascus (July 1860), an epoch-making event for the Moslem East, was an ample justification of Russia's contention. And the present *rapprochement* between the Turk and the Muscovite, and the instinctive feeling of the former that he can be safe only in the arms of the Czar, form a terrible comment upon the blunders of diplomacy. Of these the worst must be attributed to Canning, who, true to his principle of not allowing English prestige to be outshone, was determined that a thorough reform and an impossible change of Turkish institutions would render the Muscovite protectorate unnecessary and unadvisable. And he so worked upon English ignorance of the “Eastern Question” as to arouse at home a violent popular outbreak of moral sentiment and pugnacious sympathy, in whose presence common-sense must shrug her shoulders and hold her tongue. I often heard with shame English officers declaring—“If there ever was a righteous war it is this!”

Thus England rushed into the danger with *cœur léger*, and war was declared in March, 1854. The biographer's account of that most

unhappy campaign is given with commendable candour and conciseness. But when he informs us that Prince Menschikov was "sent in confusion to Odessa" (ii. 275), he forgets to notice that the Governor-General of Finland's suite left Pera openly insulting the English embassy in the streets, and that the insult was allowed to pass. He has committed to Mr. Kinglake an appreciation of the French emperor's object in forcing on the allied movement, and our mad folly in voluntarily assuming the rôle of "second fiddle," with a force one-fourth of our rivals and unfriends, together with the feebleness of the home authorities, the inadequacy of the transport and commissariat, and the criminal frauds of the contractors. And here we must chiefly blame the craze for economy, a Liberal fad, and the Pinching Process which, first preached by the "inspired bagman," Cobden, is still pregnant with evil for the future of England. But the biographer is justly severe on the treason of France, or rather of Louis Napoleon, whose proposal to invade England when a prisoner in the German camp shows the little wisdom wherewith he was treated and trusted by Lord Palmerston.

The surrender of Kars (ii. 416) is narrated with scant regard for Col. Williams, who is made to complain unnecessarily of the ambassador's "total neglect." And, after reading attentively chap. xxxi., I cannot for the life of me comprehend the meaning of Mr. Lane-Poole's communication to the *Athenæum* of August 25, 1888. I had asserted that the late General Beatson, then commanding Bash Bazuks, despatched me to volunteer for the relief of Kars; and this simple statement was characterised as "a strange inversion of facts." Stationed in country quarters, the Dardanelles, no hint of the Saraskier's project reached our ears, nor was Lord Panmure's "frustration" of the proposed advance ever known to us. The "Elchi" was too diplomatic to set me right at the time, and his outbreak of rage suggested to me that he was personally averse to the scheme. The ambassador's impatience of contradiction was made evident to me at once. During my second visit to the "Palace" he boasted of having distinctly disproved all rights of the Porte to *ingérence* in Abyssinia; upon which I ventured to observe that probably the Turks had used the term "Habash," which has a wider signification, including, for instance, Moslem Harar. But he would have none of it. And the biographer also has proved himself too diplomatic to discuss a rumour universally prevalent at the time, namely, that Kars was suffered to fall as a make-weight for the southern side of Sebastopol.

Again, Mr. Lane-Poole is hardly fair to the "official family," secretaries and attachés, who almost all rose to some eminence. These "young gentlemen" did not "stand in considerable awe of the terrible Elchi," they simply shunned him as Washington's officers slunk away at the first opportunity from their ungenial chief. It is not pleasant to be turned out of the room like a naughty child, or to be considered an "uncouth cub"; the frequent use of the term "Ass" (i. 135) is apt to pall; nor does "damn your eyes" make official communication a treat. By the way, the expression attributed to Mr. (Sir

J. D.) Hay, "Damn your Excellency's eyes" (ii. 115), was afterwards assigned, with more reason, to Mr. Secretary Alison. And Lord Stratford was a hard and uncompromising schoolmaster, who never spared himself or the weaker vessels around him. He took no small pride in the tale of consecutive hours at the writing-desk, and he cared little to humour those who were not endowed with a similar development of the *Sitzfleisch*. But amid Sir Hector Stubble's "official family" we should have expected some notice of the Roving Englishman whose reminiscences are now being published. And there is not a word concerning the angry controversy between the ambassador and the Hon. Charles Murray, then Consul-General for Egypt. Canning was misled by his harsh and short-sighted estimation of the great Mohammed Ali, "an able and unscrupulous usurper" (i. 397), and determined to inflict Turkish dry-rot upon Nile-land, then advancing with giant strides in wealth and influence. Sir Charles Murray, who still lives in honoured retirement at Cannes, openly resisted his chief; and, despite all endeavours, won the day.

The Crimean affair soon stank in the public nostrils. Begun with unpardonable levity, and carried on as a "soldier's campaign" under incapable commanders—our worst enemies—it became a national nuisance. And farseeing men already foretold that our ignominious failure in diplomacy would cause the conquest of the Caucasus, would turn the Muscovite from south to south-eastwards, would drive him to absorb Turcomania, and would suggest to him the measures rendering India valueless to England. So the Many-headed One (as is its wont) called loudly for a victim, the *bouc expiatoire* being Lord Stratford, the prime cause and motive power of the untoward event. He was no longer possible at Constantinople. He could not save the Turks from themselves. He found a final resignation advisable in early 1858; and he received only a compassionate permission to take leave of his imperial pupil, and to farewell his "colony" at Pera, where his stout-hearted advocacy of English claims and his open-handed hospitality to strangers and visitors had secured him a host of partizans. He was received with popular demonstrations of more than usual warmth, and bade a Stoic's adieu to the scene of his long labours with something of the pomp and circumstance which his soul loved.

The "Epilogue" (ii. 454) sketches with simplicity and earnestness the calm and restful evening of an eventful and tempestuous day. We see the "Nestor of foreign politics" fading by slow degrees out of London life and society, and leading a hermit-like existence at Frant Court, where he died full of years and honours *act.* 94, 1880. The chapter is exceedingly well written, full of pathos and power. Avoiding the *lues Boswelliana*, which peeps out on former occasions, it will conciliate not a few of Canning's many unfriends, who remember him only in his over-masterful phase. And the Life concludes with the Laureate's well-worn lines, beginning with "Thou third great Canning," and ending with the model cacophony

"Who wert the voice of England in the East."

RICHARD F. BURTON.

The Twilight of the Gods, and other Tales.
By Richard Garnett. (Fisher Unwin.)

REFINED satire has ever been the delight of the cultivated; and if the art somewhat languish in these degenerate days the more emphatic should be the welcome to any novel and excellent exemplification. There never is, there perhaps never can be, a really wide circle of readers for distinctively literary satire—the satire of the scholar, the ethical student, the man of letters; for enjoyment of it implies, of necessity, an attitude of mental superiority towards many of the most generally accepted beliefs, stereotyped traditions, and hereditary opinions. No one readily, or willingly, sees the more or less ludicrous incongruities that haunt the more sterile of human convictions, if to him those convictions are the literal and irrefutable indices of truth; only those can smile to whom the convictions are as dreams that have been dreamt. But if this inevitably narrows a satirist's public, it recompenses him by alluring that "select few" who are the adherents most desired by the true artist.

In his new book Mr. Garnett proves himself to be an artist in literary satire. He has exceeding culture, a wide range of sympathy, the rare faculty of serene irony, and a style at once delicate and vigorous, concise and yet vividly illustrative. There is not one of the tales in this volume which does not afford ample warranty of his qualifications; and if here and there an inferior, almost a banal, touch or episode occur, the critical reader must blame the vitiated taste of the day as much as the author. It is perhaps a fault that the themes are occasionally so remote from ordinary "cultivated" knowledge that the writer's erudite play of fancy should lose somewhat; but, after all, it is the treatment and not the subject itself which is of real value and interest. Not that the majority of Mr. Garnett's charming stories deserve to be banned with the reproach of undue remoteness of theme; and even the philosophical experimentalists, Plotinus and the Imperial Gallienus, or the poetically minded but too Christian Nonnus, may be familiar enough to most readers.

The tales are sixteen in number, and embrace as diverse periods and as many religions as any visionary Esoteric Buddhist could compass in a Kensingtonian trance. The first, and on the whole the most charming, is that which gives its title to the book. The fanciful episode of which it treats is the promulgation, in the fourth century, of the religion of the Prophet of Nazareth throughout all the Hellenic realm—and the consequent dethronement, dispersal, and hopeless confusion of the gods of old. The story opens finely with the fall of an eagle among the peaks of Caucasus, and the enfranchisement from his long captivity of Zeus' inveterate foe. Freed from his rock and his burden of immortality, Prometheus again treads the common ways of earth. He meets a lovely maiden, the last priestess of Apollo, fleeing from a mob of Christian iconoclasts, and astonishes her by his perfect knowledge of classic Greek and his amazing ignorance of the very names of Homer and Plato. It is a case of love at first sight. Prometheus loves Elenko, and gladly takes on the new malison—or rather

benison—of mortality; and for his sake Elenko tells some very excusable white lies when she and he are surrounded by the Christians, even going the length of crossing herself. The bishop who leads the crowd discovers Prometheus to be an early martyr miraculously sustained by "the punctual fowl" which lies at his feet. The narrative is skilfully and amusingly evolved, with episodes such as that of the visit to the "Martyr" of Pandora, who amazes Prometheus with her recital of the dreadful straits to which the deities have been reduced: how Zeus has had to put down his eagle, how Hera has eaten her peacocks, Apollo ceased singing, and Bacchus turned teetotaler. After divers vicissitudes Prometheus and Elenko escape from the Christians, and (by aid of the abandoned sandals of Hermes) find their way to Elysium.

"All was silent in those immense courts, vacant of everything save here and there some rusty thunderbolt or mouldering crumb of ambrosia. Above, around, below, beyond sight, beyond thought, stretched the still deeps of æther, blazing with innumerable worlds. Eye could rove nowhither without beholding a star, nor could star be beheld from which the God's hall, with all its vastness, would not have been utterly invisible. Elenko leaned over and watched the racing meteors. Prometheus stood by her and pointed out in the immeasurable distance the little speck of shining dust from which they had flown.

"There? or here?" he asked.

"There!" said Elenko."

And so ends the story of the mortal Prometheus.

Of the remaining tales some half-dozen are oriental in theme; but it would be difficult to select the finest—whether "Abdallah the Adite," or "Ananda the Miracle-Worker," or the gruesome "Purple Head." For the lighter and more broadly humorous sketches, "The Demon Pope" and "Madam Lucifer," the present writer does not greatly care. On the other hand, no imaginative reader could peruse without keen interest such tales as "The Dumb Oracle" or "The Elixir of Life," with its uncanny after-suggestion. Among the most charming fancies are "The Cup Bearer" and "The Poison Maid"; while satire of almost Rabelaisian vigour animates "Bishop Addo and Bishop Gaddo" and "The Bell of St. Kuschemon."

Altogether, the volume is one which no lover of contemporary literature can afford to overlook.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Berwick-upon-Tweed: the History of the Town and Guild. By John Scott. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. SCOTT has performed a valuable public service in issuing a carefully written history of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and of the important trading-guild which was established in that town in very early times. The statutes of these guilds are noteworthy as having afterwards become the model for settling the rights and privileges of the mercantile towns of Scotland. The author appears to have consulted all the state-papers and records which have any direct bearing upon his subject, and to have been assisted in matters of local detail by the labours of several zealous antiquaries among his fellow-townsmen, as

well as by the information to be obtained from a more than usually valuable set of municipal archives.

The first authentic notices of the town occur in the chronicles which describe the gift by Edgar in the year 1097 of "the noble village of Berwick with its appurtenances" to the patrimony of St. Cuthbert at Durham. The gift is said to have been shortly afterwards revoked in consequence of the violent conduct of Ralph le Flamard, then Bishop of Durham, towards one of the king's favourite captains. During the reign of David I., in the early part of the following century, when St. Andrews was being founded as a trading-town, we learn that the king transferred to the new burgh the services of Mainard the Fleming to serve as its provost, he being a burghess of Berwick, "where he had learned the burgh usages and the duties of his office." Berwick was selected not very long afterwards as one of the four royal burghs of Scotland. Mr. Scott traces its increase from the ancient times when it started as a small fishing-village on the Tweed—a place of special interest even from the first on account of its fishery—till it grew into a port large enough to harbour the war-ships of the Scottish king, and at last was taken in a very special manner under the royal protection. It must be remembered that the position of the town on the highway between the two kingdoms rendered the command of its bridge and ford a matter of jealousy and constant rivalry. In William the Lion's reign the English burned Berwick and ravaged the surrounding districts, and after the Battle of the Standard the castle was regularly garrisoned by English soldiers. Soon afterwards Richard I., with his usual carelessness, sold the homage of Scotland and the castles of Berwick and Edinburgh; and the transaction was veiled under the appearance of a restoration to the King of Scotland of what was already his own by hereditary right. During the rest of Richard's reign there was peace between the two countries, "and Berwick, as usual, drops out of sight in the world's history"; but in the next reign the town had to suffer again, this time from barbarities inflicted under the supervision of King John in person. From the death of that tyrant to the outbreak of war under Edward I. the kingdoms were at peace, and trade expanded to an extraordinary degree. Berwick, in particular, had more ships and a wider foreign commerce than any other port in Scotland. The town, indeed, according to the Chronicle of Lanercost, might almost have been called a second Alexandria, "whose riches was the sea, and the water its walls." The merchant-princes of the town not only lived in great state, but were also munificent patrons of the church, so that, as we are told, "there was scarcely an abbey in Scotland that had not property there." The following passage gives an interesting account of the greatness of the border-port in the days of its transient prosperity:

"Towards the close of Alexander III.'s reign . . . the king had run, to the extent of £2,000, in debt to a Gascon merchant for wine—a very heavy wine-bill, if we take into consideration the value of money in those days.

John Mason, the merchant, was quite content with the assignation of the customs of Berwick as a guarantee of payment. Again, the dowry of the widow of Prince Alexander, son of the king, was settled at 1500 marks, 1300 of which were to be paid out of the same customs. At the very close of the reign, in 1286, Berwick had touched its highest point of prosperity, for it was actually paying for customs into the Scotch Exchequer £2190 annually. This sum was equal to about one-fourth of the whole customs of England. The export trade, from which these customs were derived, consisted principally of wool, woollens, and hides. These goods were collected from the whole basin of the Tweed. In that basin, at that period, flourished the great monasteries of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, and Kelso, and attached to each were vast flocks of sheep and cattle. From all these abbey-grounds wools and skins were sent to this port in large quantities. Northumberland sent its quota as well. In the town of Berwick was a colony of Flemings, assisting to carry on and foster this trade. Their place of business was the Red Hall, situated, according to tradition, in the street now called (not at all inappropriately) Woolmarket. These Flemings, along with the native merchants, exported their goods to Flanders—to the staple at Bruges."

From the time of its first foundation the town has owed much of its prosperity to the celebrated salmon fisheries of the Tweed. The fishings on the north side of the river originally belonged to the King of Scotland, and those along the south bank formed part of the Palatinate of Durham, and were known as the Bishop's Fishings. At the commencement of the fourteenth century a great number of the fisheries, which were even then much subdivided, had passed into the possession of Kelso Abbey and various other monasteries, and an inquisition taken in 1315 shows that the inheritance in many of the "nets" and "half-nets" had become vested in small tenants holding at perpetual rents. In course of time the various titles became consolidated. The Bishop's Fishings, having been given up to the Crown on the accession of James I., were granted to Sir George Home, who also acquired the greater part of the fisheries which had anciently formed part of the inheritance of the Scottish kings. From him the whole property passed to the Earl of Suffolk, who about 1635 sold it to certain merchants in Berwick. These merchants appear to have bought up all, or almost all, of the small shares or separate interests in the pools and waters which were vested in small proprietors; but the process of subdivision appears to have very soon commenced again, and a tabular statement printed by Mr. Scott shows that in the last generation the twenty-six fishings were held in fractions under more than forty separate titles. Mr. Scott remarks with truth that to deal properly with the history of the fisheries would require a large volume by itself. He has, however, given us a very clear outline of a complicated subject, and has shown, at any rate, how difficult it would be to get rid of the private Acts of Parliament by which the property is now regulated, or to provide that it shall be administered in accordance with the general rules applying to salmon fisheries in public rivers.

Berwick did not become, in any real sense, an English acquisition until the victory at Halidon Hill, which Edward III. gained,

to use his own words, "over the pompous Scots who in no small number invaded us." The history of the garrison down to the days of the union of the kingdoms has ceased to have any particular interest, but it is still worth noticing the trouble which the conquest of Berwick gave for centuries to its English masters. Mr. Burton pointed out in his *History of Scotland* that though Berwick, in one sense, held rank only as a respectable market town, yet "owing to its eventful career" it was burdened with an official staff as dignified as that of an independent kingdom. The English government, in fact, insisted on retaining the whole of the apparatus which had been intended for the government of Scotland if it were conquered. "It was huddled together within Berwick as a centre," and was in readiness to expand over such districts as might from time to time be acquired. As the hope of such expansion died away the duties of this staff were confined to the town and its adjacent liberties; but Berwick was still honoured by the existence of a chancellor and chamberlain and other officers of state, "while the district had its own Domesday Book and other records adapted to a sovereignty on the model of the kingdom of England."

CHARLES ELTON.

Australian Poets, 1788-1888; being a Selection of Poems upon all Subjects written in Australia and New Zealand during the First Century of the British Colonization. With Brief Notes on their Authors, and an Introduction by Patchett Martin. Edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

THIS new collection of poems, edited by Mr. Sladen—to which Mr. Patchett Martin out of the fulness of his knowledge has added a most interesting, though somewhat discursive, note "on the Australian poets themselves, apart from their mere verse writing"—is, on the whole, successful. To grant thus much is not necessarily to imply the editor's entire success in bringing together a body of poetical work owing whatever strength it possesses to its own inherent qualities, apart from any local colour. On the contrary, one would rather be inclined to assert that Australian poetry derives its strength and value mainly from the fact that it is not only Australian in the sense of its having been written in Australia, but because it describes—often so well—the peculiar features of life in that continent. Were we to apply this test to Harpur's work, for example, and eliminate all poems containing local colour, though something of value would doubtless be left, how much should we lose! And the same remark might be made with even greater force about Domett, would be equally true about Kendall and Lindsay Gordon (despite that in his case we should still have "How we beat the Favourite"), and would even be applicable to those Australian poets of repute—Mr. Brunton Stephens, Mr. Garnet Walch, and Mr. Patchett Martin—who are yet with us. Hence, as far as I can judge, Mr. Sladen has not completely made good his remark in the prefatory address "To the Reader," which opens this latter anthology (where he is absolutely unfettered as to theme in the choice

of poems)—the remark that in compiling *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, and its expansion, *A Century of Australian Song*, he was—because of his restriction "to poems inspired by life in Australia and New Zealand"—"forced to exclude many of the finest poems colonists have written." Nevertheless, I deem it fortunate that the contents of this volume have been brought together, if only to show how almost every form of metrical composition has been essayed by Australians; sometimes with what success, let beautiful poems on miscellaneous subjects like "In the Uplands," and "Life and Death" (by such comparatively unknown poets—at least in England—as the writer whose pseudonym is Alpha Crucis and Mr. Victor J. Daley) attest—poems dealing boldly and well with a high range of philosophic thought.

Passing from these general observations, and looking more into detail, we find that the selections in this volume from the better-known poets are especially happy, except those from Lindsay Gordon, for which, however, the publishers of his poems are alone responsible. Domett, for instance, is well represented. Every fresh perusal of his work only serves to show beauties not previously observed; and one does not wonder that Mr. Browning thought his "Ranolf and Amohia" "a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power," or that Lord Tennyson wrote of it as possessing "intellectual subtlety, great power of delineating delicious scenery, and imaginative fire." In truth, it is by far the finest long poem yet written in Australasia. Did space allow, I should have felt disposed to quote his "Haunted Mountain" given here, nor is it possible to pass by unnoticed his "Lillie Raymond," as chaste as it is sensuous, and showing a magnificence of epithet not often excelled in English poetry. Widely different, yet equally instinct with poetic feeling, is his "Christmas Hymn," admired by Longfellow.

One of the best humorous poems in this collection is Mr. Brunton Stephens's "Quart Pot Creek"—a poem familiar in Australia, but not yet so well known in England as it deserves. In the metre of Poe's "Raven," its whimsical fun is largely obtained not only by a sense of contrast, but by our having an increased perception of how nearly Poe's masterpiece approaches bathos. Was it part of Mr. Brunton Stephens's design to make this clear? "Quart Pot Creek" narrates how a poet during his evening walk found his "sensitive physique" "thrilled" by the beauty of the setting sun on a river with whose name he was unacquainted.

"Stream," said I, 'I'll celebrate thee!
Rhymes and rhythms galore await thee!
In the weekly "Poet's Corner" I'll a niche for thee bespeak:
But to aid my lucubration thou must tell thine appellation,
Tell thy Naiad-designation—for the journal of next week—
Give thy sweet Pactolian title to my poem of next week,
Whisper, whisper it—in Greek!"

But to all the poet's apostrophes the river returns no answer, until in despair he is fain to invoke the assistance of a returning digger: "Neighbour mine," said I, 'and miner'—here I showed a silver shiner—
'For a moment, and for sixpence, take thy pipe from out thy cheek.

This the guerdon of thy fame is; very cheap,
indeed, the same is;
Tell me only what the name is ('tis the stream whereof I speak)
Name the Naiad—name Pactolian! Digger, I adjure thee, speak!
Quoth the digger, 'Quart Pot Creek.'

Aghast at such a name, the poet cannot write his ode.

"But the river, never minding, still is winding,
still is winding,
By the gardens where the Mongol tends the cabbage and the leek."

Mr. Garnet Walch's "Sans Souci" will appeal to many a British householder, and is interesting as showing that even residence in the serene climates of the fragrant South does not always procure exemption from one of the greatest domestic tribulations—a house seemingly a paradise till one comes to live in it.

"By the time that our note-paper came with the Sans Souci stamp,
We had subtle suggestions of drains and faint frescoes of damp,
Not improved by a shower or two, for the weather was juicy,
And the rain had a way of its own through the roof at Sans Souci.

* * * * *
While larrikin spiders aloft, like youths tram-
melled in sin,
Exhausted their vital resources to keep on the spin."

Matters do not mend—alas, in such circumstances they rarely do!—until the climax is reached by the cook in a fit of ague falling into the soup, whereupon a removal is decided on. Those foolish people, if there still be such, who think that nothing but a fine climate and a new country is necessary to procure fortune for the intended colonist, utterly irrespective of any natural aptitude for colonization on his part, would do well to read the same writer's "A Drug in the Market," and to note that

"Education and English polish are very unsaleable stuff—

The men that are wanted in Melbourne must be sent out here in the rough."

Other poems there are in this collection whose qualities are melody and tenderness rather than humour. One of these is Miss Nellie S. Clerk's "I Slept," of which we must be content to quote the first stanza:

"I slept in the great gum forest,
By one of its mountain streams,
Where tenderest touches and sounds
Mingled themselves with dreams.
The stream, round a boulder's breast,
Rippled, as ripples the sea,
And over it swaying fern-fronds
Watted me, darling, to thee—
So swiftly, my darling, to thee."

Mr. Patchett Martin himself contributes a fine poem called "An Agnostic's Answer," pregnant with thought, while Mr. Brunton Stephens's serious mood is well represented by "The Boy Crusader," "The Angel of the Doves," and "The Dominion of Australia"—one of the finest poems yet written in that continent. Among the many poetesses whose songs enrich this volume I would especially name Mrs. Bode, whose "Lubra," in the metre of "Evangeline," brings before us a mournful aspect of the great race problem; Mrs. E. F. Anderson, whose "Song of a Life," though of limited range, is genuinely pathetic; and Mrs. Patchett Martin, whose

reading of one of Alfred de Musset's lyrics in the metre of the original is graceful and instinct with a sense of poetic technique. Mr. Thomas Bracken's "Old Bendigo" is a stirring ballad of early colonial days. There can be small question that, within his range, Mr. Bracken is a poet; for his verse is evidently the outcome of genuine impulse, and is not merely, as in so many other cases, simply a favourite pastime. His dainty "Good Night to Baby" and sadly too true "Not Understood" are both poems to be remembered. Mr. Allan Sherard is represented by "Angélique" and "Her Knight"—two poems rich in appropriate feeling; Charles Whitehead has a place in virtue of "The Spanish Marriage," published at Melbourne; nor must I forget to mention Miss Jennings Carmichael, whose "Tomboy Madge" pathetically tells how a girl becomes a cripple for life. Mr. Liddell Kelly's "Tarawera" is interesting as descriptive of the great eruption of 1886 in New Zealand. It has a further value in its delineation of Tuhotu—a type of Maori half touched with Christianity, half clinging to his old superstition. The "Pictor Ignotus" of Miss Margaret Thomas, whose bust of Fielding adorns the Shire Hall at Taunton, is one of the finest poems in this collection. In delicately wrought blank verse, it is full of imaginative thought and pathos. I would also name Miss Agnes Neale, whose poems are full of sweetness, beauty, and a well-expressed appreciation of nature. Mr. Gerard H. Supple's "Dream of Dampier; an Australian Foreshadowning—A.D. 1686," so excellently describes natural scenery that I quote the opening lines,

"Dampier the buccaneer! His swift ship sailed
the Eastern seas—
Where night seems spectral noon, and tropic
moon and Pleiades
Like lamps of silver showed with ghostly charm
each island shore
What time bay-broken Celebes
Arose to him in shadows dim beneath the vesper
star—
Where Java's peaks in forest soar,
At daybreak seen afar—
When the land breeze odorous blows at eve from
Ternate's groves of balm—
Where the graceful cocoa crowns the towering
cliffs of wild Ceram,
And New Guinea's purple mountains fringe the
noontide's golden calm—
Thro' myriad groups where ocean in an endless
sylvan maze
Winds loitering in a thousand straits, a thou-
sand claspings bays,
And every change with lovelier scene the gazer's
eye beguiles—
Of cape and coast, a fairy realm!—a rainbow
arch of isles!—
In whose glades the rosy hours 'mid the wood's
green twilight peep
Islets each an Aphrodite risen bright-haired
from the deep!
So pure of earth and air the sheen—
So azure clear the waves between,
That the dark boatman from his prow sees
fathoms down below
The fishes palely-sparkling glide, the coral redly
glow;
While birds o'erhead of plumage in all hues of
radiance spun
Dart from the trees like gorgeous clouds betwixt
him and the sun!"

It would be useless to deny that there are some weak poems in this collection, and also poems which, without being altogether weak, are faulty in conception or construction, or contain blemishes arising from other causes.

Perhaps the editor felt this, for he says about his method of selection:

"In brief, it was not a question of settling which were a poet's masterpieces (as it would be, e.g., if one were selecting from Shelley), but of introducing him—not of culling the choicest flowers from a garden, but gathering such fine specimens as one could of a new wild flower one had come across in the forest."

The truth probably is that Australian poetry has reached as high a point of excellence as is to be expected from it as yet, bearing in mind many circumstances seriously militating against its very existence. At any rate, it is something to have been able to bring together so large a volume as this of 612 closely printed pages, while including so little which is absolutely worthless. The great poet whom Harpur longed for, with a mind full of the poetic lore of the old world, and with originality and magnificence of imagination strong enough to embody and vitalise its new conditions of life, has not yet arisen in Australia, and it is idle to speculate as to the date of his advent. In the meantime it is significant and hopeful that nearly everything Australia has given us of poetic worth is full of individuality, for the individual note must always be present in poetry of the first order, whatever be its other qualities. Let us be grateful, also, that there are poets living who can write sonnets like this by Mr. Victor J. Daley.

"What know we of the dead who say these things,
Or of the life in Death below the mould?
What of the mystic laws that rule the old
Grey realms beyond our poor imaginings,
Where death is life? The bird with spray-wet
wings
Knows more of what the deeps beneath him
hold.
Let be: warm hearts shall never wax a-cold,
But burn in roses through eternal springs;
For all the banished fruit and flower of time
Are flower and fruit in worlds we cannot see,
And all we see is but a shadow-mime
Of things unseen and time that comes to flee,
Is as the broken echo of a rhyme
In God's great epic of Eternity."

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Through the Long Night. By E. Lynn Linton. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Crown of Shame. By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Power of the Hand. By F. E. M. Notley. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Lady Bluebeard. By the Author of "Zit and Xoe." In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

Ghost's Gloom. By J. G. Holmes. (Sonnenschein.)

Through the Goal of Ill. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

The Root of all Evil. By Alec Fearon. (Sonnenschein.)

One False Step. By Andrew Stewart. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Mrs. LYNN LINTON's brilliant and incisive style is very conspicuous in *Through the Long Night*. The burden of the story is extremely painful; but the author's wit, philosophical

power, and grasp of character, make the work not only striking but readable. The plot is not of an elaborate nature; but those who know the author's writings will scarcely need to be told that it is not constructed upon ordinary lines, or that it aims at something more than providing amusement for an idle hour. Mrs. Lynn Linton has never been so successful before in individualisation. Among her characters are the Earl of Kinghouse, a nobleman of the old school; Lady Elizabeth, his daughter, who lives out in her daily life the Sermon on the Mount; Miles Stagg, the rich miner and parvenu, who got drunk oftener than he should have done but not so often as might have been expected, and who was as free with his fists as he was open with his hand; Lord Eustace, who considered playing at democracy "the worst form and the vilest rot afloat," while it was "rank atheism to pretend that we had no distinction of classes"; Anthony Harford, the Anglo-American (perhaps the strongest character in the book), who would give the old country fifty years, and then she would be on her knees to the States begging to be incorporated into the Union; Mrs. Clanricarde, the heartless mother who sells her daughter, and grudges the mourning she has to buy when she hears of her death; and Molly Dance, Sunday-school teacher at a Methodist chapel, who assisted her mother to personate a dead woman, in order to draw her income so as to produce a sufficient annuity for her daughter's lifetime. Such are some of the leading actors in this drama of life. The novel turns upon the marriage question. It is partly a record of maimed and wasted lives; and we are more than once tempted to exclaim, O, the pity of it! But, though a spirit of pessimism clouds many of the pages, there is some brightness at last for those who have the root of goodness and manliness in them. From the literary point of view, there is only one objection we have to make. As novelists do not appeal to the few, but to the many—and to this rule, presumably, Mrs. Lynn Linton is no exception—it seems a mistake to crowd her pages with such phrases and allusions as *auri sacra fames*, *pot-au-feu*, *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*, *mot d'énigme*, *res angusta*, *avec connaissance de cause*, *autochthones*, &c., &c. Nor can the ordinary reader be expected to be familiar enough with Voltaire's romances to understand the references to the unsophisticated child of nature, Harford, as "the handsome Huron."

How is it that, with so much talent, Miss Florence Marryat will choose such unpleasant subjects? It would require all the genius of a Nathaniel Hawthorne, which Miss Marryat would be the last to affirm she possesses, to treat acceptably, and with sufficient delicacy, such a subject as that which forms the basis of *A Crown of Shame*. Early in the first volume occurs the secret *accouchement* of Maraquita Courtney, daughter of the richest planter in San Diego. Maraquita has neglected that indispensable necessity of civilised life—a precedent marriage. But this is not all. When the child is born she manifests an utterly callous and brutal neglect of her offspring; such conduct, in short, as we are unwilling even to associate with the idea of motherhood. To make matters still worse, the only character in the book worth a thought,

Lizzie Fellows, daughter of the doctor to the plantation, is compelled for a long period to lie under the shameful imputation of having given birth to the child, which she has lovingly tended from its cradle. The gay and handsome deceiver, Henry de Courcelles, is a regular Don Juan, and tries in vain to manage three amours at the same time. He richly deserves to come to grief, and does so in the end; but the most important of his victims, Maraquita, pursues for a season a brilliant career. She even marries the governor, Sir Russell Johnstone, and reigns in great style, though very briefly, at Government House. De Courcelles, driven desperate by losing his hold upon Maraquita, incites the natives to rise, and the novel winds up in a most bloodthirsty fashion. The work is distinctly unworthy of Miss Marryat, who is capable of much better things, alike from the literary as from the ethical point of view.

Weird Cornish traditions form the staple of *The Power of the Hand*. An enemy of the house of Carbonelli appears every generation, and picks off a male scion of the family. He has done this ever since the time of the Crusades; but at last the power of his hand is broken by an auspicious marriage on the part of Harold Olver with the last female representative of the Carbonellis. After a course of Dumas and other writers, the reader will know not to place too much faith in meamerie and hypnotic influences; but, apart from these things, the story itself is most entertaining. There are many passages of thrilling interest descriptive of the old presgang times, and others of strong human and pathetic feeling concerning lovers and their fortunes before life's horoscope exhibits for them a bright and brilliant future. So far as grasp of incident and character are concerned, the author has made a decided advance since writing *Olive Varcoe*.

The anonymous author of *Lady Bluebeard* has a very strong satirical faculty, and no small amount of culture. Her story, if not attractive to the average novel reader, will interest all who care more for brilliancy of style than for plot. The incidents are of the simplest, and the characters few. An old Sheikh, a British captain, Mr. Hector Hicks, a Mr. Wylie, and Mrs. Fonblanque—these almost exhaust the human element. The title is a misnomer, and calculated to lead the reader astray. But, after all, the real value of the book lies in its clever and unconventional comments upon men and things. Pleading for her sex as against the tyrant man, Mrs. Fonblanque says: "It is very easy to say this is right and that is wrong, if one has a muscular arm and a stout bludgeon in one's hand." She agrees with Heine that men owe their triumphs to women's tears. The Sheikh's views of London are original, but sometimes only too true, as when he found that "for every fine lady there was some poor starving flower-girl shivering in the mud." The Eastern potentate is scandalised at the way in which Englishmen allow their wives to come so much before the public.

"The first thing a man does with his wife in England is to take her about and show her off. If she passes muster fairly well, she is given the title of 'a professional beauty,' and her

husband is at once promoted to some high official appointment."

As for the clergy, they always wear black coats and white ties. "They are everywhere accepted as good men on account of their costume, but it always covers a multitude of children." It is impossible to feel *ennui* in reading this sketch. Full of intellectual sweetmeats, it will be sufficient to interest the most hypochondriacal of mortals. Even such a one will not be able to avoid a hearty laugh at the human foibles of various kinds which are here exposed.

The spirits are not very formidable in *Ghosts' Gloom*; and Mr. Holmes does not get over the crudity of style apparent in his previous story. With his present subject, Mr. Wilkie Collins—to whom the work is dedicated—might have done much. But, allowing for all deficiencies, that is no reason why the author should frequently use such phrases as "How is Roland and Madge?"

Taking as his motto certain well known lines of Tennyson, the author of *Through the Goal of Ill* deals in a somewhat spasmodic and bewildering way with the chief incidents in the lives of a considerable number of individuals of both sexes. There is a good deal of the religious element intermingled, and the spirit is frequently at war against the flesh. There are also strivings on the part of overburdened sinners who are wrestling for an apprehension of the true faith. The book is not striking enough in any way to do any harm.

If a novelist like Mr. Blackmore had had the handling of the story unfolded in *The Root of all Evil*, he would have constructed from it a powerful work. Even in Mr. Fearon's hands it is very interesting, although it is not made the most of. The basis of the sketch is a farmhouse tragedy that really occurred some thirty years ago; and the power which the love of money may obtain over a man is vividly illustrated. Sad and tragic elements are interwoven with the thread of this delineation of rural life and character.

The villain in *One False Step* brings a deal of trouble upon innocent people; but we are glad to see that Mr. Stewart does not allow him to escape. In one of the early chapters, after a particularly dirty action, he is kicked out of an office, "his exit being considerably expedited by the toe of Mr. Bates's thick, substantial boot, which collided with the vanishing villain on the threshold"; and in one of the later chapters, finding that his crimes are enmeshing him, he puts a pistol to his head and blows his worthless brains out. Poetic justice, in both instances, finds its own.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

GIFT-BOOKS.

The Cat of Bubastis: a Tale of Ancient Egypt. By G. A. Henty. With illustrations by J. R. Weguelin. (Blackie.) It seems that the ACADEMY once said that "among writers of stories of adventure for boys Mr. Henty stands in the very first rank." With a wider experience both of Mr. Henty and of his rivals, we are disposed to qualify this dictum to some extent. Mr. Henty's peculiar merit is to be

able to invest a straightforward story with just enough of historical colour to make the whole realisable, without being strictly realistic. For example, it is difficult to suppose that this tale of ancient Egypt would commend itself to hieroglyphic students, though probably nearly all its incidents are based upon some authority. Provided that the general atmosphere be true, the adult reviewer has no reason to adopt a more critical standard than that of Mr. Henty's chosen audience, who—if they will not follow him breathlessly—will at least find their interest sustained from the first to the last chapter. When once he has finished his preface Mr. Henty never preces or preaches; he never indulges in otiose description to fill up his quantum of pages; he never dwells upon deeds of bloodshed with unnecessary unktion; he never introduces love and passion as the dominant motives. In brief, Mr. Henty performs his function of amusing and instructing boys in a most workmanlike fashion, though without any spark of genius. We can read him easily, and recommend him cordially to others; but we should not like to undertake to read him twice. *The Cat of Bubastis* we are disposed to consider one of Mr. Henty's most successful efforts. The subject is fresh, and has evidently been carefully studied. Above all do we commend the author for his moderation in just showing us Moses, and then passing on to his proper business. The illustrator is Mr. Weguelin, who has already proved his knowledge of both ancient and modern Egypt on a larger canvas. His frontispiece—showing a fowler aiming with a throwing-stick from a boat, with a cat waiting to retrieve—is altogether excellent; but the last picture of "Amuba, King of the Rebu," appears to us only ludicrous.

Commodore Junk. By G. Manville Fenn. (Cassell.) This is the latest addition to the series of books of adventure which began with *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The subject is the familiar one of piracy in the Spanish main, though a novel element is introduced by making the pirate captain a woman, inspired first by fraternal love and then by revenge. The time is "the early days of King George the First," when almost everything is possible, except for a gentleman to go to his club and order his dinner and drink old Carbonell port (p. 346). We cannot think the story one of Mr. Manville Fenn's best; for, as we said last week, we prefer his realistic and humorous descriptions of the modern boy. But it is powerfully written, the characters are well individualised, and some of the incidents are very effective. We have ourselves been most struck by the description of the convicts at work on the plantation, by the weird incidents connected with the burial of the original Commodore Junk, and by the fight between the pirate and the king's ship. The prolonged love-story and the final catastrophe have interested us less.

The Story of Arthur Penreath, sometime Gentleman of Sir Walter Raleigh. From his own Writings. By Verney Lovett Cameron. Illustrated by Stanley Berkeley. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) We are of opinion that Commander Cameron's former book of adventure, *The Queen's Land* (1886), never attracted the attention it deserved, though it has just reached a second and illustrated edition (Sonnenschein). It had faults, as we said at the time; for the supernatural element unduly predominated over the realistic. But its real misfortune was that it was overshadowed by the greater popularity of *She*; and we are not prepared to contend that the public verdict was wrong. In this second (or third) venture as a writer for boys, we are glad to find that the author has altogether eschewed the miraculous, and

contented himself with an historical romance of the days of Raleigh. His hero is a young Cornish gentleman, whose personal exploits are modelled upon those of Amias Leigh. The narrative is told in the first person, which is a dangerous method for all but the masters of fiction, inasmuch as it tends to tedium. But Commander Cameron has evidently taken so much pains over his chronicles that we can pardon him for adopting this mode of displaying his knowledge. One advantage, at least, he has over Kingsley, in his familiarity with the nautical language of the time; and the episode of the "Revenge" is made more intelligible to us than in Tennyson's ballad. We may further praise the skilful way in which the hero always subordinates himself to his own hero, Raleigh. The illustrations by Mr. Stanley Berkeley are bold, and not unsuited to the character of the story.

Storied Holidays: a Cycle of Historic Red-letter Days. By E. S. Brooks. With Illustrations by Howard Pyle. (Blackie.) As neither the title nor subtitle very aptly express the intentions of the author, it may be as well to say that this book—which is presumably of American origin—consists of twelve stories, each of which associates a boy or a girl with some historic anniversary. The idea is ingenious, and has been well carried out, though not all the stories are of equal interest. The Greek and Roman tales are the least successful. But the two American ones—"Independence Day" and "Thanksgiving Day"—seem to us firstrate, perhaps because they are most fresh; and "April Fools' Day" and "Michaelmas" are also very good. The author has evidently taken great pains to be accurate in his surroundings; and the attractiveness of the volume owes not a little to the picturesque pencil of Mr. Howard Pyle, and to the admirable manner in which most of his drawings have been reproduced.

Wonderful Escapes. By R. Whiteing. (Cassell.) For anyone desirous of writing a novel of adventure, this book would form an admirable handbook. It contains all the most daring and persevering escapes from prisons which have happened from Aristomenes to that of Louis Napoleon from Ham, and of Stephens, the head centre, from Richmond Bridewell. Any one of these is capable, in the hands of an artist, of indefinite expansion. Many are of thrilling interest, even without the novelist's intervention. It is easy to see the *motif* for the escape of Dumas's hero in *Monte Christo* in those of Baron Trenck and Cassanova de Seingalt, although the latter narrative had evidently acquired something of the halo of romance even before it left the author's hands. All boys ought to read this book.

Jack Locke: a Tale of the War and the Wave. By Gordon Stables. (Frederick Warne.) Dr. Gordon Stables always writes brightly, and his knowledge of sea life gives a special interest to his stories. This little tale has not cost him much effort in the way of invention; but with a battle or two, a shipwreck, a plague-ship, and a mutiny, the hero's adventures are varied enough, and a boy who takes it up will not leave it till he gets to the end.

Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Arranged by Abbie H. Fairfield. (Sampson Low.) The well-known book of selections from George Eliot's works appears to have suggested this little volume. Whether it were wise thus to exhibit Mrs. Stowe's writing cut up into paragraphs depends upon the estimation in which the reader holds it, and the lights which it throws upon woman, children, the inner life, and the other headings under which the arranger (herself, we take it, an American) has put together her selections. To us the abstract statements or reflections of the

author too often seem platitudes. What can be learned, for instance, from these two aphorisms—"Eyes that have never wept cannot comprehend sorrow," or "Forgiveness of enemies used to be the *ultima thule* [sic] of virtue, but I rather think it will have to be forgiveness of friends. I call the man a perfect Christian that can always forgive his friends"? It is not easy for an Englishman always to admire Mrs. Stowe's English. The paragraphs on New England life are, of course, delightful. The gift of description peculiarly belonged to Mrs. Stowe. She was as fond of an old house with quaint rooms and furniture as was Hawthorne. Her humour is somewhat old-fashioned, now that the craze for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has died away. The sentiment is not any newer than the humour, for instance, in—"Den, you see, honey, der's some folks der's two men in 'em, one is a good one, and t'oder is very bad"; or "I feel tempted to be proud, I can make such good bread." A Yankee Mrs. Poyser observes—"All children a'n't alike. This un a'n't like your Sally. 'A hen and a humble-bee can't be fetched up alike,' fix it how you will." The description of spring at Poganuc is charming. Mrs. Stowe's reflective vein is thin, and runs out at the surface in precisely the same sentiment at pp. 187 and 173.

The Five Talents of Woman. By the Author of "How to be Happy, though Married." (Fisher Unwin.) Women, whether old or young, ought to welcome these twenty-eight genial essays. They touch on most of the great problems which beset womanhood at this end of the nineteenth century, and the honest sensible statements of the writer cannot but prove of great service. Such subjects as "How to be a Lady," "Catechism before Marriage," "Choosing a Husband," and the like, are treated from the common-sense view of much observation and reflection. They are so persuasive and full of sympathy, too, that they will win acceptance at once. Numberless good stories are scattered through the text, and the author's pleasant style will infallibly carry on the reader to the end of the book. No more important subject for the earthly happiness, both of men and women, can be found than those here examined. Every woman ought to consult this oracle; and we are sure that, did it become a reading book in young ladies' schools, much misery in the after life of future wives and mothers would be prevented. It is dedicated to Mr. Ruskin, and cannot be too highly recommended, both to girls and matrons.

Out in the World. By Pansy. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) So far as "Pansy" implies pensiveness it may be allowed to stand for a quality sufficiently marked in this product of the author; but, so far as—reverting to an earlier stage of the word-formation—it implies thought, it stands for the author's most conspicuous defect. Pensive and moody the book certainly is, thoughtful in any worthy sense of the term it as certainly is not. It is the story of religious effort carried through with commendable unselfishness, but considerably spoilt by a narrow conception both of religious and ethical duties. Miss Claire Benedict is the heroine. She is a sincere and well-intentioned young lady, apparently brought up in the narrowest school of Evangelical sectarianism. She has a habit of accosting strangers by asking them whether they are Christians. This, though sufficiently discourteous, might be allowed to pass if it were not attended by the implication that any other species of Christianity than that she herself professes is wrong and sinful. We suppose it would be no use suggesting that Christ may possibly mean something greater and nobler than the petty *idolum*—to use Bacon's terminology—which she has herself framed concerning Him.

Jasper's Conquest, by Elizabeth J. Lysaght (Blackie), is a decidedly interesting and instructive story for boys, showing how Jasper Dene conquered his propensity to sudden and causeless anger. The author has written so many books of the same kind that we suppose it is no use to remonstrate with her on her jerky and spasmodic style of narrative. It seems copied—at least it reproduces—the most conspicuous and tiresome mannerism of Victor Hugo. She also seems to require some initiation into metaphysical abstractions. It is not correct to say that "giddiness was an unknown quantity" (p. 130), meaning that it did not exist in the case in question.

Ready! Aye, Ready! By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) This book, though apparently intended for children, is in reality suited only to older readers. The scene is laid in a small manufacturing town, and the author describes in detail some of its workers. The real hero of the story is the rector, who bravely saves some children from the attack of a mad dog, and eventually dies from the shock. The moral of his life and death is forcibly painted; but some of the chapters are too freely interspersed with texts, and the want of humour is a decided blemish.

A Black Jewel (S.P.C.K.) is a pleasant and true tale, by Fleur de Lys, of a negro boy who was captured in a slave-raid and passed into the hands of an Englishman at Cairo. Johar proved his fidelity to his master during the rebellion of Arabi, and even suffered the discomforts of a Cairo prison for his sake. Subsequently, Johar (who still lives) married a playmate who had been carried off in the same raid.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN have issued a new edition, in six volumes, of a serial work which was very familiar to our parents (or perhaps to our grandparents), under the title of *The Parents' Companion of Amusement and Instruction*. It consists of moral tales and easy scientific articles, which still read astonishingly fresh after the lapse of more than fifty years. The rough woodcuts are no less pleasing than the simplicity of style and homeliness of life which were then in fashion. The present edition is edited by Miss Constance Hill, daughter of Martha Hill (then Miss Cowper), who, with Mr. William Ellis, the philanthropist, has the honour of having started and carried through the original undertaking.

We have nothing but praise for the first yearly volume of the new girls' magazine, *Atalanta*, edited by L. T. Meade and Alicia A. Barr (Hatchards). The list of authors presents an extraordinary array of eminent names. It begins with "Sir Edwin Arnold, Rider Haggard, Archdeacon Farrar, Walter Besant, Andrew Lang, F. Anstey, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Thackeray, Arabella Buckley, Mrs. Humphrey Ward"; and (after enumerating some thirty more writers, nearly all well known) it ends with "Mrs. Fawcett, and many others." Among the "others" are such popular writers as "John Strange Winter" and Hamilton Aidé. The list of artists is shorter, but almost equally distinguished. What is of more importance than the celebrity of the writers and illustrations is that their contributions appear to be worthy of their reputation. The serial stories are "The White Man's Foot," by Grant Allen; "Neighbours," by Mrs. Molesworth; and "The Lady of the Forest," by "L. T. Meade." Mr. Augustine Birrell commences a series of "Notes upon Books." He says he expects that as a reviewer he will be "called dull by the reader and dishonest by the authors"; but his authors have so far received very kindly treatment, and we should like to see the reader who called Mr. Birrell "dull."

NOTES AND NEWS.

Messrs. REEVES & TURNER will publish, shortly after Christmas, a Life of James Thomson (author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, &c.), in one volume, by Mr. H. S. Salt. The book, which is partly biographical, partly a study of Thomson's works, will include a good many letters and one or two hitherto unpublished poems.

MR. PFEIFFER's new volume, under the title of *The Witch's last Ride, and other Poems*, will shortly be published through Messrs. Trübner.

THE Clarendon Press will publish immediately *The Dynasty of Theodosius; or, Eighty Years' Struggle with the Barbarians*, by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin. The author has endeavoured to present in brief compass the events which occupy the earlier portion of his more detailed work, "Italy and her Invaders." The history of the barbarian invasion is traced from the Gothic revolt in 377 to the Vandal buccaneers' raid in 455; and, in order to give unity to the narrative, the history of Theodosius and his family is chosen as the connecting thread of the events described in it. The author has also given a slight sketch of the political and social conditions of the Romans and the barbarians at the commencement of the contest, in order to bring vividly before the mind of the reader the contrast between the two chief elements out of which mediæval and modern Europe has been compounded. The book is accompanied by two maps, representing Europe at the beginning and near the close of the period selected, and also by an engraving of a shield in the museum at Madrid, depicting Theodosius and his sons in that semi-barbaric splendour which was characteristic of the Lower Empire.

THE fourteenth and concluding volume of the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* will be published early next week by Messrs. Cassell and Company. This work, which has been in preparation for nearly seventeen years, will contain about 50,000 more words than any other existing dictionary. While Webster's Unabridged Dictionary fills 1538 pages, and the Imperial Dictionary 2922, the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* extends to no less than 5,629 pages.

THE January volume of the "Canterbury Poets" will consist of Selections from Crabbe, edited by Mr. Edward Lamplough.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish almost immediately, *The Windmill and its Secrets: a Dove Dale Romance*, by Mr. C. W. Heckethorn. It is the story of a little girl who becomes a distinguished pianiste and cantatrice.

The City of Faith, by L. B. Blean, is the title of a work on religious enquiry in the present day announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A GERMAN translation of *Ulu*, the African romance of which Mr. Joseph Thomson and Miss Harris Smith are the authors, is being prepared by Herr F. de Meyer, and will be published by Herr Spemann, of Stuttgart.

MISS CLIVE SCHREINER, author of *The Story of an African Farm*, is writing an allegory in *The Women's Penny Paper*. The first part, "I thought I stood," appeared on December 8; and the second part, "Once more I stood," will be published to-day.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, late director-general of statistics to the Indian government, will give a lecture at the London Institution on Monday next, December 17, at 5 p.m., upon "The New Forces in India."

MR. R. WHELAN-BOYLE, of the *Daily Chronicle*, has received a letter from Windsor Castle informing him that the Empress Frederick has been graciously pleased to accept his

verses addressed to her on her return, for a time, to her native land.

MR. KARL BLIND—who published, in the *Archæological Review* of July, "A Grimm's Tale in a Shetland Folklore Version," marked in Grimm as No. 20, and given in an English translation as "The Ladybird and the Fly"—has received, from a Shetland friend, another curious survival of popular tradition in the North. It is an "Aessiepattle," or Cinderella story, differing considerably from other variants, and showing contact partly with the German, partly with a Karelian tale of the same kind. The original source of this yet unwritten version is in Scotland, near Glasgow.

PROF. TEN BRINK, of Strassburg, has just brought out the first section of the second volume of his well-known *History of English Literature*. This section contains the portion on Wyclif, Chaucer, Hoccleve, Lydgate, &c., the whole of the Middle English drama, a chapter on classical studies and the universities, and part of the fifteenth-century prose. The second section of the second volume will appear in April or May next year, and will come down to the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

WE have received a paper reprinted from the Dutch *Taalstudie* (ix. 3-6), consisting of addenda to the new edition of Hoppe's *Supplement-Lexikon* for the words A to CLOSE, by C. Stoffel of Nijmegen. This is—some of our readers may be interested to learn—a valuable contribution to modern English lexicography, based upon a careful reading of contemporary novels and periodicals. The quotations from old numbers of *Punch* are especially interesting, e.g., "Caucasian," in reference to Disraeli; and so are the illustrations from Dutch usage. It is true that we in England are not disposed to attach so much importance to the neologisms of Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. (not Miss) F. O. Philips; nor can we repress a smile at the mistakes into which the Dutch student has been occasionally led by his ignorance of colloquialisms and mere slang. The following is very funny, but it would be unjust to regard it as typical:

"Bow and Spear. This is but another phrase for the 'police detective force' [!]. The question remains whether it is applicable to the Russian police only. 'I am evidently in the hands of the police; I am the captive of M. Paul Dromiroff's bow and spear' (Miss [sic] Philips' *As in a Looking Glass*, 208)."

The editor seems to have overlooked another quotation of the same Biblical phrase on p. 32.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS will publish on December 20 the first number of *Tinsley's Journal*, a Miscellany of Fact and Fiction, containing a paper called "A Warning to Bishops," by a Country Rector; an essay on Samuel Richardson; "Notes on Actors and Acting," by Percy Fitzgerald; the commencement of a serial story, by Lily Tinsley; and "Random Recollections," by William Tinsley, the publisher.

THE Ruskin Reading Guild—whose aims are

"(1) to diffuse a knowledge of the writings of Mr. Ruskin, and also of the authors to whom he looks as his masters; and (2) to promote, by the method of association, thoughtful reading and study of good literature"—

proposes to issue with the new year a monthly journal. The editor is Mr. W. Markwick, Hillside House, Arbroath.

ANOTHER new monthly paper, to appear in January at Edinburgh, is sufficiently explained by its title—the *Disestablishment Banner*.

MR. TALFOURD ELY will contribute to the January number of the *Antiquary* a paper on "Recent Archaeological Discoveries"; Mr. J. Theodore Bent will write on "The Sun Myths of Modern Hellas"; Mr. J. A. Sparvel-Bayly on "Essex in Insurrection"; the Rev. R. S. Mylne on "Ancient Peru"; Mr. Edward Peacock on "Kirtton-in-Lindsey"; and Mr. C. A. Ward on "Thomas Doggett, the Comedian."

AMONG the special features of the new volume of *Little Folks Magazine*, commencing with the January number, are: a new serial story by Mrs. Molesworth, called "Little Mother Bunch"; another serial, entitled "Red Feather," a tale of the American Frontier, by Edward S. Ellis; a special series of papers describing "Child Life at the Courts of Europe," with illustrations of royal children from photographs; Legends and Rhymes.

THE new serial beginning in the January number of *Time* will be from the pen of Mr. F. C. Philips.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. W. HATCHETT JACKSON, of New College—who is perhaps best known as the editor of the recent greatly enlarged edition of Rolleston's *Forms of Animal Life*—has been appointed, for one year, deputy professor of anatomy at Oxford.

MR. W. GARDINER, of Clare College, has been appointed university lecturer in botany; and Dr. Hill, master of Downing College, university lecturer in advanced human anatomy, at Cambridge.

PROF. JEBB has been elected honorary fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN, the recently appointed reader in botany at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Vines, has been elected to a fellowship at Christ's College.

MR. E. B. NICHOLSON, Bodley's librarian, has printed an elaborate report upon the library, which covers the five years from the date of his appointment to the end of 1887. An immense amount of condensed information is given concerning the contents of the library—books, MSS., and coins—recent additions, the progress of cataloguing, questions of lending, protection from fire, and administration generally, finance, &c., &c. Altogether, it forms a worthy record of Mr. Nicholson's strenuous activity in many different branches of library management. We observe that only two colleges, University and Jesus, have as yet deposited their MSS. in the Bodleian. Another interesting deposit is that of the collection of autographs formed by the late Duke of Albany.

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued (Clarendon Press) the first of its volumes for 1888. This consists of a third part of vol. ii. of the *Register of the University of Oxford*. Vol. i., edited by the Rev. C. W. Boase in 1884, gave all the entries available from 1449 to 1571; vol. ii. covers the period down to 1622, when the old records of matriculation change to the present form. It has been compiled throughout by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln, who has taken infinite pains to compare the entries in the archives of the university with such college documents as are in existence. Of this volume, three parts have now appeared: (1) containing a general description of the system of graduation, with special lists of honorary degrees, incorporations, trades controlled by the university, &c.; (2) the matriculations; and (3) the degrees. A fourth part yet remains, to be devoted to a general index, without which, of course, the whole volume is imperfect. The dimensions of the task which Mr. Clark has

undertaken may be gathered from the fact that the three parts already published fill nearly 1500 pages. As a specimen of his work, we quote an entry in Part 3, p. 105 :

"Trinity. KETTEL (Ketell, Kettell, Kettle, Kittle) RALPH; suppl. B.A. 22 Feb. 1583, adm. 7 July 1583, det. 1583; suppl. M.A. 23 Mar. 1583, lic. 23 Apr. 1586, inc. 1586; suppl. B.D. 8 June, adm. 11 June 1594; suppl. D.D. 3 May, lic. 9 May 1597, inc. 1597; suppl. lic. to preach 28 Jan. lic. 29 Jan. 1601 (being then Pres. of Trin.) [ii. 87] <Scholar of Trin. in 1579, Fellow in 1583, President in 1594>."

From the reference to Part 2, we learn that Ralph Kettell matriculated from Trinity on April 3, 1579, being described as "Herts., gen. i. aetat. 15."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CANTATA

AT THE OOPENHAGEN-UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL, Nov. 17, 1888, in Commemoration of the Royal Jubilee, Nov. 15, 1888, the 25th year of H.M. CHRISTIAN IX., as King of Denmark.

Music by N. W. GADE, Words by CARL PLOUG.

Translated line for line, in the metre of the original, by Prof. Dr. GEORGE STEPHENS, F.S.A., Lond. and Edinb., Hon. Dr. of Laws, Cambridge.

I.

RECITATIVE.

How long is space of five and twenty suns?
In each man's life a mighty span it filleth,
Wherein with quicken'd foot to' his mark he runs,
If blasting canker boasted bloom not killeth.
But to a race—how short that flight of years,
One single start in its historic story;
Were false that step, scarce scapt abyss it fears,
And back must shrink from goal of long-dreamt glory.

Then scan that time, and think on yon far morning,
When Denmark's diadem grac'd our youthful King.

Around, no friendly Fays were luck's spell forming;
Harsh dismal voices hoarsest bodings bring.
Alas, what helps sharp shriek when sword-stabs reach us!

Past faults had ripen'd into present wo.
God grant, our sorrowful Saga now may teach us,
Our bark refitting, to steer where safe streams flow.

Fierce howl'd the storm, with crash of horrid thunder,
By some long fear'd, but not of them foreseen.
Blue lightnings flam'd, earth's self gan split asunder,

And yawn'd where from of yore one soil had been.
Allies we call'd to aid, and still hop'd fondly
In cousin's fairness, soul noble in nearest kin;—
In desert drear soon died our voice despondly,
To' our fate they left us, beggarly truce to win.

So' alone we fought; and—laurel one still left us—

Unflinching, calm, tho' Ruin glar'd in sight;
Still ours was Honor, land and folk bereft us;
Yes Honor, spite foemen's threefold overmight.

True, glints no gladness; only sad shapes darkle,
And sea and shore in thick'ning fog-veil stand;
Stars two yet o'er that curtain dart their sparkle—
The flags of SANKELMARK and HELGOLAND.

But peace must be; and, to get leave to pay it,
We low must lout to strong men's high-thron'd crest;

The price—what pain for Danish lips to say it—
A bleeding limb torn from our Dana's breast.

Then we, still free, our care-worn head down-bending,
While throes of anguish patriot heart-strings break,

We feel, must strain each nerve, wide arms extending,

For now the Fatherland's Future is at stake.

Then came Spring-seasons, dewdrops fieldward flinging,
Bonnie bloom-shoots laughing from the new-thaw'd ground,
While Hope's pale Lilies peep in clusters spring-ing,
On woodland treetops op'ning budlets found.
True Union, whereon our all depended,
Was far, and yet at hand seem'd in the main;
And something—our wisht whole by "cries" suspended—

For common weal and land-defence we gain.

But where is Summer? Cold winds smite and smatter,

The marrow drying of wither'd things and tost,
Glib tung-mills chaff, huaks grind with endless clatter,

And each week's working is but labour lost.—
The tempest lulls. Dreams our young life would smother

To mist-dance sink, and idle goblin-play.—
With fool's-cap, sure, would History deck our Mother

Should ever mo those mad wights mock their prey.
May now this Autumn-sun, all warmth and lightness

Our Liege that smiles on, gilding his crown's rich dye,
A second summer token, show'ring brightness

On' his folk in largess, as new morns draw nigh.
So time, man's treasure, ne waste they in contentation,

But use each swift-run sand with heart and hand,
Abandoning poor partisan pretention,

Resolv'd again to build and fend our land.

CHORUS.

But happy we, that rule and pow'r
In trusty grasp was laid,
And that our Guide in danger's hour
Stood fast, what base bands round him lour!

Our liberty's banner by him up-stay'd,
He fearless held our Charter's scroll,
Nor car'd how winds and waters roll;
His one heat: Law shall be obey'd.
His folkland's welfare all his thought,
That beacon leads him day by day;
From Right's straight path nor bent nor bought,
His Right, his Duty, points his way.

II.

Hail to thee, Christian! As lustres flew by us,
Shimmer or shadow them fill'd when they came,
Ever unalter'd thou, Sovran, art nigh us;
Good's what thou wilt, sure is thine aim.

Thus in each crisis sprang policy fitting,
Step none thy kingdom mote injure admitting.
God in His Grace thy mild sceptre permitting
Burghers to wreath it with oak-garlands claim.

Hail to thee, Christian!—With state-juggle shameless

Shire none thou gain'd hast by Iron or Blood.
Chevalier royal! Thy brow uplift, blameless;

DAN'S MARK was *offer's* thee, old realm and good.
Free wilt thou govern, to Law-book submissive,
All thro thy sway freedom's hymn is permissive,
Free is our homage in mass and with missive,
Love clasps us to thee, as free men it should.

IDYL.

At Fredensborg by the glitt'ring lake,
Whose ripple the bank caresses,
There quiet rest shall thine old age take
While round thee a lov'd flock presses;

There fain shalt thou hear
From far and near
How Heaven thy land-group still blesses.

The lissom Light-Elves will leap to thee there
In squadrons, ere the sky's orb closes,
And carpets weave or crants-flowers bear,
Or paint for thee reddest roses;

With lay, where thou stay,
Keep chill out by day,
Wait sleep's balm where Dan's Prince reposes.

Sit shalt thou so as Clan-chief high,
Bold flourishing King-stems greeting,
Who to thy welcoming halls draw nigh
When fixes thy bode the meeting.

Their heart-wishes wield
In secret thy shield,
For thee and thy realm fence un-fleeing.

May thou and thy Consort, fair bride of auld lang syne,
Show locks to swanwhite turning ere life's lamp cease to shine;
May all that thou have, toilsome, nursed up for other's weal,
All—clad in your names' purple—that hallow would and heal,
Their benisons widely scatter as lent and leaf-fall fly,
Your weary eyes refreshing—till soothes Death's lullaby!

CHORUS.

Save, Lord, the sea-girt green-hung shaw
That his each Danaker calleth;
It flieh no fiend with gory claw!
May' it ne'er foul breath in slavery draw!
Round burgh and strand lift bomb-proof haw,
Last screen when the hiss-shell galleth!
In fred and freedom live we on,
Undying heir'd from sire to son,
Till Doomsday tyrants grim appalleth!

Keep, Lord, our Home now stript by Thee
Of legions, lands and glory!
Teach it in honest unity
To seek and find, at Thine own knee
Each gem of manly dignity,
New themes to annals hoary.

With mind-mail arm'd and tireless zeal,
May' it drape its tent, its low roof cell
With fingers' sleight and High Art's story!

Our Monarch and his whole House save;
Both health and wealth prepare him!
To bend his state-bow make him brave,
That late he some relief may crave;
Till, mid laments from wong and wave,
To' his rest in Christ his people bear him.
Sweet, then, his ev'ning bells be rung;
And, silent grown each bitter tung,
All FRIEND AND FATHER loud declare him!

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for December continues Prof. Ramsay's interesting study on a subject which appeals to everyone who cares for the naïve polytheistic and fervent Christian faith of Central Asia Minor. The public demeanour of the Christians, their relation to their neighbours and to the government, their organisation, the appearance they presented to their neighbours—such are the points illustrated from the inscriptions in the present paper. Incidentally, an error is pointed out in a reading adopted by Bishop Lightfoot (the reference is unkindly withheld): "Council of Poverty" (of the purple-dyers) should rather be "Council of the Presidency." The history of charity organisation, therefore, is not forwarded by this most probably Christian document. Dr. Wright, of Dublin, continues his very useful "advice about commentaries"; budding professors will find much here on the Hexateuch to serve their turn. Mr. Balfour has a valuable suggestion on the difficult and important passage—Heb. vi. 1, 2. Prof. Bruce continues his series on Hebrews, discussing "the captain of salvation"; and Prof. Cheyne attempts to make psalm-exegesis profitable to the devout in a study on part of Psalm iv.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ALT, Th. *System der Künste*. Berlin: Grote, 6 M.
BONVALOT, G. *Du Caucase aux Indes à travers le Pamir*. Paris: Plon, 20 fr.
BRIQUET, O. M. *Papiers et filigranes des archives de Gènes 1154 à 1700*. Basel: Georg, 12 M.
DAUDAT, Alph., etc. *L'Eau*. Paris: Rothschild, 30 fr.
DESCUBES, A. *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'histoire, de géographie, de mythologie et de biographie*. Paris: Le Vasseur, 35 fr.
FOURNIER, E. *L'Art de la reliure en France aux derniers siècles*. Paris: Dentu, 5 fr.
GÖRING, H. *Sophie Germain u. Clotilde de Vaux. Ihr Leben u. Denken*. Zürich: Schröter, 6 M.

shall be much distressed or els my poore daughter
hundred, To yo^r Lo. protection therefore do I comend
the cause and her that it doth concerne."

It thus appears that Mrs. Fitton's marriage-portion (probably arrears of pay to her father) had remained for a good while in the hands of Sir Henry Wallop, the Irish treasurer, objection being made to paying it over to the lady, on the ground of the discharge not being a good one. This is entirely in accordance with the supposition that there was, or was alleged to be, some one in the background who might possibly come forward and claim the money, on the ground of his having been married to Mrs. Fitton. If Mrs. Fitton had been married in early youth, and the marriage had been made out to be null and void, on the ground that the previous consent of parents had not been obtained, we can easily see that an objection might be possibly made to paying over to her her marriage-portion.*

Then, as to Shakspeare's mistress being in a position analogous to that in which we have supposed Mrs. Fitton to be, there is evidence of a remarkable character in this 152nd Sonnet. The expression "in act" (line 3) seems to have been either overlooked or misinterpreted:

"In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing."

As the words "in act" are commonly regarded, they are unsuitable and superfluous. If, however, in accordance with Elizabethan usage, we take these words as meaning "in fact," "in reality," much light is thrown on the place. There is no necessity for going outside Shakspeare to find an example of this usage. A very good one is to be found in a passage towards the end of the first scene of "Othello," thus given in the First Folio—

"For he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus warres
(Which even now stands in Act) that for their
soules

Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Business."

Othello is not yet formally appointed to the chief command in the "Cyprus wars." "But," says Iago, "the appointment is already as good as made; it 'even now stands in act.' The thing is as certain as if he were 'embark'd'; there is 'such loud reason' for it; indeed there is no other man to be found whose ability can equal that of Othello." Similarly, in the Sonnet—taking "in act" as equivalent to "in reality," "in fact"—Shakspeare's mistress had broken her marriage vow in

* "In respect to the Consent of Parents; 'tis said in our Canons that children may not marry without their consent. . . . And marriages that are made contrary to the Consent of Parents are pronounced to be invalid both by the Canon and Civil Law" (Ayliffe, *Parergon Juris Canonici*, p. 362).

It is not unimportant that Mary Fitton's elder brother incurred his father's very serious displeasure by marrying without consent. In a letter to Lord Bureleigh (MS. Lansd., 71) his mother, Lady Fitton, speaks of her son as "sure to fall into some desperate action, for his father will not yett do anything for him." The letter is inscribed "15 May 1592, La. Phytton to my L. interceding with his Lords to do something for her son: who having married with out his fathers consent was vnder his displeasure." It is not unlikely that Mary Fitton's marriage took place at the same time, but that on account of her youth—she would be somewhat under fourteen, or about this age—her father took her back home.

† The editors have very commonly changed "stands" into the plural "stand." This change, however, is in opposition to both folios and quartos, and it may be pronounced with some confidence to be wrong.

act, though she may have alleged that the marriage was set aside, or was treated as null and void, and that legally and formally there had been no breach. With such a signification, the words "in act" are fully accounted for; and the argument for the identification with Mrs. Fitton is very greatly strengthened.

When at Court in 1601, Mrs. Fitton's amour could be no longer concealed. Cecil writing to Sir G. Carew (February 5) says that Pembroke, "being examined, confesseth a fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage" (*Calendar of Carew MSS.*) These words, especially the emphatic "utterly," would well accord with an allegation of unchastity, or want of "honesty," using the word "honesty" in the wider Elizabethan sense. Moreover, there is in Lord Salisbury's collection a letter from Mrs. Fitton's father, Sir Edward Fitton, which also conveys the impression that, as a reason for not marrying her, a charge of want of "honesty" had been adduced by Pembroke. The letter, which bears date May 16 [or 18], 1601, was written from Stanner*, where Sir Edward was compelled to stop on account of his daughter's weakness. With regard to Pembroke he says, writing to Cecil—

"I can saye nothing of the Erle, but my daughter is confident in her chance before God and wisheth my Lo. and she might but meet before in different senses. but for my self I expect noe good from hym that in all this tyme hathe not showed any kindness. I count my daughter as good a gentlewoman as my Lo. is though the dignity of honor [be greater only in him]† w^{ch} hathe begilded her I feare, except my Lo.'s honesty bee the greater vertuous."

Mrs. Fitton's confidence as to the result of an appearance before a divine tribunal looks, at first sight, somewhat mysterious. Her wish that Pembroke and she, before this last account, may meet in "different scenes," implies possibly a still lingering desire for marriage. But her father entertains no such thought. He "expects no good from him." Pembroke has not "all this time" (since the affair of some three months ago) "shown any kindness." What follows certainly gives probability to the position that Sir Edward had in view a suggested marriage, and Pembroke's repudiation of the idea. He argues that Mrs. Fitton is, in point of social status, as good as Pembroke, except, indeed, that the latter is a nobleman, and has such dignity (whatever it may be) as attaches to a title. Sir Edward is afraid that this has led his daughter astray. Then comes what is, for our present purpose, a very important, though somewhat ambiguous, clause, "except my Lo.'s honesty bee the greater vertuous." The meaning may possibly be "unless my lord's honesty have greater power to seduce than his noble rank," or, "unless my lord's honesty be superior to my daughter's virtues." But, in any case, the reference to Pembroke's "honesty" is certainly ironical. And, considering the context, it is difficult to find any other reason for this ironical reference than Pembroke's refusal to marry Mrs. Fitton on the ground of her want of "honesty." With this in view it becomes quite easy to understand Mrs. Fitton's being "confident in her chance before God," &c. Sir Edward was not a master of literary or epistolary style; but the construction of the last clause is very peculiar, and so is the spelling of the word "vertuous"—a mode of spelling remarkable even amid the

* There is a place called Stanner Nab (presumably a hill) a few miles S.E. of Chester city. If this was the place intended, the route taken from London to Macclesfield or Gawsworth was a little circuitous, probably for the sake of a smoother road. It would be interesting to know whether at or near Stanner Nab there are indications of there having been formerly a house of a superior kind.

† Inserted above the line with a *cavat* beneath.

laxity and eccentricity of Elizabethan orthography.* The subject was, however, an unpleasant one for Sir Edward; and, probably enough, facts had come to his knowledge which made him feel awkward in alluding to it. This state of feeling is, I should say, reflected in the construction and orthography. Pembroke's refusal may have had little or no reference to Mrs. Fitton's previous marriage, though this marriage probably had a very important effect in developing her character and conduct, as described in the 152nd Sonnet, and elsewhere.

THOMAS TYLER.

THE LATIN "HEPTAPLA."

St. John's, Cambridge: Dec. 8, 1898.

Not having written my letter on the Latin "Heptapla" in time to receive a proof, I have suffered two errors to remain in it. Not George Fabricius, but William Morel, the French printer, in 1560, first printed the 165 verses of Genesis, which for 173 years was all of the poem known to ordinary readers. The omnivorous Jesuit Sirmond does indeed give the commencement and opening lines of all seven books, but the learned world turned a deaf ear to his instructions. I ought to have remembered Morel's little book, for some twenty-four years ago I brought it down from the dust of the "stars" in the Cambridge University library, and placed it on an accessible shelf. My handwriting on the title convinces me of forgetfulness. William Morel published at the same time Claudius Marius Victor's *Aléthia*—a paraphrase in three books of part of Genesis. This has recently been reprinted in a very creditable fashion, though the criticism might have been a little less timid, by Karl Schenkl, in the Vienna series. Schenkl assumes that Victor is later than "Cyprian"—a position which seems to me at present doubtful. Anyhow, Victor represents the same school of sound scholarship and emancipation from the "letter" of heathen tradition, whose "spirit" animates his muse.

My second error was a clerical one. I meant to say that Priscillian was martyred 1503 years ago, in 385 A.D. JOHN E. B. MAYOR.

THE COGNATES OF A.S. "ROD," A CLEARING.

Cambridge: Dec. 16, 1898.

There has been some discussion about the interesting A.S. words *rod* and *redan* in the pages of the ACADEMY. But we have not yet had a full explanation of these words, nor a full account of the numerous cognate forms. It seems worth while to point out that we really know a good deal about them.

The Teutonic base is HREUD. Hence we get the strong verb HREUDAN, past tense singular HRAUD, pl. HRUDUM, pp. HRODANS. It is preserved in the Icel. *hrjóða*, to strip, clear; pt. t. *hraud*, pl. *hrudu*, pp. *hrodinn*. The *h* is frequently dropped, giving the derivatives *rud*, a clearing, from the third stem, allied to which are the Dan. *rød*, as in *Hille-rød*, and the Norw. *rud*, as in *Linde-rud* (Vigtusson). With the usual mutation, we obtain Icel. *rydja*, Dan. *rydde*, E. *rid*, to clear ground, Swd. *röda*, to clear, move out of the way; cf. *riding*, a clearing, in Atkinson's Cleveland Glossary. This shows that we have really, in English, two verbs of this form. One of them is *rid*, to clear, doubtless of Scandinavian origin; and the other is *rod*, to deliver, A.S. *hreddan*, which alone is given in my Etymological Dictionary, and which would have been better in the form *red*,

* Mr. R. T. Gunton (Lord Salisbury's librarian) was kind enough to re-examine the MS. with reference to the spelling of this word. This spelling, however, if alone, might be not very important.

as it is often found in Lowland Scotch. I have no doubt that the two verbs have frequently been confused, and that the senses run one into the other.

The first stem is also preserved in the O.H.G. *riuti*, a clearing, fallow land; and in the verb *riutan*, mod. G. *reuten*, to grub up or stub; to which, indeed, Prof. Earle happily refers us, s.v. *redan*. Cf. Low G. *rüden*, in the Bremen Wörterbuch. If the A.S. *redan* also has the sense "to clear," as conjectured, and is a related word, *ē* must be a variant of the Early West Saxon long *ie* (Sweet, *Hist. E. Sounds*, 483), as in the common verb *hēran*, to hear. It is then the regular form derived (by mutation) from the first or second stem. Mutated forms further appear in the A.S. *hryding*, a clearing (Toller), which is valuable as preserving the original *h*. In the Corpus Glossary, we have: "expilatam, *arydid*," No. 817. In both these forms the *d* is single, as if the *y* were long; Mr. Sweet supposes that the *y* is short, and doubles the *d* in his Glossary to O.E. Texts, p. 573. Either way, these words go back to the same root as the rest. Passing on to the fourth stem, we find A.S. *rod*, Icel. *rod*, a clearing; a form which even appears as *rod* in O.H.G. (see Schade); whence M.H.G. and mod. G. *roden*, with the same sense as *reuten* (Flügel). We even find the O. Swed. *ruda*, a clearing (Ihre), in which the Swed. *u* answers to A.S. *o*, as I pointed out once before. Some other forms of less interest will be found in Koolman's E. Friesic Dict., s.v. *rüden*. It is remarkable that the common E. *reed*, A.S. *hrēod*, is from a Teutonic base of precisely the same form; but the connexion in sense is not apparent. WALTER W. SKELAT.

"ROAD" IN MIDDLE ENGLISH.

Selling, Faversham: Dec. 10, 1888.

Allow me to point out a parallel to Sir James H. Ramsay's "roads and fields—i.e., expeditions and battles." In mediaeval French—e.g., in the *Somme rurale* of Jehan Bouteiller (Abbeville, 1486; but written probably some forty years earlier)—the King of France is frequently spoken of as going "en ost ou cheauchie"; that is with his whole army, or merely in minor expeditions, descents, raids, or inroads upon rebellious vassals or pugnacious neighbours. These "cheauchées" would also include the king's visits or progresses. The distinction between "ost" and "cheauchée" is well kept up throughout Bouteiller's celebrated *résumé* of legal customs. The literal and accurate translation of "cheauchée" is "ride," which affords an exact parallel to what Sir James Ramsay says. I have brought this out more fully in some essays on "Li Roys des Ribaus," now appearing in the *Archives Historiques de la Saintonge et de l'Aunis*.

Of course, "raid" is merely a northern doublet of the southern "road" (v. "raid," "ride," and "road," in Skeat's Dictionary).

JOHN O'NEILL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 17, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The New Forces in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Canon Lecture, "Light and Colour," by Capt. W. de W. Abney.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Doctrine of Moral Responsibility," by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations on the Chindwin River, Upper Burma," by Col. R. G. Woodthorpe.
TUESDAY, Dec. 18, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: Recent Changes in Prices and Incomes compared," by Dr. R. Giffen.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Friction of Locomotive Slide Valves," by Mr. J. N. F. Aspinall.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Fifteen New Species of Shells from China, Japan, and the Andaman Islands, chiefly collected by Surgeon R. Hungerford," by Mr. G. E. Sowerby; "Lepidoptera-Heterocera, collected by Mr. O. M. Woodford at Aola, Guadalcanar Island, Solomon Islands," by Mr. Herbert Druce; "Lepidoptera of Japan and

Corea II., Heterocera," by Mr. J. H. Leech; "The Numbers and the Phylogenetic Development of the Remiges of Birds," by Dr. Hans Gadow.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 19, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Standards of Light," by Mr. W. J. Diddin.

8 p.m. Geological: "Trigonoceras, a New Genus of Onchoceras from the Weissen Jura of Württemberg, with description of New Species, *T. iratus*," by Mr. F. A. Bather; "Archaeozoology (Billings) and on other Genera allied thereto, or associated therewith, from the Cambrian Strata of North America," by Dr. George J. Hinde; "The Jersey Brick Clay," by Dr. Andrew Dunlop.

THURSDAY, Dec. 20, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Life History of some Animals," by Prof. C. Stewart.

8 p.m. Linnæan.
8 p.m. Historical: "The Site of the Battle of Brunanburh," by the Rev. E. Dyer Green.

8 p.m. Chemical.
FRIDAY, Dec. 21, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Chronology and History of Babylonia," IV., by Mr. G. Bertin.

8 p.m. Philological: "Loan-Words in Latin," by Mr. E. R. Wharton; "The Dialect of Urbino and the Nasals *m* and *n*," by Prince L.-L. Bonaparte.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. x., No. 4. Vol. xi., No. 1. (Baltimore.) Vol. x. closes with papers by R. Liouville, "Sur les Lignes géodésiques des Surfaces à Courbure constante" (pp. 283-292); by J. M. Page, on "The Primitive Groups of Transformations in Space of Four Dimensions" (pp. 293-346); by W. C. L. Gorton, on "Line Congruences" (pp. 347-367); and a notelet on "Some Theorems concerning the Centre of Gravity," by Prof. Franklin (pp. 368-370). Mr. Page's paper is mainly concerned with the introduction to English readers of Sophus Lie's work, since 1873, upon a new theory, to which he has given the name of the "Theory of Groups of Transformations." Mr. Gorton applies quaternion to the proof of results obtained by Hamilton and Kummer (Oralle, lvii.). The notelet gives "almost instantaneous" proof of two theorems of Lagrange. Vol. xi. opens with a memoir on a new theory of symmetric functions, by Capt. MacMahon (pp. 1-36), in which the author carries on his "extension of the algebra of the theory of symmetrical functions," sketched out in a recent communication to the London Mathematical Society. Prof. Woolsey Johnson contributes an article on the "Integrals in Series of Binomial Differential Equations" (pp. 37-54), using the term "binomial equation" in Boole's sense. The next paper is a memoir, presented to the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, "Sur certaines Courbes qu'on peut adjoindre aux Courbes planes pour l'Etude de leurs Propriétés Infinitésimales" (pp. 55-70). In it the author, M. d'Ocagne, discusses several interesting geometrical results. The rest of the number (pp. 71-98) is taken up with an instalment of a memoir, by Prof. Cayley, on the surfaces with plane or spherical curves of curvature. This is an account, in a compact form, with some additions, of results obtained by Bonnet ("Sur les Surfaces dont les Lignes de Courbure sont Planes ou Sphériques," 1853), and by Serret (in a memoir with almost identical title, Liouville, xviii., 1853).

Mathematical Tracts. Part I. By F. W. Newman. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.) The tracts in question are five in number. The first is on the basis of geometry, with the geometrical treatment of $\sqrt{-1}$. In it some elementary notions are discussed, as the primary ideas of the sphere and circle, definition and properties of the straight line and the plane; and thence the writer gets Euclid's twelfth axiom on the lines of Vincent's definition (1837). With this the reader may compare the appendix to Mr. Dodgson's recently issued *A New Theory of Parallels*. Tract II. contains the geometrical treatment of $\sqrt{-1}$, and is a chapter on double algebra. Tract III., on Factorials, is entitled "Supple-

ment II.," and contains an extension of the binomial theorem. In this two new notions are introduced. There is some good mathematics here. Tract IV. is on "Super linears"—i.e., "Determinants"—and goes over the work in Mr. Spottiswoode's early treatise (p. 36, l. 9 up, read "PN—MQ"). Tract V. contains twenty-five pages of tables. Table i. gives values of A^{-n} to 20 decimal places, A standing for the series of numbers 2, 3, 4 up to 60, and the odd numbers from 61-77; and means 1, 2, 3 continued until A^{-n} is about to vanish. Table ii. has values of x^n with 12 decimal places, where x means .02, .03, .04 up to .50, and n is continued from 1, 2, 3 until x^n is insignificant. It will be gathered that there is a great deal of work in these seventy-nine pages, much of which, we should imagine, was done some years since. We have not tested the tables, except in a few simple cases; but we think the text is free from important errors.

Scientific Romances.—No. VII., "The Education of the Imagination"; No. VIII., "Many Dimensions." By C. H. Hinton. (Sonnensohn.) These two little pamphlets continue Mr. Hinton's argument on the same lines as his previous contributions to the study of an abstruse subject. He retains his powerful grip of higher space, and reveals in his attempts to open up a way to a knowledge of it which shall make the hypothesis of such space conceivable. We had noted passages for quotation, but our author's argument does not admit of short elegant extracts. Both numbers are of high mathematical interest. The text, as in the previous issues, is very correctly printed, but in No. VIII., p. 27, l. 10 up, we should certainly read "three" for "these."

Elementary Statics. By the Rev. J. B. Lock. (Macmillan.) A new book by Mr. Lock is always welcome. Time only improves his intelligent handling of a subject, and enables him to select with greater certainty just those facts which most need to be elucidated for juniors. We have already had occasion to read his chapters on friction and on the graphic method with a class of pupils, and found them to be excellent. The latter chapter is a new and good feature in a schoolbook, and we hope that in a second edition the author will see his way to append some illustrative examples. The work is based on Newton's laws of motion, and the truth of the parallelogram of forces is assumed, the consideration of the proof being deferred until the student, if he is unacquainted with dynamics, arrives at that branch of mathematics. Such fundamental propositions as are usually proved by the "transmissibility of force" principle are considered in a separate chapter. There are numerous examples, mostly of a simple character, scattered throughout the text; and at the end is a "century" of more difficult exercises. Besides, we have specimen papers from the Cambridge elementary examinations. The answers are given with some fullness.

The Elementary Geometry of Conics. By C. Taylor. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) A fifth edition revised and enlarged such as this is like good wine, and needs no words of commendation from us. The chief novelty is the addition of a chapter on the line infinity, in which "quasi-geometrical determination of the imaginary points at infinity through which all circles in a plane pass" is given; and in a scholium attention is drawn to "an apparent failure of the Cartesian method to show that there are two such points only in any plane." This chapter is not intended for those at school, but for students of maturer growth. This little work is neatly got up as to typo-

raphical details, and its matter is elegantly reasoned out.

Examples for Practice in the use of Seven-figure Logarithms. By Dr. J. Wolstenholme. (Macmillan.) The most natural remark to make on opening this manual is "Prodigious!" The calculations are made, and the answers are given. The work involved in all this could only have been "prodigious." Before such industry we meekly bow our heads, and commend Dr. Wolstenholme's thorough little brochure to all those "more mathematically-given" men who think, with old Burton, that there is nothing so pleasing as "to calculate or peruse Napier's logarithms, or those tables of artificial sines and tangents, not long since set out by mine old collegiate, good friend, and late fellow-student of Christ Church in Oxford, Mr. Edmund Gunter."

Text-book of Practical Logarithms and Trigonometry. By J. H. Palmer. (Macmillan.) This is a work prepared with a limited object in view, viz., for the "assistance of those who are either preparing for, or have attained to, the position of gunner in the Royal Navy." Proofs of formulae and rules are purposely omitted from it, its aim being to provide material for a thorough mastering of the practical solution of plane triangles, which shall be intelligible to persons who have had no mathematical training. This being the writer's object, we cannot pronounce an *ex cathedra* judgment upon the point of success or failure; but we can certify that other students, who want examples for practice, will find a diversified set here, with much useful illustrative matter.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra. Part I. By S. C. Basu. (Calcutta.) Mr. Basu has produced a capital book for Hindu students. In it he gives many theorems useful to junior pupils, which do not ordinarily occupy a place in the textbooks. At the end of the chapters are test-questions. The fundamental rules are fully discussed, and every statement illustrated by examples. The work includes chapters on indices, surds, and ratio and proportion, but stops on this side of quadratic equations. There are some 3000 examples, taken from Cambridge and other examination papers, but a great number are new. The answers are given, and an appendix of more difficult examples closes the book. The printing and paper do not satisfy an English eye; but we are glad to see that there is a rising school of young Indian mathematicians who are capable of producing good textbooks like the one before us.

A School Arithmetic. By G. H. Bateson Wright. (Sonnenschein.) This is an arithmetic primarily intended for the Chinese pupils at the Victoria College, Hong Kong. It possesses considerable merit, and some points are put in an original way which has rendered them acceptable to the author's scholars. There are some 2000 "original" examples. In addition to the ordinary contents of such books we have the introduction of problems on surds and indices, and a limited area is devoted to mensuration.

Junior School Arithmetic, Mental and Practical. (Longmans.) This is a handy book, drawn up "to meet the requirements of the Oxford and Cambridge Junior Local Examinations, the College of Preceptors, &c.," and contains specimen papers from these examinations. The rules are very concisely given, and are mainly deduced from worked-out examples. There is a large collection of exercises (the answers may be obtained with the book) which seem well suited for practical work. The ground covered is co-extensive with that of most recent textbooks.

Mathematical Examples, Pure and Mixed. By J. M. Dyer and R. Prowde-Smith. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.) These examples are well adapted for candidates for the Army and Civil Service Examinations, and also for the early stages of preparation for university scholarships. Their number is not excessive, and their subjects are agreeably diversified. The calculus is excluded, the range covering arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, mensuration, theory of equations, analytical plane geometry, statics, and dynamics. Answers are given to the examples.

Key to Lock's Arithmetic for Schools. By the Rev. R. G. Watson. (Macmillan.) The third edition of Lock's *Arithmetic* has been stereotyped, and so has reached its final shape. The work before us contains the solutions of the questions in that edition, and is thus a work of permanent value. It has been written under the author's eye, hence there is an identity of character in the two volumes. The solutions are full and clearly arranged, and withal compact. Such a key will be a boon to all who teach from the text-book.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will shortly publish *The Evolution of the Hebrew Language*, by Dr. J. Edkins. This work is somewhat larger than the *Evolution of the Chinese Language* by the same author. It develops the theory that human speech began of necessity with labial consonants and very few vowels, and that the introduction into Semitic speech of all the other vowels and consonants was effected by small changes slowly made. Hebrew was evolved from an older Semitic stem, and that Semitic stem from a biliteral system which possessed monosyllabic roots and a natural syntax. The author divides the Hebrew triliteral period into five sub-periods, of which the fifth was that of the Hebrew literature, the fourth that of the formation of peculiar syntax, the third that of the growth of pronominal suffixes to verbs, the second that of the growth of conjugations, moods, and tenses with the help of pronominal prefixes, and the first that of the triliteral roots. He describes the changes of vowels in the verb paradigms as in accordance with physiology, so that intensity and laxity in the muscles are preceded by excitement and languor in the mind. It is shown that broad *a* is the most suitable vowel for the past tense, and *i* or short *a* for the intensive form of the verb. He traces the Semitic creativeness in the paradigms to the contact of nomad races with the civilisation of the Euphrates and the Nile. Biliteral words and natural syntax survive in Hebrew books, where they are found mixed with the triliteral words and later syntax. It is the task of philology to separate these old and new elements.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Hauréau read a paper upon the moral treatise entitled "Liber de Copia Verborum," which, in all the MSS. where it is found, is attributed to Seneca. But it is well known that the author is really a writer of the decadence, probably of the third or fourth century A.D. M. Hauréau contended that he is identical with the forger of the spurious letters of Seneca to St. Paul and of St. Paul to Seneca. The "Liber de Copia Verborum" is composed of two parts. In the first, the author has imitated Seneca without copying; the second is nothing but a mosaic of fragments borrowed textually from the genuine works of the Roman philosopher. There exists another little work, also assigned in the MSS. to Seneca, which is possibly due to the same forger, for it consists merely of a fresh recension of the first portion of the "Liber de Copia Verborum."

It is entitled "De Quatuor Virtutibus." This treatise came into the hands of Martin, Bishop of Braga, who had the boldness to give it forth as his own, with no other change than a dedicatory epistle and a new title—"Libellus de Formula Honestae Vitae." It is under the name of Martin of Braga, and with this new title, that the work has been often printed, even in the *Patrology* of the Abbé Migne.

Transactions of the Oxford Philological Society for 1887-8 (Clarendon Press). The most important paper in this very thin issue is one by Prof. Nettleship on the evidence of the Latin Grammarians about the pronunciation of Latin. As Prof. Nettleship remarks, Seelman's treatment of this point, though good, is scarcely full enough. The other contents, apart from "Rules," &c., are: a note on Juvenal i. 155 by Prof. Earle, Aristotelian criticisms by Mr. J. C. Wilson, and two philological papers by Mr. R. T. Elliott. The latter strike one as hardly worth printing. The explanation suggested for the Greek perfect in *-κα* has appeared in several English books before, and the long paper on analogy contains nothing whatever new.

At the next meeting of the Philological Society, to be held on Friday, December 21, at University College, London, Mr. E. B. Whar-ton, of Jesus College, Oxford, author of *Etyma Graeca*, will read a paper on "Loan-Words in Latin."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 30.)

B. L. MOSLEY, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall (president) announced that, as the Bishop of Ripon was unable to deliver his address that evening, Miss Ormerod's paper would be read. The bishop had promised to come towards the end of January, when the society proposed to hold an extra meeting to do honour to the occasion. Members, he regretted to say, were much in arrear with their subscriptions; but he trusted they would soon be paid, and allow the society to issue one or two engravings, illustrating either "Abt Vogler" or "The Ring and the Book." Dr. Furnivall then read Miss Ormerod's paper, which dealt with "Andrea del Sarto" and "Abt Vogler," the latter part of the paper being the critical complement to her paper of last session on the man and composer, and dealing with Browning's poem.—The chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the writer of a paper full of poetic insight, picturesque and eloquent. In opening the discussion, he proposed to consider Robert Browning from the musician's point of view. Before him, there is no English poet who does more than speak of music in general terms. Their want of technical knowledge had prevented their grasping its full capabilities. For the first time, music has been treated in verse from the technical side by Browning. The speaker illustrated this by quotations from the musical poems. He then called attention to the fact that the views of music entertained by Browning, Wagner, and Schopenhauer were identical, and proved their agreement by concordant passages from the writings of all. As another analogy between Browning and Wagner, he pointed out that each speaks in a language which he has himself created as a fitting medium for his thoughts. They are the leading dramatists of the age, and therefore their ground is sure.—Dr. Berdoe took exception to the poem of "Andrea del Sarto," as dealing with an unworthy man, weak and cowardly.—Dr. Furnivall objected to this view, and pointed out that an Italian cannot be judged as an Englishman. Neither Hamlet nor Romeo would stand the test of such criticism. In literature it is the failures of people that we care for, and "Andrea del Sarto" is the most lovely and affecting poem which Browning has written. Those of his poems touched by emotion are the best worth reading.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 5.)

Mrs. S. A. BARNETT and, afterwards, Frederick Rogers, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Miss

Grace Latham read a paper on "Some of Shakspeare's Early Comedies," in which she remarked that it was impossible to get at the heart of Shakspeare's works unless we approach them from the dramatic point of view, because he was above and before everything else an actor-dramatist, writing not to be read, but to be represented by trained artists; and that his treatment of a character or situation is dramatic in proportion as his perception of it is clear. She then proceeded to trace his development as a dramatic writer. "Love's Labour's Lost," his first play, and a comedy of manners, embodies the fashionable literary jargons and habits of the time. Its *dramatis personae* are divided into three groups: (1) country folk, (2) Bohemian Londoners, (3) the king, princess, and courtiers. The two first are the outcome of the country and town life which was familiar to Shakspeare. They are subtly thought out and dramatically expressed, and have been developed until they cast into the shade the third group, which belongs to a class with which Shakspeare was probably unfamiliar. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we see that Shakspeare has gained knowledge of dramatic construction. The characters, again divided into three groups, do not interfere with each other. There is more situation. He can express himself in sweetest poetry; but he cannot depict strong feeling, or, except after the slightest fashion, characters drawn from the higher classes. In the "Comedy of Errors" Shakspeare has mastered the first of these difficulties. It is constructed with a comic central group, and a tragic background. Hitherto he has excelled in characters of low comedy; here he gives us two female characters, written with great care and finish, and contrasting very dramatically, and the greater part of which are in a serious vein. This is a comedy of incident, and events, not characters, hold the chief place in it.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers. By Walter Crane. (Cassell.) At Flora's feast Mr. Walter Crane is quite at home. It would be difficult to find a subject more suited to his peculiar gifts of fanciful and decorative design. His fertility of elegant caprice and dainty vagary, of fragrant sentiment and delicate humour, has indeed often been displayed before, but seldom so purely and perfectly. In this pageant of the year, which commences with the snowdrops preparing to fight the frost with their green lances, and ends with the sad, sweet figure of the Christmas rose, his invention never fails, nor even flags. Each of the forty plates has its own delightful device, its own sweet arrangement of colour, its own fresh spirit. Some, perhaps, may prefer the boyish daffodils sallying forth to hunt, some the fragile anemones blown along by the wind, others may more delight in the cowslips and the oxeyes, with their ingeniously floriated beasts; for others, again, the knightly hollyhock or the proud peony may possess a charm superior, but he will not only be hard to please, but not worth pleasing, who does not find much to admire in this beautiful book. Not the least noteworthy feature of these designs is the fidelity to essential truth with which the flowers are drawn. Twisted and turned about in every conceivable way, made to serve for hats and horns, for boots and ruffs, for fans and scarves, and occasionally, as the columbines and the tigerlilies, transformed into the shapes of animals, the true character and construction of the flowers and their foliage is never lost sight of. The stalks are even worth attention. If we examine those of, say, the tulip, hyacinth, and hollyhock, we shall find their different degrees of rigidity nicely distinguished. Finally, although the dresses of Mr. Crane's *dramatis personae* would be somewhat light and unmanageable for London streets, *Flora's Feast* is a perfect mine of suggestion for picturesque costume,

which will doubtless not long remain unworked.

Embroidery and Lace. By Ernest Lefébure. Translated and enlarged by Alan S. Cole. (H. Grevel.) This translation of M. Lefébure's book is to be welcomed; for, though Lady Marion Alford's *Needlework as Art* travels over pretty much the same ground, this is a much handier and more neatly arranged history of the subject. Its manner of production does much credit to the publishers. It is well printed on nice paper; the illustrations, though some of them are on too small a scale to be of very great value, are numerous and pretty; and the binding is dainty with white and gold, and elegant in design. The text is very comprehensive and full, embracing the history of the art "from the remotest antiquity to the present time," and giving clear information as to the different materials and tools and processes employed. As a handbook of design it is less satisfactory. This is perhaps outside of its intended scope, which is defined in the title as "manufacture and history"; but it would have been more useful to those ladies of to-day who seriously wish to revive the higher art of the needle, and to cultivate the production of lace, if it contained some guiding principles as to the description of design most appropriate to the different fabrics, and some clear outline of the development of different styles. We may, however, be well content with what we have got—a book which is not only a comprehensive, well-arranged, and trustworthy history of a delightful art, but a book which is pleasant to see and pleasant to read, well-written, well-translated, and well-edited. It should be added that Mr. Cole has increased the value of the work by notes and enlargement of the text; if he had given us as a fuller index, he would have improved it still more.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Burne Jones to the home of his early success. His large altar-piece-like picture of "Charity" is the principal feature of the present exhibition of the "Old" Society. Again, though in somewhat different phase, the artist appears as the continuer of the tradition of Italian painting; the follower of the great masters in practice as well as in spirit, but withal with his own special feeling for form and his own taste in colour, as well as with the many other idiosyncracies which go to make up his individuality. It is a necessary drawback to art which seeks so much of its inspiration in the works of others that this individuality should seldom be quite disconnected from pictorial associations. Now Botticelli, now Fra Angelico, seem to give ghostly direction to the artist's mind and hand. In the famous Siren we feel the witchery of Leonardo exercising a still potent spell: and on looking at this, his latest work—"Charity"—it is impossible not to feel that the spirits of Francia and Andrea del Sarto have had an active influence in the conception of the picture. The strange, harmonious, but sad scheme of colour, the peculiar and sweet winsomeness of the children's expression, a certain sense of hushful awe prevailing through the whole composition, reveal the presence of the modern master; and it is scarcely less characteristic of him that the child in Charity's right arm does not seem to rest on it, exercising no pressure on the drapery on which it is supposed to be sitting, and that the security of the child on her left shoulder seems but half secured. Another picture by Mr. Burne Jones—an angel refined in spirit and radiant in colour—and several beautiful studies of heads, &c., for other pictures by the same artist, import a new and

welcome spirit into the character of this exhibition.

But Mr. Burne Jones, if unique, is not alone as representing the higher art of figure drawing. Sir Frederick Leighton sends some of the original studies for his picture of Andromache, masterly drawings of drapery, classical in their fine arrangement of line and fold, personal in their elegant rhythm; and Mr. Poynter sends three drawings which show his "hand." We are sorry that Mr. F. J. Shields and Mr. Albert Moore, the only other members of the society who excel in this branch of art, are absent.

But these drawings are not water-colours, and even Mr. Burne Jones's "Charity" and "Angel," though technically they may be included under this head, have more affinity in spirit and method with the ancient processes of tempera and fresco than with the English art of transparent colour, in which the paper is such a fundamental element of effect, and the peculiar province of which is landscape. In the most refined and poetical landscape work, Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Albert Goodwin lead, as usual, the way. The impression left by the former's ten drawings is a little sad, or at least sombre. They take us to Normandy and Naples, to Wales, and "on the way to the Maelstrom"; but it is the poetry of the dusk and misty sea, of smoke and cold black rock, rather than of the sun and the rainbow, the glamour of summer and the gaiety of spring, that he gives us generally now. Still faithful to Whitby, it is not Whitby in the glory of sunset, but "Whitby Smoke" (76) and "Whitby by Moonlight" (92) that we have here; but there is in all his drawings, as in "From the East Pier," a delicacy and depth of feeling that is not to be caught by any imitator. Mr. Goodwin has such a personal way of seeing Nature, or rather, perhaps, of interpreting her, that his drawings are sure of distinction. We are not always convinced of their truth, but they never fail of charm. No one has shown us quite the same aspect of Durham as he in the dainty drawing numbered 187, or of Lincoln (205). He also takes us about a good deal, from the Right to Clovelly, from the Rhine to Lucca. His picture of the latter place (158), with its red roofs glowing in the evening dusk, and the warm life of the street, contrasting with the solemn calms of the distant hills and sky, is certainly not the least beautiful of his drawings here. The many examples of Mr. Herbert Marshall show no falling-off either in scope or ability. As a faithful, but at the same time a poetical, interpreter of London, with its rich if not brilliant variety of colour, its subtleties of tone, its changeable lights and its dingy greyness, he has few rivals; and in cleaner and sunnier Holland he is more cheerful and almost equally at home.

But there is not much that is new to be said about this winter's drawings, nor about the perfected art of Mr. George Frisby, Mr. William Callow, or Mr. Birket Foster. Of these, and most of the older and younger members, what can we write but that some, like Mr. J. D. Watson, Mr. C. Robertson, and Mr. Jackson, please us rather less; that such others, like Sir John Gilbert, Mrs. Allingham, and Mr. Matthew Hale, please us just as much; and others again, like Mr. Robert Barnes, Mr. Robert Allan, and Mr. Samuel Hodson, please us rather more than usual? It is an exhibition for quiet enjoyment rather than for criticism and speculation.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "MAGAZINE OF ART."

London: Dec. 10, 1888.

I beg your leave to point out—while offering you my sincere thanks for the appreciative review of the *Magazine of Art* in the last issue of the

ACADEMY—that the whole credit of bringing the magazine to the position and point of excellence which you so warmly praise belongs rightly to Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., and not to me. For a considerable number of years that gentleman has filled the position of art director in the firm of Cassell & Co., and for five years past has been art editor of the *Magazine of Art*, so that to his taste and to his energy must be credited the results which you are good enough to describe as “quite amazing.” It is owing to the fact that he is a quiet worker—although he has made his influence felt far beyond his own immediate sphere of action—that his claims to recognition have been neither advanced nor generally regarded.

M. H. SPIELMANN,
Editor of the *Magazine of Art*.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. ALFRED EAST—who has left London this week for a rapid tour round the world—has finished some three or four pictures for the most important exhibitions of the season. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has, of course, not been forgotten—for it has been executed a drawing of dawn over a Cornish mining town. For the great exhibitions of oil paintings there have been completed a striking picture of the last glow of sunset on the fields and houses of a distant hillside; a subtle moonrise over wild waste land, with a group of pines in the foreground; and, lastly, what it may be is Mr. East's most distinguished achievement—a canvas which will bear the title of “*Gay Morning*,” and which displays the chastened brilliance of the early hours of an early summer's day in the midland, the buttercups in the meadows, the river silvery, the trees a-sparkle with life against the breadth and distance of a serene sky. It will be difficult for any other of our younger landscape painters to surpass the charm of this achievement.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON's picture of “*The Captive Andromache*”—which was one of the most conspicuous features of the exhibition this year at Burlington House—has been purchased by the corporation of Liverpool for the Walker Art Gallery.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Medalists, held at the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute, on Tuesday, December 11, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, Deputy Master of the Mint, was re-elected president, and Mr. R. S. Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum, hon. secretaries. The society determined to offer, in 1889, two prizes of the value of £25 and £10 for medals, or models of medals, in bronze or plaster.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the valuable stock of English and foreign china, paintings, &c., belonging to the well-known firm of Messrs. Button & Millett, of Pall Mall Place. Among the pictures, we notice portraits on panel of Erasmus and Luther, which are ascribed in the catalogue to Holbein.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS lectured on “*The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt*,” at the Nicholson Institute, Leek, on November 29, and on the following evening, in the long gallery of the Museum, Nottingham Castle, on “*The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt*,” Lord Belper, as president of the Nottingham Arts Society, taking the chair. Miss Edwards repeated her lecture on “*The Social and Political Position of Woman in Ancient Egypt*” (for the Women's Liberal Association) at Hull, on Monday, December 2, and at Tamworth, for the Natural History and Philosophical Society. Finally, at the Priory, Redhill, the residence of Mrs. Fieldon,

she gave her sixteenth and last lecture before Christmas (“*The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt*”), the proceeds of the evening being devoted to a local charity. Miss Edwards will lecture at Liverpool, Alderley Edge, and Manchester, in February next.

LORD WINDSOR delivered on Saturday last an address to the South Wales Art Society and Sketching Club, at the first meeting of the winter session, at “the Turner House,” Penarth.

THE STAGE.

MR. GILBERT'S NEW COMEDY.

THE piece calls itself a drama; but the young lady in Mr. Rutland Barrington's picturesque play-bill is taking down a volume labelled “*Modern Comedy*,” and in France the most serious adventures of the stage, do they but end happily, are known as “comedy,” so “comedy” Mr. Gilbert's piece shall be. Besides, quite apart from the graver interest of the play, its lighter scenes show genuine observation and genuine wit. They are in this respect entirely unlike the grotesque farce at which, simply by reason of its extravagance, we are expected by the commoner playwright to laugh heartily when they are sandwiched between scenes of stirring action or of more or less conventional emotion. Mr. Gilbert's new play is unquestionably faulty, and it is very interesting; and neither of the authorities as to whom we have been asked “Which is right?” can invite our full adhesion to his verdict. The piece bears some resemblance to one of Mr. Gilbert's own complex characters—“the infernal rascal who has done a very fine thing.” It has its weaknesses, its improbabilities: we don't very seriously respect, but we do distinctly like it.

The first act, which passes at Brunt's station in the Australian Bush, is both by time and place so much detached from the three acts which succeed it that it is somewhat in the nature of a prologue. It introduces us to hero and heroine—the one an heir to an old title and heavily mortgaged estates, the other the admirable daughter of an undesirable man—it makes us the witnesses of their pathetic separation, when the hero, Arthur Redmayne, is on the point of starting for England; and it includes a declaration of love made by a gentleman who wishes to be divorced to the heroine who is but privately married. But it is, of course, in the later acts that the chief action takes place. These pass either in Brantingham Hall or in the neighbouring house of one Mr. Thursby, a friendly man of wealth and of good feeling. There enters the aged Lord Saxmundham, in his ancestral house, a very youthful, very dainty, very sympathetic widow, who introduces herself as having been privately the wife of his son, Arthur Redmayne, now lost at sea. This lady, Ruth Redmayne—having been the recipient of a fortune—would willingly help her father-in-law in his difficulties. But he feels her too much a stranger to be indebted to her for assistance, and, after a while, makes ready to leave his old home. It is Ralph Crampton, the complex character who made love to Ruth in Australia, who holds the mortgage on Lord Saxmundham's property; and he, having already been once minded to relent, will relent again if Ruth will but be his wife.

She has never cared for him, she does not care for him now, but she makes momentary signs of acquiescence in his wishes; and then, instead of allowing him to spare the aged nobleman, she invents suddenly a story of her having never been married, and of the fortune which Arthur Redmayne had been able to leave her being really the property of his father as his heir. Genial Mr. Thursby—though he has the good grace to invite them, afterwards, to “kick him for having believed it”—does believe it for a little while. But a missionary from the Bush arrives in England and has tidings to break to Ruth; and they are the tidings that her husband is alive and is well, and the piece closes with the return of this young man, with renewed prosperity, at Brantingham Hall, and with the sincere regard which the young lady's constancy and magnanimity aroused in the somewhat turbid breast—may I say?—of Mr. Ralph Crampton. The notion that the ingenious young woman whom Miss Julia Neilson so prettily, and at some points so pathetically—almost so tragically—impersonates should invent and should be believed in the telling of her melodramatic story that she was mistress, instead of wife, seems to me a mistake. The marriage certificate—the copy of it rather—might well be a fraud; the last will and testament might easily have been forged; but these things would not have been done by the loveable and impulsive young person whose face is not her fortune, perhaps, but, at all events, her character.

I have left unconsidered an ingeniously constructed episode in which, for a time, at an earlier portion of the play, Lord Saxmundham believes himself to be in possession of the means whereby Mr. Crampton may be satisfactorily settled with. I must on no account leave unmentioned the rather slight, but perfectly genuine, comedy interest in which Mr. Gilbert discloses the mental condition of two delightful young lovers—an Eton boy, who is a younger son of Lord Saxmundham's, and a certain naive and winning Mabel, who is the daughter of genial Mr. Thursby. The Eton boy teaches his sweetheart politics. He is a Radical of an advanced type—chivalrous to the last degree, but quite hopelessly ignorant. And the dialogue which passes between these charming young people, in whom the last wisdom of the day is supposed to be suitably enshrined, seems to show that Mr. Gilbert still cherishes his ancient superstition that hearts as pure and fair may beat in Grosvenor Square as in the Seven Dials itself. Like Mr. Balfour, he will not altogether abandon the notion that even the rich are God's creatures.

The piece, then—though faulty—is unquestionably interesting and valuable. It is not turned out to order. It is the work of an original and independent mind, and, in its style, there is the ring of the true metal. “*Brantingham Hall*” is well mounted—that goes without saying. It is more to the point to say that it is excellently acted by nearly all of the performers concerned. Miss Julia Neilson, on whom the weight of the piece's serious interest really falls, is, indeed, very evidently a lady of but small experience—the pupil does not seem able, at all moments, to free herself from the fetters of the lesson. But it is clear that she has intelligence, and

more than intelligence—sensitivity; clear that she has what is—let us thank heaven!—the not very rare gift of distinct good looks, together with the invaluable dower of a rich and sympathetic voice. She is very far from perfect, but she is exceedingly promising. The most telling part, next to here, is that of the aged peer; and Lord Saxmundham is represented by Mr. Nutoombe Gould with personal gifts, which are the actor's own, and with a great discretion in his art. Ralph Crampton, with a certain tendency to villainy—albeit not infrequently almost persuaded to be an honest gentleman—is acted with earnestness and flexibility by Mr. Lewis Waller; and the character itself, it is pleasant to recollect, has more human nature in it than the polished ruffians whom the playwright has been wont to create for Mr. Willard. Mr. William Herbert looks manly and devoted as Arthur Redmayne. Mr. Norman Forbes gives us a good character-sketch of an eccentric enthusiast, the missionary in the Bush; and from Mr. Gilbert Trent we have a suitable stage solicitor, with the obvious caution and quaintness of manner which are supposed to imply profound responsibility and endless legal lore. Mr. Rutland Barrington gives the charm of combined heartiness and gentleness to his Mr. Thursby. The character gives him far less scope than his last—the wicked Dean. But it is played convincingly and with extreme neatness; and what an admirable precedent the manager sets who does not choose a comedy that he may make an effect in it himself, but is content to add at what point he may to the completeness of the cast! With great dignity and reasonable feeling does Mrs. Gaston Murray look and speak in the part of Lady Saxmundham. And Miss Rose Norreys, as Mabel, is again—what she must always be—a child of nature. Nothing could be better than the simplicity of Miss Norreys's pathos, unless it be indeed the seeming unconsciousness of her humour.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. HENRY A. JONES's new comedy, which will be brought out at the Haymarket before the new year is far advanced, is already looked forward to with interest. While the satirical and humorous elements have by no means been neglected, the serious and sympathetic portion will be of perhaps unusual strength; and Mr. Beerbohm Tree will, no doubt, make a sufficiently striking presentment of the bourgeois character who dominates the play.

"The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy" is coming back to town next week. It will be presented this time five afternoons a week, at the Opera Comique again, under the supervision of Mrs. Kendal. There will be a very strong cast. That amazing young lady, little Vera Beringer, will, of course, be the little lord. In place of Mr. Alfred Bishop and Miss Winifred Emery, who were the earlier impersonators of the Earl and Mrs. Errol, we shall have Mr. C. W. Somerset, who has already been playing with the company in the provinces—and who was likewise in the other version—and Miss Mary Bourke, whose profoundly womanly performance was beheld at the West End in the spring. Mr. Girardot, Mr. G. Canninge, Miss Fanny Brough, and Miss Helen Leigh will also be in the cast.

We hear that Mrs. Oscar Beringer intends to revive her drama of "Tares," in an evening

bill, some time after Christmas. Mr. Forbes Robertson will be the Nigel Chester, and Miss Kate Rorke the Margaret.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

DR. PARRY's Oratorio "Judith" was performed for the first time in London at the Novello Concert last Thursday week. Since the Birmingham Festival, the composer has revised his work and struck out several numbers from the second act. The Oratorio is thereby greatly improved, though the first act still remains by far the stronger of the two. The Novello choir sang with brilliancy and fire, and the fine "Moloch" music roused the enthusiasm of the audience. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Mdm. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Plunket Greene, all of whom were at their best. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie conducted with great care, but some of the movements were taken at a slower rate than at Birmingham. Dr. Parry must have been pleased with the cordial reception, or rather receptions, given to him, and the success of his work will encourage him in his future efforts.

Mr. J. Dykes gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Prince's Hall, on Friday afternoon, December 7. His rendering of Bach's Organ Fugue in A minor was firm and exact; and there was but little fault to find with his reading of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 27, No. 1)—a charming work thrown into the shade, however, by its companion in C sharp minor, better known as the "Moonlight." In the Schumann Fantaisie (Op. 17), Mr. Dykes played with care and discretion; but he was not always able to do what is so necessary for full enjoyment of this fine piece—i.e., to make us forget its difficulties of execution. In Chopin's A flat Polonaise, the pianist displayed technical skill. The programme included also pieces by Raff and Liszt.

At the Palace Concert, the last which Mr. Manns will conduct before Christmas, Mr. Hamish McCunn's Choral Ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," was repeated with immense success. The programme included Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Mr. F. Praeger's symphonic prelude to "Manfred" (last heard in 1880), the overture to the "Yeomen of the Guard," and a Wieniawski Violin Concerto brilliantly interpreted by M. Marsick.

Mdm. Essipoff played two short solos at the Monday Popular Concert—an Air from Gluck's "Orphée" and a Scarlatti "Caprice"—with charm and delicacy. After being summoned four times to the platform, she gave a short solo by Paderewski. One can scarcely blame her, since the public would not cease from troubling; but it is to be hoped that for the future the artists will be firm in refusal, and then that inartistic institution—the encore—will soon be abolished, at any rate at these concerts. Mdm. Essipoff also took part in Rubinstein's Trio in B flat; but this is a work which for its due effect not only requires the dash but also the wonderful gradations of tone of the pianist composer. The programme concluded with Saint-Saens's Variations on a Theme by Beethoven for two pianofortes (Mdmes. Essipoff and Bloomfield). Mr. Thorndike sang with taste Mr. G. Cobb's graceful "Spanish Lullaby," with cello obligato (Signor Piatti), and songs by Lassen. M. Straus, in the absence of Lady Hallé, led Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41, No. 1).

Mr. Henschel gave his fourth concert on Tuesday December 11, being the anniversary of Berlioz's birthday. The Hungarian March from "Faust" and the "Harold" Symphony were included in the programme. The French

composer would have probably described the latter work as half-performed. Mr. Henschel's intentions were excellent, and there was enough good playing to interest anyone unacquainted with the Symphony, but not to satisfy those to whom the score is familiar. Mr. E. Kreuz, Royal College pupil, took the solo viola, and played very creditably, though, at times, he might have been more careful with his phrasing. Mdm. Essipoff gave a dashing and brilliant performance of Saint-Saens's show Pianoforte Concerto in G minor.

The second Patti Concert took place on the same evening at the Albert Hall. The prima donna, fresh from her brilliant success in Paris, attracted an immense audience. Every time she appeared, she was listened to with breathless attention, and had to sing many more songs than were set down for her in the programme. Indeed, the "Ave Maria" of Gounod was repeated, and even then the public were not satisfied until they had heard "Home, sweet Home." Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley took part in the concert, the former singing with Mdm. Patti "Tornami a dor," from "Don Pasquale." Miss Kissler, a violinist, was very successful. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

Mdm. Essipoff gave her third and last recital at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme consisted, for the most part, of short solos, in which the lady had little difficulty in charming her audience. Mdm. Essipoff is an admirable interpreter of the Liszt transcriptions of Schubert, of the Russian composers, Leschetizky and Paderewski, and of Chopin. Her first piece was Schumann's "Fantaisie" (Op. 17), but her reading of it failed to please us. A certain sentimentality, very well in certain pieces of Chopin, is out of place in Schumann; and noise is not always a satisfactory substitute for fulness of tone. Mdm. Essipoff, too, takes many liberties with the text.

Herr Waldemar Meyer gave his second Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme commenced with Goetz's beautiful Symphony in F, which was well rendered under the direction of Dr. Stanford. After this came Dr. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto. Herr Meyer, a pupil of Joachim, has excellent fingers, and plays with great intelligence; but his tone is not brilliant, and he lacks enthusiasm. The work was conducted by the composer. The second part of the programme included Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and a Concert Overture by Dr. Stanford, entitled "Queen of the Seas," composed for the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. One theme represents the English and another the Spaniards; further, a Psalm tune, from John Day's *Book of Psalms* (1563), is introduced. Like most *pièces de circonstance*, this Overture shows more skill than inspiration. It was well played, with the composer at the conductor's desk.

On the same evening, the Heckmann Quartet gave their second and last concert at the Prince's Hall. The programme included Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, Beethoven's Sonata in D, for piano and cello (Op. 102, No. 2), the same composer's great and seldom heard Quartet, in A minor, with the famous movement of thanksgiving to the Divinity, and some pianoforte solos played by Mdm. Haas.

Another interesting concert took place the same evening at Gresham Hall, Brixton, the last of a series of three, in which Brahms's Sextet in B flat was performed by Mr. W. H. Hann, the well-known viola player, and his five sons. Such an event is quite unique, and therefore deserves to be recorded. The sons have been all well trained, and are accomplished artists.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

No. 868, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

The Economic Interpretation of History. Lectures delivered in Worcester College Hall, Oxford, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Fisher Unwin.)

KINDLY teachers in the time of Horace used to give cakes to their youthful pupils, to induce them to study the rudiments. The classical practice, which in its literal sense survives only in the "penny dinners" of the modern philanthropist, is metaphorically maintained at Oxford. The professor of political economy attracts his hearers to that severe study by the offer of intellectual cakes highly seasoned and hot i' the mouth. Whoever relishes sarcastic wit will find here a rich feast. The historian of prices is not a mere statistician. He is also the imitator of Horace and Juvenal. He has a satirist's interest in human character and *quisquid agunt homines*. He paints in glaring colours crime and folly. Napoleon is "that idol of idiots . . . a clever Italian of the fifteenth-century type, that depicted by Machiavelli." Henry VIII. is "the Vitellius and Nero of English history." If the history of the Amsterdam Bank is narrated, the historian cannot state the fact that, when the French invaded Holland in 1795, the cellars of the bank were found empty, without hinting that the revolutionary soldiers "perhaps expected the reward of patriots in the cellars of the bank." Some of the general reflections on human failings are worthy of Adam Smith, but there is an element of jocosity which the older economists would not have admitted. The beginning of the following passage is effective; the end diminishes the impression of seriousness:

"'Homo homini lupus,' said Plautus, perhaps Demophilus, from whom he borrowed the *Asinari*. This is the comment in which the historical relations of man to man have been, in the practice of life, and by the observation of publicists, condensed. You will notice that the aphorism is universal. It is not directed against the selfish spirit of competition, or the arid cynicism of the metaphysical economist, or the tyranny of capital, or the aggression of labour, but against the dangers of civil society, the risks which communities and individuals incur from fraud or force or a combination of both. It applies to monarchs who, like Philip II., or Louis XIV., or Napoleon, aimed at universal empire, and to vikings, pirates, buccaneers, and heroes generally. . . . The economist is constrained to identify too often the hero with the burglar, the minister of religion with the buccaneer. In point of fact the two who have in past times accepted the alternate occupation have also, with a clear knowledge of the fact, been mentioned with eulogy in their own generation, and have had the benefit of some contemporary Smiles."

The allusion in the last sentence is to cer-

tain divines who in earlier life, according to the author, had followed the "lucrative and invigorating business" of piracy.

Many are the sly hits against the institutions of the university in which these lectures were delivered. Thus, *apropos* of the statistics of the unemployed, the lecturer says:

"They are not yet forthcoming except in so far as I obtained a Parliamentary return of the Oxford and Cambridge professors."

Alluding to the social effect of religious movements, he says:

"I have always regretted that in this place the authorised instructor in ecclesiastical history rarely travels beyond the first four centuries of our era, and, as far as I can learn, rarely gives a satisfactory exposition of what occurred in that time."

He complains of having

"suffered the ordinary fate of those who are more far-sighted than the people among whom they live—no great feat here."

Individuals are not more safe from these sallies than corporations and classes. Prof. Rogers differs on the theory of international trade from a gentleman who happens at one time of his life to have been engaged in an occupation not affording any special opportunity for the study of political economy. The lecturer enlivens the discussion by continual references to the "ancient calling" of his opponent. We are reminded of Demosthenes harping upon the antecedents of Aeschines.

But we must turn from these amenities of classical wit in order to consider the solid contents of the volume. Prof. Rogers's contributions to science may be arranged under the following four headings: facts new or newly attested, original inferences from historical facts, economic laws propounded or illustrated, and directions concerning the logical method of political economy. In bringing to light the economic facts of bygone ages, Prof. Rogers has performed a service universally admitted to be of the highest order. He may justly boast that he is "the only person who has examined rents historically," having studied the history of the same estates in some cases for more than six centuries. It may truly be asserted that he has often given more information about English prices for a single year than all other historians put together have given for a century. Only those who appreciate his literary facility can fully estimate the obligation under which he has put the public by consenting to spend so many years on this heavy task, where style and fancy have so little play. The results of his extracted labour, the precious ore from the dim and dusty mines which he has explored, are stored up elsewhere. Here we have only certain selected specimens which have been already worked up into theory. We might instance as of great economic interest the facts that after the Great Plague the increase of women's wages was much greater than the corresponding increase of men's wages; that at a later period the wages actually paid by employers frequently exceeded the assessment made by the justices.

The interpretation rather than the construction of history is the object of this volume. Prof. Rogers's extensive knowledge and high power of intellectual combination

enable him to trace causal connexions between facts at first sight distant from each other. Thus, the sudden and enormous rise of price in all Eastern products early in the sixteenth century is ascribed to the conquest of Egypt by Selim I. Similar ingenuity is shown in tracing the social effects of religious movements. The textile manufactures and opulence of Norfolk in the latter half of the fourteenth and in the fifteenth century are connected with the religious and social tenets of the Lollards, which had been infused into the minds of the weavers and farmers. A masterpiece of deductive reasoning occurs in the seventh lecture, where an estimate of the early population of England is constructed from several detached pieces of information. Some of the conclusions are very sweeping, as that the English race down to recent times has been among the stupidest and least inventive. "The unparalleled backwardness of the English intelligence" prevented the improvement of the textile industry. Here, again, is a round statement: "This, however, is perfectly certain—the landowners of the eighteenth century made the British farmer the best agriculturist in the world; the landowners of the nineteenth have beggared him." These are subjects on which few critics are competent to measure their own opinion with that of so learned an economist as Prof. Rogers. The only feeling of diffidence which we should venture to express is excited by the author's confidence. One may notice in his historical writing what is remarked by Bagehot of Macaulay—an absence of the shades of probability. There is a uniform glare of certitude. Now a very delicate balance of probability, a complete absence of *parti pris*, a "truth in the inward parts," must be ascribed to the historian, if the reader, who is not able himself to go over all the original evidence in detail, is to accept the author's generalisations. Comprehensive statements about classes may be compared to those generic photographs of which Mr. Galton is so fond. It may happen that, if the instrument is imperfect, or improperly handled, some one prominent object will have unduly impressed its particular features on the portrait which purports to be composite. Instead of a genus, we obtain only an individual. May not the buccaneer clergymen to whom our author recurs with such complacency, and other exceptional instances, have unduly affected some of his type-portraits? Prof. Rogers differs from Mr. Gladstone as to the alleged beggarly and sordid condition of the clergy in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century. Which of these great minds is least likely to fasten selectively on the instances favourable to its own prepossession?

Prof. Rogers's extensive historical knowledge supplies him with striking illustrations of received economical principles. The mere theorist assents to the proposition that "high prices do not make high wages"; but he may not be so ready with a shining instance as the interpreter of history, who tells us that in the seventeenth century wheat rose twice as much per cent. as labour, or that at the end of the eighteenth century farmers were getting 150s. for a quarter of wheat, while agricultural wages were at

seven shillings a week. We are all familiar with the law of demand and supply. But our grasp of the principle is strengthened when we learn the exact facts as to the rise of wages after the Great Plague, or that in recorded experience wheat has not risen higher than five times above its average price. It is not to be supposed that illustrations of received laws form Prof. Rogers's only contributions to economic theory. His analogy between trades unions and joint stock companies is original and important. Perhaps he would have done well to have dwelt upon the differences as well as the likenesses between these institutions. A more serious criticism is that in economical, as well as in what we have called historical, inference, the author may seem not sufficiently to discriminate the degrees of evidence. Derivative laws and applications are surely not on the same level of certainty as first principles. Yet this is how our author criticises Mill's well-known statement that

"the only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protective duties may be defensible is when they are imposed temporarily (especially on a young and rising nation) in hopes of naturalising a foreign industry"; and so forth.

"Perhaps," says Prof. Rogers, "there is no passage in any work which exhibits so much ignorance of human nature, and so much ignorance of facts. . . . The fact is the whole passage is metaphysics, mere political economy, very bad metaphysics, and no political economy at all."

In further illustration of our general criticism, consider the interesting law propounded in the first and twelfth lectures, that

"whenever a scarcity occurs in any necessary agent or product, the rise among the severally related forms of the service or product is always greatest in that which had hitherto been the lowest."

Prof. Rogers gives some striking instances of this law. It appears to us that to prove such a generalisation there are required reasons as well as examples.

This remark leads up to our last topic—Prof. Rogers's views about the method of political economy. He denounces in scathing terms the "metaphysical" or "psychological" method. He thunders against Ricardo and the Ricardians. Macculloch is "a demented Ricardian"; "one whose opinions were never of much consequence, and now are of none." The Ricardian theory of rent is referred to as "so exceedingly incorrect and so transcendently mischievous." Prof. Rogers directs his attack against the unfortunate phrase "indestructible powers of the soil." He repudiates "a theory which assigns a providential origin of rent," comparing this theory to the divine origin once claimed for tithes. Perhaps these protests may have been required a generation ago. But we imagine that most contemporary economists will feel their withers unwrung. Indeed, it is not easy to extract any general principle from our author's vague denunciation of "economists"; except that they have all, with one exception, gone astray. His logical doctrine seems to be of the same exclusive species as David Deans's theology. Some one once said to a female theologian of this type, "I suppose you think you and

your husband are the only persons certain of salvation?" "I'm na that sure o' John," was the reply. The reader may care to know who John is in the case before us. Our author writes with his usual vigour:

"The student, who is anxious to go beyond the common matters of text-books and manuals, will learn more and better political economy from Mr. Giffen's essays than he would if he browsed for ever on the thorns and thistles of abstract political economy."

But this unusual praise is tempered with the remark that

"the range of Mr. Giffen's speculations is not wide, and in some investigations which he has made he has not, I am confident, gone far enough back in his researches."

We regret that Prof. Rogers has lent the weight of his considerable authority to those who disparage the function of theory in political economy. In his case this attitude towards the older economists cannot be explained by an inaptitude for abstract reasoning. His masculine intellect grasps firmly and wields effectively the organon which has been constructed by Adam Smith and his successors. What more could any sensible advocate of theory require than the following admission?—

"There are parts of economic theory in which the relation of the parts is so obvious, so intimate, and so inevitable, that they may be proved apart from facts, just as there are relations of numbers and plane figures which can be proved to exist without the concrete objects which illustrate those numbers, and the actual surfaces whose relations are capable of a practical test. But, for all that, the abstract is always the better for the concrete, the principle for the fact which demonstrates the principle."

The writer is introducing the stock arguments against protection. Indeed, Prof. Rogers makes a peculiarly bold use of economic theory when he employs it, not only to interpret the present and forecast the future, but also to reconstruct the past. Thus he infers from the high rate of wages after the famines in the early part of the fourteenth century that there must have been a considerable loss of life.

"This is told us, indeed, by the chroniclers of the age; but there is a stronger proof than their narrative supplies, for the rate of wages rose 10 per cent. after the occurrence of the calamity."

Again, he infers from the exceptionally low price of glass and paper that improvements must have taken place in those industries—"A proof," he says, "which no direct testimony would strengthen." So again "There was beyond question then, for the evidence of prices is conclusive on the subject, a regular outflow of English silver." . . . From these extracts it will be evident that there is no real quarrel in respect of economic method between Prof. Rogers and the accredited contemporary economists. They can only complain that his precepts should not be so good as his practice, that he should retard by controversial petulance the science which he has advanced by his immense energy and splendid talents.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

Grass of Parnassus: Rhymes Old and New.
By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

ONE's duty with regard to this volume is rather that of gratitude than criticism—gratitude generally on behalf of all who may care for a fairly representative collection of Mr. Lang's serious verse, and particularly on behalf of those unhappy persons who do not possess the *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*.

The volume, I have hinted, is a serious one. There is not a single ballade between its covers, nor any "other toys of that sort" whatsoever. So runs the cruel phrase by which in a brief prefatory note Mr. Lang refers to such of his former work as that "dainty troop of thirty-two." Can those melancholy rumours after all be true that Mr. Lang is never again to write a ballade? If so it will be no small grudge we shall owe to certain troublesome mongers of "the forms" of whom we have heard. There is, however, no good in meeting trouble; and I, for my part, not believing in Mr. Lang's power to keep his threat, am grateful for the passing mood which has gathered for us these "Rhymes Old and New." The majority of the old come from the *Old France* volume, almost all the original poems therein being here reprinted; of the remainder, some are to be found in the *Transatlantic Ballades and Verses Vain*, while a few others will be known to readers of *Harper's*, callers in "At the Sign of the Ship," and generally

"to those
Who take in the high-class magazines."

Mr. Lang is so nearly ubiquitous that no more positive statement would be safe, for who knows not in what unlikely footnote he has ere now been found modestly lurking?

Probably the best things in this volume are among these reprinted verses. One meets again with many an old love and misses two or three, while one also feels that the selections from the *Old France* translations might have been more generous. At the same time there is enough out of the earlier volume to make easier the lot of that man who owns it not. The sweet "Hesperothen" songs, the fairy "Sunset of Watteau," "Colinette," "Sylvie et Aurélie," the "Two Sonnets of the Sirens," are all here; and surely it were ill if "Good-bye" were missing—finest, methinks, of all Mr. Lang's lyrics, to parallel which one would certainly have to run the risk of fulsome and mention a very fragrant seventeenth-century name. Others of the old, but of more recent acquaintance, are the "Review in Rhyme" of *At the Sign of the Lyre*, quite in Mr. Dobson's own manner; and those two charming expressions of another of Mr. Lang's latterday moods—the mood of that "jaded literary person" to whom, we have been recently told, Mr. Haggard's novels are so refreshing—"Pen and Ink" and "Martian in Town." Saving the well-known *Punch* sonnet on Colonel Burnaby, the little section of vigorous verse, with which the volume opens, called "Deeds of Men," and having Gordon mainly for its theme, would seem to be quite new. It is appropriately sub-dedicated (so to say) to Colonel Ian Hamilton. The longest of the apparently quite new things is a poem "To Rhodocleia [Rufinus's Love] on her Melancholy Singing"—a sweet example of the modern honey-comb rhyme, which, however,

many of our lutists can build as well as Mr. Lang, though none, perhaps, better. But the poem which seems to me finest among the new is greatly more racy of the soil. This is "Clevedon Church, in Memoriam H. B." If it has been printed before it has escaped my notice; and in any case it will be well to copy it here:

"Westward I watch the low green hills of Wales,
The low sky silver grey;
The turbid Channel, with the wandering sails,
Moans through the winter day.

"There is no colour but one ashen light
On tower and lonely tree,
The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea.

"But there hath he that woke the sleepless Love
Slept through these fifty years,
There is the grave that has been wept above
With more than mortal tears.

"And far below I hear the Channel sweep
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must
keep
Its monotone of pain.

"Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies
My heart flits forth from these
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,
Back to the northern seas.

"And, lo! the long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster grey,
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.

"And I remember me how twain were one
Beside that ocean dim,
I count the years passed over since the sun
That lights me looked on him,

"And dreaming of the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again;
Far, far below, I hear the Channel sweep
And all its waves complain."

Surely pictures like that in lines three and four come rarely to refresh us. And such of Mr. Lang's poems are the genuine *Grass of Parnassus*—a title at which it will be well to look a moment, for it is a triumph in its way. To win beauty at this time of day from a name so besotted of the poetaster as Parnassus was no small achievement, and it surely affords very cheering assurance that no vulgarisation is proof against the alchemy of taste; but Mr. Lang's title is still more successful as a symbol. Unlike the usual "Handfuls" and "Garlands," it is not merely a label, but has a real significance in relation to his verse—fanciful, of course, but what are such titles, if not? For the benefit of those who know it not Mr. Lang sings of his flower in a pleasant opening sonnet—

"Pale star that by the lochs of Galloway,
In wet, green places, 'twixt the depth and height,
Doth keep thine hour while Autumn ebbs
away . . ."

and further tells in his prefatory note how "it grows at the foot of the Muses' Hill, not at the top by any means." If Mr. Lang had not impressed that I should not have mentioned it, but have rather laid stress on other characteristics which he leaves unnoted. A popular "Botany" being at hand, I find therein that *Parnassia Palustris* is the only British species of the order of Parnassiae, that it grows principally in the North, is an exceedingly elegant plant, with solitary cream-coloured flower, beautifully veined; perennial. It is hardly necessary for me to work out the parallels; but I will add that,

having regard to a certain "brotherhood in song," a further remark of the learned botanist is surely not without significance. "By some botanists," says he, "it is placed in the same order with *Hypericum*, but with questionable propriety."

There are, of course, many other charming things in this volume I may well leave others to discover; for Mr. Lang's verses, unlike those of "less happier" men, do not rely for readers on copious extracts in reviews. And one is glad to find among the translations reprints of those dainty bits of Greek rendering for which not long ago we had to thank the *Fortnightly Review*. But I must not forget to notice that Mr. Lang closes his volume with one of those little jokes of his which may well make one feel that his serious face all through has been but another of them. "The Last Chance" seems serious enough till we read it:

"Within the streams, Pausanias saith,
That down Cocytus valley flow,
Girdling the grey domain of Death,
The spectral fishes come and go;
The ghosts of trout flit to and fro.
Persephone, fulfil my wish,
And grant that in the shades below
My ghost may land the ghosts of fish."

Beneath this verse are printed six lines of Greek, which, I am informed, tell the same story and breathe the same prayer; but whether the English be indebted to the Greek or *vice versa* there is no deposition. But the Greek bears the initials "L. C." for signature, which, perhaps, go some way towards elucidation, inevitably suggesting as they do the collusion with Mr. Lang of a certain north country professor, who after all need not be nameless. It would, indeed, appear that Mr. Lang shares his "Last Chance" with Prof. Lewis Campbell.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

The Life and Opinions of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E. Edited by Lady MacGregor. (Blackwood.)

Few soldiers of the Queen fought better for England than the late General Sir Charles MacGregor. "He was the only man I ever met on service," a brother officer writes, "that I really believe *loved* fighting." Along with an iron frame and perfect constitution—only weakened by a succession of hardships that would have killed a regiment of ordinary mortals—he had inherited a genius for warfare and a hunger for battle that seemed never to be appeased. A few months after he joined the service, indeed, he thought of leaving it and becoming a banker; but the idea was quickly abandoned, and he soon saw clearly that the only career which could satisfy his ambition was the profession of arms. "I expect to become a general," the young subaltern wrote confidently in his diary, "not of first-rate ability, because I have not that in me, but, at all events, celebrated; and I don't expect to be buried at home, but somewhere out here I shall be killed in action."

He soon found what fighting was like, for not long after he reached India the storm of the Mutinies burst. His regiment was stationed at Ferozpur, in the Punjab; and, though the peace of the district was preserved by the

prompt energy of Major Marsden, one of John Lawrence's trusted lieutenants, young MacGregor was not long condemned to a life "so dull and unexciting that it would be a blessing to have a bit of a row with somebody." He was sent off to Delhi, and joined Hodson's Horse. He arrived, indeed, too late for the assault, but he was soon hard at work with a column formed to scour the country between the Ganges and the Jumna. In his first action with the enemy, Ensign MacGregor captured a gun from the rebels. He is described as a somewhat gloomy, ungenial boy—he was barely eighteen—in those days; but it only needed the whisper of a fight to rouse him. It used to be considered a capital joke in camp to look into the mess tent and say, "We shall be turned out directly, the enemy are coming on," just to see the effect on Ensign MacGregor. It was magical. His stern face shone with smiles, and he talked away quite merrily. He was badly wounded in a charge with Hodson's Horse, but it only kept him out of the saddle for a few weeks. Even at this early period of his career he was thinking over plans for the settlement of the Central Asian question. Abbott's *Ride to Khiva*, and Ferrier's *Caravan Journeys*, inspired him with a desire to go to Afghanistan and carve out a kingdom for himself with his own good sword, as he no doubt would have done fifty years earlier. All this while, and indeed up to the time of his last illness, MacGregor was sparing no effort to perfect himself in every soldierly accomplishment. He wanted to be the best cavalry officer in India. He was always learning something that would help to attain his ideal. A bold rider, a powerful and skilled swordsman, expert at all martial exercises, he was also a hard-working student; and perhaps no soldier ever lived who devoted himself, mind and body, with more ardent zeal to the military service of his country.

During the Mutiny campaign MacGregor was twice wounded, four times mentioned in despatches, and had taken part in about a score of actions with the enemy. He was now nineteen years old. His next campaign was in China, where he served with Fane's Horse, and was wounded once more on his twentieth birthday. The gallant charge he led was referred to by Lord Herbert, in moving a vote of thanks to Her Majesty's troops in China, as "an important achievement." Not long after his return to India he was appointed second in command of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, and was now well known at headquarters as an excellent officer whose opinion on all questions relating to native cavalry was worthy of the commander-in-chief's serious attention. In 1864 he went as brigade-major with the Bhutan field force, an expedition equipped to avenge a savage insult to a British envoy. During this campaign he was twice wounded. The unhealthiness of the climate brought on fever, which obliged him to come home for a change. The holiday, however, was a short one, for war was declared against Abyssinia, and MacGregor, now a captain, at once volunteered for service. He served in this campaign as assistant quartermaster-general.

The great work of MacGregor's life was now to take definite shape—the strenuous preparation for that struggle with Russia which

he firmly believed to be inevitable. Michael Skobelev for the Russians, and Charles MacGregor for us, both lived, strove, and died in the firm assurance that between the two great European powers who hold sway in Asia, sooner or later, must be fought out to the bitter end a conflict for the dominion of India, which will never cease till either Russia or England should be crippled and humiliated by some crushing defeat. Both men hoped to play a leading part in the struggle; both died prematurely, and not on a field of battle. Skobelev, before he died, had a better chance of winning glory than ever fell to the other's lot; but it is a question whether he or MacGregor was better fitted to lead men to victory in that war for Asiatic empire that seems no less inevitable now than when Skobelev ended his life indecorously after a wild carousal, and MacGregor succumbed to mortal disease in an hotel at Cairo. In 1868 MacGregor was chosen to write and compile a *Gazetteer of Central Asia*, and the work he did then was the foundation of all our official knowledge about the countries which lie between the British and Russian frontiers in Central Asia. This work, and an interval of special duty in the Bengal famine districts, are described in the last chapter of the first volume of his memoirs. Those who knew him personally are aware that an event occurred now which for many years embittered his whole life, and mainly impelled him perhaps to undertake the expeditions described in his books of travel. His *Journey through Khorasan and Wanderings in Biluchistan* show to readers who are unacquainted with his official writings what he could do with his pen. The first book would have been still more interesting had not the author's intention of visiting Herat and Merv been vetoed by Lord Northbrook. Had Col. MacGregor been allowed to carry out his well-conceived design, the delimitation of the Afghan boundary by a joint commission would never have been necessary, and possibly the last Afghan war might have been prevented. Lord Salisbury was prompt to see the value of MacGregor's explorations, and readily authorised his projected journey through Biluchistan. The situation in Central Asia now began to grow alarming, and MacGregor had a way of his own to settle it. Herat must be secured.

"The only plan I can see," he wrote in June, 1877, "is to send an officer in the direction of Herat, to push on, to feel his way, to see what can be done, to dare all that may be dared, and to give him *carte blanche* to do what he considers best to secure Herat."

Needless to say, MacGregor was eager to risk his own life in the enterprise. But nothing was done, and matters were allowed to drift till an English invasion of Afghanistan became a necessity, if British influence was to be of any weight south of the Oxus. In the Afghan war, Col. MacGregor served first as chief of the staff to Sir Sam. Browne, then as chief of the staff to Gen. Roberts, and on the famous march to Kandahar and at the battle which followed in command of a brigade. Most of the operations are described in extracts from his journal; and a more animated account of the two campaigns will be found nowhere. The journal, besides

being a generally accurate record of what happened, is a valuable commentary written by a most capable critic, one who, although he was often severe in his judgments, was seldom altogether unjust. He was filled with wrath at the successes of the enemy before Sherpur, and a characteristic anecdote is told of him.

"The defence of the headquarter gateway had been given to a certain senior officer who was a bit nervous. He went to Col. MacGregor and said—'Now I have done the best I can, but what shall I do if the enemy force their way into the gate in overwhelming numbers, as I have no reserve to fall back on?' 'Turn them out,' gruffly remarked the chief of the staff. 'Yes, of course,' said —, 'but if they are too strong for us?' 'Turn 'em out!' roared MacGregor, 'that's what you're for'; and no other answer would he give."

Gen. Roberts, too, was not always in the best of tempers in those days, as may be seen from a passage in MacGregor's diary.

"I wrote yesterday that surely a doctor would say the site for a cavalry camp was objectionable on health grounds, and sure enough a letter came to-day to that effect. Showed it to Roberts, and was delighted to hear him say, 'Tell him to go and be d—d.'"

Among other incidents, which are now, perhaps, recorded for the first time, is the scene in a durbar after the capture of Kabul. Just as the general's proclamation had been read, a cat appeared; and, as the hero of Kandahar has a mortal antipathy for cats, the function nearly ended, MacGregor writes, in a screaming farce.

But this book chiefly deserves to be read for the weighty opinions it contains on what must still be for all Englishmen one of the most urgent questions of the day—how can India best be defended against a Russian attack? No one will read MacGregor's "Life and Opinions" without feeling the deepest regret that this gallant soldier and clear-sighted strategist was not spared to give in council, and, if necessary, on the field of battle, the only answer which is compatible with the security of India and the dignity of England. What that answer is will be found written on every page of the memoir Lady MacGregor has so laboriously compiled—a memoir which, in spite of some blemishes, is no unfitting monument to her distinguished husband's memory.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

Rural Italy: an Account of the present Agricultural Condition of the Kingdom. By William Nelthorpe Beauclerk, Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service. (Bentley.)

EARLY in the perusal of this book we were struck by the great grasp of its subject which it displayed. It seemed to us most remarkable to find an Englishman so thoroughly acquainted with all the methods of agriculture, the varieties of land tenure, the conditions of population, of health, of taxation, throughout a country so complicated as Italy and so little known even to the Italians themselves. Moreover, this vast knowledge was arranged in excellent order, and set forth in a manner dry indeed, but admirably designed to convey the maximum of information in the minimum of space.

Here was a book, professing on its title-page to be written by an Englishman in the diplomatic service, which proved its author to be a statistician and economist of the highest ability; a book which explained the conditions of rural Italy to Englishmen with a certainty and mastery of facts which we had never met with before; a book of which, England might be proud, and from which the Italians themselves might learn much. But we remarked that Mr. Beauclerk, while stating facts and figures in a dogmatic way, very seldom gave any authority; the facts and figures, for all that the book told us, came to us on the authority of Mr. Beauclerk himself. For purposes of confrontation it occurred to us to take down the *Pubblicazioni della Giunta per l'Inchiesta Agraria*, with the *Proemio* and *Relazione Finale* of its distinguished president, Count Stefano Jacini. It immediately became evident that not only Mr. Beauclerk's facts, but the majority of his words and phrases, even down to the Latin quotation on p. 77, were taken, without any acknowledgment, directly from the proceedings of the Italian Commission. The commission is mentioned once only, and that incidentally, not as an authority which furnished the whole substance of this book; and Count Jacini's name never appears at all. It is true that on pp. 1 and 2 we find a passage quoted from Count Jacini's *Proemio* as "the opinion of many," and placed in inverted commas. But these commas are soon dropped, and the reader is left to suppose that Mr. Beauclerk is himself speaking, whereas he is translating often and condensing always from Count Jacini or some other member of the commission. Apart from the stupidity of such conduct—for anyone dealing with rural Italy must at once recall Count Jacini and his Commission, and the citation of such a source would have enhanced the value of the work—we cannot help regretting that an Englishman should have dealt so unfairly with his own public, and so ungenerously with his great Italian authorities.

Having discovered for ourselves that Mr. Beauclerk's book is partly a translation and partly a condensation of the Report of the *Inchiesta Agraria*, the book at once acquires a value which it could never have possessed as the work of Mr. Beauclerk. We most earnestly recommend it to all who desire to understand the true condition of rural Italy.

Count Jacini, whose name is famous as an economist, presided over the Commission which, for seven years, devoted itself to a thorough examination of the condition of agricultural Italy. Every province was submitted to a microscopic investigation. Its conditions of population, of climate, of health, of culture, of land tenure, of taxation, were, with infinite difficulty and patience, explored, and the results tabulated. It is a terrible picture of human misery that is presented to us. The position of the peasant seems as bad as it can be—insufficient food, a state of chronic hunger, unhealthy houses, malaria, *pelegrà*, miserably low wages. Nor is the condition of the soil as favourable as most people are inclined to think. Italy is not all a garden; indeed, Count Jacini's Commission proves that where it is most garden-like—in Lombardy, near Milan, where the land yields the highest values—this richness of production

is only created and maintained by a most costly system of irrigation, begun many centuries ago and persistently continued to this day. Tuscany is deposed from its place of pre-eminence in popular opinion; and perhaps the happiest districts are the Basilicata in the south, and the Basanese, with Marostica, in the north. Italy, Count Jacini tells us, is essentially the country of small estates. The *latifondi* of Sicily, of the ancient kingdom of Naples, and of the Campagna, are the result of natural causes. The scarcity of water, not for purposes of irrigation merely, but for human consumption, makes the places fit for human habitation few and far between. The chief causes which retard the progress of agriculture—especially in the south, where the land is capable of far greater production than it yields at present—are want of roads, want of water, owing to reckless destruction of forests, want of more intelligent systems of agriculture; and finally, but principally, want of capital. And this question of want of capital brings us to the central evil in the whole matter—the excessive and abnormal taxation of land. Land, we are told, bears burdens four times heavier than trades. Taxation ranges from thirty per cent. on the net income to sixty-four per cent.—the high-water mark which it touches in the Cremonese. Add to this excessive burden the fact that land in Italy is mortgaged to a perilous extent, and it becomes evident that proprietors who are fighting the wolf at the door have no margin left for improvements; and without improvements the value of their estates declines, their condition, and that of their peasants, goes from bad to worse.

What is the remedy for this state of things? It is very difficult to say; peculiarly difficult for a foreigner. Yet if one may venture an observation it would be this. Although the Chamber is the great spending and taxing machine, the Italians, as a people, seem to take little interest in its actions. They appear to be using a machinery which they have imported, not created for themselves—machinery which they only imperfectly understand. The Italians, as a rule, take far more interest in the doings of their Municipio than in the proceedings of their Parliament. They can usually tell you who their town councillors are, but frequently they neither know nor care who is the deputy for their college. The vast number of small communes and their rivalries absorb the larger part of the political activity of the nation. But unless the constituencies will awake to the necessity for controlling their members, how is the country ever to shake off this stifling burden of taxation applied chiefly to the unremunerative departments of war and marine?

HORATIO F. BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Spectre of the Camera. By Julian Hawthorne. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Bee-Man of Orn. By Frank R. Stockton. (Sampson Low.)

The Jewel Reputation. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

Agatha Page. By Isaac Henderson. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Witch of the Hills. By Florence Warden. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Albino. By Hartley Tamlyn. (Roper & Drowley.)

A Fair Emigrant. By Rosa Mulholland. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Guerre de Femmes. Par Charles Foley. (Paris: Cerf.)

THERE are few novelists of the present day who show such an exasperating inequality as Mr. Julian Hawthorne—an inequality all the more exasperating because it does not show itself between different books, but between different parts of the same book. Whether it comes from some natural defect, or from unwillingness to devote the requisite amount of pains to any one book, we know not. But, while we can hardly think of any one of Mr. Hawthorne's books which did not contain extremely good things, we can certainly not think of one (even *Archibald Malmaison*) which was quite good as a whole. *The Spectre of the Camera* is a fresh example. It is in part very good. The acquaintanceship of a certain set of American students in Dresden with a native family, consisting of an eccentric and rather uncanny professor, his beautiful sister Hildegard, and his not less beautiful stepmother Catalina; the jealousy of Catalina for Hildegard; certain dumb-show scenes where the "spectre of the camera" (*obscura*, not *photographica*) comes in; the machinations of the stepmother; their apparent success; their temporary defeat by the professor's white magic; and the catastrophe, which we shall not tell—these things and others supply all the necessary ingredients of a thrilling story. Yet, after a certain point, the interest seems to decline rather than to increase, and it finally (though the said catastrophe is striking enough in a way) tails off, or rather snaps off short, most unsatisfactorily. Part of the fault is, we think, due to the fancy which Mr. Hawthorne shares with other clever novelists of our day for a very dangerous practice—the practice of putting the narration in the mouth of a sort of half-spectator, half-actor in the scenes, who plays the part of reasonable and dispassionate chorus. Now, whether it be from agonising remembrances of youth or not, we always hate choruses, especially when they are reasonable and dispassionate.

Mr. Frank Stockton's collection of "fanciful tales" is, especially with a little good will, a pleasing book in general, and is sometimes very genuinely and distinctly funny in particular. "The bee-man of Orn," who was disturbed by scientific persons with enquiries why he was not something else, and why he was what he was; the amiable and self-sacrificing Griffin, who pined away partly in admiration of his own stone image, and partly because he wanted to eat a minor canon, and felt that the minor canon was too good to be eaten; the Queen's Museum of Comparative Buttonholes, in which her subjects could not take an interest; the King of the Mingled Sentiments, who (very properly imitated by his subjects) had so carefully avoided one-sidedness that he and they never could keep to anything; the Absolute Fool in "the Philopena" (Mr. Stockton does not apparently hold to the "Philippe-Philippine" version)

who strongly objected to having his hair pulled, even though the pulling saved his life—all these are good. There is sometimes a very strong savour of Lewis Carroll, and the savour at other times gets blended with a Mark Twainishness which does not improve it; but the fooling is good fooling on the whole. Its chief fault is that the morals are rather too obvious. We do not say that a fairy tale absolutely must not have a moral, but it should be very simple and very secondary. Mr. Stockton's morals, though not actually headed "moral," are complex and obtrusive.

A good many excellent persons will, we dare all but swear, like Mrs. Gowing's book; and who are we that we should find fault with what a good many excellent persons will like? At the same time (perhaps the addition is superfluous) we must say that we do not like it very much ourselves, no doubt because we are not excellent. The fortunes of Annie or Lilian Bell and Lady Rose de Vere have a certain amount of human interest. The good people (sometimes after due punishment for what they do when they are not good) are rewarded properly, and the bad people properly punished. The incidents of the story are varied enough, and its general conduct has a rather engaging *naïveté*. But how is one, unless one happens to be an excellent person, to read without the extremest discomfort a book which is written thus: "She esteemed the whole male sex as a mere appendage to, and only on a par with, the general paraphernalia of her surroundings"? Surroundings which have paraphernalia; paraphernalia possessing an appendage which is on a par with them; an appendage which is a whole sex: these things are too much for us. Also the book, as is not uncommon with the books of inexperienced novelists, wants to be subjected to a process of "thinning" as a hairdresser thins hair.

An Italian novel (that is a novel by some one who is not an Italian about Italy) always sends a kind of foreboding shudder through the critical reader's frame, and an Italian-American novel sends a shudder of double strength. It is, therefore, agreeable to confess that the reading of *Agatha Page* by no means bears out the evil promise of this premonitory symptom. Not that it is a book of the first class, but it has a certain distinct interest of central situation, and not a few of the scenes are well written and well arranged. It turns upon a sort of double revolution in the lives of two girl cousins—one purely Italian, the other English-American. As types, the two, Agatha and Mercede, are rather conventional, but the carrying out of them has a certain individuality. The situation, though not pushed to the same lengths, is a kind of reproduction of that of Amanda and Berinthia in *The Relapse*, with the additional complication that Mercede is not a widow but has a living husband who has behaved very badly to her. Time and the cholera save all; in what way it is not necessary to tell.

Miss Florence Warden's chief, if not her only, mistake in *A Witch of the Hills* has been that she has chosen a form of novel in which the often-discussed question of the incapacity of women to draw men is tried in the most perilous of all fashions. Her hero recounts

his history in his own person, and we are bound to say that he sometimes recounts it in a manner rather impossible to any male being. However, this is not so fatal as it may appear to be, for the tolerant and experienced reader can afford to allow for the difference. The situation is simple enough, but rapidly grows rather interesting. The hero, after coming into a not inconsiderable fortune, destroys his personal beauty by shooting himself accidentally in the face, is jilted by his betrothed, and for some years leads a half-hermit, half-nomad life. At last he accidentally meets with a pretty little girl, daughter of an actress rather ill-treated by her husband, and offers mother and daughter a shelter on some Highland property of his. Then the plot proper begins. It would be indecent to say how it goes on; but we think that the book, on the whole, is a distinct advance on Miss Warden's previous work. It may be said to enforce two morals. The first is the old one about Wilkes and the half hour, and is far too comforting to all persons not possessed of the gifts of Adonis or Narcissus not to be approved. The other is the still more excellent one that you should not try to play Providence. The whole book has, let us repeat, both interest and pathos, though, perhaps, it might have been shortened a little with advantage.

Whether Mr. Hartley Tamlyn is the first novelist who has chosen an Albino for his hero we know not; but we think he is almost the first who has enthroned the said hero on a tricycle. It is a bold experiment; indeed Mr. Tamlyn is altogether a little experimental. Does he really think that a live man says to a live girl, "But, my Hester, a truce to ourselves"; and that the girl answers, "It affrights me to recall it, Granville, but you shall hear all"? It is impossible for us to say that Mr. Tamlyn has not been actually privileged to move in circles where they talk like this; but we have not. And our absence of experience makes it difficult for us to criticise his book.

Miss Mulholland's work in verse and prose has always been of the kind which is, sometimes with a very unjust connotation of slight, called "pretty." For ourselves, we only wish there were not so much writing about, both in prose and verse, to which the epithet "pretty" is about the last that could be applied. *A Fair Emigrant* is a very agreeable book of its kind—in thoroughly good taste, not without a spice of adventure, and with more than a spice of pleasant humour. The "fair emigrant" reverses the usual proceeding. Eastward her course of emigrancy takes its way, and she comes back from America to Ireland not on dynamiting thoughts intent by any means, but inspired with the very laudable wish to clear her father's character. For Arthur Desmond was by no means like that personage of De Quincey's who awoke too late to a sense of the fatal incline on which he had entered by committing in his youth a murder, of which he did not think much at the time. Desmond did not commit it, and did think a great deal of it. How Bawn his daughter fared in her pilgrimage of filial piety to the Antrim glens may be read with great ease and pleasure.

M. Foley's *Guerre de Femmes* is exceedingly unlike that celebrated play of Scribe's which

its title recalls. Its sub-title, "Gens de Province," is of a kind which for many years past has been popular in France; but M. Foley, instead of attacking peasant life, as is the more usual way, has taken the professional and middle-class society of a garrison town (Cherbourg) for his scene and subject. The fortunes of Hélène de Norague, the fatherless daughter of a mother equally devoid of common-sense and motherly feeling, between her selfish young lover Didier de Saint Brix and her unselfish old lover Doctor Pétrus Dax (the virtuous hero in French nowadays must absolutely be either a brusque middle-aged doctor or a rather smug young civil engineer), are drawn with a good deal of freshness and vigour. Here and there there is a slight touch of the mere naturalist digression, not into the objectionable, but into the superfluous—into elaborate description of things that have nothing to do with the action, and do not even appreciably help the decoration. It is curious as a coincidence in the same batch of novels that Dr. Pétrus makes much the same error in trying to play unselfish Providence as the hero of *A Witch of the Hills*; but, instead of being punished at first for it, he is, though not without some risk of punishment, rewarded. The book is a distinctly good one, and need not be withheld, except on the extremest bread-and-butter theory, from any young person. We may add that it confirms previous testimony as to the spread of pugilism in French girls' schools. Happy is the nation that has a *mascula proles*, of whatever sex!

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GIFT-BOOKS.

John Standish; or, *The Harrowing of London*. By the Rev. E. Gilliat. With illustrations. (Seeley.) If any criticsasters are agog for a plagiary-hunt, we make bold to enlarge before the pack a good quarry—*The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot*, by Prof. Minto, and the present book. Both have for their subject the early years of King Richard II., and the rising of Wat Tyler; and both treat that subject with an abundant display of historical erudition. Each has for its hero a squire of Archbishop Simon, and for its heroine a lady of the Fair Maid of Kent; and each introduces us to the humours of Stourbridge fair, and a sermon by John Ball. But with so much in common, it would be difficult to conceive a more fundamental difference of treatment than that adopted by the two authors. Prof. Minto, having immersed himself in the contemporary chronicles, strove hard—and with a fair measure of success—to place before us the historical facts, under the guise of fiction. Mr. Gilliat has been more concerned to pick out the picturesque incidents, and to clothe his narrative in the language of the contemporary poets. The one may be a more valuable contribution to the study of history; the other is certainly a more vivid picture of the times. To drop the comparison, we must say that Mr. Gilliat has succeeded, to a degree we should not have thought possible, in bringing back to life the shadowy personage of the author of "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," and the more easily realisable Geoffrey Chaucer. He has even ventured not only to quote long passages from their poems, but also to make his characters speak in a vocabulary drawn therefrom, without making his pages unreadable. In short, we could recommend no more attractive introduction to the formative

period of English literature than this historical romance. The illustrations, too—which are reproduced in colour with a delicacy which only Messrs. Seeley seem able to attain—add much to the general impression of verisimilitude. On one point only do we hazard a word of remonstrance. With the result of Prof. Minto's researches in mind, we cannot feel that the political situation is adequately grasped, or that justice is done to the rebels. If any one wishes to know how the rising presents itself to the imagination of a modern poet, let him read the fragment of a prose epic which Mr. William Morris has entitled *A Dream of John Ball* (Reeves & Turner). There will be found an etching, as it were, of early English rural life, and an idealisation of the hedge preacher, both of which are needed to complement the laborious truthfulness of Prof. Minto and the literary mosaic of Mr. Gilliat.

The Astonishing History of Troy Town. By Q. (Cassell.) The author who still chooses to share with another the pseudonym of "Q," though his real name is now an open secret, has here set a good example to beginners in literature by adopting a different path to that by which he made his first reputation. If *Dead Man's Rock* was perhaps too reminiscent of *Treasure Island*, *The Astonishing History of Troy Town* is yet bolder in suggesting on almost every page the bourgeois caricatures, the exuberant fun, the farcical plot, and also other features of no less a predecessor than Charles Dickens. In these days, when a successful author thinks it no shame to repeat himself with damnable iteration, and to beat out his slender stock of materials to the breaking point, it is something to find a book crammed from the first page to the last with character, and incident, and wit. Always excepting the tale of the Wesleyan minister, which is lugged in *pessimo more magistri*, and some of the anecdotes of the Cornish Sam Weller, it is impossible not to be carried away by the flow of the writer's buoyancy, which is as catching as high spirits. We do not feel sure that "Q." has yet settled down to his final manner; but, whatever that may be, his two preludes have convinced us that he has in him the root of the matter—imagination combined with a genuine literary faculty. "Ce garçon là doit aller loin."

The White Man's Foot. By Grant Allen. With illustrations by J. Finnemore. (Hatchards.) After a Christmas surfeit of the literature of adventure, prepared for consumption by many a 'prentice or incompetent hand, none but honest reviewers know the delight experienced on reading only a few pages by a master in the craft. Not that we are disposed to overrate this little by-work of Mr. Grant Allen, written—it may be supposed—as a relief from graver studies. In substance, it is slight enough; and there seem to us certain weak points, both in general conception and in details. But it is much to be able to say truthfully that there is a dominant plan fairly well maintained from beginning to end, and that all the parts are consistent with the whole. The central subject is one that Mr. Grant Allen has handled before—the permanence of savage beliefs beneath a veneer of Christianity; and if the conviction produced is not so strong as in the tale of the missionary negro, the reason probably is that the author has here felt bound to overcrowd his canvas with such episodes as boys are supposed to desiderate. Above all do we admire his boldness in despatching a Queen's ship to the South Seas, in order to observe an eclipse of the — moon. The book is effectively illustrated, and very handsomely got up.

A Christmas Poem. By Mrs. Molesworth. With illustrations by Walter Crane. (Macmillan.) We fear that Mrs. Molesworth's most

devoted admirers—among whom we take leave to include ourselves—will be disposed to grumble at the disappointment she has prepared for them this Christmas. Her most popular stories—*Carrots* and *Herr Baby*—were not so very long that we can be content to accept from her as full measure eight tales within the compass of some two hundred pages. Most of these tales, though not the first of them, have for their subject the little boys and girls—generally naughty, or sub-naughty—whom Mrs. Molesworth has created; but we feel that their true character is scarcely revealed in a single episode, and that we should like to know how they would act under a greater variety of circumstances. None of them have made much impression upon us; or, rather, the slight impressions made have been effaced by the rapid succession. But we prefer “*Basil's Violin*” and “*The Blue Dwarfs*.” Mr. Walter Crane's pencil has lost none of its appropriateness as an illustrator of Mrs. Molesworth's children.

Ono of the Silver Hand. Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Sampson Low.) That Mr. Howard Pyle's illustrations are excellent is only what we were prepared to find; but we did not expect that his text would prove to deserve more than the faint praise which is due to the common run of stories of mediæval Germany, of which every Christmas season affords an ample crop. However, it seems—perhaps the fact may be better known in America than here—that Mr. Pyle can use the pen nearly as well as he does the pencil. He does not, indeed, display any more real knowledge of German history than the ordinary imitators of *La Motte Fouqué*; and his English is somewhat often faulty. But the originality and poetic grace of the story would make it delightful reading, even without the accompaniment of the author's striking woodcuts, to some of which we have found ourselves turning again and again with renewed pleasure. The printer has done his part of the work with a degree of tastefulness which is not very common either in American or English typography.

The Origin of Plum Pudding. With other Fairy Tales and a Little Burletta. By Frank Hudson. With illustrations by Gordon Browne. (Ward & Downey.) We have here four short fairy tales, cleverly and crisply told, with illustrations by one whom we have before now called the first artist of humorous subjects. For the “burletta” we do not much care. The book is handsomely printed, and the full-page plates are reproduced in colours by Mr. Edmund Evans.

Ernest Fairfield: or, Two Terms at St. Andrew's. By the Rev. A. N. Malan. (Frederick Warne.) Mr. Malan knows how to write for boys, and we can recommend his book as healthy, humorous, and instructive; for certainly no boy who has read it will forget the meaning of *popoi*, or stumble into the pitfall concealed beneath the word *tene*. Much as boys may dislike school, they love to read and talk about it; and in Ernest Fairfield they will recognise a familiar type—the good-hearted boy spoilt by a bad boy's influence. Is it not rather a pity that the writer should have given to his headmaster the name of one who occupies that position in real life at the present day? Of course, this is accidental, but it might be classed among preventable accidents.

Hugh Herbert's Inheritance. By Caroline Austin. (Blackie.) So far as print, paper, and binding are concerned, this gift-book is one of the most attractive which the season has produced. The illustrations, also, are of unusual excellence. As to the story, there is plenty of variety in it, and a good deal of stirring incident in connexion with the Indian Mutiny

and the Russian Nihilists; but the plot is somewhat involved, and two cruel uncles are more than one can bear.

Birdie: a Tale of Child-Life. By Harriet L. Child-Pemberton. Illustrated by H. W. Rainey. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) “*Lady Victoria wins*” is the title of the last chapter, but we are not sure that the victory was much credit to the stepmother. Birdie was no doubt a very obstinate little girl; and when children take a notion into their heads to the prejudice of an elder, especially if that elder be a step-mother, it may take some time to “live it down.” Birdie's feeling of loyalty to her dead mother was also one of those sentiments which Lady Victoria was quite right in respecting; but yet, if she had been half so charming as she is supposed to have been, we doubt if Birdie's resistance would have lasted so long or been of so determined a character. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and we should have been quite willing to take Birdie on trust if the author had not found it necessary to introduce such tremendous incidents in order to complete the conversion of the rebellious Birdie. The narrow escape of her little brother from drowning and his subsequent illness was surely quite enough without the death of Uncle Lion, Lady Victoria's younger brother. Lady Victoria's victory is too hardly won and is too little due to her own management. Nevertheless the story is charmingly written, and there will be a good many tears dropped over it this Christmas. The illustrations are also very good, and Birdie and Hubs are two of the most loveable children we have met for some time.

Three Greek Children. A Story of Home in Old Time. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. With Illustrations after Flaxman and the Antique. (Seeley.) Prof. Church, we apprehend, here writes for a somewhat younger audience than when he paraphrased those *Stories from Homer* which are now in their eighteenth thousand. But the children will be fortunate who receive from these pages their first knowledge of the social life of the ancient Greeks; for the author's touch has lost none of its lightness, nor have the publishers omitted to deck the book in attractive and appropriate dress. Nevertheless, we are of those who hold that Prof. Church is more successful when he finds his stories ready to his hand than when he has to invent them for himself. He was certainly well advised to return from the history of England to the old classics.

The Holiday Pranks of Dolly and Daisy. By the Author of “*Crib and Fly*.” (Seeley.) Dolly and Daisy are two pretty maids of whom we get very fond at once, although, at the end, we are not entirely sure which is which. They are cousins and quite young, full of fun and high spirits, so that, perhaps, there was not much to choose between them, except that one was a wonderful rider and could sit a terrible horse called “*Thunderer*”—it was Dolly, we think. The charm of the book consists in its naturalness. Everybody (especially the children) talk exactly as they would in real life. The fault of it is that there is no beginning or middle or end to it. It is a mere succession of “holiday pranks,” none of which leads to anything in particular. If the author of “*Crib and Fly*” ever tells us a real story, she will have no difficulty in interesting us in her characters.

Drawing-room Plays. By Lady Adelaide Cadogan. (Sampson Low.) On one occasion Garrick was present in a country house at a performance of “*Hamlet*.” On the conclusion of the play he was pressed to give his opinion of the acting. The great actor, after some hesitation, commended the manner in which the Players' King had played his part. Now this very minor part had been acted by a scene-

shifter of his own theatre. Whether Garrick was aware of this, history records not; but his preference of the humblest professional to the most accomplished amateur is a warning to the latter. Lady Adelaide Cadogan seems to have had this anecdote in mind when she selected and adapted these plays from the French. They are written for amateurs, being absolutely free from the enthusiasm and passion of tragedy and comedy. When we speak of them as farces, we are by no means blind to their merits. They are what they profess to be—short, amusing, unobjectionable in tone, and easy to act. Of the seven plays, “*Well Matched After All*” is the one that most nearly approaches the level of comedy; while “*Bric-a-Brac*” is perhaps the most entertaining. The success of “*Well Matched*” would greatly depend on the acting of Rooney, the old Irish servant. A good brogue is as refreshing in a drawing-room piece as sunshine in a landscape. It is very probable, however, that while “*Well Matched*” is the best comedy to read, “*How Happy could I be with Either?*” might prove the best to act. The scene in which Mr. Tremayne reads the *Queen* and the *Times* at the same time to Lady Susan and her niece would convulse the audience if acted with spirit. There is always an “if”; but we can say that Lady Adelaide's plays will repay time and trouble—the only royal road to good acting. We must not close this brief notice without a word of hearty commendation for the illustrations, by E. Z. Shute.

Terra-cotta Plays. By C. M. Prevost (Walter Smith & Innes.) Why “*terra-cotta*”? Because Mr. Austin Dobson wrote “*Proverbs in Porcelain*” and Mr. Andrew Lang followed suit with “*Ballades in Blue China*.” Probably we shall soon have “*Farces in Faience*” and “*Masques in Majolica*.” But what's in a name? These plays are good—good in dialogue, good in plot, and good to act. We affirm this, though we have never seen one of them acted, for they act themselves, so to speak, as you read them. In the “*White Cat*” Mr. Prevost has given quite a new version of the old tale, and made a very neat thing of it dramatically. All its scenes, and especially the last, would be sure to tell with the fitting actors. The language is just suited for delivery by young people, and full of points which any bright child could not fail to “make.” Some of them are in verse; and though the lines are often little better than doggerel, it is doggerel with a method, poor to read but good to speak, if due emphasis be given to the right words. Mr. Prevost has evidently the dramatic instinct, and could do greater things than these drawing-room comediettes, though he will scarcely do anything much better in their way.

In the City of Towers. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley.) Although we think that Mrs. Marshall has written better stories than this, there is much that is pleasant about it. To those who know Florence it will be no small attraction that the book has the streets of that beautiful city for a background, and that its pages are adorned with some pretty and faithful views of its towers and gardens. Nevertheless, we confess we got a little tired of it before we came to the end; for Adelaide is not a very interesting character, and it is difficult to feel any great anxiety as to whether she is to marry “*Percy*” or Mr. Lysaght.

By a Way She knew Not. By Margaret M. Robertson. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Those who spend their money in purchasing this Scotch story will, undoubtedly, get full value for it. In the first place, the volume is an unusually big one, and in the next the binding is pretty and the type good. Moreover, the writer has already given, in the popular story entitled *The Bairns*, sufficient proof of her

skill in delineating character and reproducing the homely scenes of domestic life. The present volume will not increase her reputation. But that which we regard as the least valuable part of the book—namely, the religious discussions—is, perhaps the part which among Scotch readers will be regarded with the greatest favour. We do not, for a moment, question the author's sincerity and high purpose, but we hold that—at any rate for children—examples of goodness are more likely to win their hearts than any amount of "goody" talk. It may be important to have right views about conversion; but they need not be obtruded upon the little folk, who are happily unconscious of their unconverted condition. Religious controversy can scarcely come too late in life.

Burnham Breaker. By Homer Greene. With Original Illustrations. (Frederick Warne.) This is a story, full of incident and intrigue, of which the scene is laid in Pennsylvania. A "breaker" is the name given to the buildings at the mouth of a coal shaft—Burnham being the proprietor and manager of the mine. When we are introduced to "John H. Sharpman, attorney-at-law," we know what to expect. There is plenty of plotting and counterplotting; but ultimately all comes right, and the long lost son of the mine-owner is discovered to be none other than the little lad who had been working in his unknown father's "breaker." Bachelor Billy is a sort of Uncle Tom, who is always on the side of mercy and kindness; and he will be a favourite with the boy-readers of this tale. The local colouring gives the book a distinctive character, and Rhyming Joe may be bracketed with Uncle Billy as American products.

Two Little Confederates. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Fisher Unwin.) This is a story of two boys in Virginia, and their endeavours to take part in the war. Their adventures, if not altogether probable, are amusing, and there is pathos as well as humour in the tale. The author has, so far as we can see, not said a word that is likely to offend any reader, whether of Northern or Southern sympathies. It is pleasant to observe in recent American writing on the war evidences of the wholesome feeling that whatever was admirable in the conduct of those who fought on either side is equally to the honour of the country as a whole. The book will, doubtless, be read eagerly by American boys; but we suspect that boys in this country will often find its allusions unintelligible.

The Mountain Kingdom: a Narrative of Adventure. By D. Lawson Johnstone. (Sampson Low.) This book is dedicated to M. Jules Verne; but the influence by which it is inspired is rather that of Mr. Rider Haggard. The inimitable French writer has more than one mood; but even in his less successful efforts the force of his imagination and the realism of his language impose upon our sober judgment. Mr. D. Lawson Johnstone we take to be a new writer, and he has still much to learn. We thank him for transferring the scene from Africa to the mountainous deserts north of Tibet, where the blanks in our map afford him the opportunity of peopling an unknown kingdom with the descendants of Alexander's warriors, and stocking it with the precious metals and gems. His descriptions of fighting and of sport cannot compare with those of Mr. Haggard, though he is to be commended for omitting alike love episodes and ill-timed jocularity. Where he chiefly fails is just where M. Jules Verne is strongest—in the picturesque reproduction of the geographical surroundings. Perhaps the artist is responsible for the absurd Himalayan *khad* on the cover; but the mules of Tibet, and also the deer, are the author's own invention. But, after all,

we have been sufficiently interested in the story to hope that he will yet do better things. He must read, however, as well as write.

Self-Exiled: a Story of the High Seas and East Africa. By J. A. Steuart. With illustrations by J. A. Schönberg. (Blackie.) Concerning this book, it seems enough to say that it is a compound of shipwreck, mutiny, piracy, slavedealing, African bloodthirstiness, and successful gold-seeking. Each several incident might by itself be credible; but the effect of the combination—upon one reader, at least—is to produce a nausea for the entire class of literature of which it forms part. The character of the villain, Fitzroy, is specially disgusting.

The Small House over the Water, and other Stories. By Mark Lemon. (Sampson Low.) It was, if we mistake not, in one of those Christmas numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, to which for many years the author of these collected stories contributed, that there occurred, in an answer to a charade, the punning line—

"Mark, Lemon's indispensable to Punch";

and now it may be said that *Punch* is indispensable to Mark Lemon, or, in other words, that what of his once wide reputation is left exists only in connexion with his editorship of that still famous periodical. For thirty years (as the title-page does not fail to inform us) he was editor of *Punch*, his connexion commencing in 1841 as joint-editor with Horace Mayhew, and ending with his death in 1870. Since then, despite the numerous novels and plays and articles he wrote, few successful writers of his time have been so seldom mentioned. We fear that this collection of his Christmas stories will do little to revive his buried reputation; but they will be welcome to many as a reminder of his genial personality, and may be read by others, or at least skimmed, with something of historical interest. They serve in many ways to show how the world has changed within the last thirty years. No one will laugh at the simple humour, or be affected by the mild sentiment of these artless tales; but their literary style—as of much-diluted Dickens—and the marionettes which serve for characters, have a certain old-fashioned charm which outlives their power of moving us deeply; and we like, or, at least, some of us will like, to be reminded of days when four-post bedsteads were common, and punch—not the comic weekly, but the liquor—was still sometimes brewed in polite society and tasted by fair lips.

Abbotenid, by C. E. M. (S. P. C. K.) exhibits some of the same weaknesses as *Adam Gorlake's Will* from the author's pen. It is too long, the plot is too spun out, and the reader's interest is dissipated over far too many characters. Had one's mind been allowed to concentrate on Hugh Stanniforth, the too conscientious hero, his deceiver Hollington Price, and his sister Gertrude, one could have conscientiously praised *Abbotenid*, for these three characters are lifelike. But there are so many Ethels, and Dicks, and Alans chattering around one in this story, that it is hardly possible to remember the leading characters—at all events as one ought to do. Hugh Stanniforth, moreover, preaches too much when out of the pulpit; and when engaged in conversation with his sister, he quotes Thomas à Kempis at unnecessary length. Most girls, and perhaps even most curates, will find *Abbotenid* prosy; but there are good things in it.

Hazell & Sons, Brewers. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.) There are brewers and brewers, and Messrs. Hazell & Sons is certainly not a first-rate firm.

Herbert Hazell "goes to the bad" in a very low and uninteresting manner. Hazell père takes to drinking, and the other son, Robert, though good, is a bore. It is doubtful whether or not the book is meant to show the curse of alcohol and the beneficent effects of teetotalism; but really it matters very little (from a literary point of view) which side of the question such stupid people take. The good Herbert is badly treated by his father without exciting our pity, marries the girl of his heart without rousing our sympathy, and acts in the noblest manner without striking a spark of our admiration. Robert marries the daughter of a billiard-room keeper, and the degradation affects us not at all. He reforms, and flourishes in a colony, and yet we do not care; and Mr. Hazell, senior, and his daughter go through a variety of experiences to which we are absolutely indifferent. On the whole, the effect of reading *Hazell & Sons, Brewers*, has been so depressing that we cannot conscientiously tempt any one to try it, especially if they have taken the pledge.

The Future Foretold, by the Author of "Higher and Higher" (S. P. C. K.), is a dexterous blending of all kinds of forecasting likely to be noticed and mused on by children. The erratic vaticinations of gipsies and forecasts of the weather share a community of interest with Old Testament prophecies. We are not quite certain that this extreme generalisation of foretold futures is altogether edifying.

Between the Lights (Burnet) is a collection of Fanny B. Bates's favourite passages in prose and verse from many authors, arranged in daily portions. There are many books like this that offer little sweetmeats (or pills) for the mind, though we fancy most people have their own favourite passages, and may not care for another's. But Miss Bates's seems one of the best of its kind. Interleaved, it would make a good birthday book.

Daisy's King (S. P. C. K.) is one of Esmé Stuart's little stories, which turns on the good influence a poor theatre child has on a young man well on the road to ruin through "cheerful evenings" spent in drinking and gambling. In the same book it is told how Mick Keverne, the daring Cornish smuggler, lost his life by turning aside to save a little child at the most exciting and critical moment in his flight from the "government chaps."

What will She do? By Julia Goddard. (S. P. C. K.) This is a story of a drunkard's reformation by means of the patience which his wife exercises not quite spontaneously. It is an interesting narrative, but presents no remarkable features.

Freemen or Slaves. By Ellen A. Bennett. (Nisbet.) Like the preceding, this is also a temperance story. Its construction, however, is lax, and the style rather slipshod. But the sketches are, unfortunately, only too close copies of scenes that may be witnessed in any of our manufacturing towns. While we have all possible respect and sympathy for the crusade carried on against our national vice, we must confess to a doubt whether the signing the pledge by a temperate man is practically so strong an argument with a habitual drunkard as is represented in this book, with others of the same class.

We have also received the following S. P. C. K. books: *Lessons on the Ten Commandments for Children*, by F. A. Mason—a book for Sunday School teachers, and as good as most of its kind; *The Children's Guest*, by A. A. Boodle; *Simple Lessons on Great Truths*, by E. M. Sargent; *Getting On*, by Mrs. Newman—which tells how and why, of two lads, one did, and the other did not, get on; and *An Idle Parting*, by Esmé Stuart.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the appeal recently issued by Lord Coleridge on behalf of the widow and daughter of Matthew Arnold has already resulted in the receipt of subscriptions amounting to about £7000.

MR. JOHN MURRAY will publish in January *The Speeches and Addresses of the Prince of Wales*, during the last twenty-five years, 1863-1888, edited by Dr. James Macaulay, with a portrait.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's new volume of poems, entitled *A Reading of Earth*, is published by Messrs. Macmillan this week; but we understand that copies will not be sent out for review.

MESSRS. BELL have in hand a new edition of Arthur Young's *Travels in France in 1787-9*, under the editorship of Miss Betham-Edwards, who has had the assistance of the present representatives of the author's family. The work will be included in "Bohn's Standard Library."

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON's *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories*, from the Persian Urdu, and Tamil, is now at press, and making such good progress that he expects to issue it to subscribers in February next. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained on application to the Editor, 233, Cambridge Street, Glasgow.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in January a story bearing the joint names of Mr. David Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray.

MESSRS. WATTS & Co. will publish immediately an abstract of portions of a correspondence on Creeds between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Samuel Laing. The correspondence was originated by Mr. Gladstone, who, in a letter to Mr. Laing, requested him to compile a short summary of the Negative Creed, or "body of negative propositions which have been so far adopted on the negative side as to be what the accepted creeds are on the positive." This Mr. Laing has done, and he has also added a summary of the reasons in support of his propositions.

THE next volume in the "Great Writers" Series will be a Life of Schiller, by Mr. W. H. Nevinson.

THE Rev. Francis Haslewood, Rector of St. Matthew's, Ipswich, and author of "Memorials of Smarden," and other antiquarian and genealogical works, has in the press a new illustrated volume—*Benenden, Kent: its Monuments and Vicars*, including a reprint of a rare pamphlet describing the destruction of the church by lightning in 1672, entitled "This Winter's Wonders." The book will contain copies of all the monumental inscriptions, completely indexed, with some extracts from the registers, and pedigrees, which will make it additionally valuable to those interested in Kentish local history.

MR. ANDREW REID, of London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has in the press a novel by a new author, entitled *A Modern Resurrection*.

THAT the rage for cheap literature has not driven expensive books out of the market, is evident from the demand for Mr. Harper's *Walks in Palestine*, published by the Religious Tract Society. Of the edition de luxe, limited to one hundred copies, only twenty remain; and of the ordinary edition more than 600 copies have been sold.

THE subject which Mr. Gosse has chosen for his Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution in March next is "Leigh Hunt."

THE committee formed to collect subscriptions for a memorial to Christopher Marlowe has decided that the best site for such a

memorial would be Canterbury, the poet's birthplace. The chairman of the committee is Lord Coleridge; and the treasurer is Mr. Sidney L. Lee, 26, Brondesbury Villas, Kilburn.

DURING the past day or two, the editor of *Little Folks' Magazine* has been distributing a great number of dolls, scrap albums, toys, illuminated texts, and articles of work of different kinds, among the patients in the children's hospitals and kindred institutions throughout the kingdom. These have been sent to him by his readers in competitions for several prizes and medals offered during the year.

WE have received the report (Madrid) on the project for an international law of extradition put forth by the Italian Government, read by Don Fr. de Cárdenas before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and transmitted by the Spanish Minister to the Government of Italy.

DR. FURNIVALL writes:

"May I appeal through you for two volunteer editors for the Chaucer Society, and one for the Early English Text? I want (1) somebody with access to a large library, to compile 'The Praise of Chaucer'—all allusions to him from his own day to (say) Dryden, and the chief ones since; and (2) a history and record man to write an 'England in Chaucer's Time' (1340-1400)—a better Godwin. For the Early English Text Society, I want an Oxford man to edit the fifteenth-century Englishings of the cartularies of Osney Abbey and Godstow Nunnery, of which accurate copies are in hand. The 'England in Chaucer's Time' would form a good foundation for an after 'History of England in the Fourteenth Century'—a book much wanted."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AMONG the attractions promised for the new volume of the *Portfolio*, which begins with the January number, are—a series of twelve articles on "Westminster Abbey," written by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, and illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton, and also with old engravings by Hollar, &c.; a short series of articles on "Dartmoor: its History, Scenery, and Antiquities," by Mr. J. Ll. W. Page, with etchings and vignettes by Mr. Alfred Dawson; also several papers by Mr. F. G. Stephens, Mr. Walter Armstrong, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and Miss Julia Cartwright. The plates include a drawing of a female head, by Sir Frederick Leighton (to appear in January); M. Laurens' portrait of M. Mounet-Sully, in the character of Hamlet, etched by Mdlle. Poyntot; Turner's "The Meuse: Orange Merchantman going to pieces on the Bar," etched by Mr. Frank Short; a Vandyck at Madrid, etched by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn; Fred. Walker's "The Fishmonger"; and several of the finest works in the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts.

THE *Scottish Art Review*—which is now published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock—makes a grand show of announcements for the coming year, from which we hope we may infer that this new arrival has survived the risks of infancy. There are to be a number of series of national articles—on the castles, the country houses, the galleries, the artists, the authors, the stage, the printing presses of Scotland; while among the general articles we may mention "The Recent Discoveries in the Acropolis," by Miss Jane Harrison; "A First Night at the Lyceum," by Mr. W. Archer; and "Practical Hints on Etching," by Mr. Frank Short.

IN *Harper's Magazine*, during next year, we are promised a series of illustrations to Shakspeare's Comedies, by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, with accompanying text by Mr. Andrew Lang; "A Description of Abbotford," from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, never before published; novels by

Constance Fenimore Woolson and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; a series of papers on "John Ruskin," by Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), and Dr. Charles Waldstein; and a large number of descriptive articles about Russia, Norway, and the East. The January number will contain an illustrated account of "Manufacturing Industry in Ireland," by Mr. J. G. MacCarthy.

THE following are some of the arrangements for the new volume of *Good Words*—two three-volume novels, "A Hardy Norseman," by Edna Lyall, and "The Haute Noblesse," by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, both illustrated; a short story by Mr. William Black; "How I reached my Highest Point in the Atlas Mountains," by Mr. Joseph Thomson; "Shooting Stars," by Sir Robert S. Ball; "A Fresh Study of the Route of the Exodus," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "An Afghan Dervish at Budapest," by Prof. Vambery," &c., &c.

Murray's Magazine will give, during the coming year, two new serial novels, by Mr. Julian Sturgis and Edna Lyall; a series of papers by Mrs. Kendal, containing her "Dramatic Opinions"; and four articles on "The Railways of Scotland," by Mr. W. M. Acworth. There will also be commenced in the January number two new features: (1) Notes of the Month, and (2) Correspondence.

THE January number of *Mind* will contain main articles or other contributions from Profs. Adamson, Andrew and James Seth, and W. James, Dr. J. Ward, Messrs. Leslie Stephen, G. F. Stout, R. L. Nettleship, and others. All shades of philosophical thought continue to be represented in this review, now entering on its fifteenth year.

A NEW love-story, by Mr. Walter Besant, entitled "The Bell of St. Paul's," the scene of which is set in the heart of the most forgotten part of London, will be commenced in the January part of *Longman's Magazine*.

WE have already announced that the *Classical Review* will henceforth receive the co-operation of American scholars, and will be increased in size by one third, or ten sheets in the year. It has therefore been also determined to raise the annual subscription to 12s.

THE January number of the *Expositor* will contain an etched portrait of Prof. Cheyne, with an accompanying article by the editor. It will also contain a paper of much interest entitled "The Gulf between the Old Theology and the New: a Last Confession of Faith," by the venerable Prof. Delitzsch, besides contributions from Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Driver, and others.

THE January number of the *Fortnightly Review* will contain articles on "The Development of Modern Warfare," by Lord Wolseley; "Agnosticism and its Future," by Mr. Frederic Harrison; "A Criticism of Modern Creeds," by Mr. Mallock; besides papers by Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Mr. J. Addington Symonds, and others. In the same number Mr. George Curzon relates his "Recent Experiences in Bokhara," and Mr. W. H. Johnston tells what he thinks of "The Ethics of Cannibalism."

IN the January number of *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. R. L. Stevenson will change the scene of his Scotch novel to the Adirondacks, where he spent last winter. Among the other contents, will be "Castle Life in the Middle Ages," by Messrs. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield; "A Short Story," by Miss Sarah Orme Jewett; and "Odd Sticks," by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, being memories of his birthplace in New Hampshire.

THE *Century* for January will contain "Pagan Ireland," by Charles de Kay (illustrated); "Old Italian Masters (Giotto)," by Mr. W. J. Stillman; "Horses of the Plains," by Frederic

Remington; "Olive Warner, Sculptor," by Henry Eikford; "Round about Galilee," by E. Wilson; and "The Life of Administrative Exiles in Siberia," by George Kennan. Most of these articles will be abundantly illustrated.

St. Nicholas for January will include "Little Saint Elizabeth," II., by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett; "In the Town of the Pied Piper," by H. L. Bradley; and "The Distances in Space," by D. C. Robertson.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ONE WHO CALLS.

"And thou must love me who have died for thee
He said so."
Men and Women (R. Browning).

"Christ rises: mercy every way
Is infinite—and who can say?"
Christmas Eve and Easter Day (R. Browning).

A voice goes forth that sounds o'er every nation,
O! come, mine own, to Me.
I dwell on earth, yea, died for your salvation,
But blind, ye will not see.

Come as ye are, beguiled, and worn, and weary;
The night will soon be done.
The way is bleak, the path is rough and dreary,
The morn will bring the sun.

Though dark it be, yet I am ever near you;
See! I am by your side.
My feet have worn this very path. Why fear you
Who have Me for your guide?

I trod the selfsame way that ye are treading,
My blood hath stained the road;
And I can dry the tears your eyes are shedding,
And ease your heavy load.

Ye say it is too dark; ye cannot follow;
That ye were born too late.
Beloved! turn to Me; the world is hollow,
But sure this path and straight.

Ye say the way is long—the shadows darken,
Your hearts are hard to win.
O, children, children! only turn and harken,
Harken, and enter in

Unto that peace which passeth understanding;
Till toil and trial o'er,
The ransom'd soul at length has gained its landing
On Heaven's eternal shore.

F. P.

OBITUARY.

Few practitioners have been more prominent in the ranks of homoeopathy than Mr. John Hicks Nankivell, who died at Fernhurst, a few miles north of Midhurst, on December 12. He took the degrees of M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., in 1838, from St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, and practised as a homoeopathic doctor for many years, notably at Penzance and York. On his branch of the medical profession he was a profuse critic, numerous articles from his pen having appeared in *The Monthly Homoeopathic Review*, *The British Journal of Homoeopathy*, and *The Homoeopathic World*. He was much interested in general literature and philology, and contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, while it was still an antiquarian monthly, a paper on "Vestiges of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon Tongues." He was born at St. Colomb Major, in 1809, of a family long residing in the northern district of Cornwall. His eldest son, Herbert Nankivell, is well known to the hunters after health who visit the pine-woods of Bournemouth as its leading homoeopathic doctor.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for November Dr. Kuennen replies to Prof. Baethgen's attack upon the views expressed in his *Religion of Israel* on the course of religious development among the Israelites. As our own review anticipated,

he is not dispirited by the somewhat immature historical criticisms which that excellent scholar Dr. Baethgen has attached to his invaluable collection of epigraphic facts (*Beiträge zur semitischen Religionsgeschichte*).

The greater part of the *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* for November is occupied with descriptions of antiquities found at Cabeza del Griego, near Uclés, in the province of Cuenca, probably the site of the ancient Segobriga. They include reports of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and down to the present day, fixing the condition of the ruins and inscriptions at their respective dates. An engraving, after a photograph, is given of a bronze tessera of hospitality, in form of an open hand, from Paredes de Nava, between Caesars, of Cecici (?), and Icer or Ierus, of Osma. Several Roman inscriptions from the neighbouring provinces are given, and also Hebrew ones from Catalonia.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BALLESTRIN, E. Gräfin. Maria Stuart, Königin v. Schottland. Blätter zu ihrem Andenken u. zu ihrer Ehre. Nach den Quellen. Hamburg. 800 M.
BRERETON, A. Rude. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 4 fr. 80 c.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN IN ENGLAND.

London: Dec. 17, 1888.

In running through the still inedited Pipe Rolls of the twelfth century at the Record Office I came across an item referring to probably the first Russian who put foot on English soil. He belongs to the same race that still forms the large majority of the Russian contingent to our multifarious nationality, though I cannot find that any Commission sat upon him as a pauper immigrant. The entry occurs in the Pipe Roll for 27 Hen. II. (December 19, 1180—December 18, 1181), and runs as follows:

"Sudhantesc. De Oblatis Curie. Ysaac Ruff & Ysaac de Russie & Ysaac de Benesi. Juði reddi comp' de x. m. ut ait q'eti de calupnia qd dicebat' cabinisse."

The three Isaacs pay next year, and are so quits for ever of the charge of having "exchanged," whatever that may precisely mean.

I happen to be able to identify the birthplace of the Russian Isaac from quite a different source to that of the Pipe Rolls. The only work of any importance written by a mediæval English Jew is the "Onyx Book" of R. Moses ben Isaac, part of which was edited some years ago by the Rev. G. W. Collins. From the part still inedited, Dr. Harkavy, in a Hebrew work on the Jews and Slavonic languages (*Die Juden und die slavischen Sprachen*, St. Petersburg, 1864, p. 62), quoted the following passage:

"Rabbi Iza of Tchernigoff told me that in Tiras, that is Russia, they call brother-in-law *Bais*."

The two Jews had probably been discussing the burning question of the Levirate, the Russian probably having still the custom of polygamy in his own country, while the Jews of Western Europe, had by the self-denying ordinance of R. Gershom (about 1000 A.D.), relinquished that privilege. R. Iza, of Tchernigoff, was without doubt the "Ysaac de Russie" of the Pipe Rolls, and he is actually quoted under the title "R. Isaac from Russia," in a North-French (or English?) commentary on the Pentateuch in the Bodleian (No. 271(8) of Dr. Neubauer's Catalogue; cf. Geiger's *Zeitschrift*, 1871, p. 215).

The way in which R. Moses ben Isaac quotes the Russian Rabbi proves that he came in personal contact with him; and the English Jew must, therefore, have been grown up in 1181—an earlier date than has hitherto been assigned to him and his book. I am, therefore, confirmed in thinking that the only Hebrew tombstone of early times given by Stow (*Survey of London*, ed. Thoms, p. 15), with the inscription—

מצבת ר משה בן הרב ר יצחק

[TOMBSTONE OF R. MOSES SON OF R. ISAAC]—

refers to the most distinguished author of early English Jews. The stone must have been laid before 1215, as Stow mentions that in that year the barons took it to strengthen Ludgate.

The settlement of the date of this R. Moses by means of the Pipe Roll item and the reference in Stow happens to have important bear-

ings on certain moot points in mediæval Jewish literature, to which I draw attention in a note in the new number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*. But your readers will be chiefly interested in them as giving the first Russian mentioned as having visited England, and the first Russian word quoted by an Englishman.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

MUSLIM PICTURES.

Glasgow: Dec. 15, 1888.

In a notice of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's *The Middy and the Moor*, in the *ACADEMY* for November 17 (p. 319), the reviewer "hints" to the author that "Mohammedans never introduce representations of the human form in their pictures."

It is certainly against the Kur'anic law to depict not only the human form, but even the forms of any living creature. But, as in the case of other prohibitions of the Arabian Law-giver (such as that of wine-drinking), this law against "graven images" has long been practically ignored in Persia, and also by the Muslims of India, as everybody knows who has seen any illuminated Persian MSS., which are often adorned with beautiful pictures, done in gold and the most brilliant colours, representing hunting scenes, out-door sports, as well as what ought to be regarded as strictly private inner-chamber transactions. The Persians and many of the Indian Muslims are, however, Shi'ahs—"heretics"—believers in 'Alī as the legitimate successor of Muhammed, and considerably more lax in their interpretation and observance of the laws of Islām, as laid down in the Kur'an. The Turks and Arabs are Sunīs, or "orthodox" Muslims; and their books are generally ornamented with *unwāns*, or head-pieces to chapters, consisting of scroll and flower-work, filled in with gold and colours.

Yet pictures of "the human form" are not unknown in Turkish books. Moreover, there is in the royal palace in Stambul a series of portraits of the Sultāns, which are reproduced in copper-plates in Cantimir's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, half-a-dozen of which have been again reproduced in Mr. Gibb's *Ottoman Poems*. Dr. Rien, in his recently-issued *Catalogue of the Turkish MSS. in the British Museum* (p. 230), describes the MS. of the "Tale of Farrukhrūz" as containing "sixty-three whole-page miniatures of a fair style of execution, in several of which the faces have been purposely blurred and obliterated"—by some devout Turkish iconoclast, of course. This has also been done in many of the pictures in the Persian MS. of the *Sindibād Nāma*, preserved in the library of the India Office, of which, through the kindness of Dr. Rost, I was permitted the use when editing my *Book of Sindibād*, a few years ago. In Sir William Ouseley's *Travels*, his *Persian Miscellanies*, and his *Oriental Collections* will be found reproductions in black and white of pictures in Persian MSS. There is a beautifully illuminated MS. of the *Gulistan* of the great Persian poet Sa'di, in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society; and a magnificent MS. of the *Bahārīstān* of the poet Jāmī in the Bodleian, fully—even enthusiastically—described by Sir Gore Ouseley, in his *Biographical Notices of Persian Poets*, which is believed to be the finest MS. in the world.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

"CAPTIVE OF BOW AND SPEAR."

London: Dec. 15, 1888.

In the *ACADEMY* of December 15, the form of words "Captive of the bow and spear" is spoken of (as I have seen it spoken of any time these forty years) as "a Biblical phrase." Allow me to point out that it is nothing of the

kind. The only passages of Scripture where the bow and spear are coupled are as follows:

"He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear asunder."—Psalm xli. 2.

"They shall lay hand on bow and spear."—Jer. vi. 23.

"They shall hold the bow and the lance."—Jer. l. 42.

The same Hebrew vocable *kidon* stands for "spear" and for "lance" in the two verses of Jeremiah. The more usual collocations in Scripture are "sword and spear" or "sword and bow." In Nehemiah iv. 13 we have the triplet: "Their swords, their spears, and their bows." And, finally, the only passages of Scripture which resemble the phrase I am calling in question use a different collocation. They are as follows:

"Moreover I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow."—Gen. xlviii. 22.

"Wouldest thou smite them whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow?"—2 Kings, vi. 22.

Sir Walter Scott, to the best of my recollection, is the first writer in whom I have met the phrase "Captive of the bow and spear." I think it occurs in *Old Mortality*. I send these notes in the hope of tracing the error to its first origin.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

OLD ENGLISH "ROD" AND ITS COGNATES.

Oxford: Dec. 17, 1888.

The charter in which the mysterious form "redan" appears is a charter granted to Bishop Aelfric by Badmund, King of Wessex, A.D. 944, and is written in West Saxon. Now, in late West Saxon the *i*-umlaut of *eo*=primitive Germanic *eu* is regularly written *y*; for example, *strýnan*, early West Saxon *strienan* (to obtain), from (*ge*)*strēon* (possession). There is a difficulty, therefore, in admitting Prof. Skeat's theory that *redan* is the phonetic representative of primitive Germanic **hreudjan*. Mr. Sweet, in his *History of English Sounds*, § 483, says that it is in non-West Saxon dialects that the *i*-umlaut of *eo* appears as *e*; see also Sievers, § 159.

A. L. MAYHEW.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, I., by Prof. Dewar.

FRIDAY, Dec. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, II., by Prof. Dewar.

SCIENCE.

On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals: with Special Reference to Insects. By Sir J. Lubbock. "International Series." (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

EVERYTHING that Sir John Lubbock writes produces stimulating effects upon his readers, and can scarcely help increasing their knowledge of, and engaging their sympathies on, the life of the humbler creatures. His style is lucid and straightforward, and he seldom allows himself to use metaphor or poetical allusion. Imagination must with him be strictly the scientific imagination. His latest researches on animal life will, therefore, be eagerly perused; and he must be very well read in the literature of the borderland lying between man and the inferior animals who will not rise both delighted and instructed from his study of these pages on sense and

instinct. Since Darwin's death Mr. Romanes and the author appear to have succeeded to that great master of experiments, in felicity and readiness of resources. Besides his own researches in this manner, Sir J. Lubbock here details many curious experiments on the lower forms of life recently made by Will, Forel, Fabre, and other continental zoologists, so that the reader is introduced to the latest sources of knowledge on zoophytes and insects. Indeed, the sympathetic reviewer must beware lest his pleasure in so suggestive a book should beguile him into quotations which would far exceed the space at his command.

These chapters may be roughly divided into disquisitions on the five special senses of the lower animals, and experiments on problematical organs of sense, such as the power of recognition among ants and the supposed sense of direction possessed by bees. The senses of touch and taste are frequently in these creatures contained in hairs and modifications of hairs, springing from their chitinous integuments. Excellent cuts and enlarged microscopic drawings place these delicate investigations clearly before the reader. Similarly, if only from the possession of stridulating organs, it may be gathered that many insects can hear, although a cricket's ears are in its legs. Another curiosity of natural history seems proved from Hensen's observations. Shrimps pick up grains of sand and actually place them in their own ears to serve as otoliths. The auditory and retinal rods, which play so needful a part in the senses of hearing and seeing, are carefully described and figured. The pineal gland in mammalia is the representative of the cerebral lobe which supplies the rudimentary pineal eye of reptiles; and Sir J. Lubbock shows that in the case of low forms of life a coloured spot often indicates the rudest form of an eye. In fact, nervous tissue frequently terminates in a ciliated region where it seems likely that organs of sight and touch are localised. In many cases, owing to the imperfection of our instruments, it is impossible to be certain about the exact purpose of organs in the lower animals. "We have five senses," says the author, "and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we cannot measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations"; and again, "the familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive." Who could have imagined, anterior to their discovery, that the deep-sea fishes, found in the explorations of the *Challenger*, would have possessed luminous organs, wherewith to attract prey and perhaps open for themselves a way through the dark depths in which they live? Many creatures own organs which are entirely problematical at present. It is one of the merits of this little book that it recognises this fact, and points out to future students how many discoveries yet remain to be made in this direction.

If the first part of the book be useful to the anatomist, the second will be found more generally fascinating. The working naturalist, especially, is sure to be delighted with the simplicity of Sir John Lubbock's experiments on bees and ants, and yet with the wide scope

of their results. Those which turn on the power of the latter creatures to see the ultra-violet rays, which lie beyond the range of our vision, are very noteworthy, especially as these experiments agreed with those made on the same subject by Forel, showing that the rays in question are not merely perceived by the skin, as has been supposed by some, but actually by the eyes. The chapter on the instincts of solitary bees and wasps furnishes much material for reflection. Fabre's curious experiments with bees to ascertain if they possessed a "sense of direction" which would infallibly bring them home, together with the author's own attempts to pronounce definitely on the subject, are exceedingly interesting. The examples of stupidity in insects, the limitations of their intelligence, so to speak, are also striking, as showing that instincts are invariable, and will not readily modify themselves. But here we touch the threshold of controversies on which there is no occasion at present to dilate.

Whether as a fresh demonstration of the many wonders which yet await the earnest student of nature, or as providing the theorist with facts, or as merely interesting the lover of natural history with some of the latest discoveries in the lower forms of animal life, Sir John Lubbock's book is of extreme value. He quotes M. Fabre's words at the conclusion of his work on insects—"pourrai-je encore parler de vous?" Every reader of this charming book will apply these words to its author. It is no small gratification to the lover of nature to hear fresh tidings from the kingdoms of ants and bees brought to them every now and then by so accomplished a student of their ways.

M. G. WATKINS.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Encyklopädie und Methodologie der Englischen Philologie. Von Gustav Körting. (Heilbronn: Henninger). It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that the term "English philology" has a much wider meaning in Germany than that which it expresses in this country. Prof. Körting defines it as "the science of the English language and of English literature," and devotes a whole page of his introduction to the refutation of the criticisms of Prof. Elze, who objects that this definition is far too narrow. Prof. Elze adheres to Böckh's celebrated formula that "philology" is *die Erkenntnis des Erkannten*—which to an Englishman seems almost equivalent to calling it "The Science of Things in General." What the word *Philologie* means or ought to mean is a question for German lexicographers; but, there is no doubt that Prof. Körting's subject, even as defined by himself, is far too extensive to be "encyclopaedically" treated in a volume of 450 pages. The object of the book, however, is not to teach "English philology," but to point out to the student what he must learn in order to become thoroughly master of the subject, and what are the best methods for acquiring this knowledge. Where Prof. Körting attempts to give actual philological instruction, as in his sketch of Anglo-Saxon and modern English phonology and grammar, his hints are too condensed to be of much service. The most valuable portions of the book are those concerned with bibliography. The classified index to the *Englische Studien* and the *Anglia* will be of great assistance to students; and Prof. Körting has also furnished copious, though, of

course, far from exhaustive, lists of the best books in every department of English scholarship. In many cases critical remarks are added, which are generally sound, though in saying that the *New English Dictionary* "does not bear the test of comparison with Littré," the author is at variance with the opinion of the most competent judges in his own country. On questions of method, Prof. Körting speaks with the sagacity of an experienced teacher. The work contains some information which an Englishman at least will be surprised to find in it; for instance, there is a list of the professors and teachers of English philology at the several German universities, with the titles and dates of their chief publications, and the dates of their birth. On the whole, the volume is of great value, and displays extraordinary width and accuracy of scholarship; but there are many errors of detail which show that Prof. Körting has not (as he surely ought to have done) taken the precaution of submitting his work before publication to the revision of a native English scholar. The names of English writers, for instance, are very often incorrectly given; and in the list of counties we find such unheard of names as Middlesexshire, Essexshire, Kentshire, Cornwallshire, Armaghshire, Clareshire, Kerryshire, &c. We fear, however, that it would be impossible to find an Englishman who could write a book of similar design and size on the language and literature of Germany without falling into errors much more numerous and important than those which Prof. Körting has committed.

Zur Lautlehre der Griechischen, Lateinischen, und Romanischen Lehnworte im Altenglischen. Von Alois Pogatscher. (Strassburg: Trübner). This is a singularly thorough—probably, indeed, not far from exhaustive—investigation of the phonetic treatment of loan-words (including proper names) in Anglo-Saxon. We cannot always accept the author's conclusions, especially with regard to vowel-quantity; but his methodised collection of facts will be of great value to students of Old English, and may perhaps throw some important light on the chronology of sound-change in Romanic. It is very doubtful whether Herr Pogatscher is right in supposing that the modern name Ilkley is connected with the Roman-British *Olicana*; the Domesday form *Ileclive* points to the Old Norse *illa-kliif*, "the bad cliff," a name which occurs also in Iceland.

Formenlehre der Lateinischen Sprache. Von F. Neue. Dritte Auflage von C. Wagener. Part I. (Berlin: Calvary.) All Latin scholars should have this new edition of Neue's great work, which Messrs. Calvary are now issuing in parts. The book, when complete, will comprise three or four volumes, and the part before us commences—as German series usually do—in the middle, that is, with vol. ii., Adjectives, Pronouns, &c. The new edition is certainly required, for the second edition, issued in 1874, is now out of print. It professes to be "gänzlich neu bearbeitet," and the few pages before us seem to be so; but we shall hope to give a fuller account of the work when farther advanced.

OBITUARY.

F. A. PALEY.

BY the death of Mr. Frederick A. Paley we have lost a scholar and a thinker whose memory will long remain fresh with those who have tested the quality and taken in the full significance of his work. It is not merely that he has retained the eminence which he won in early manhood as well-nigh the best Greek scholar of his age; but that his life's work was one of continuous growth—never slackening in its purpose or failing in its energy. The grand-

son of the archdeacon who was regarded as having reared an unassailable fabric by his *Evidences of Christianity*, he has left among those who knew him the impression of a logical power and a judicial appreciation of the value of facts to which it can scarcely be said that his grandfather ever attained.

A number of circumstances interfered in Mr. Paley's case with the brilliancy of a career which deserved distinctions never bestowed upon him. Active from the first in all that related to the intellectual life of the University of Cambridge, he became known as one of the most prominent workers in the Cambridge Camden Society, and this work tended necessarily to lay him open to influences which then exercised a wide and indefinitely constraining power. We need not seek now for the reasons which led to the change. It is enough to say that he was one of the band of converts who submitted themselves to the "Roman obedience" when the logical issue of the principles which shaped the so-called Oxford movement forced itself upon their minds. His conversion was perfectly sincere; and, as a necessary consequence, he placed an insurmountable hindrance in his own way, if outward distinction was the thing that he cared for. This, however, was distant from his thoughts; and it was only in later years that he spoke in terms of regret and censure—and this not with reference to himself—of the slender encouragement given, whether in the universities or elsewhere, to independent and impartial inquiry. He had counted the cost of acting in accordance with his convictions, and he was content to accept the life of comparatively unrewarded labour which alone a convert to the Roman Church could expect at that time in our great English universities. Through a long series of years he persevered in the work of private tuition at Cambridge, taxing his strength fully up to, if not beyond, the limits of prudence, in his determination that each pupil should have the benefit of his whole attention. He therefore never received more than one pupil during each hour; and as this work was carried on for eight or nine hours daily, some notion may be formed of the amount of wear and tear involved in it. The strain was rendered more severe during the later years of his residence at Cambridge by the responsibility of the office of classical examiner in the University of London—a post which he retained so long as his bodily strength sufficed for it.

His work at Cambridge was at length brought to an end by an invitation to take part in a scheme which had for its object the establishment of a Catholic University in London. Cardinal Manning could not have made choice of a more distinguished scholar than Mr. Paley to act as Greek professor; but it soon became clear that the enterprise must prove abortive, and Mr. Paley was seriously a loser by the devotion with which he threw himself into plans which severed him from his old connexion with Cambridge. His health was now not a little impaired; and he felt that in future he could be useful chiefly, if not only, with his pen. After living for some years at Barnes, he found it necessary to seek at Bournemouth a climate more favourable to the weakness of lungs and chest which had long caused serious anxiety to his friends. There, in his quiet retreat at Boscombe, he ended his days on earth, with a mind not merely unclouded but as vigorous to the last as it had ever been. In the way of honorary academical distinctions he had received little; but to deserve the gratitude of scholars and thinkers generally, he had done a great deal. Few, indeed, among his contemporaries could be put into comparison with him in persistence of energy and sustained excellence of work. It is scarcely necessary to say this of one whose name is so widely associated

with the epic, lyric, and tragic poetry of ancient Greece. In quality his work for George Long's "Bibliotheca Classica" yields to that of no other scholar; and it is to these volumes that we must turn if we would take the true measure of his mind. The fulness and exactness of his learning is shown in all that he wrote as an editor of Aeschylus or Euripides; but this is a small portion or corner of the wide field in which he laboured with a single-hearted resolution to arrive in each instance at the real facts of the case.

Mr. Paley's minute and thorough examination of the Greek tragic and lyric poets had led him to look more and more closely into the structure and texture of the epic poems which are commonly known as those of Homer. The evidence before him seemed to force him to the conclusion that the former knew very little—if, indeed, they knew anything—of the latter in the form in which they have come down to us. How was this momentous fact to be accounted for? It was in his method of dealing with this question that the thorough honesty and truthfulness of the man were exhibited, along with the learning of the scholar. The conclusion, he maintained, could be drawn only from the evidence; and, so long as a premis was assumed, no confidence could legitimately be felt in the result. But, in spite of the contentions of scholars and critics during the last century, it was very generally assumed in this country that the poems which we call "Homer" existed substantially in their present form in the sixth century before our era, if not earlier. With simple earnestness, Mr. Paley declared that this position was merely assumed, and that it must be proved. The Greek lyric and tragic poets were men of unrivalled power, and with a sense of beauty never since surpassed. They would, therefore, set before their countrymen the subjects with which they dealt in their highest and their loveliest forms. But the argument, as put even on the other side, was that they did not; and that the conceptions of the great actors in the dramas of Iliad, Thebes, or Athens, as given in our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are altogether higher and more refined than those of Aeschylus, of Sophocles, or of Pindar. There was thus a presumption that our Homer took its present shape in a later age; and this presumption not merely warranted further search, but rendered the prosecution of it a matter of common honesty. As one who valued truth above all things, he did not shrink from the enquiry; and he soon found that the question of the growth of a written literature lay at the bottom of it. The notion that books were multiplied in the days of Pisistratus and Pericles as in the Christian Middle Ages he declared to be a misconception; and he contended that the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides furnished abundant and irrefragable proof of this. He urged that the latter writer as well as the former composed his history not to be read but to be listened to; and that this accounts for the "sensational" character of the narratives generally. The only kind of narrative which could please and satisfy an Athenian audience was one that should excite their feelings; and that the writings even of Thucydides ministered largely to this excitement is a fact which no one can dispute. Indeed, the historian apologises for the measure in which his work fails to meet these requirements; and in such stories as those of the siege of Plataea or of the catastrophe at Syracuse, or of the conference at Melos or of the plague at Athens, he has done his best to atone for his shortcomings elsewhere. This was merely the starting-point of Mr. Paley's researches. The weight of the evidence which he brought together can be felt only by those who will go into the question with the judicial impartiality which marked the whole of his work.

But those who may follow him through his writings will form no adequate idea of the singularly beautiful character of the man. Great powers and great humility, deep learning and total absence of all pretence, have seldom been more closely combined than they were in him. All who were brought into contact with him felt that they were with one who must all his life be a learner; and in this lay the great charm of his society. This, it cannot be doubted, was the secret of the attraction which always drew young children to him; for Mr. Paley was not merely the Greek or classical scholar and critic, he had worked with the same thoroughness in the fields of botany and zoology, and indeed of physical knowledge generally. He could interest and delight the young folk, because he felt the same interest himself in the matters which awakened their curiosity and gave them pleasure. To those who enjoyed his closer friendship his loss has left a void not to be filled up. They will retain the remembrance of an unselfish life, extended over the full span of three score years and ten, and of an intellectual as well as moral truthfulness which gained strength with age, and which will be strengthened yet more under higher conditions than those of our life here.

GEORGE W. COX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "ŚAKUNTALĀ" IN HINDĪ.

London: Dec. 10, 1888.

It may interest the readers of the ACADEMY to hear that a new Hindī translation of the famous drama of Kālidāsa has been published in India. It is the work of Rājā Lakshmana Sinha, who translated the Bangālī recension of the book into Hindī prose twenty-five years ago. His prose rendering, from the elegance of its diction and its richness in idiomatic constructions, has long been a text-book for the examination of selected candidates for the Indian Civil Service. The learned Rājā has this time taken the scholarly text of Sir Monier Williams, and has preserved the form as well as the substance of the Devanāgarī recension. The translation is minutely accurate, and the language is as remarkable for its beauty and polish as for its simplicity and freedom from pedantry. It is, probably, the most carefully executed work which has yet appeared in the Hindī language; and the expensiveness of its "get up" marks a consciousness of its worthiness, and the great advance which the Hindī language has made towards cultivation.

FREDERIC PINCOOT.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Nov. 27).

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The president exhibited a gold breastplate from an ancient Peruvian grave.—Mr. F. W. Rudler exhibited a collection of ethnological objects from the Jivaros of the Upper Amazon, and the Arawaks and Acaways of the interior of British Guiana.—Mr. G. F. Lawrence exhibited two palaeolithic implements from the valley of the Thames, near Erith.—Mr. Osbert H. Howarth read a paper on "The Survival of Corporal Penance," and exhibited specimens of the *disciplines*, or scourges which are still used in public penance, in the village of Fefase d'Ajuda, a remote community on the north coast of St. Michael's, Azores.—The secretary read a paper by the Rev. Benjamin Danks on "Marriage Customs of the New Britain Group." For marriage purposes the people of New Britain are divided into two classes or divisions. No man may marry a woman of his own class. To do so would bring instant destruction upon the woman, and if not immediate death to the man, his life would never be secure; in fact, sexual intercourse

between a man and woman of the same class is regarded in the same light as between brother and sister in a Christian community. As, however, children are of their mother's totem, it is possible for a man to marry his niece, although there is a great repugnance to such unions among the natives. Preparations for marriage are various. On Duke of York Island, initiation into the secret society which is called Dukduk seems a sufficient preparation (though not absolutely necessary to marriage) for the boys, and there appears to be no needful preparation for the girls. On New Ireland some girls wear a fringe across their shoulders until they are marriageable. These are the poorer classes. Others are put into cages, in which they remain four or five years without being allowed to go outside the house in which they are confined. These cages are conical structures about seven or eight feet in height, and about ten or twelve feet in circumference at the bottom and for about four feet from the ground, where they taper off to a point at the top. They are made of the broad leaves of the pandanus tree, sewn quite close together so that no light and very little air can enter. On one side is an opening which is closed by a double door of plaited cocoanut and pandanus leaves. About three feet from the ground there is a stage of bamboos which forms the floor. There is only room for the girl to sit or lie down in a crouching position on the bamboo platform, and her feet are never allowed to touch the ground all the time she is confined in the cage. Great marriage-feasts are provided for these girls when they are taken out of the cages. The author described some of the customs in connexion with the preparation of young men for marriage on the island of New Britain. Wives are purchased with shell money, and are often married at a very early age. After the price has been decided and paid, the girl may be taken away at once to her husband's house, or she may be allowed to remain with her friends for a considerable time. On Duke of York Island there is generally a marriage-feast of a superior kind when persons of influence are married. The women of the town and surrounding district prepare a large number of puddings, and several pigs are killed. Many presents are given to the bride in public, which she is expected afterwards to return privately. A cocoanut is broken over the heads of the pair, and the milk sprinkled upon them. After this there are periodical feasts for a considerable time, the friends of the bride entertaining the friends of the bridegroom and *vice versa*. When a man marries a second wife after the death of the first, the female relatives of the dead wife gather together and are permitted to do as much damage to his property as they can. A man may have as many wives as he can purchase; but if he cannot afford to buy one, and his credit is low, he may have to remain single.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, December 7.)

THE Rev. Dr. R. Morris, president, in the chair.—Dr. K. D. Buelbring's papers (1) on "The Earliest Complete English Prose Psalter," and (2) "The Four Dublin MSS. of Hampole's *Priores of Conscience*," were read by Dr. Furnivall. The oldest English Psalter is Anglo-Saxon, and its first fifty prose Psalms are attributed to King Alfred. The earliest complete English Psalter was assigned by Madden and Forshall to the Kentish William of Shoreham, but is clearly not his. The version exists complete in the additional MS. 17,376, British Museum, and incomplete in the Trinity College, Dublin, MS. A. 4.4. The latter is by far the better text, as the former has mis-copied its original in the most extraordinary way, writing *As for his*, *As mi for him*, *gogged for Godde*, &c. In both MSS. the Latin Vulgate is copied with every verse of the English, and has glosses which the English often translates in preference to the real text. Thus, in Psalm i. 1, the Latin "et in cathedra (i.e. iudicis) pestilentie (i.e. falsitatis) non sedit" the London English has "ne sat naught in fals judgement," and the Dublin "and hath not syt in be chayer of pestilence, but is to seyne, of vengeance, or of fals judgement." Dr. Buelbring made out the pedigree of the two MSS. which descend from *z*, a copy of the original. He then discussed in detail the inflexions and phonology of the MSS., and concluded that they belonged to the Midland dialect. In this result

both Dr. Morris and Mr. Henry Bradley agreed, saying that they would specially compare the Psalter's forms with those of Awdelay, the blind Shropshire poet, or at least of his Shropshire scribe. Dr. Buehling reserved a fuller discussion of the text of the Psalter for the edition of it which he is preparing for the Early English Text Society. As to the four Dublin MSS. of Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*, he started from Dr. Percy Andraee's analysis and scheme of the 18 British Museum MSS. of this poem, and fitted into that scheme the four fresh MSS. of Hampole's popular work which he had examined in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. He hoped that other students would do the like for the Oxford and other MSS. of the poem, and so prepare the way for the complete edition of it from its forty or fifty MSS. He agreed with Dr. Andraee that Dr. Richard Morris had chosen the best MS. of the poem—Cotton, Galba, E, ix., for his edition of 1863 for the Philological Society.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Notes of the Principal Pictures in the Royal Gallery at Venice. By Charles L. Eastlake. (W. H. Allen.) While the appearance of the new edition of the official catalogue of the National Gallery is delayed month after month, not to say year after year, the industrious keeper of that institution finds time to issue handbooks to some of the principal galleries of Europe. The present one is concerned with the small but interesting gallery at Venice, which contains a few fine pictures by Carpaccio, the Bellini, and others of the Venetian school, and a number of "doubtful" ones. Mr. Eastlake has adopted the same plan in this as in his other works of the same class, giving descriptions of the pictures and some account of the painters in a popular and pleasant manner, but avoiding, as far as possible, vexed questions of "ascription," and declining to puzzle the reader with subtleties of criticism. It is a handbook which will no doubt help the ordinary tourist to enjoy the gallery, but it would be flattery to demand for it any very serious attention as a contribution to knowledge. The facts in some cases might be better arranged and the information more clearly given. In the case of the Vivarini, for instance, the ignorant reader will find confusion worse confounded. Why, for instance, are not all the pictures by Luigi (Aloise) put together? Why is it left open to conjecture that there may have been two Bartolommeos of that name, one of whom was the brother of Giovanni and Antonio, and the other was not? In two respects this handbook is superior to its precursors—in the prettiness of the cover and the absence of poor illustrations.

The Enchanted Island. By Wyke Bayliss. (W. H. Allen.) Mr. Wyke Bayliss writes with such childlike confidence in the truth of his ideas and the beauty of his sentiments, and there is so little of serious fault to be found with anything he says, that the critic would be harsh indeed who treated his works with severity. Even if one cannot honestly profess the same artistic faith, it will do no one any harm to enter his temple and listen to the nebulous outpouring of the preacher and inhale the faint fragrance of incense for a while. We need not object even when his discourse is not didactic, but (as will sometimes happen in other fanes) he takes as his theme the writings of a heretic. Even Mr. Palgrave may smile unvexed, but not unamused, at Mr. Bayliss's goodnatured endeavours to convict him of wholesale plagiarism. The Professor of Poetry's paper on "The Decline of Art" contains no less than seventy thoughts which appear to Mr. Bayliss to have been gleaned from his own "Witness of Art." Although Mr. Bayliss has stamped as his own the thoroughly original view that

the function of art is "to refine us, to ennoble us, to raise us from our baser pleasures, to fill our eyes with beauty and our hearts with gladness," Mr. Palgrave has had the audacity to print the following sentence without inverted commas: "Hence we have that little school of writers, in whose creed art is the principal agent to train, refine, and comfort our souls." Mr. Bayliss spares Mr. Palgrave (and the reader) some of the seventy parallel paragraphs which he has detected in the two works; but he gives a large number of them, and among all those given we have been unable to find such a glaring instance of theft as the one which we have quoted. Might we go so far as to suggest to Mr. Bayliss that there is no copyright in commonplace? Although we are, perhaps, a little blind to the merits of Mr. Bayliss's prose, we cordially admire his poetry; and this volume ends with seven sonnets, "Studies for Pictures," which would alone justify its existence. We do not care for the one called "To Adam Kraft," and here and there a mixture of Pagan and Christian symbolism strikes us as unfortunate—as when Apollo shoots at Westminster Abbey, and Diana comes down to kiss it. But with these exceptions the sonnets are fine, breathing a noble strain of solemn faith, to organlike music. Here is one of the best, though not better than that to St. Lawrence, Nuremberg.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

"From Christ who sits upon the great white throne,
To Christ in the little shrine where pilgrims kneel,
It is Christ first, Christ last, and Christ alone;
The Dragon writhes beneath His bruised heel;
The Mother holds the Child in mute appeal
For worship—velled with incense, lost in light,
Drowned in sweet music—till the mystic Seal
Is broken, and there is silence in God's sight.
This is none other than the House of God,
This is the Gate of Heaven! The Apostles stand
With Mary and Mark, Christ in their midst, to greet
Those who will enter. Come—with naked feet—
Fearless—while yet the golden measuring rod,
And not the sword, is in the angel's hand.

MR. SUTTON PALMER'S NEW DRAWINGS.

MR. SUTTON PALMER, whom Mr. Ruskin has called "the ethereal," certainly supports this character in these new drawings of Highland scenery; but he also shows a feeling for the more solemn and pathetic moods of nature which has been less marked in his previous work. For the verdure and silveriness of nature, the grace of her forms, the beauty of her lines, for the more tender and fairy-like of her effects, we never look in vain at Mr. Palmer's yearly exhibition. No one can draw trees with a truer knowledge of their construction, a finer sense of their natural elegance, than he; and it would be hard to surpass in execution such a drawing as "Silver Birches" (62), and many other of the same kind, fresh with the charm of wood and burn, "hidden, and green and cool," like the title he has chosen for one of them. In what may perhaps be some day known as his "first manner," he has done nothing finer than "The Silver Strand—Loch Katrine" (22), drawn while "The silver light, with quivering gleam, Play'd on the water's still expanse." In the rendering in such scenes as this, or as that depicted in "Wandering Mists" (32), Mr. Palmer is so much a master that his progress as an artist must be looked for in other directions—signs of

such progress are frequent in his last year's work. In two large (perhaps the two largest) drawings here—"Glencoe" (11) and "Ben-venue" (55)—he shows a sense of the majesty as well as the beauty of mountain forms, shows that he is capable of dignity as well as grace. The latter is the more striking in effect and colour; but the combination of grandeur and elegance in the splendid curves of the "Glencoe" give it a distinction of its own. In his aim at richer and more glowing colour, many of his drawings here show a new departure. This aim, as well as a bolder handling, may be seen in the very original drawing, "Ben-an-heaves high his forehead bare" (20), with its water blue-black in shadow; and among other drawings in which similar qualities may be found, we would draw attention to the solemn and true "When the Day is Done" (58), "A Gleam of Gold—Late Autumn" (80), and "Loch Treacchan, Glencoe" (71). One and all show an alert and poetical intelligence, studying and recording, with freshness and sincerity, the more refined and beautiful aspects of nature. Not the least interesting or accomplished are those which retain for us the fleeting effects of the summer snow which flecked the heights of Ben Slioch in the June of this year.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE understand that the arrangements for the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, at Burlington House, are now completed, and that the chief features of the wintershow will be, firstly, a characteristic representation of the work of Frank Holl, in what has been described as "Portraiture and Pathetic Genre"; secondly, a representation of the painted work of Rembrandt—his etchings and drawings hardly coming within the scheme of the exhibition; and, thirdly, an important group of paintings, by Watteau and the men of his school, chief among whom must be reckoned Nicholas Lancret. It is asserted—and it may well be believed—that Sir Richard Wallace and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild will be the principal contributors of French eighteenth-century pictures. Their collections in this respect are known to be unrivalled. It has been remarked already that the representation of this interesting and engaging school in our National Gallery is "practically non-existent." That is true, notwithstanding the fact that there are a few Greuzes and Lancrets; for the range and quality of the school is by no means to be estimated by the chance examples which our authorities, it would appear, have not been over-anxious to add to. Watteau—the greatest artist of his epoch, a master whose dealing with the lightest themes is apt enough to be pensive or profound, while it remains perfectly graceful—is, of course, difficult of acquisition; yet the opportunity must present itself, sooner or later, of adding a specimen of his lucid conception and exquisite craftsmanship to a National Gallery over full already of that archaic painting of North and Central Italy in which the antiquarian mind has been wont to revel.

SIR JAMES LINTON and Mr. James Orrock are, we hear, busily preparing for a second joint exhibition, the subject of which is to be Mary Queen of Scots, as she is presented in history and in romance. It is needless, of course, to say that upon Sir James devolves the task of preparing drawings of a picture-equally costumed figure, eminent for beauty; and that the landscapes will be undertaken by Mr. Orrock, who has been spending the summer and a long autumn in the border-country, which he had previously visited with so much success.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE has written a short new chapter on Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. It is to be published before long, with some excellent reproductions of some among the plates; and it is hoped that the educational value of the publication will be added to by the issue of a series of notes on matters chiefly technical, by Mr. Frank Short, who is one of the most brilliant of our younger etchers, and whose dealings with the *Liber Studiorum* have already shown him to be a completely equipped student of the work.

THE forthcoming number of the *Recueil de Travaux Relatif à la Philologie et à l'Archéologie Égyptiennes et Assyriennes* will contain the first of a series of articles by Miss Amelia B. Edwards on "The Private and Provincial Collections of Egyptian Antiquities in Great Britain." Miss Edwards has twice—at the Orientalist Congresses of Leyden and Vienna—drawn the attention of Egyptologists to the importance of investigating and reporting upon the contents of local and private museums throughout Europe; and she is now herself beginning that task for Great Britain. This first paper treats of the Peel Park Collection, Manchester; of the Mayer Museum, Liverpool; and of the private collection of Mr. Jesse Haworth, of Bowdon, Cheshire.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce as nearly ready for publication (by subscription only) a book called *Bindings remarkable for their Beauty*, which will contain sixty monotyp plates reproduced from the originals in the British Museum, with full descriptions by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley. Among the bindings selected several belong to works once in the possession of kings and queens of England, and the most eminent of foreign patrons of the art of bookbinding, like Maioli and Grolier, Henry II. and Marguerite de Valois. Two hundred copies of the work will be published in English and two hundred in French, a small number of which will contain plates coloured by hand. The work is published by permission of the trustees of the British Museum, and will be medium quarto in size.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

FOR Saturday, in next week, is fixed what is doubtless intended to be a chief event of the winter season. Then it is that Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry—their preparations all made—will re-appear at the Lyceum, Miss Terry assuming a great tragic role for the first time, and Mr. Irving playing the Thane of Cawdor, not for the first time, indeed, but after an interval of about thirteen years. The cast appears to be of fair strength; but it is likely that, after the performance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, attention will be directed chiefly to the scenic effects, which are to be of hitherto unequalled fineness, and to the music, which is contributed by the most acceptable composer of our epoch.

THE latest melodrama at the Adelphi—though it has been, we hear, quite successful—has not enjoyed so long a run as some of its predecessors; and, at the moment of our writing, it is to be withdrawn in favour of a new effort, in which Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Sims collaborate. In the new piece, Miss Olga Nethercole—who made so favourable an impression at the St. James's, in the short-lived "Dean's Daughter"—will play a part of some importance.

WE hear that Miss Rosina Filippi—who plays very neatly at the Court Theatre in "Mamma," and whose scene with Mr. Tree, in the "Red Lamp," can hardly be forgotten by the admirers of ingenious and unconventional acting—comes

before the world, albeit modestly enough, in the character of an authoress. She is the writer of the children's play which is on the point of being produced at the Court, in the afternoon, and which will be played, no doubt largely to juvenile audiences, during the Christmas holidays.

"DOROTHY" has, this week, been transferred to the new Lyric Theatre, where, every night, until he is a middle-aged man probably, Mr. Hayden Coffin is destined to sing "Queen of my Heart," and where Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Angarde appear in the parts they have long been accustomed to fill.

THE run of Mr. John Lart's "Monk's Room," at the Globe Theatre, came to an end on Thursday, when Mr. Willard, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and Miss Alma Murray, appeared for the eighteenth time in the parts they had created. Mr. Mansfield's tenancy of the theatre begins without any interval.

MR. D'OYLY CARTE is sending into the provinces a second company for the performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard." It will start, we hear, before the middle of January; and the part played at the Savoy by Miss Geraldine Ulmar will be taken by Miss Jessie Moore, the rising young singer who was recently on tour with Miss Fortescue, and was previously in "Dorothy."

MR. BREERBOHM TREE will give *matinée* performances of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on several afternoons during the Christmas holidays.

WE hear that the cast of "Faust up to Date," at the Gaiety, will immediately be strengthened by the addition of Miss Violet Cameron to the company. She will, of course, play Faust in his renewed youth.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Hector Berlioz. By Adolphe Jullien. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art.) The full title of this book is *H. Berlioz, his Life and Works*. Now the life of the excitable and eccentric French composer is, in one sense, best found in his works. The *Symphonie Fantastique* and "Lelio" recall the story of his passionate love for Harriet Smithson, and, indeed, as our author reminds us, of a temporary flirtation with another lady. The symphony entitled "Harold en Italie," tells of his wanderings in the sunny South; "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust" show to us the man under the powerful influence of Shakspeare and Goethe; in the opera "Benvenuto" we think of Berlioz himself as much as of Cellini; while in his last work, "Les Troyens," we are reminded of his enthusiasm for Virgil, which was aroused in him when quite a boy. "The epic passion of the Latin poet first kindled my smouldering imagination," says Berlioz in his *Mémoires*. And these *Mémoires*, in spite of all their errors, give a true portrait of the artist, with his joys and sorrows, his generous feelings and his jealousy, his aspirations and his despair.

M. Jullien's chief object, however, in writing the present book was to set down the facts of Berlioz's life in prose, and not in poetry; and he is obliged at the very outset to warn us that the *Mémoires* are by no means reliable. Many of its most fascinating pages are criticised with merciless severity. Concerning that famous description of the evenings spent at the opera by Berlioz and his friends: the shouting out, when cymbals were introduced into the Scythian ballet of "Iphigénie en Tauride": "There are no cymbals there. Who has dared to correct Gluck?" or the rush

into the orchestra and destruction of the musical instruments in revenge for an omitted violin solo—"Exploits démesurément grossis, sinon tout à fait imaginaires," remarks our author. Who does not know the tale of Habeneck conducting the Requiem? At the moment of entry of the trumpets, the one bar where the conductor's motion is indispensable, Habeneck—so says Berlioz—"put down his bâton, quietly pulled out his snuff-box, and proceeded to take a pinch of snuff." But M. Jullien tells us that, in a long letter to his friend Ferrand, describing in detail the performance, Berlioz says not a word about this incident. On the contrary, he states that "le Requiem a été bien exécuté." Once more Berlioz has told us how, when inspired by "Faust," he composed in carriage, railway, or steamboat; how he got up in the middle of the night to write the Apotheosis of Marguerite; and how he wrote words and music of the student's song at Breslau. But M. Jullien quotes from a *feuilleton* written by the composer for the *Débat*, in which he relates how he jotted down the music of that student's song in a railway carriage on his way from Paris to Enghien. In this last instance we think our author is over sharp. Berlioz may have written as he states at Breslau, but he may have been dissatisfied with the composition, and afterwards made another attempt. Of course, every mistake rectified is a gain to the critic and the historian; but such is the charm of the *Mémoires* that one does not like to see them weighed in the balance of truth and found wanting. M. Jullien, however, tells us in his preface that he wishes to be a "historien clairvoyant, un critique avisé," and, therefore, the task of demolishing these legends, however unpleasant, was forced upon him.

The artistic life of Berlioz was a sad one. He was not properly appreciated in France until after his death. The public did not understand his music; and, by his wild ways, bitter words, and sharp pen, he created—as indeed he himself acknowledged—many enemies among musicians who recognised his genius. On three of his works he set special value, and those three were treated by the public with indifference, and by the press, for the most part, with abuse. Except for the enthusiasm of a small band of friends, and the success of his works in Germany and Russia, Berlioz would probably not have had the courage to persevere. His first great disappointment was the failure of his opera "Benvenuto Cellini" at Paris in 1838. "On fit à l'ouverture un succès exagéré et l'on siffla tout le reste avec un ensemble et une énergie admirables." Thus wrote the composer in his *Mémoires*. He had employed strange rhythms, novel harmonies, and the form of the music was at times subservient to the dramatic action; but yet the opera contained cavatines, romances, roudades—"much indeed," as a critic of the day, M. Boisselet, stated, "to charm an unprejudiced audience." M. Boisselet was one of the few defenders of Berlioz. "Enfin M. Berlioz a eu sa soirée," exclaimed the *Revue de Paris* spitefully. It is pleasant to find that one man was present at the "Cellini" performance in Paris who perceived in the work the flame of genius:

"Though the serpents hiss at thy feet threatening thee with their hideous darts, though envy, folly, malice, and perfidy, seem to multiply around thee, fear nothing, the gods are on thy side; they have given to thee, as to Perseus, helmet, wings, shield and sword, i.e., energy, promptitude, wisdom, and strength."

Thus wrote Liszt about Berlioz in one of his *Lettres d'un Bachelier en Musique*. And thirteen years later, when Liszt revived "Cellini" at Weimar, he wrote to Wagner—

"In spite of all the stupid things that have been set going about it, 'Cellini' is, and remains, a

remarkable work. I am sure you would like many things in it."

Berlioz said of his work—"Cette partition est douée des toutes les qualités qui donnent la vie aux œuvres d'art." This was immediately after the fiasco. In this confidence in himself, this refusal to submit to the verdict of the public, Berlioz reminds one of Wagner.

His second great disappointment was the cold reception given to the "Damnation de Faust" in 1846. And it was violently attacked by the well-known critic Soudo, who could find nothing to admire in the Marche Hongroise, not even in the orchestration, nor in the Chanson du Roi de Thulé. The wonderful ride to the abyss he describes as "an infernal cavalcade, in which the composer tried quite seriously to imitate the noise of two black horses galloping through space." Berlioz's last sorrow was the defeat of "Les Troyens." On that subject we need not enlarge, for the author has devoted many pages to it in his *Memoires*. The striking success of the "Damnation de Faust" in Paris after the death of the composer offers a painful contrast to the cold greeting given to it forty years earlier. In connexion with the libretto of "Faust," Berlioz, excusing himself for the liberties taken with Goethe's poem, remarked: "One cannot put into music a poem of any length, which was not written to be sung, without modifying it in many ways." Schumann, adds M. Jullien, "gave the lie direct to this venturesome proposition." From this, one might conclude that Schumann set the whole of "Faust" to music. Yet the title of his work is "Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust.'"

M. Jullien had a delicate subject to treat of in describing the events connected with the production of "Tannhäuser" at Paris in 1861. He very happily speaks of Wagner as arriving on "le terrain même de Berlioz." Such an invasion was in itself calculated to provoke hostilities. Their friendship hitherto had not been very solid.

"And now," says our author, "the one wearied by the romantic exaggerations of 'Romeo,' the other tired of the metaphysics of 'Tristan,' each feeling the pangs of jealousy, both glad no longer to dissimulate, they seized this opportunity to quarrel."

Yes, it was a quarrel, and there were faults on both sides. Berlioz, however, opened the campaign with his famous musical Credo.

Our author makes some just observations with regard to the two innovators who occupied the musical world in the middle of this century. Wagner, he says, pursued a definite ideal—the fusion of music and the drama; Berlioz, on the contrary, turned his mind now to the theatre, now to the church, now to the concert-room. Hence there was more progress with the former than with the latter. Then, again, he remarks truly that Berlioz wished to assign to the Symphony a task more complex than that hitherto entrusted to it, and yet to respect the established forms. And, in the same way, though he felt that operatic music ought to be written with dramatic truth, yet he tried to accomplish this within the conventional limits. "En un mot," he adds, "il a voulu concilier l'inconciliable."

Of course, M. Jullien has something to say of Berlioz as a musical critic. He describes his style as "pittoresque, incisif, trivial quelquefois." His principal fault was want of moderation—excessive hatred, or excessive admiration. M. Jullien is right; and yet, in this commonplace world, how pleasing it is to meet with a man who is something more than lukewarm! Perhaps one of Berlioz's greatest weaknesses was his want of appreciation of Bach and Handel. He had been fed in early youth on Gluck, Weber, and Beethoven, and he appears

never to have diligently studied the works of the two great masters of the eighteenth century, who laid the foundation stones of the noble edifice erected by their successors.

A most valuable part of M. Jullien's book is the catalogue of Berlioz's works. Another interesting feature is the amusing collection of caricatures by such masters as Oham, Doré, Nadar, and others. "Caricature," observes our author in his preface, "is the touchstone of celebrity." The volume also contains twelve portraits of Berlioz at different periods of his life, illustrations, and autographs. It is in every way a worthy companion to the life of Wagner published two years ago by the same author.

It is the only complete life of the French musician. The author has taken infinite pains to make it trustworthy. For amusement, people will continue to read the *Mémoires*; for information, they must study M. Jullien's *Hector Berlioz*.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE usual winter concert of the students of the Hyde-park Academy of Music took place at the Steinway Hall, on Thursday, December 13. Henry Smart's pleasing and tuneful Cantata, "King René's Daughter," was performed under Mr. Frost's direction, and the young ladies sang well and paid a good deal of attention to light and shade. Besides the students' performances, songs were given by Miss Kate Willis, and pianoforte solos by Fraulein Ellenberger, two of the professors at the Academy.

THE Brahms' "Gipsy Songs" were sung again at the Popular Concert, last Monday evening. The performance was a very fine one, and every number was loudly applauded—but none, happily, was repeated. The programme included Mozart's charming Trio in E flat for piano, clarinet, and viola, admirably interpreted by Miss Fanny Davies, and Messrs. Lazarus and Hollander. Lady Hallé led Mendelssohn's Quartet in D (Op. 44, No. 1), and Miss Davies played that composer's Presto Scherzando.

THE "Messiah" was appropriately chosen for Novello's second Oratorio Concert, on Tuesday evening, December 18. The soloists were Mrs. Hutchinson, Mme. A. Sterling, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Dr. Mackenzie conducted. In spite of the dense fog there was a good attendance.

MR. HENSCHEL gave his first afternoon concert on Wednesday. There was a good performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and Grieg's delightful "Peer Gynt" Suite was played for the second time this season, and interpreted with great charm and delicacy. Mrs. Henschel was, of course, successful in songs by Handel and Henschel. The programme commenced with Wagner's "Faust," and concluded with his "Tannhäuser" Overture. The assistance of the famed Leeds Choir is announced for the second and last afternoon concert, on February 27, 1889.

ON Tuesday evening, the Hungarian violinist, Herr Hans Wessely, supported by Miss Ellenberger on the pianoforte, gave a private concert at the house of Mrs. Ashbee, in Bedford Square.

THE prospectus is issued of the remaining ten Crystal Palace Concerts, which recommence on February 9. Otto Hegner appears on that date, playing Beethoven's Concerto in C and piano solos. On February 16, Mr. Hamish MacCunn's new Cantata "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," will be performed for the first time in England. Dr. Joachim appears on March 30.

WALTER SCOTT'S LIST.

WORKS OF COUNT TOLSTOY

MR. WALTER SCOTT has the pleasure to announce that he has made arrangements to publish, Monthly Volumes, a series of translations of works of the eminent Russian novelist, Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. The English reading public will be introduced to entirely new series of works by one who is probably the greatest living master of fiction in Europe, a one upon whose personality and opinions—social, ethical, and religious—a unique attention is concentrated. To those unfamiliar with the charm of Russian fiction, and especially with the works of Count Tolstoy, these volumes will come as a revelation of power.

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LITERATURE.

"Calendar of State Papers."—*Domestic Series of the Reign of Charles I., 1644.* Edited by W. D. Hamilton. (Printed for H.M. Stationery Office.)

To all investigators of the history of the Civil War Mr. Hamilton's new volume will be most welcome. It will come upon many of them as a pleasant surprise that documents here calendared range over no more than nine months—from the beginning of January, 1644, to the end of September, 1644. This means that Mr. Hamilton has no longer had to deal with the meagre pickings with which he was compelled to be content so long as he had to do with the first sixteen months of the war. That he has more to give us is owing to two causes—first, the success of the Parliamentary armies in intercepting a considerable number of Royalist despatches; and, secondly, the complete preservation, so far as these nine months are concerned, of all the books of the Committee of Both Kingdoms. These books fall under three heads—first, the day books, which give us the minutes of every day's proceedings; secondly, the books of "letters sent," which give us the orders of the Committee to the generals; and, thirdly, the books of "letters received," which give us the reports of the generals. These latter are, as Mr. Hamilton truly says, the fullest of interesting matter, and, unhappily, they are just those which fail us the soonest. The letters of Fairfax while he was engaged on the fruitless operations round Oxford before he received permission to enter upon the march which led to Naseby would, indeed, have been worth reading; but they have gone, perhaps, to light a kitchen fire, or to form a dunce's cap for some idle schoolboy.

Mr. Hamilton is a practised hand at the work of calendaring; but it is impossible not to regret his decision to give everything either in his own words or, in cases when he preserves the language of the document, without distinctive marks of quotation. There are many documents, and there are parts of almost every document, which are most fitly abbreviated by the editor; but in important passages it is of immense advantage to have the original phraseology, and know exactly where the original phraseology is preserved. As Mr. Hamilton's own rendering of such passages is very full, the space which he has allotted to himself would only be slightly exceeded in consequence of his adoption of the more scholarlike method. Passing over this subject of complaint, the reader will have little to urge against the matter of the present calendar. It is much to have in a handy form the letters which passed to and fro between the governing committee and the officers who commanded at the siege of York,

at Marston Moor, at Cropredy Bridge, and at Lostwithiel.

Of Mr. Hamilton's preface it is only in the part in which he gives an account of the documents used by him that it is possible to speak in terms of unqualified praise. No doubt a mere slip of the pen will account for the fact that a reference at p. xiv. to an intercepted letter of Lord Goring, as calendared at p. 316, ought to have been a reference to one of Lord Digby's, the passage in question being calendared at p. 317. Unfortunately Mr. Hamilton's weakness cannot be accounted for by any such simple explanation. He has attempted to write a historical sketch of a most important period without being possessed of historical insight. His remark on the quarrel between Cromwell and Manchester is

"that they did not suffer these bickerings to interfere with their devotion to the best interests of the nation, as they respectively regarded them, the aim of both evidently being the restoration of liberty, founded on constitutional rights." It would have been so easy not to say anything about Cromwell and Manchester that one feels some surprise at anyone feeling the obligation to print such a meaningless sentence as this. As the two men had absolutely different conceptions of what liberty was, and as Cromwell's view of constitutional rights was well expressed in the phrase attributed to him, that if he met the king in battle he would as soon pistol him as any man, it seems hardly worth while to lay stress on a mere verbal agreement between him and Manchester, even if so much as that could be shown to have existed.

How difficult it is to persuade Mr. Hamilton's mind to travel beyond the walls of the Record Office is, however, best shown by a passage in which he imagines himself to have overthrown an argument that the younger Vane was employed just before the battle of Marston Moor in suggesting to the three Parliamentary generals a scheme for the deposition of Charles.

"It has been suggested," he says, "that Vane's mission had a political object, no less than the deposition of Charles, and that the military question was but of secondary consideration, otherwise it would have been better to have sent an experienced soldier to confer with the allied generals. It is sufficient to state that no such commission appears to have been entrusted to Vane, so far as the papers in this collection show, though Vane's letters to the Committee are very lengthy and full of information."

O sancta simplicitas! Does Mr. Hamilton really think that any sane person would have imagined that Vane received instructions from the Committee to treat for the king's deposition? or that his public despatches to that very miscellaneous body would by any possibility be found to contain the slightest hint on the subject? That the negotiation was entrusted to Vane rests on the authority of two foreign ambassadors; and if anyone likes to argue that their evidence is dubious, he is at full liberty to do so. But we may be quite sure that, if their story is true, Vane only received instructions from the little knot of Independents on the Committee, that those instructions were verbally conveyed, and that the report which he had to give was not committed to writing.

Another statement of Mr. Hamilton's is

calculated to raise hopes unfortunately not likely to be fulfilled. He accounts for the thinness of the materials for his last volume partly on the ground of "the Parliament's papers remaining in the private libraries of the families whose ancestors took leading parts in the constitutional struggle." Unfortunately, this is not the case. Many of Lenthall's papers are preserved in the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian Library, and some—only a few of which are of any great value—are in the possession of the Duke of Portland; but where is the correspondence of Say and Sele, Manchester, Essex, Hampden, Pym, or St. John? A few scanty fragments exist, and that is all. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that their letters were deliberately destroyed, perhaps at the approach of the Restoration.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Richard Ohevenix Trench, Archbishop: Letters and Memorials. Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder." In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

WHETHER a place be conceded to Archbishop Trench among the great men of the past half century or not, it must at least be allowed that he was largely mixed up with great minds and great matters. The influence which he exerted over those who had control in church and state was considerable; but we think the unconscious influence of his writings, his example and—if one may use the expression—his presence was even more considerable. The important part he had to take in connexion with the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was not a congenial one. The nice critic is not likely to become, by the mere force of circumstances, the great statesman; and the controversial attitude which, in the drawing-up of the Irish Prayer Book, he was compelled to adopt does not show him at his best. In truth, it may be doubted whether he would not have done better service to the church he so warmly loved, and have won for himself a higher reputation, if he had never quitted the deanery of Westminster. The whole cast of his mind was reflective. He was a man of thought rather than of action; and probably nothing but a strong sense of duty compelled him to turn from the studies in which he delighted and the society which delighted in him to the throne of Dublin, around which clouds of threatening storms had begun to gather. But danger never made him hesitate to take any step he thought right; and if his intense Anglicanism coloured his views in an unmistakable way, his courage, his patience, his innate sense of justice, and his purity of motive combined to keep him out of the doubtful paths of mere expediency.

The interest of these volumes, which we have been tardy in noticing, is unquestionable. A bare recital of the names of Dr. Trench's correspondents would be enough to prove that point. Himself a man of letters, he was in constant correspondence with the foremost men in the literary world. A theologian of no mean repute, he was in touch with other students of theology. Called upon to reconstruct a disestablished church, he was associated with the leading statesmen of his time. Sterling, Maurice, Arthur Hallam, Donne, and

Julius Hare—these are the names which in the earlier portions of his correspondence are of most frequent recurrence. Later on, Samuel Wilberforce and Dr. Neale figure most prominently; while in the arduous task of settling the Irish Church, he was in constant communication with Gladstone, Liddon, and Pusey. It will be seen that in volumes constructed out of such materials there must be abundant variety. They reflect the archbishop's own many-sidedness. Poet, enthusiast, scholar, theologian, and statesman—he was all these and something better than all combined. "I have cared for a good Greek play as much as for most things," he said not long before his death, "but it does not do to die upon."

The earlier letters seem to us to be by far the most interesting. Fifty years ago letter-writing was an accomplishment which a man of culture thought it worth while to acquire. It went out with the introduction of newspaper; and we are all of us in too great a hurry nowadays to read—much more to write—a genuine letter such as Trench was wont to interchange with his intimate friends in the "thirties." It is difficult to select a specimen of his style; but the following extract from a letter, dated July 16, 1831, and addressed to John Mitchell Kemble—the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and one of his best correspondents—is characteristic of the writer:

"What are your notions about the Reform Bill? I confess myself much alarmed, and do not look at it with that eye of favour which everybody seems to expect one should. If anomalies are once to justify alterations, there is no reason why we should stop till we have got everywhere an equal proportion of population returning the same number of members. I wish we had a Burke or a Sully, or anyone who loved to stand on the ancient ways, to arrest them in their march. However, this country will go to wreck before England. I hate the Orangemen, who are sanguinary and violent, and yet I see in them the last hope of Ireland. Exasperation will lose Ireland, conciliation will lose it equally. We are in a dilemma of destruction. Did I possess any property in this country, I would sell it at any loss whatsoever."

And, again, writing in the same melancholy spirit to W. B. Donne, he says:

"We are fallen upon evil days. Happy are they who, like you, have withdrawn from the sorrow of the time! England does not seem to guess what is coming upon her, but still sits alone like a queen, and says she shall know no sorrow. None will pause and listen to the beatings of 'the prophetic heart of the great world, dreaming of things to come.' I shun speaking of Irish affairs; they are so miserable and full of despair."

We have here as elsewhere evidence of that sad, foreboding nature which left its impress upon his poetry, and showed itself outwardly in his somewhat gloomy features. They were often lit up with the fire of enthusiasm, just as his habitual gravity was tempered by a keen appreciation of wit and humour; but, both in his looks and in his conversation, sombreness predominated. Perhaps his association with Ireland may have deepened it in him; but the tendency to gloom was probably inherited from his Huguenot ancestors. For Trench was less an Irishman than a Frenchman. His father's family traced back to an emigrant, Frederic de la Tranche, who

settled in England in 1574; while on his mother's side, the Archbishop was almost purely French—the grandfather of Bishop Chenevix of Waterford, Philip Chenevix d'Eply, of Lorraine, having taken refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It may be doubted whether he ever understood Irishmen, and certainly he had no high opinion of their powers for achieving national greatness. Writing to his friend Donne in February 1833, he says:

"I deplore with you the present state and the prospects of Ireland. Laws may create a polity from the strong ferment of barbarism, but cannot cure the lingering debility of an outworn people, and, what is worse, the spreading of inveterate decay. The Irish possessed a pure and spiritual Church, and an enlightened Church government when Columba went forth to the Western Isles and the Rhine as a missionary. They forewent the privilege, and the present condition is one of the countless proofs which history gives that the palmy state of a people can never return."

One turns from this topic, which long since lost all freshness, to the letters on theological and other subjects which passed between Trench and John Sterling. Those from the latter, after having been ordained curate to the parish of Hurstmonceux, are particularly interesting. After discussing the then moot subject of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles as a necessary preliminary to entrance at the universities, he adds:

"I must, however, tell you that I myself am a far more hesitating Church reformer and amender of the Articles than I was. Not that I do not think we should be well rid of a dozen of them which determine points that might just as well be left open; but because I see more and more clearly the great unfitness of our present clergy to meddle in such a work. My two great practical objects, had I any power, would be to mend the education of the clergy at the universities, and to bring a very much larger body of our teachers to bear on our population, especially in towns."

One, at least, of these objects is being accomplished by the University Extension lectures and classes, while of the former it may be said that the establishment of theological colleges has done something in the way of "mending" the special training of the clergy. In truth, no one contributed more to this end than Trench himself. His reputation was largely made by the lectures he delivered at King's College; and they form, in our opinion, his most substantial contribution to English literature. In so saying we do not disparage his poetic gift. Sterling, no mean critic, speaks of his first published volume—*The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems*—in terms of warm admiration; but the warmth is evidently due in large degree to affection for the author, and he does not hesitate to point out some defects in a later volume. Our own criticism has perhaps gone far enough. We find it a difficult matter to indicate with any degree of precision the contents of this collection of "Letters and Memorials." It would be easy to fill pages with extracts from the correspondence and still to leave untouched much of the greatest interest and value. Archbishop Trench, by his rare combination of learning, poetry, piety, and courtesy, gathered round himself an unusually large and varied circle of friends; while even those outside

who could not share in his opinions were attracted by the beauty of his character and by the example of his well-spent laborious life. Dean Church sums up thus felicitously what those who knew him best desired to say: "There was in him an imaginative love of truth, as not merely true, but beautiful; what others deal with only as divines, he also saw as a poet."

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

"Great Writers."—*The Life of Heine*. By William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

An English life of Heine has long been among the things to be desired. Mr. Stigand's is altogether too much a transcript of Stodtmann to reckon as an English work; and, besides being too cumbersome, it has now been for some years behind the time in the matter of information. Admirers of Heine and students alike of humanity and of German literature will, therefore, be grateful to Mr. Sharp for this handy and impartial biography of a man who has hitherto shared with Mr. Sharp's last subject, Shelley, the distinction of scarcely ever being mentioned without misrepresentation. I may as well say at once that those who obtain their knowledge of Heine's life and character from Mr. Sharp will have very little to unlearn or to modify. The few small inaccuracies which I shall presently point out fortunately do not affect the main outlines of the story or seriously alter the view of Heine's character.

The book is, perhaps, open to criticism on the score of the inadequacy of its presentation of Heine as a writer and an intellectual force; but for this Mr. Sharp is not altogether responsible, as the size of the book was necessarily somewhat narrowly limited. I notice, however, an omission or two which are of some importance for the understanding of the poet's personality and character, and which ought to be set right when opportunity presents itself. For instance, Mr. Sharp does not mention the uncertainty about the date of Heine's birth, but assigns that event unhesitatingly to December 13, 1799. Proelss, Heine's latest German biographer, also accepts that date; but he tells us that Stodtmann, on whose work all later biographies necessarily are based, was convinced after the publication of his book that Heine was really born in 1797. The evidence is strangely weak and inconclusive, and the point of no great importance after all; but, if the earlier date could be accepted, we should get rid of the uncomfortable feeling which besets us at the picture of a boy of sixteen in love with two girls so nearly simultaneously as Heine must have been with "Sefchen" and "Molly" if 1799 be the correct date of his birth. For he tells us in his *Memoirs* that the Sefchen episode took place when he was about sixteen; and in his two earliest extant letters, dated respectively July and October, 1816,* that is to say, when he was between sixteen and seventeen, we find him talking as if his passion for "Molly" were something old established and well known to his boy-friends. In the earlier of these two letters,

* Mr. Sharp quotes from the second of these as unpublished; but both are included in the twenty-two volume edition of Heine's works, issued in 1876.

indeed, he expects to meet her for the first time for two years in four weeks' space; but there is no word of Sefchen. But whichever view be taken, I think the uncertainty ought to be mentioned. Mr. Sharp also omits to notice Heine's connexion with the "Verein für Kultur und Wissenschaft der Juden"; but, though the "Verein" was short-lived and effected very little, Heine's unselfish labours on its behalf should have been recorded, if only for the sake of softening the impression of egotistical worthlessness which Heine's life is apt to make on a reader, and which the present life in particular seems to me to produce, perhaps because of its condensation, as the reduction in size of an engraving by photographic or mechanical methods has the effect of blackening the shadows. Mr. Sharp twice mentions Heine and Shelley in the same breath, and in this connexion remarks that "one may enjoy, sympathise with, take endless delight in Heine, but one cannot love him." The reason is not far to seek. One cannot respect him. Shelley had in him something of Don Quixote. Often wrong-headed, he was yet one of those who hunger and thirst after a righteousness beyond that of the scribes and pharisees, and was capable of sacrificing comfort, wealth, prospects, and even life itself, in the pursuit of it; and he was almost destitute of the sense of humour. He was, therefore, always in terrible earnest. Heine was a humourist first, and what else might follow. Thoroughly sceptical, he mocked at the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees; with regard to anything higher, he had enough imagination to conceive it, but as for striving to attain it—"Bah! le jeu n'en valait pas la chandelle." To qualify himself for office under a government which he could not but despise and detest, he committed with open eyes an act of baseness which, failing in its immediate object, flavoured the whole of his after life, and possibly made easier subsequent departures from the line of strictly honourable conduct. There is no blinking the fact. Again and again Heine's biographer has to record actions which it is difficult or impossible to reconcile with the character of an honest man or a gentleman, even as the reader of his works again and again has to wade through or skip over passages which no gentleman (in the best sense of the word) could have written. Whether his great gifts or his intellectual consciousness of the true nature of his acts can be pleaded in extenuation, or should be regarded as aggravating their baseness, I will not decide; but it is important to the world that its great men should be presented to it in as favourable a light as justice and truth will allow. Do not let me be misunderstood. The baseness of Heine's acceptance of Christianity lies entirely in the fact that baptism did not symbolise a change of religion. Had it done so the case would have worn quite another aspect. How he regarded conversion "for a consideration" may be read in his letters, in his tragedy of "Almansor," and in his novel-fragment *The Rabbi of Bacherach*.

Mr. Sharp makes large drafts on the plentiful deposits of autobiographic matter found imbedded in Heine's works; but, like his predecessors, he has scarcely, I think, realised how thoroughly Heine was—to borrow a

phrase from Mr. Hamerton—an artist in words—one, too, who was prepared, if the ordinary materials of his craft failed him, or if it seemed the shortest way to his "effect," to stick in a wafer for the sun or a black paper cutting for a painted dog. Thus, when he says that Sefchen's hair was quite blood-red, or that he and she on a certain occasion sobbed in each other's arms for something like an hour, he is no more to be taken literally than when he describes the clouds taking the form of a procession of the gods of Greece, or exclaims:

"The wretched woman with her tears,
Her poisonous tears, hath slain me!"

At the same time, these exaggerations are occasionally but a transparent veil thrown over the truth, or the grotesque touches which go to the making of a caricature and yet leave the portrait quite visible. There is a fine specimen of self-portraiture of this sort in the *Rabbi*. A young renegade Jew being reproached with being worse than a Christian, in fact, a heathen, an idolator, answers:

"Yes, I am a heathen. You dust-dry, joyless Hebrews, and yonder gloomy, pain-sick Nazarenes alike repel me. Our Blessed Lady of Sidon, the holy Astarte, forgive me that I bend the knee and pray before the dolorous Mother of the Crucified One! . . . But it is only knee and tongue that do homage to death—the heart is true to life."

I quote this passage because it forcibly presents much of what Heine was and what he remained up to the very end of his life, and because it makes plain the gulf which separates him from Shelley—its breadth is the distance between Our Lady of Sidon and the awful loveliness of Intellectual Beauty. It is doubtful if either of them could have understood the other—a circumstance which makes it the less to be regretted that neither seems to have heard of the other. Heine's most obvious affinity in English literature is with Byron and perhaps, in a slightly less degree only, with Sterne.

Now for the small inaccuracies hinted at above. According to Mr. Sharp, the old one-story house in which Heine was born is still standing. Strodtmann and Proells both declare it to have been pulled down, and the latter gives a picture of the very respectable three-storied one which occupies the site. At p. 19 Mr. Sharp writes: "The eldest-born of Samson and Elizabeth Heine was actually christened Harry," and in the index he has "baptised Harry." Of course, he means that the young Jew was so named. Then Madame Heine (*mère*) by all testimony was named Betty, and not Elizabeth. It was the fashion; the Heine family-tree contains another Betty, a Betsy, and a Fanny; and other instances of the use of English diminutives will easily occur to the reader. And why call the executioner's daughter a Jewess? Heine nowhere, that I can find, calls her so. It was the occupation of her kindfolk that made them Pariahs.

Mr. Sharp usually takes his quotations from Heine's works from some one or other of the published translations—and very wisely, for some of these translations are really excellent—while he himself is at his weakest when translating. Here is his version of the little lion-fountain song in "Almansor,"

which, being rendered in prose, ought to be very exact:

"In the court of the Alhambra stand erect twelve great marble lions; and near by is a mighty basin of purest alabaster.

"Low within this basin float roses in full bloom, wondrous of hue, red, red are they with the blood of the many knights who have made merry at Granada."

The original runs thus:

"In dem Hofe des Alhambra's
Stehn zwölf Löwenstul' von Marmor,
Auf den Löwen steht ein Becken
Von den reinsten Alabaster.

"In dem Becken schwimmen Rosen
Rosen von der schönsten Farbe;
Das ist Blut der besten Ritter
Die geleuchtet in Granada."

In summarising the story of the other tragedy—"Edward Rateliff"—Mr. Sharp makes some curious mistakes. He speaks of an elopement being intercepted; but, in fact, the lady refuses to go, and it is her father, and not her accepted suitor, who is immediately afterwards killed. Nor is Mr. Sharp much happier when translating from the French. Camille Selden writes:

"Que de fois j'ai trouvé Heine couvrant les grandes feuilles de papier blanc, éparées devant lui, de ces vigoureux caractères dont la forme seule trahissait l'audace et la netteté de sa pensée. Le crayon, qui courait avec une activité fébrile sur les blancheurs de la page, prenait, entre les doigts effilés du malade, l'inflexibilité d'une arme meurtrière, et semblait raturer des réputations intactes."

Mr. Sharp condenses, and, I think, spoils, this fine descriptive passage thus:

"One day early in February . . . Camille Selden entered his room and saw him covering large sheets of paper with feverish haste, 'with a pencil that assumed the sharpness of a murderous weapon.'"

I have thought it worth while to dwell thus long on what are really small faults because the book is essentially a good one, and, I should think, certain to reach a second edition, in which they can all be corrected with very little trouble. Mr. Sharp's style needs no commendation from me; but I must say that the "summary of Heine's genius," contained in the last few pages, seems to me admirable both in form and substance.

The "bibliography" is tolerably extensive; but there is an edition of Heine's works more complete than the one from which Mr. Sharp has worked, and which is not mentioned—the twenty-two volume edition of 1876. It contains, in addition to the early letters quoted by Mr. Sharp as not included in the "Works," four Sonnets besides those enumerated by him in the *Junge Leiden* series. How much more I cannot say.

R. M'LINTOCK.

The Kingdom of Georgia: Notes of Travel in a Land of Women, Wine, and Song, &c.
By Oliver Wardrop. (Sampson Low.)

In a recent number of the ACADEMY (December 8) the want of a guide-book to Georgia in the English language was deplored. Mr. Weidenbaum had given us an excellent work in Russian, but it was a closed book to the majority. At length something in the way of a guide, with the addition of *souvenirs de voyage*, has been furnished by Mr. Oliver

Wardrop. The interesting books on travel in Georgia by Commander Buchan Telfer, Mr. Bryce, and the sportsmen and mountaineers who have visited the Caucasus have told Englishmen of the magnificent scenery; but little or nothing has been written about the history of the country, and its literature has been completely ignored. A cordial welcome, therefore, is due to Mr. Wardrop, who takes us from Batum to Tiflis and elsewhere. His description of the new Russian port is graphic; but, as the place is in a transitional state, much of what he writes will, we fear, soon become antiquated. In a short time a handsome city will supply the place of the filthy Turkish village, just as the dignified Odessa has obliterated all traces of the alleys and shanties of Hodjia.

The sketches of the chief places traversed by the railway are well drawn; but our author becomes more copious when he reaches Tiflis, one of the most charming cities of the world. We do not agree with him in seeing a connexion between its name and the Indo-European root *top*, as in *topidus*, *τέφρα*, &c. There is nothing Indo-European about Georgian. It has only three congeners—Lazi, Suani, and Mingrelian. The resemblance is merely accidental, and must no more be pushed, as the phrase is, than the Slavonic scholar's identification of *kniga*, "book," with the Chinese *king*. Mr. Wardrop has much that is interesting to tell us about the strange old city; and in his account of the leading inhabitants he does not forget to mention Prince Chavchavadze—a true patriot, and one who has earned a very honourable place in the literature of his country. His portrait is given together with that of Prince Machabeli, who deserves the sympathies of Englishmen for his translation into Georgian of some of Shakespeare's plays.

The early history of the Karthweli, as they style themselves, is hidden in obscurity. Certainly they are a most ancient people, and their territory at one time extended much further than the lands they now occupy. They have been driven more and more up to the spurs of the mountains. As to the mysterious King Pharnavaz—reputed to have invented the pretty "civil" alphabet, as it is called, in opposition to the ecclesiastical—he must be considered more or less of a myth. With David II., the founder of the line of the Bagratids, who came to the throne in 1089, we get a good starting-point. In 1184 we have the accession of the celebrated Queen Tamara, who has left her name in the popular traditions, but surrounded with legend. This was the golden age of Georgia in political prosperity and intellectual development. The traveller in the country is struck at the present day with the number of buildings with which her name is associated in the belief of the people.

The annals of the Georgian sovereigns are difficult to trace. To the English reader there appear to be lists of Davids, Bagrats, and Vakhtang in endless confusion. The indefatigable Brosset edited and translated into French a collection of these chronicles; but they are not trustworthy. We can trace the contemporary writer in his eagerness to magnify the reigning dynasty throughout his narrative. Whenever we look for any of the events of Georgian history which can be

learned from the ancients or later authorities, we only find disagreement. It is as bad as trying to reconcile the Persian kings of Herodotus and Ctesias. In our youth we used to hear a great deal about the mendacity of the court-physician of Artaxerxes; but now Prof. Sayce has told us we must believe in him. The Georgian chroniclers know nothing of the Pharasmanes, with whom Vespasian made the alliance, testified by the interesting stone found near Mtsketh, the solitary Roman inscription discovered in the land. Moreover, these chroniclers have little but bloodshed to speak of. The country has suffered terribly from Tatar, Circassian, Persian, and Turk. These barbarians have poured their hordes into the charming valleys, and have left nothing but smoking ruins behind them. Sometimes Mussulman dynasties have held sway in Christian Tiflis. When Chardin visited the city in the latter part of the seventeenth century, he found a Persian sovereign enthroned. To these inroads of foreign foes must be added internal struggles. The country, instead of presenting a united front, was broken up into petty principalities, full of local feuds. We have kings of Mingrelia, kings of Imeretia, and other subdivisions. Thus, during the whole of last century, Georgia was steadily losing ground, large parts of her territory were appropriated by the Turks, and the inhabitants forced to adopt the creed of Islam. One instance will suffice. The Lazis—a people of Georgian race, who stretch along the seaboard of the Euxine as far as Trebizonde—have almost entirely lost their language, and have become the bitter foes of their Georgian brothers who have remained Christian. The Turks have found no more enthusiastic supporters.

Remembering these facts, we are unable to sympathise with Mr. Wardrop in his lamentations over the annexation of Georgia by Russia. It seems to us that had not this voluntary cession on the part of the inhabitants taken place, Georgia must have been obliterated from the list of peoples. She has endured so much from her Moslem invaders that nothing could have been more ridiculous than the attempt of Omar Pasha to raise the native populations against the Russians. The recollections of these struggles are not effaced. In 1795 the last great invasion of Georgia occurred. Aga Mohammed, the Shah of Persia, took Tiflis by storm, and the city was almost levelled with the ground. The aged king Heraclius managed to escape, but only survived the disaster three years. In 1800 Georgia was formally incorporated with Russia.

The chapter on the language and literature of Georgia which Mr. Wardrop has added to his book will furnish interesting information to many people on an obscure subject. He has collected much curious matter; and, perhaps, the account of Shota Rustaveli, the poet of the twelfth century, whose romantic epic, entitled "The Man in the Panther's Skin," has come down to us, will be read with the keenest pleasure. The handsome edition of this work published this year at Tiflis will help to diffuse the knowledge of it. It was issued by the "Society for the Spread of Education among those who speak Georgian," which the Russian Government allows to carry on its labours, in curious contrast with the

Turkish treatment of the Armenians. The sale of all books of Armenian history and secular literature is strictly forbidden in Turkey. The Georgian society not only possesses a valuable library at Tiflis, but from time to time reprints the works of the old Georgian authors, such as the interesting version of the *Anvar-i-Suhaili*, partly made by King Vakh-tang VI.; the works of Sulkhan Orbeliani, and the Visramiani. The poem on Queen Tamara by Chakhkrubadze, from which Mr. Wardrop quotes, has, unless we are mistaken, been edited by Father Josseliani, who published many specimens of old Georgian literature. Consisting as it does of epithets merely, it is a curiosity and nothing more; and it may be compared with the Gaelic poem on the battle of Harlaw in 1411, which is made up of many stanzas consisting entirely of adverbs.

It is only with the political views of Mr. Wardrop that we cannot sympathise, and we must altogether take exception to the title of his book. He has no grounds for holding out to Russophobic Englishmen hopes that Georgia would or could declare her independence, if Russia became involved in a great war. Her people are numerically too few. Even her capital, Tiflis, is crowded with Armenians—an alien race, who have no common traditions with the Georgians. The very divisions among the Caucasian tribes enables Russia to hold the country as we do India.

The bibliography at the end of the book is very valuable. We see by a notice in the *Journal Asiatique* that a translation of "The Man in the Panther's Skin" into French is about to appear. Among the works on Georgian philology Mr. Wardrop might have mentioned the "Mingrelian Studies" of Taqarelli and the excellent Chrestomathy of Chubinov; and, while speaking of the literature, he should have added an account of the magazine *Tsikari*. We are uncertain whether it still appears, but the numbers already published form a goodly array of volumes. Finally, while congratulating Mr. Wardrop on his very pleasant book, let us hope that it will induce travellers to visit one of the most picturesque countries of the world.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

The Dean's Daughter. By Sophie F. F. Veitch. In 2 vols. (Alexander Gardner.)

Dagmar. By Helen Shipton. In 3 vols. (Smith & Innes.)

Miss Hildreth. By A. de Grasse Stevens. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Blossom and the Fruit. By Mabel Collins. (Published by the Author.)

The Spell of Ashtaroth. By Duffield Osborne. (Sampson Low.)

Delamar's Fetish. (Field & Tuer.)

Proposals. (Ward & Downey.)

Nan, &c. By L. B. Walford. (Spencer Blackett.)

MISS SOPHIE VEITCH'S new story is not so strong in incident as *Angus Grasse* or *James Hopbarn*, but it is infinitely stronger in character-analysis. So remarkable is *The*

Dean's Daughter in this respect, so absolutely English is it, moreover, that had not Miss Veitch's name appeared on the title-page, I should not have supposed it to be hers. Though not her most stirring, it is by far the ablest work she has written. The passages in it which deal with the morally distorted and tragic passion of Vera Dormer recall to some extent the vanished hand of the author of *Jane Eyre*; while the account of Vera's life as a girl and of her experiences in a cathedral town remind one frequently of Mrs. Oliphant, and occasionally of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope. Miss Veitch will, indeed, find it difficult to defend the morality of her heroine's action in perjuring herself in court, and incurring a term of penal servitude, to save from disgrace the man whom she worships and who worships her, but who is, at the same time, the husband of another woman. There is no defence for it at all, except the doctrine that intensity and unselfishness of passion (if passion be ever quite unselfish) sanction the most extraordinary defections from the straight path of conduct—conduct not in the conventional, but in the Arnoldian, sense. Happily, *The Dean's Daughter* may be considered apart from all the perilous questions associated with the casuistry of the emotions which it inevitably raises. The story of the will which leads up to Vera Dormer's perjury is genuinely dramatic in its leading features. Then there are at least four characters in *The Dean's Daughter*—the irritable and capricious Colonel L'Estrange, his patient nephew Conrad, the fussy Aunt Marion, and the schemer Gilbert Wilbraham—that are marked by strong and sustained individuality. It may be matter for regret that Adrian Warren should have entered into the life of Vera Dormer at all; but the fact of his doing so leads to perhaps the most startling episode in the book—the rapid ride of Vera to save Warren from being murdered. The only portion of a singularly strong plot which might well have been omitted without disadvantage, and even with advantage as regards the main lines of the story, is the flirtation of Major Fordham with the weakly selfish Edith Mason. *The Dean's Daughter* firmly establishes Miss Veitch's position among the upper ten of the female novelists of the day.

Dagmar is one of those terribly well-intentioned, yet provokingly dreary and monotonous books that suggest baldness, rather than premature greyness of hair, as the penalty for reading them. It is, in reality, nothing more than a study of two persons—Dagmar and her lover Maurice—in all their moods and their by no means exciting or extraordinary experiences, with some rural and country-house life thrown in. There is no reason whatever why all that they do and all that they say which is for any reason worth reading should not have been put into one volume. This is practically all that need, or, indeed, can, be said of this portentous, yet not ill-written, book. It is so singularly devoid of everything having the slightest approach to naughtiness that one is surprised, if not shocked, to learn that so well nurtured a girl as Dagmar Tyndal should, on finding a large locket which had been originally round the neck of Maurice Claughton, “after hesitating a moment, loosen her collar, fasten the chain

round her neck, and let the locket slip down and nestle against the warm whiteness of her bosom.” This may be allowable at the beginning of a third volume, but scarcely at the end of a first.

Miss Hildreth is an interesting story of America and Russia, of murder, mystery, flirtation, fascination, cruelty, and Siberia, written, however, in far too grandiose a style. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a more gorgeous passage that this:

“The silver rays touched with seeming tenderness the dark hair rolled high upon the little head, and fell across the white neck, half concealed by a fleecy drapery gathered together carelessly, and held by one slender hand in a long loose glove; they struck cool and sharp on the sweeping lines of the dress, accentuating each fold of the silken texture and threw into bold relief the soft pallor of the delicately rounded face, lingering longest where the dark brows made a mystery of the eyes, and kissing the curved lips that now were set and defiant; illuminating and defining each gracious curve and outline of the graceful form, with the same ethereal brilliancy that transformed the trickling fountain into an elixir of life and awakened the leaf-god Narcissus into perennial youthfulness.”

It is far too much in the spirit of this passage that *Miss Hildreth* is written. Yet the plot of the story is well constructed and its secret is admirably preserved. It would not be quite fair to reveal how it comes about that the rivalry of two agents of the Czar for the hand of an heiress affects and is affected by Patricia Hildreth's little plot for bringing back to his old allegiance the man whom she has thrown aside. It is enough to say that the connexion is clearly established and cleverly sustained. The writer of *Miss Hildreth*, who is, in all probability, a lady, gives pictures of society both in Russia and in the United States. Her American sketches are, however, decidedly her best.

Apart from occultism, *The Blossom and the Fruit*, or the story of the influence exerted on each other's lives by the three leading personages in it, the Princess Fleta, Father Amyot, and Hilary Estanol, can hardly be regarded as specially interesting. It is indeed written by an occultist for occultists. To the uninitiated, plot and incidents alike will seem the maddest of phantasies. There are some descriptive passages of great beauty, however, which prove that the author of *The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw* is improving, not falling off, as a stylist.

The Spoil of Ashtaroth belongs to the same order of fiction as General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* and Dr. Walsh's *Mary, the Queen of the House of David*. Like them, it is an attempt to give an air of essentially modern reality to a particular portion of the Biblical narrative, without any infusion or insinuation of modern rationalism. Inferior to *Ben Hur* in imaginative sweep and literary distinction, it is superior to *Mary* in condensation, and has a swing both in plot and style that is all its own. Mr. Osborne has undoubtedly the power of writing animated narrative, although, in some of his descriptions, he also undoubtedly reminds one, if not of Mr. G. P. R. James, certainly of Mrs. Bray, as when he dilates on “the nose clean cut, broad at the nostrils, and slightly aquiline, the mouth firm and deter-

mined, and the chin delicately rounded, perhaps too much so to be in thorough keeping with what was otherwise a strong face.”

There is not a weak sentence in this story of the times of Joshua and the conquest of Palestine, though there is many an over-strenuous line. One is never allowed for a moment to lose interest in the young soldier Adriel, who, in the sack of Jericho, falls under the spell of Ashtaroth in the person of the beautiful Eliasa, brings, through love for her, military disaster upon his country, yet lives for, and finally dies with, her. What may be termed the sacred episodes in this book—such as the drawing of the lots to ascertain what family it is that, through the infidelity of one of its members to the God of Israel, has placed his countrymen at the mercy of the Canaanites—are told with an impressiveness that is at times positively sombre. The conflict in Adriel's mind between love and patriotism is suggestive of something which might have occurred in a modern story of real life, but yet of the *Robert Elsmere* sort. Still, it makes up in power for what it lacks in reality.

There is a certain commonplaceness about *Delamar's Fetich*. The Riviera that figures in it is everybody's Riviera. It must be allowed, however, that the heroine-villain of the story is such a monstrosity, such a compound of adventuress, siren, and murderess, that she must be allowed to be absolutely original. The local descriptions, too, are obviously reliable. Les Delices, Massilia, even

“the dazzling white villas surrounded by gardens containing palm-trees, acacias, and tall eucalyptus-trees, with their cinnamon-coloured trunks and ragged strips of bark, and their sickle-shaped pendulous leaves, which rustled in the breeze and emitted an aromatic resinous odour under the rays of the hot sun,”

have all the look of photographs. But the author is not successful with her (?) four leading characters—Matilda and Griselda, and their respective lovers. Not that they are altogether poor in themselves, but that they are perfunctorily finished. This is especially true of Captain Brown, the admirer of the ill-fated Griselda, who is the raw material—but unhappily the raw material only—of a Bayard or of a Colonel Esmond. The “society” and “literary” scenes, in which Lady Midlothian more especially figures, are a trifle too farcical.

There is a good deal of cleverness, taking, as a rule, the form of mild and feminine Thackerayanism, in *Proposals*, in which a self-conscious young woman, on the eve of her marriage with a prig, tells the story of the various offers of the same kind that preceded his. It may be doubted if this young lady will have many sympathisers; for if occasionally, especially when she was a governess, she had proposals made to her which were in no sense an honour, and indicated snobbishness, if not something worse, on the part of those who made them, she herself was misguided enough to lose her heart to a man who “was indolent and selfish, and had perhaps every fault that could not be called a vice.” There are one or two really good pieces of simple and innocent fun, however, in *Proposals*, such as the incident of the journalist lover and that of the ardent Vicomte, who

looks, however, more like a sketch by Mr. Corney Grain than a portrait drawn from the actual French life of to-day. Altogether, *Proposals*, though slight, is not unpromising.

Mrs. Walford is seen to less advantage in the collection of short stories, of which the first and most ambitious is "Nan," than in her full-length fictions. In them she seems to come into competition with the author of *Molly Bawn*, and to emerge from it only second best. Such short stories, to be even tolerable, ought to be distinguished either by sprightliness in conversation, or by strong emotion; and there is neither the one nor the other in Mrs. Walford's. The plot of several of them, moreover, is decidedly commonplace. "Will Darling's Cross in Love," for example, is nothing but a reproduction of a stale incident—the marriage of a man to the daughter of the woman he had passionately and vainly loved. Some of Mrs. Walford's still-life sketches, however, are almost, if not altogether, delightful, for the morality she indirectly teaches is not only healthy, but stimulating, in virtue of its simplicity. Of this collection, "Nan," and "The History of an Evening," are the best, as being the most artistic; and that not so much because, as in spite, of their being, in respect of sentiment, of the flimsiest material.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. By C. P. Lucas. Vol. I. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) A little more than a year ago Mr. Lucas published an *Introduction to a[n] Historical Geography of the British Colonies*. He has now followed it up with the first volume of the "Historical Geography" itself; and we suppose that at least three more volumes will be required to complete the work. The present instalment deals with (1) the European dependencies of Great Britain (including Malta and Cyprus, which some geographers would claim for Africa and Asia respectively); (2) the minor Asiatic dependencies (including Aden, which is strictly part of the Bombay Presidency of India, but excluding Sarawak, which, at the time of writing, had not yet been proclaimed a British protectorate); and (3) the dependencies in the Indian Ocean (including the Cocos Islands, which are administered—so far as they are administered at all—from Singapore). It will be observed that none of these are colonies in the popular sense of the word, viz., foreign homes for the surplus population of the mother country. They are really military and naval stations, commercial entrepôts, or tropical plantations; and nearly all of them have some connexion with the great dependency of India, which is excluded from the scope of the undertaking. Mr. Lucas, as a clerk in the Colonial Office, enjoyed exceptional advantages for obtaining his information at first hand, both from documents and from persons. But this alone would not have been enough to give the stamp of authority to his work, if he had not known how to select and to combine, and to express himself with conciseness. The result is a book as laudable in execution as it is novel in design. Our only regret is that he has not thought fit to give fuller statistics of both finance and trade. The maps, which number fifteen (not including insets), have been executed by the Oxford University Press, and not (as before) at the establishment of Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston.

The History of the Battles and Adventures of the British, the Boers, and the Zulus in Southern Africa. By D. C. F. Moodie. With Maps and Illustrations. In two vols. (Cape Town: Murray & St. Leger.) The author, or rather compiler, of these volumes, is a colonist of old standing, being the son of a Scotch naval officer who immigrated after the peace of 1815, and who himself published the *Cape Record* in 1838. Like not a few other colonial writers, his method of composition is the despair of the critic. Without regard to chronology or any other settled principle, he has here put together a miscellaneous collection of the "battles and adventures" which make up the history of South Africa—from the time of Pharaoh Necho (?) down to the year 1880. Here may be found a brief account of the first settlement of the Dutch and of their reinforcement by French Huguenots; several original narratives concerning the wreck of the *Grosvener* and the sufferings of the survivors; a description of the capture of the Cape by the English, and of the frequent hostilities with the Dutch that have followed; and details concerning the yet more frequent Kafir wars. Not the least valuable chapters are those dealing with quite modern times. The rise and downfall of the Zulu power is described, mainly in the words of the two Englishmen who have known the Zulus best—Henry Francis Fynn and John Dunn; while the story of the great trek of the "Thirstland Boers" in 1875-79 embodies a romance worthy of the pen of De Quincey. We cannot honestly call Mr. Moodie an historian; but he has at any rate given a permanent shape to some of the fleeting traditions which the future historian cannot afford to neglect. We may also commend his work, as an inexhaustible mine of materials, to the new school of novelists whose staple is "battles and adventures."

Round about New Zealand. By E. W. Payton. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Payton has a profound contempt for the "scribbling globe-trotter," but, having spent over three years in New Zealand, has no scruple in publishing a record of his own travels in that colony. There is nothing very new in his diary, and the places he visits have been described before; but he has produced a readable book, which may interest those who as yet know little of the colony. We agree with the author that road-making has been much neglected in New Zealand, and that plenty of good roads are more important than railways in the development of the country. He frequently describes the roads he passed over, which are sometimes terrible to look at. The large coaches have to be hung on leather instead of on springs, and are quite innocent of glass windows. Steel springs, however good, can never be depended on, and glass would be shattered to atoms at the first rut. These leather suspension coaches travel very easily, their chief motion being a sort of rolling, similar to that of a small boat at anchor in a very light sea. The sight of the great lunatic asylum, not far from Dunedin, in the Middle Island, set the author thinking what a colony of 500,000 people could want with such an enormous building. This is the result of his reflections:

"There seems to be something very maddening about the colony. From personal observation I am inclined to think it is the universal and excessive use of whisky which necessitates the enlargement of the gaunt grey structure on the sea cliff. The worst characteristic of the lower class colonists is undoubtedly their love of drink. We are accustomed to see a fair amount of drinking in England, but the beer-drinkers at home are decidedly mild compared to their Australasian brethren. Beer is used a good deal in the colonies, but the standard beverage of the steady drinkers is whisky; and the quantity of the fluid that some can get through is astonishing. Drinking seems

to be the one amusement of a section of the lower classes; and they are at it day and night when not in actual employment; and the money they spend in drink would seem incredible to English ears. As sure as one man meets an acquaintance whom he has not seen for a few days, or even hours, almost his first words are, 'Come and have a drink.' Treating to drink is a universal custom. Whenever a man meets a friend there is no excuse wanted for turning into the nearest bar, as before they have been in conversation two minutes one is sure to ask the other, 'What'll you have?' Many men who can earn £3 per week, and keep themselves on £1, will drink the remaining £2 regularly, and run into debt. The amount of harm done to the constitution by this excessive drinking will be better appreciated in future generations."

Can it be true that there are natives so well off that one young Maori in Hawke's Bay has £15,000 a year, and several others live in large houses in a very comfortable European fashion, with carriages and white coachmen and servants?

Kaipara; or, Experiences of a Settler in North New Zealand. By P. W. Barlow. (Sampson Low.) The author of this slight but amusing little book is a civil engineer who emigrated to New Zealand with his wife and six children in 1883. His first experiences of Auckland were unpleasant; but a lucky chance took him into the Kaipara district, and there he seems to be living in comfort, though whether on his professional labours or no he does not tell us. He states, however, that at present the colony offers little inducement to professional men to endeavour to pursue their callings, owing to the period of depression through which it is now passing, and for which, we take it, the colony has only itself to thank. Mr. Barlow alludes to the evils of over-government and extravagant expenditure, and hints at a considerable amount of corruption. New Zealand has preceded us in the establishment of county councils, and, in the opinion of the author, would do much better without them. He particularly recommends the North Island, or at least that part of it with which he is acquainted, to men fond of an outdoor life, and with fixed incomes ranging from four to six hundred a year. Such incomes are thought little of at home, but in New Zealand will secure a large amount of enjoyment, and give a man considerable importance; while, if he should feel an inclination for politics, he would have little difficulty in securing a seat in the House of Representatives. The colony is much in need of men of independent means, who will take up politics for the good of their adopted country, and not for the sake of an honorarium which the country cannot afford to pay.

Our Last Year in New Zealand, 1887. By William Garden Cowie, Bishop of Auckland. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) If it be true, as some ill-natured critics aver, that colonial bishops are oftener to be found at the Athenaeum Club than in their own dioceses, the Bishop of Auckland is an exception to the rule. Consecrated in 1869, his first visit to England was in the present year to attend the Lambeth Conference; and more than this, he tells us that he has not once been out of his diocese for a day's holiday since he first entered it, his only absences having been to attend duties connected with his office in other places. It was a good idea of the bishop's to publish his diary for the twelvemonth immediately preceding his departure from Auckland on January 10 for England. That there should be a certain sameness in such a journal is unavoidable, but this is more than compensated by the insight given us into the work of the bishop and the state of the church in his diocese. There is a manly, soldierlike straightforwardness in the gallant bishop, as might be expected from one who has seen such good service and earned medals and

claps, for he was army chaplain at the relief of Lucknow, served with Sir R. Walpole's division in several actions, and again in the Umbeila campaign against the Afghan tribes in 1863. In his journal we have a picture of a man zealous and judicious in the performance of duty, and loved and respected all through his diocese—a pattern of what a colonial bishop should be. Besides this, the bishop's observations on politics, agriculture, and many other topics as they came under his notice are well worth attention. Especially interesting is his account of the ordained Maori clergymen.

The Australian Irrigation Colonies. (Chaffey Brothers.) This folio is a gigantic specimen of advertising. Messrs. Chaffey have obtained grants from the Governments of Victoria and South Australia of upwards of 500,000 acres on the banks of the Murray. These tracts are divided into two settlements, named respectively Mildura and Renmark. The land is to be irrigated from the river, and of its capabilities and advantages the projectors give a glowing account. They propose dividing the two districts into plots, which they offer for sale on the following terms: town allotments of $\frac{1}{4}$ acre, each £20 per lot; villa allotments of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres £100 per lot; agricultural and horticultural lands from £15 to £20 per acre. They sell either for cash or on credit; on cash sales a discount of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is allowed. All lands are sold with water rights running with the titles, and the titles also carry with them interests, proportionate to their areas, in all channels and other irrigation works and plant for pumping and supplying water. There can be no question about the importance of irrigation, and if it be carried into effect as proposed by the projectors their offers may be advantageous; but it must be noticed that they offer their agricultural land at a price decidedly higher than that at which great quantities of fair agricultural land may be purchased in England at the present day. A difficulty suggests itself as to the future maintenance of the irrigation works. Messrs. Chaffey state that the interest of the firm in the unsold lands of the colony is the security of the purchasers for a liberal interpretation of their obligations by the vendors; but what is to prevent the vendors selling all their lands? and then perhaps the purchasers will be forced to subscribe among themselves towards the maintenance of the works. The letterpress is interspersed with advertisements in the most irritating manner. One turns over a page in the middle of a sentence to find the next page occupied by a wholesale druggist, a patent dog-cart, or a universal provider.

SOME RELIGIOUS GIFT-BOOKS.

The Trees and Plants mentioned in the Bible. By W. H. Groser. (Religious Tract Society.) The history of the Holy Land has largely affected its flora, and therewith its physical features. The invaders of Palestine, from Sennacherib to Titus and even later, all waged war upon the timber which clothed the hills, and the Saracens carried out the spirit of a Mohammedan rule by uprooting the vines. Then, as the hillsides were thus left bare, the soil was washed off them by rain. But after all the changes thus effected, Palestine, with its five zones of climate, can still boast of wonderful wealth in tree and flower. "In what are our winter months, the meadows and pastures are ablaze with flowers of every hue"; and the olive, the fig, the vine, and the pomegranate are profitably grown. Mr. Groser has much to tell us about the varied vegetable productions of the land—its timber and fruit trees, its shrubs and flowers, its grain and spices. He avoids the mistake of being too positive and

precise in his identification of plants in the Old and New Testament. As Prof. Daubeney said of plants mentioned by Greek or Latin writers, the names must often be taken as representing general rather than particular species. Mr. Groser explains in an interesting way the points upon which the explanations of many Biblical passages turn, and his book will be found very useful to students of the Bible. Apart from its religious interest, it commends itself to all who love botany.

Ripples in the Starlight. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Nisbet.) This volume concludes Dr. Macduff's "Ripple" Series, *Starlight* following in due order *Twilight* and *Moonlight* as the medium of visibility. The varying light thus poetically discriminated does not, however, imply a variation of intensity in the "ripples" pertaining to each. They are all marked by the same characteristics of religious warmth and sincerity, finding expression in a rhetoric, always diffuse, and too often pretentious and turgid. To take an example, this is how he describes what he terms "chimes and refrains from the neighbouring ocean": (p. 44) "Now with quiet wave, now with gleam of opal tint and azure, now with voice of unrest, blinding storm and seeth of curdling foam." There is much more of the "storm and seeth" above mentioned than of the "quiet wave" in Dr. Macduff's book.

Roman Mosaics, by Hugh Macmillan (Macmillan), consists of a number of discursive reminiscences of Rome and its neighbourhood. The book is pleasantly written, and may possess an especial interest for persons who have never been to Rome, and want to know the impressions which the eternal city is wont to make on a cultured and religious man. It labours, however, under the same defect as the preceding book of a tendency to grandiloquence. We regard this as one of the most prevailing literary vices of our time, and we are sorry to believe that it is on the increase.

Natural Laws and Gospel Teachings. By H. W. Morris. (Religious Tract Society.) Dr. Morris has here brought together a number of facts from geography and natural history to corroborate the Gospel narratives, and added a series of disquisitions, intended to be more or less popular, on the miracles, prayer, the doctrine of the resurrection, and the end of the world. The arguments derived from chemistry and physiology in the second part of the volume do not strike us as being very powerful in the case of unbelievers, and they are useless to those who believe already. The corroboration of the Gospel facts by recent travel and discovery is well done, and likely to be of much use in schools. A good deal of trouble has been devoted by the author to point out how the oxygen and electricity of the universe could cause the final conflagration. Such speculations are of no practical use. Similarly, no amount of theorising on the properties of matter would ever explain the future resurrection. Physical researches applied to such a subject are futile.

Turning Points, and their Results in the Lives of Eminent Christians. By Mary Beck. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Beginning with Joseph and Moses, the author passes through the lives of Cyprian, Savonarola, and Xavier, to very superficial sketches of the life-work of several modern missionaries—Judson, Knill, De Grellet, and others. Mrs. Beck's theory is that a conscious, often an instantaneous, conversion summons all great workers to put on the Christian yoke. But her mental confusion in carrying out this view is strikingly apparent in the very first page of the book. Change of mind and change of outward circumstances are confounded. "In one day," she says of Joseph,

"the change came; but it was preceded by more than two years of apparently hopeless forgetfulness in the dungeon." If Joseph's history teaches one lesson more than another, it is unvarying trustfulness, love, and submission, without any mental change whatever from infancy to death. So was it with Moses and Elijah, other examples of the author, although their outward horizon did wonderfully change. The sketches of Ambrose, Cyprian, and Augustine, are the best of these lives. The tone of the book may be gathered from its comment on the saintly Philaret of Moscow, "Notwithstanding his position, he held truly spiritual views."

How to Help; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches of the East End. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. (Nisbet.) The author of this stirring appeal has some right to be heard. She has lived for many years in the East End, and striven in various ways to help and to elevate those around her. There are, she admits, many workers in the same field, and there is room for more; but she maintains that the secret of success is to be found not in any constraining sense of duty, but in the energy of love. The cloud of dreariness and despair which hangs over the toil-worn, poverty-stricken masses can only be lifted by those who preach and practice the Gospel of Hope. Mrs. Reaney, by her urgent and re-iterated remonstrances, gained some relief for the hard lot of the tramcar conductors and drivers, and we wish her similar success in the efforts she is now making to establish homes for admission to which there shall be "no other qualification than hopeless emergency" on the part of those willing to work honestly if they get the chance. The difficulty of establishing such a qualification is, we should think, pretty considerable.

Chats about the Church. By Fred. Geo. Browne. (S. P. C. K.) The Socratic method pursued by Mr. Browne in this little book is often very telling. The conversations, we are told, are not imaginary, but, in the main, are the echoes of what fell from the lips of speakers at a village club. If such be the case, the countryman compares favourably with his brother in town, for his questions exhibit interest and intelligence, while his ignorance of history is by no means remarkable. We expect that much of what Mr. Browne has to say about "the Bible in England before the Reformation" will be new to many outside the club; and there is scarcely a single chat which will not add something, either in the shape of knowledge or argument, to a Churchman's materials for the defence of the Establishment.

A Menology; or Record of Departed Friends. (Parker.) The idea of this little book, which is tastefully printed in purple type, is—at any rate to us—a novel one. A calendar has been drawn up with blank spaces left for the insertion of the names of dead friends; while in connexion with each date there is a quotation of a consolatory character drawn sometimes from the Old and sometimes from the New Testaments, and not seldom from the Apocrypha. The extracts from the Second Book of Ecdra will scarcely fail to suggest that portions of that book belong to the Christian era, and may induce readers to study the Scriptural statement on eschatology. We scarcely think the "Record" itself will meet with large acceptance. If friends be forgotten (itself a proof that the friendship was unworthy of the name) the fault cannot be artificially repaired.

The Lord's Prayer for Young People. By Alfred Hood. (Sonnenschein.) These chapters, or sermons rather, on the different clauses of the Lord's Prayer are diffuse and full of sentiment. They compare but ill with the exposition of the same prayer by Barrow and many other divines, and show a certain meagreness in

spiritual application. Not being altogether unaccustomed to fathom the depths of ignorance which most young people display, we find ourselves wondering what manner of such would understand, or be edified, by Mr. Hood's allusions to Herschel's telescopes and the infinitude of stellar space, to "a very old language called Sanscrit," or to Theodore Parker's finding "a rhodora in full bloom." And when Mr. Hood resolves the trial of Abraham into a feeling of doubt on his part, adding "perhaps indeed Abraham may have dreamed that God required him to offer up his son as a sacrifice," we should bid young people turn rather to the exact statements of the Bible.

Peace; the Voice of the Church to her Sick. (S.P.C.K.) All who remember the author of these meditations on the Order for the Visitation of the Sick (Canon Morse, late vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham) will be prepared to meet with the affectionate persuasiveness and spiritual wisdom which so distinguished his character even without the touching preface by Mr. Shorthouse, which speaks of his sympathetic goodness. These twenty-one addresses would be useful to the invalid, or to a young curate for sick-room reading. The chapter on making a will is specially to be commended.

Cloudy Days; Short Meditations for the Private Use of those in Trouble. By the Rev. F. Bourdillon. (S. P. C. K.) The writer is well known for the simplicity of his style and for the spirit of devotion which pervades his writings. These meditations will be found useful by the sick and suffering, who cannot shape their thoughts or find expression for them.

Weekly Church Teachings on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels. (S.P.O.K.) These teachings form an excellent manual for the elder classes in a Sunday-school, or even for their teachers. The connexion between the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of each Sunday is carefully drawn out in one lesson. In the second some part of the Prayer-Book or Catechism is expounded, texts suggested, difficulties smoothed, and the like. The little book is full and not too full.

A Book of Counsels for Girls, by Mary Bell (S.P.C.K.), consists of a series of lectures to young girls of the higher and more cultivated classes. They are very suitable to girls leaving school and asking themselves "What shall I do with my life?" The chapter on reading strikes us as especially sensible. Wives and mothers would in many cases be the better for having followed these counsels as girls.

The Lads of the Bible. By Rev. W. J. Bettison. (S.P.C.K.) These chapters form short sermons on some dozen of the young men of the Bible. They are plain, touching, and to the point.

Rainbows; a Book of Allegories, by J. W. Diggle (S.P.C.K.), is written in a rhetorical and somewhat sentimental spirit. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*; and not every one can hope to succeed in pointing out what spiritual teachings exist in the lighthouse, the crippled lamb, the finger-post, and other ordinary objects. But Mr. Diggle's is a meritorious little book; and he need not grieve at falling short where few save Bishop Wilberforce and Mr. Adams have succeeded.

A New Beginning. By Helen Shipton. (S.P.O.K.) The conversion of a bad character in village life by illness due to a deed of heroism is no new motive for a story. Miss Shipton has thrown considerable power into her delineation of this change, and her book is decidedly above the average of religious stories.

Twilight Verses. By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) Without much depth or originality Miss Giberne's verses are fluent and written from the heart. They will please many, and, it may be hoped, fall in with that vein of peaceful trust characteristic of sober, thoughtful Churchmanship.

The Church Monthly; an Illustrated Magazine for Home Reading ("Church Monthly Office," 30, New Bridge Street) follows much on the same lines as the last. It boasts a goodly number of contributors, including many celebrated names. Some of the illustrations are excellent, and it deserves to be widely read.

The Dawn of Day (S.P.C.K.) is one of the very best of cheap Church periodicals. The present volume for 1888 is full of good matter, and most certainly in no wise inferior to its predecessors.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Dr. E. B. Tylor has been appointed Lord Giffard's Lecturer in Natural Theology at Aberdeen. This was the last of the chairs to be filled up in the four Scotch universities. Prof. Max Müller has already delivered a first course of lectures at Glasgow, and has published (Longmans) the inaugural address, in which he gives an autobiographical review of his lifelong interest in the science of religion. We believe that Mr. Andrew Lang proposes to begin lecturing at St. Andrews in the early spring. The Edinburgh lecturer is Dr. James Hutchison Stirling.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of a new series of biographies under the title of "English Men of Action." It will be confined to those who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous in the service of their country. The series will begin in February and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be *General Gordon*, by Col. Sir William Butler; and the following are in course of preparation: "Sir John Hawkwood," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church; "Warwick, the King-Maker," by Mr. C. W. Oman; "Drake," by Mr. J. A. Froude; "Raleigh," by Mr. W. Stebbing; "Strafford," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "Montrose," by Mr. Mowbray Morris; "Monk," by Mr. Julian Corbett; "Dampier," by Mr. W. Clark Russell; "Captain Cook," by Mr. Walter Besant; "Clive," by Col. Sir Charles Wilson; "Warren Hastings," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "Sir John Moore," by Col. Maurice; "Wellington," by Mr. George Hooper; "Livingstone," by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple.

MR. A. PATCHETT MARTIN, the late editor of the *Melbourne Review*, has written a book which will be published early in January by Mr. David Douglas, Edinburgh, under the title *Australia and the Empire*. It will contain chapters on Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) in Sydney, Sir Henry Parkes in England, Lord Beaconsfield and "Young Australia," Australian Democracy, Australia and Irish Home Rule, the Irish in Australia, the State Schoolmaster, Native Australians and Imperial Federation, and the Moral of the Queensland Imbroglio.

MR. ROBERT DUNLOP—who will be known to readers of the ACADEMY as a thorough and impartial student of Irish history—has undertaken to write a *Life of Grattan* for the "Statesmen" series, published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a new translation of J. B. Tavernier's *Travels in India*

(1676), by Prof. V. Ball, formerly of the Indian geological survey. Tavernier, it will be remembered, was a jeweller by profession; and Prof. Ball has devoted special attention to the several diamond fields of India. The work will be in two volumes, with illustrations.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, of Manchester, announces the completion of the second volume of Baines's *History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster*, which has been edited and considerably extended by Mr. James Croston. It embraces a large portion of the hundred of Salford, and includes the history of the parishes of Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Prestwich with Oldham, Middleton, and Radcliffe. There are about 100 illustrations, in addition to numerous coats of arms; and a notable feature of the edition is the family pedigrees, of which twenty-three appear in the volume about to be issued.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a small volume of poems by Lord Henry Somerset, entitled *Songs of Adieu*.

THE following novels are announced by Messrs. Macmillan: *Neighbours on the Green*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Griefenstein*, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; and *Schwartz*, and other Stories, by Mr. D. Christie Murray.

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce *Times and Days: being Essays in Romance and History*, by Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne.

NOW that an English translation of the *Kalevala* has been published in America (Putnam's), and another is promised in this country by Mr. Kirby, some of our readers may be interested to know that the Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seuran, or Society of Finnish Literature, at Helsingfors have begun the publication of an elaborate work intended to contain all the available variants of the national epic. The first part of this work, compiled by Prof. J. Krohn—who has, unfortunately, died while it was passing through the press—gives the variants found in Finland proper and Esthonia of the episode of Sampo, which forms the centre of the poem, and of the hymns associated therewith. Two subsequent parts will deal with other episodes found in the same region. Another series of variants will hereafter be edited by Dr. Axel Borenius, who has taken as his domain the Karelian hymns of Viena (Archangel and Obenetz), where the oldest forms of the epic are preserved in their fullest and most connected shape. The present part, which consists of 172 closely printed pages, costs five shillings.

PROF. BRANDL, of Göttingen, has printed a paper on Chancer's Squire's Tale in the *Englische Studien*.

LIEUT.-COL. H. W. L. HIME—who dates from Kirkee, India—has published (Dulan) a pamphlet on *The Greek Materials of Shelley's "Adonais"*, in which he points out in detail the English poet's obligations to Bion and Moschus, and further goes on to make some remarks on the two other great English elegies, "Lycidas" and "In Memoriam." The author writes in a very sensible way, and his modest brochure should not be overlooked by Shelley students.

THE Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, the editor of the *Register of the University of Oxford, 1571 to 1622*, has kindly undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the early englisg of the Cartularies of Osney Abbey and Godstowe Nunnery. This is in answer to Dr. Furnivall's appeal in the ACADEMY of last week for an editor for the work.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *Political Science Quarterly*—which is edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia College, New York, and published in this country by Mr. Henry Frowde, at the Clarendon Press warehouse—announces for the coming year a more extensive co-operation on the part of English and continental writers. Among the contributions already arranged for are—"The Study of Legal English History," by Prof. F. W. Maitland, of Cambridge; "The Organisation of the English Legal Profession," by Mr. G. P. Macdonell, of Lincoln's Inn; and economic papers by Profs. Cohn of Göttingen and Leser of Heidelberg.

THE publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* promise for the year 1889 a series of articles based on a collection of letters and memoirs relating to Jean François Millet; a paper on "Sir Walter Scott's Methods of Work," with special reference to the collection of his proof sheets belonging to Mr. Andrew D. White; "The Homes and Haunts of Charles Lamb"; and "Græco-Egyptian Portraits from the Fayum," by Mr. T. S. Perry, with facsimile illustrations.

With the coming year will be commenced a new series of *Time*, in a fresh dress, with early contributions from—among others—Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Frank Lockwood, Mr. Frith, Mr. H. W. Lucy, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. The January number will contain an anonymous article on the police by an ex-official; the beginning of a new novel by Mr. F. C. Phillips; and the first of a series of articles by Mr. J. M. Barrie, entitled, "What the Pit says," being an entirely new form of dramatic criticism.

THE January number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*—which is edited by Mr. Demetrius Boulger, and published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—will contain articles on "Indian Volunteers and Indian Loyalty," by Sir Lepel Griffin; "England and Persia," by the editor; "The Indian National Congress," by Mr. Austin Rattray; a sketch of the life of Governor Pitt, of Madras, after whom the "Pitt diamond" is named, by Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler; and an account of the antiquities of Râmpal, an early Hindu capital of Bengal, by Babu Asutosh Gupta.

THE forthcoming number of the *Archæological Review*, besides completing Mr. Simpson's translation of Dr. Bahnsen's ethnographical museums of Europe, will contain articles by Mr. A. J. Evans, on Stonehenge; by Mr. Gumme, on the Anglo-Saxon Charters edited by Prof. Earle; by Mr. Talfourd Ely, on the Exploration of Tanais; Mr. Price's Index to the Literature of Roman York; and Mr. Pell's Defence of his Domesday Studies against Mr. Round.

THE January number of the *Reliquary* will contain, among other contributions, "A Visit to the Mozarabic Centres of Spain," by W. Legg; "Some Recent Discoveries at Scarborough Castle," by W. H. St. John Hope; "Two Assyrio-Phœnician Shields from Crete," by the Rev. Joseph Hirst; and "Rains Cave, Longcliffe, Derbyshire."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE welcome the appearance of the *Library: a Magazine of Bibliography and Literature*, which is published for the Library Association by Mr. Elliot Stock, at the somewhat unusual price of eightpence a month. The first number certainly seems to hit the mean between dry-as-dust librarianship and the lighter curiosities of literature. Under the title of

"A Forgotten Book of Travels," Mr. Austin Dobson "blows the dust off" Charles P. Moritz's *Travels, Chiefly on Foot, through Several Parts of England* (1795), apparently in ignorance that the work has recently been reprinted in Cassell's "National Library" (No. 47), and that an account of the author was submitted only last month to the Manchester branch of the English Goethe Society (ACADEMY, Dec. 1). Mr. William Blades describes in detail two proposals made nearly two centuries ago to found public libraries; Mr. A. H. Bullen contributes what is apparently the first of a series of articles on Mr. W. J. Linton's private press in America; and Mr. H. R. Tedder reviews M. Monod's recent *Bibliographie de l'Histoire de France*, with special reference to his own proposals for an exhaustive bibliography of English history. The usual notes, &c., survive from the *Library Chronicle*, and retain that familiar name.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IN DREAMS.

THINK not I lie upon this couch of pain
Eternally, and motionless as clay—
Summer and winter, night as well as day—
Appealing to the heartless years in vain:
For now and then the Dreams unchain
My stiffened limbs, and lift the links that weigh
As iron never weighed, and let me stray
Free as the wind that ripples through the grain.
Then can I walk once more, yea, run and leap;
Tread Autumn's rustling leaves or Spring's
young grass;
Or stand and pant upon some bracing steep;
Or, rod in hand, across the wet stones pass
Some summer brook; or on the firm skate sweep
In ceaseless circles Winter's fields of glass.

R. LEE-HAMILTON.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON.

AN appeal is being made to the public by Bedford College, London, for help to enable it to erect a new wing in the rear of its present buildings. This institution, one of the oldest of the ladies' colleges, was founded by Mrs. Reid in 1849, and has been working steadily and unobtrusively in the cause of women's education for forty years. The results achieved may be judged from the fact that of the 452 women who have passed the various examinations of the London University, since they were thrown open in 1879, no less than 123 have been prepared at Bedford College. Its lists of honours further shows that the names of fifty-one of the 152 women who have taken the M.A. and B.A. degrees, and twelve of the twenty-one women who have taken the D.Sc. and B.Sc. degrees, are to be found among those of its students.

Better chemical, physical, and biological laboratories are imperatively required to meet the growing demand for practical instruction in science, those at present in use being merely adaptations of former class-rooms, and deficient in light and space. The college has now an unique opportunity of acquiring the lease of an adjoining site; but, being practically unendowed, it has no fund from which to defray the construction and fitting up of new laboratories, though they are, nevertheless, indispensable. An increase in the number of class-rooms is also needed; and it is further thought very desirable that, in building the proposed new wing, accommodation should be provided for a limited number of resident students of small means, who shall, if possible, be admitted at considerably reduced terms, as compared with those necessarily charged to boarders in the existing residence.

The sum required for these purposes will be at least £3000; but the work of the college is so important, and its wants so obvious and pressing, that the council is encouraged to hope that, through the generosity of the many friends of the higher education of women, it will soon be placed in a position to carry out the proposed extension.

A subscription list has been opened, which already reaches a total of about £1500. Further contributions will be gratefully received by the hon. secretary, Miss Blanche Shadwell, Bedford College, 8 and 9, York-place, Baker-street, W.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ANALEKTA hymnica mediæ ævæ. III. et IV. Leipzig: Fues. 14 M.
BAEDEKER, D. Alfred Krupp u. die Entwicklung der Gusstahlfabrik zu Essen. Essen: Baedeker. 6 M.
BARROW, L. Les fleuves de France:—la Loire. Paris: Renouard. 10 fr.
BERGALDI, H. Les Graveurs du XIX. Siècle. Vol. 8. Paris: Conquet. 10 fr.
EHRHARD, A. Les comédies de Molière en Allemagne: le théâtre et la critique. Paris: Lecène. 8 fr.
MEMOIRES de Mme. la Marquise de la Rochejaquelein. Seule édition originale et complète. Paris: Bourloton. 30 fr.
MEYER, J. Les Fausses Antiquités de l'Assyrie et de la Chaldée. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr. 60 c.
RUBENS, P. P., sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 60 fr.
SERCANEL, G., Novelle inedite di, tratte dal codice Trivulziano OXIII. per cura di Rodolfo Benier. Turin: Loescher. 15 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- USENER, H. Religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen. 1. u. 2. Thl. Bonn: Cohen. 9 M.

LAW AND HISTORY.

- MULLER, H. Badische Fürsten-Bildnisse. 1. Bd. Von Karl I. († 1475) bis Karl Friedrich (1732-1811). Karlsruhe: Groos. 20 M.
SCHIESS, T. Die römischen Collegia funeraticia nach den Inschriften. München: Ackermann. 8 M.
STINTZING, W. Der Besitz. 1. Thl. Der Sachbesitz. 1. Buch. Wesen desselben. München: Ackermann. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE, ETC.

- BEITRÄGE zur geologischen Karte der Schweiz. 24. Lfg. 2. u. 4. Thl. Bern: Schmid. 25 M. 40 Pf.
BEITRÄGE zur Kenntnis d. russischen Reiches. 4. u. 5. Bd. St. Petersburg. 13 M. 40 Pf.
BRINFELD, O. Untersuchungen aus dem Gesamtgebiete der Mykologie. 8. Hft. Basidiomyceten III. Leipzig: Felix. 28 M.
EXPÉDITIONS scientifiques du Travailleur et du Talisman 1880-1883. Poissons, par L. Vaillant. Paris: Masson. 50 fr.
FRANCHET, A. Plantae Davidianae ex Sinarum imperio. 2^e Partie. Plantae du Thibet oriental. Paris: Masson. 30 fr.
GÜNTHER, S. Die Meteorologie, ihrem neuesten Standpunkte gemäss u. m. besond. Berücksicht. geographischer Fragen dargestellt. München: Ackermann. 5 M. 40 Pf.
SCHLESINGER, L. E. Beitrag zur Theorie der linearen homogenen Differentialgleichungen dritter Ordnung m. e. Relation dritten Grades zwischen den Elementen e. Fundamentalsystems v. Integralen. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 80 Pf.
STRAUSS, H. Beobachtungen der Saturnstrahlen. 1. Abth. St. Petersburg. 10 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- GROFF, W. N. Les deux Versions démotiques du décret de Canope. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.
MALLET, D. Le Ouite de Nètt à Sais. Paris: Leroux. 15 fr.
MICHELIS, Abel des. Contes plaisants annamites (Chuyen doi xua), traduites en français pour la première fois. Paris: Leroux. 15 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. KEY'S FAMOUS PUN.

8 St. George's Square, N.W.: Christmas evening.

On p. 71 of *Temple Bar* for January, 1889, I am surprised to read a statement that the name of the author

"of the famous witticism against Berkeley's theory—a pun which puts into a nutshell a whole system of philosophy: 'What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind'—is completely buried in oblivion."

No such thing. The author of this pun was

Prof. T. Hewitt Key, formerly head master of University College School, and professor of Latin in the college, author of a Latin Dictionary, Crude-Form Latin Grammar, &c., and fellow honorary secretary with me of the Philological Society. I well recollect his telling us the epigram at a meeting of our Philological Society's council. He sent it to *Punch*, and it was, of course, printed forthwith. The date of it I do not remember, but suppose it was somewhere in the sixties.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

MILTON AND CÆDMON.

Berkeley, California: Nov. 23, 1888.

It seems still to be a vexed question whether Milton was acquainted with the Old-English *Genesis*, Wülker, for example, persistently maintaining that he was not (*Anglia*, xi. 321-2). I am not aware that in the discussions of the subject reference has ever been made to Milton's record of the impression left upon his mind by Bede's account of Cædmon. This is in so far pertinent as it indicates a probable readiness on Milton's part to welcome and examine any production given to the world under Cædmon's name (cf. Morley's *English Writers*, new edit., ii. 109). The passage I refer to is found in Milton's *Commonplace Book*, revised edition (Camden Society), p. 6, and reads:

"De poeta Anglo subito divinitus facto mira et perplacida historiola narratur apud Bedam."—*Hist.*, i. 4, c. 24.

This interest in Old-English poets and poetry is still further testified to by the next entry:

"Rex nobilissimus Alfredus saxonice poseos peritissimus."—*Sto.*, p. 80.

The very coinage of the word *perplacida* in the first extract affords proof that Milton penned this particular judgment with great deliberation. On this point his editor remarks:

"The word 'perplacida' is denounced by the Cambridge corrector as non-existent and as having no meaning. But Milton wrote that word, and wrote it determinately. A reference to the autotype will show that he wrote 'perpl.' and then erased those letters, but on second thought determined that 'perplacida' should be the word, and accordingly wrote it."

Is it not possible that Milton was first attracted to "Paradise Lost" as the subject of a poem by the reading of the passage in Bede; and that the entry in his commonplace book served to remind him, from time to time, of this inchoate resolve, formed, as we are told by Masson, as early as 1639-42, when he was reading Bede in conjunction with other authors? (Masson's *Life of Milton*, ii. 105-120.) However this may be, we certainly have in the passage quoted an indubitable testimony to his explicit and favourable judgment on the story of Cædmon as related by Bede. It is singular that Wülker, writing his article on Cædmon and Milton, in 1881 (*Anglia*, iv. 401-5) should have ignored this fact, and have considered himself justified in the following remarks, which he now apparently confirms:

"Warum also sollte er nicht auch Cædmon erwähnen? . . . Anders liesse sich auch durchaus nicht einsehen, warum Milton, der gern manchmal mit seiner Gelehrsamkeit prunkt, nicht Cædmon erwähnt, oder er, der ein tiefes Gefühl für alles ächt religiöse hat, nicht Cædmon verherrlichte" (*Anglia*, iv., 405).

ALBERT S. COOK.

POZZA, INF. VII. 127.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Dec. 10, 1888.

This word, which is applied by Dante to the filth of the "palude che ha nome Stige," in which the wrathful are punished in the fifth

circle of the *Inferno*, seems to have been overlooked by Dies. There is not much doubt about its meaning, for the "palude" is also spoken of as "pantano" (v. 110), "limo" (v. 121), and "belletta negra" (v. 124); while those who are immersed in it are "genti fangose" (v. 110). The etymology of the word is not so certain. It might either come, with a change of gender, from Latin *puteus*, whence Italian *pozso*, French *puits*, English *pit*, and (according to Dies) German *Pfütze*; or from Latin *putidus* (i.e., *putida*, sc. *aqua*), whence Italian *putto*, *puzzo*, *puzza*, Old-French *put*, Old-Spanish *puído*. For the elimination of *d* in *pozsa* = *putida*, cf. *soso* = *euclidus*, *rancio* = *rancidus*. For the disappearance of the qualified substantive, cf. the close parallel *fontana sc. aqua*, and such well-known instances as French *ramage* for *chant ramage* = *canthus ramaticus*, *sanglier* for *porc sanglier* = *porcus singularis*, and the like.

Blanc (*Vocab. Dant.* s.v.) brings *pozsa* from German *Pfütze*; but there is no apparent reason for supposing the German word to be older than the Italian, and they may not even have a common origin.

If the derivation from *putida* be correct, *pozsa* may merely be a variation of *puzza* (the word occurs in rhyme; cf. *soso* = *suso*, *Inf.* x. 45; *lome* = *lume*, *Inf.* x. 69; and conversely *nui* = *not*, *Inf.* ix. 20; *summo* = *sommo*, *Inf.* vii. 119; *sutto* = *sotto*, *Inf.* xi. 26, &c.). In this case "la lorda pozsa" would mean rather the "foul stench" of the pool than the "foul pool" itself.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

"FRANCE AS IT IS."

Paris: Dec. 1, 1888.

Pray allow us to express our sincere thanks for the very kind review of *France as it is* (Cassells) in the *ACADEMY* of November 24.

The difficulty involved in the effort to make certain details of French organisation intelligible to the English reader was great; and it was inevitable that some errors should escape us, if only in the terminology, which it is so hard to transfer from one language into another without accompanying each technical expression with a commentary, which would have increased the size of the volume beyond all measure. It is, however, a source of lively satisfaction to us to perceive that our critics think that, on the whole, we have come near the end we had in view.

It is, no doubt, our fault that the very competent writer of the review in question seems to have misconceived the bearing of certain passages in the book; and we should be greatly obliged if you would allow us this opportunity of making clear our real meaning.

We do not think that it is absolutely correct to say that "on p. 63 the influence of the old customary legal codes seems to be ignored, but on p. 199 it is allowed for." This reproach seems to us to contain some confusion, both as to the exact meaning of the expression "old customary codes," and as to the subjects on which their influence can be exercised. The word *coutumiers* is used in France only of the official collections of jurisprudence on civil or criminal law; while on p. 63, political or administrative organisation alone is in question. On p. 199, on the other hand, it is precisely civil or criminal legislation which is alluded to. Now, though it is beyond dispute that our old *coutumiers*—those, at least, of certain provinces of pre-revolutionary France—have left deep marks on our existing civil legislation, the same cannot be said of our political or administrative organisation, with which they have had nothing to do. It is not possible, for that matter, to find the faintest trace of the principles of the *ancien régime* in the present

political organism; and, so far as our administrative organisation is concerned, it is not in the *coutumiers*, but in the *Ordonnances Royales* that either resemblances or even analogies can be found. Administrative centralisation, for instance, which is one of the chief characteristics of the system in force, dates precisely from that period, as we pointed out on pp. 63 and 96.

Again, in discussing the intellectual movement of our day, we did not mean to say that M. Zola and the Parnassians were superior to the novelists or poets who preceded them. On the contrary, on p. 162 we say that "poetry, folding her wings and aspiring to lower peaks . . . shows more dexterity than emotion or sensibility"; and all we tried to indicate without in any way making it the subject of eulogy, was the solicitude for precise detail and the passion for the right word, which have recently taken possession of our literature.

We are in perfect accord with the writer of the review as to the extreme difficulty of comparing the economic statistics of the two countries, the same words by no means possessing the same administrative signification in the two languages. For instance, it is undeniable that the word *manufacturier* has a wider meaning in France than in England; for this reason, that every individual who does not confine himself to buying a manufactured article to sell again exactly as he bought it, but who subjects it to any sort of transformation, is regarded in France as a "manufacturer" (*industriel*), and not as a "dealer" (*commerçant*). In the same way the term "employer" (*patron*) is applied not only to the head of a great factory, but also to the art-workman who works on his own account, who has, in a word, an establishment of his own, even though it be nothing but a single room.

The surprise expressed at the figures relating to the annual transactions in landed and personal property respectively—namely, £120,000,000 in the one case, and £40,000,000 in the other—suggests the two following explanations. The first is that, owing to our law of the registration of deeds, all land sales are controlled by the administration, while a large number of transactions in the funds escape it. The second is that our land laws are far more favourable than those of England to the sale and purchase of land; that even now our peasants prefer the purchase of a patch of land to investing their savings in the funds; that it is easy for them to satisfy that preference; and that, consequently, there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that the figures of land sales are much larger in proportion in France than they are in England.

ANDRÉ LEBON,
PAUL PELET.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 31, 4 p.m. London Institution: Christmas Course for Juveniles, "The Story of a Tinder Box," with Experiments, I., by Dr. Meymott Tidy.
TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Good and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, III., by Prof. Dewar.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "How Chemists Work—an Example to Boys and Girls," I., by Dr. H. E. Armstrong.
THURSDAY, Jan. 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Good and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, IV., by Prof. Dewar.
4 p.m. London Institution: Christmas Course for Juveniles, "The Story of a Tinder Box," with Experiments, II., by Dr. Meymott Tidy.
FRIDAY, Jan. 4, 3 p.m. Geologists' Association: "Some Bagshot Pebble Beds and Pebble Gravel," by Messrs. Horace W. Monckton and R. S. Hartley; "The Palaeontology of Sturgeons," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward.

SCIENCE.

Force and Energy: a Theory of Dynamics.
By Grant Allen. (Longmans.)

WHILE reading Mr. Grant Allen's book we have felt our sympathy with the orthodox mediaeval theologian rapidly growing. We have understood better how his angry passions were excited when he found a layman preaching a new gospel with the old terminology, but without apparently having ever mastered the old philosophy and the old orthodox theology. The ideas and conceptions over which the theologian had long struggled, the difficulties he had endeavoured to express in an intelligible form, the methods he had adopted for enabling the laity to grasp some small portion of his system, were suddenly thrown ruthlessly aside, and a jumble of what were to him confused notions thrust with a startling flow of language before the lay mind. What wonder that the theological world was eager to burn both the heretic and his books! It used to be said of a professor of theology in Cambridge that he never met a scientist without a sigh of regret that the day for faggots had gone by. Faggots were such a ready means of getting rid of inconvenient error—as well as truth—and nowadays how long it takes for heresy to disappear in smoke! When Luther published his first pamphlets, he invariably said, like Mr. Grant Allen in his "Apology," "I will accept with good grace any demonstration of my errors." Before, however, Luther recognised anything as a "demonstration of his errors," he had led half Europe from the old theology. We do not expect any such startling result to follow from Mr. Allen's discharge of his conscience—his *liberavi animam meam*. It will, we think, make absolutely no converts in the scientific camp; but then it may spread a great deal of error in the lay mind, for Mr. Allen is a popular writer, whom all sorts of folk read. The student, the clerk, and the village schoolmaster, who peruse his book without the needful critical training, will accept possibly his heresy and become little centres for the wider spread of obscurity. The notions of Force and Energy are surely difficult enough without any encouragement being given to farther prejudices in the popular mind. Therefore, we should say: let every teacher read this book to understand what are the difficulties which his pupils may meet with; but let every student avoid it like sin until he is "firm in the faith," then he may usefully try his prentice hand in proving its heresy. Mr. Allen will doubtless cry out that this is forming a scientific caste, and that thus it is worse than our mediaeval theologian, who, at least, had not the benefit of nineteen centuries of experience. Good: there would be a certain amount of truth in the reply. There is danger in a scientific caste; but then the heretic who will perform real service to science must have been reared in its methods and concepts; like the Antichrist, he must be a member of the church. Were Professor Fitzgerald or Professor Lodge to start some heresy concerning Matter, or Force, or the Ether—and the possibility is not beyond question—we should certainly have to listen to them, and might have to confess that the orthodox notions were after all rather invertebrate.

But, as a popular preacher once said of Mr. Bradlaugh: "He can hardly be the Antichrist, because he has never been one of the fold"; so we believe that Mr. Grant Allen is not destined to revolutionise dynamical science, because he has apparently never learnt its catechism. Mr. Allen hopes that scientific opinion will let him off "with a caution or nominal fine." This is very unreasonable of him. Had he sent round another pamphlet to physical specialists, as he did in 1875, he might have been pardoned; but, after innoculating his friend, Mr. Clodd, with his baneful heresy, he himself publishes a work on *Force and Energy*, which many will purchase and some study. The story of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is possibly somewhat difficult of interpretation. It does not profess, however, to bear the *imprimatur* of science. But the story of creation which Messrs. Clodd and Allen have given to the world does profess to have a scientific basis, and herein is the source of the ill it may possibly give rise to. It may be, and we know that in several cases it has been, accepted as true gospel, and such acceptance must always stand in the way of progress towards real knowledge. The age has hardly come when science can tell its story of creation; and if it does so to-day it can only give a statement of many unsolved problems and a few probable hypotheses. Such a dogma as the following, which appears on p. 182 of Mr. Allen's work, makes us sigh with despair:

"It must suffice here to recognise the fact that life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water, and that the existing diversity of organic forms is due to the minute interaction of dynamical laws."

And yet, after this, Mr. Grant Allen wants to be let off with a nominal fine!

But perhaps he will suggest that we have not read his "Apology," for therein he has pointed out that in 1875 the scientists applied contradictory criticisms to his theory—

"Some of them said my theory was only just what was already known and universally acknowledged. Others of them said it was diametrically opposed to what was already known, and betrayed an elementary ignorance of the entire matter."

Curiously enough, the present reviewer can only better these criticisms by combining them! The greater part of what Mr. Allen states in part ii. of his work, entitled "Concrete or Synthetic," consists of well-known facts or probable hypotheses (here, alas, too often stated in dogmatic form) which long ago Thomson, Helmholtz, and other scientists have placed before the world. These facts and hypotheses are absolutely independent of Mr. Allen's views on Energy and Force; only, in our opinion, they are rendered dangerously obscure by being stated in the language of an untenable theory. On the other hand, part i. of the work, entitled "Abstract or Analytic," contains a theory which may not unfairly be described as "diametrically opposed to what is already known."

After carefully considering the nature of Mr. Allen's heresy, with a view to ascertaining how it might be prevented from spon-

taneously generating in the mind of some other student of physics, we believe that its source is to be found in the fact that Mr. Allen has never grasped the real distinction between speed-acceleration and normal or directional acceleration. Was he possibly reared on some obscure teaching with regard to "centrifugal force," and in a badly-printed text-book mistook the letter ρ (used for the radius of curvature) for the number 2, thus for ever confusing the distinction between kinetic energy and "centrifugal force"? The idea is terrible, but then the disease must also have had a terrible origin; and this, at least, seems the best diagnosis of it. Poor Mr. Allen! How is he to be cured, short of the mediaeval remedy? He asks for a "demonstration of his errors"; but then what is to become of review-writers and readers if every paradox-monger and circle-squarer demands demonstration of his errors in a critique, the chief duty of which is to indicate whether his book is worth reading or not? Yet Mr. Allen deserves some return for the pleasure we have received from him in other lines. He is also unlikely to await us with a horse-whip, which seemed to be the intention of a circle-squarer of Ludgate Hill, to whom we some years ago returned his MS. with the requested demonstration of his folly. Perhaps the best way to cure our author would be to point out the obscurity of his disease by an examination of his definitions, and then ruthlessly apply our knife to the sinews of his system—"inherent forces."

Mr. Grant Allen begins with a definition of "power":

"A POWER is that which initiates or terminates, accelerates or retards, motion in one or more particles of ponderable matter or of the ethereal medium."

The reader will naturally enquire why the word "power," which has a perfectly clear meaning in dynamical science—namely, the "rate of doing work"—should have been deprived of its customary significance and placed where a textbook of twenty years ago would have used the term "force." Our author replies: "Because there are two sorts of powers—forces and energies"; and he defines them as follows:

"A FORCE is a power which initiates or accelerates aggregative motion, while it resists or retards separative motion in two or more particles of ponderable matter (and possibly also of the ethereal medium)."

"AN ENERGY is a power which resists or retards aggregative motion, while it initiates or accelerates separative motion in two or more particles of ponderable matter or of the ethereal medium."

Mr. Grant Allen may for his own personal convenience call the "powers" to which he refers force and energy, just as he might have equally well christened them Jack and Gill. No one can object to his own private use of the words. But when he proceeds, in his volume, to use the words he has thus defined in the restatement of the long-established principles of dynamical science, he simply introduces complete nonsense into well-known principles. We are in no way told how he means *quantitatively* to measure the "force" and the "energy" he has thus defined, what functions, accord-

ing to his definitions, they ought to be of mass, and of velocity, and of change of velocity. Yet when he states principles like the dissipation and conservation of energy, his words have no meaning unless the old measures of force and energy are taken. But then if we take the old measures, his definitions of force and energy are absolutely unintelligible. A force in the old sense may "retard aggregative motion or accelerate separative motion," and so be an energy according to the above definition. Further, an energy in the old sense neither resists nor retards motion of any kind. Of kinetic energy—
 Mr. Allen apparently includes kinetic energy under his definition—it is merely a measure of existing motion and not in the least of its change. Supposing two trains moving on parallel lines of rail with the same speed, their energy does not fall under Mr. Allen's definition. It is neither "resisting or retarding aggregative motion," nor is it "initiating or accelerating separative motion." In fact, we cannot discover where in the world it would be placed in this new system of dynamic. Yet the statement of the conservation of energy which left this sort of energy out of account would be sheer nonsense. The same amount of energy under the old view may have any direction whatever, and may be that of separative or aggregative motion. A billiard ball may have any amount of energy in the form of translation and spin, but its motion may be "separative" with regard to one pocket and "aggregative" with regard to a second, and neither with regard to a third. All such energy Mr. Allen perforce excludes from his dynamical explanation of the universe, which we cannot help feeling he has built up on the type of motion presented by a stone at the end of a string, the type being accompanied, in Mr. Allen's mind, by a total confusion of kinetic energy and "centrifugal force." When he attempts to get over the energy of the motion of two particles "towards each other" (which he admits does not appear to fit in with his definition) by the introduction of potential energy he falls deeper and deeper into the quagmire. The two particles might be moving towards each other and at the same time towards a position of either lower or higher mutual potential, as the case might be. It is difficult to see how in both cases the total energy could be said to resist "aggregative motion." If Mr. Allen exclaims: "What about the 'force overcoming energy'?" we must beg him to consider how he is going to keep his cake and eat it, to suppose that potential energy "aggregates" and force "separates" the particles! It is an awful quagmire, and woe betide the student who follows our author into it! The history of pseudo-science has yet to be written; but we sadly fear that Mr. Grant Allen will appear in the same chapter with Parallax and Kuklos and the late Mr. Percival Brine.

But, if we cannot so easily forgive Mr. Allen the publication of such heresy, we still may find some excuse for the obscurity which he exhibits. The fact is that the text-books of dynamics have in the past been bad in the superlative; and even to this day the most obscure phrases are to be found with regard to both force and energy. The great fact that we are alone sure of is this: that a particle,

owing to its position with regard to surrounding particles, is having its motion accelerated. Further we have measured experimentally the magnitude of the accelerations for many positions or "fields," and afterwards discovered that certain laws or relations hold between the accelerations so measured. It does not simplify matters to attribute these accelerations to an unknown something—"force"; but there can be no objection to our calling the mass-tensor of acceleration "force," if we please. If force be, therefore, merely the accelerative result of position with regard to surrounding bodies, such a statement as Mr. Allen's, that "the total amount of force or aggregative power in the universe is thus always a fixed quantity," becomes unintelligible—even as unintelligible as the statement upon which he bases it, that "every particle of matter has inherent in it certain forces of which it can never be deprived." The "force" on the particle, or its "force" on other particles, depends on the "field," and is not in the least inherent. Gravitational and electrical accelerations depend on the ethereal field and its contents rather than on the individual particle of matter. Some writers would say that the positional acceleration of any particle depends upon the "strain" and the rate of change of "strain" in the surrounding ether. It is not inherent in the particle itself or in other particles in the field. The word "strain," however, must be cautiously used, or it might be assumed that all scientists were ethereal jelly-makers. But how is this purely kinematic treatment of so-called force to be reconciled with our ideas of potential energy? Possibly in this fashion. Suppose no "inherent forces" in matter, then the total energy of the ethereal system, with all the bodies in it, will be solely kinetic. Now, the expression for the total kinetic energy of the system will most probably, as in the case of a fluid, involve only the translational and surface velocities as well as the relative positions of the bodies in the ether—that is, it will not involve the velocity of the ether at any point unoccupied by matter. Hence, what appears as potential energy in our equations and experiments is only the kinetic energy of the ether expressed in terms of the velocities and relative positions of the bodies in the ether. In forming our equations of motion by the Hamiltonian principle, and considering only the motion of the bodies in the ether without the ether's own motion, there arise terms which represent apparent forces, or real accelerations in the bodies. These accelerations are functions of the velocities and relative positions of the bodies in the ether, or the acceleration of any one body depends on the nature of the surrounding field. Thus, as our knowledge of the ether expands we begin to free ourselves from the old notions of "inherent force" and "potential energy." If the potential energy of a body be only the kinetic energy of the ether measured in an experiment in which the motion of the ether is not sensible, then it is obvious that "inherent force" must disappear into the limbo of past hypotheses. "Force" will become only a convenient name for the mass-tensor of acceleration, which, when we neglect the ether, appears as a function of position in a particular field. And as for mass itself, our ultimate measure of it is invariably a

ratio of accelerations. It is nigh impossible to consider matter as something *inert*. It may not be an ether vertex-ring nor a system of such rings, nor a pulsating ether vacuum, nor even an ether squirt from a fourth-dimensioned space; but that it will one day be reduced to motion or to some form of strain-vibration in the ether seems now almost beyond doubt.

But what will poor Mr. Allen do if the progress of science deprives him of "inherent force" and "potential energy" to bolster up his theory? We advise him to do penance at once by writing us a blood-curdling Christmas ghost story, and by promising to entertain no more heresies unless they perchance come from Dublin or Liverpool. Under these conditions he ought to receive dispensation.

KARL PEARSON.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Çakuntalâ: Drame Indien. Version Tamoule d'un Texte Sanscrit, traduite en Français, par Gérard Devèze. (Paris: Maisonneuve.) The Tamilians have two kinds of dramatic representation, the *Nāḍagam* and the *Vilāgam*—the drama and the farce, or light and licentious comedy. This work belongs to the latter class. The Tamil adapter has everywhere introduced grossnesses of expression, and amplified and emphasised all that is voluptuous in the original, so as to pander to the taste of the baser sort. It is a pity to introduce these passages as specimens of Tamil literature, which is ordinarily grave, and almost severe. The Tamil adapter's name is Rāma-Chandra and he was living a few years ago. He was a popular adapter of Sanskrit plays for the Tamil stage. The play of "Kālidāsa" is, of course, known to every reader, and in these translations it has not altogether lost its charm, though the sweetness of the Sanskrit Virgil can only be tasted in the original. The Tamil versification is not without its own merit. It flows easily, is remarkably clear, and decidedly rhythmical, though the contrast between the two styles is like that between "Lycidas" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." M. Devèze has contented himself with a prose version, which is quite faithful and literal. Notes are necessary for the ordinary reader. We would suggest to M. Devèze, as worthy of his powers, the translation of the "*Bāla Kāṇḍ-am*" of Kamban's "*Rāmāyanam*." A Tamil edition of this, with translation, notes, lexicon, and mythological index, would be worth all the farces with which our Tamil friends delight to indulge their too luxurious fancies.

Die Maya-Sprachen der Pokom-gruppe. Pt. I. *Die Sprache der Pokonchi-Indianer*. By Dr. Otto Stoll. (Vienna.) The "Pokom" languages belong to the great Maya group spoken in Central America, and famous on account of the culture once attained by the speakers of some of them. The Maya Indians were the only inhabitants of America before the Spanish Conquest whose system of writing had advanced beyond the hieroglyphic stage, and if we are ever to decipher their written remains it must be through a knowledge of the Maya dialects which still survive. Dr. Stoll's book is a very conscientious piece of work, and is followed by a useful vocabulary. He shows that the grammar is much more developed and intricate than has hitherto been supposed, and that agglutination as well as polysynthesis has helped to build it up. Prefixes and affixes are both employed. We cannot, however, agree with his preliminary attack on the believers in "skulls," or his return to the old doctrine which appealed to language to decide racial affinities. Ethnology and philology should be

kept apart. But his contributions to "sociological linguistics" will meet with sympathy and welcome on every side. When, for instance, he infers that the institution of the matriarchate was once known to the Maya Indians from the fact that the idea of "parents" is expressed in their languages by the phrase, "My mother and my father," he affords an illustration of the light which an intelligent study of philology is able to cast on the problems of anthropology.

Wörterbuch der rumänischen und deutschen Sprache. Von Barciaru. I. Rumänisch-Deutsch. (Hermannstadt.) There are already in existence one or two large dictionaries of the Roumanian language, but so far there has been no small and portable one. The need is now supplied by the book before us, to which, indeed, we believe the Bucharest publishers will shortly provide a rival. Meanwhile, this book may be of service: certainly, it has proved useful to the present writer. Its mains fault seems to be the introduction of words which, though perhaps used by Roumans, are intelligible to any foreigner—*absurditate*, *administratio*, *descriptiune*, and the like. Occasionally, the still slightly unsettled spelling causes a difficulty, e.g. *isvor* (source) appears as *izvor*. But, allowing for these and some other defects, the book is certainly worth the notice of those who require a small Roumanian dictionary.

D. José Maria de Lacoizqueta has recently published at Pamplona in a quarto volume of 200 pages, a "Diccionario de los nombres euskales de las plantas en correspondencia con los vulgares castellanos y franceses, y científicos latinos."

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON'S new book, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, is entitled *Natural Inheritance*. It will be illustrated with drawings and diagrams.

THE new part of the *Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales* (series ii., vol. iii., part ii., April-June, 1888, with eighteen plates, London: Trübner) is of unusual and varied interest. It contains three elaborate memoirs on geographical-anthropological subjects, namely, "Notes on Malaysia and Asia," by the Rev. J. E. T. Woods, extending from Java to the Malay Archipelago, Southern and Eastern Asia, the Philippines, and Japan; "Notes on the Natives of West Kimberley, North-West Australia," by W. W. Froggatt; and an account of 212 Australian indigenous human food-producing plants, by J. H. Maiden. In Zoology there are three ornithological articles, viz.: "Notes on the Nidification of *Rhipidura Preissi* and *Malurus pulcherrimus*," by A. J. North; "Note on the Egg of a cuckoo, supposed to be *Cacomantis insperatus*," by G. Hurst; "Notes on Sympathy and Foster-parentage among Birds," by Oscar Katz. In Ichthyology there are: "Description of a *Tripterygium* from Port Jackson," by Dr. Ramsay and J. D. Ogilby; and a "Note on the Cause of Death of Fishes in the National Park Dam," by J. D. Ogilby. In Reptiles there is an elaborate article on "The Development and Structure of the Pineal Eye in *Himulia* and *Grammatophora*," by W. J. McKay—the remarkable structure of an eye in the middle of the crown of the head of certain lizards, which was first noticed, quite recently, in the anatomical laboratory at Oxford by Prof. Baldwin Spencer (*Quarterly Journal of the Microscopical Society*, October 1886), is here carefully worked out in the foetal as well as in the perfect animal—also "Notes on Some Ophidians from King's Sound,

North-Western Australia," by William MacLeay. There is also an article on some new and rare Hydroids in the Australian museum collection, well illustrated, by W. M. Bale. In Entomology, the first portion of a memoir, by W. MacLeay, on the Coleopterous insects of King's Sound and its vicinity, and notes on Australian Coleoptera, with descriptions of new species, by the Rev. T. Blackburn; also the second portion of Mr. F. A. A. Skuse's "Memoir on the Diptera of Australia," containing the gnats of the family *Sciariidae*, and an interesting note on some living specimens of the curious worm-like *Peripatus Leuckarti*," by J. J. Fletcher. There are also four geological memoirs: (1) "Notes on the Mueller Glacier of New Zealand," with plates, by Capt. F. W. Hutton; (2) "The Occurrence of the genus *Ichthyosaurus* in the Mesozoic Rocks of North-Eastern Australia" and (3) "The Occurrence of *Plesiosaurus* in the Mesozoic Rocks of Queensland," both by R. Etheridge, jun.; and (4) "Carboniferous and Silurian Fossils from Central New South Wales," by the Rev. J. M. Curran. Lastly, an account of some chemical experiments with the Cattasach disinfectant and deodorant, as compared with the ordinary carbolic powder, by Oscar Katz.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. lvii., part ii., Nos. ii. and iii. (Trübner). These two parts of the Natural History division of this old established *Journal* contain (1) elaborate meteorological notes on the recent tornadoes in Bengal, with especial reference to the tornado at Dacca, on April 7, 1888, by Messrs. Alex. Pedler, and Dr. A. Crombie; (2) Description of *Eupetaurus*: a new form of flying squirrel, by Mr. O. Thomas, of the British Museum; (3) Further notes on the Amphipodous Crustacea of Indian Waters, by Mr. G. M. Giles, with 7 plates; (4) Continuation of Mr. Atkinson's Monograph of Indian Heteropterous *Rhychota* containing descriptions of 68 species of Pentatomidae.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Dec. 11.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., President, in the chair.—Dr. J. G. Garson exhibited a new form of anthropometric instrument, specially designed for the use of travellers.—The Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington read a paper on "Social Regulations in Melanesia." The part of Melanesia in view comprised the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks' Islands, Sta. Cruz, and the South-eastern Solomon Islands. The social regulations which obtain among the people were described from personal observation, and from information given by natives. A considerable portion of the whole subject was thus in view; and with particular differences there is a general agreement, from which a wider likeness throughout the Melanesian population may be inferred. The social regulations dealt with were only those relating (I.) to marriage, and (II.) to property. I. Social Regulations relating to Marriage.—1. The entire arrangement of society depends on the division of the whole people, in every settlement, large or small, into two or more classes, which are exogamous, and in which descent follows the mother. This division comes first of all things in native thought, and all social arrangements are founded upon it. Mankind, to a woman, is divided into husbands and brothers; womankind, to a man, into wives and sisters—at least, on about the same level of descent. Illustration from a story. 2. The members of these divisions are all intermixed in habitation, property, subordination to a chief, and in the well-understood relationship through the father; the divisions, therefore, are not tribes. 3. Examples from two regions—(a) where these divisions are two, as in the Banks' Islands and Northern New Hebrides; (b) where there are more than two, as in Florida, in the Solomon Islands. (a) 1. Where there are two divisions there is no name for either. In Mota

there are two *was* (distinction); in Lepers' Island two *wai-wung* (bunch of fruit). 2. The divisions are strictly exogamous; irregular intercourse between members of the same is a heinous crime; avoidance of the person and name of father-in-law, &c., is the custom. 3. No communal marriage in practice, or tradition of it; yet a latent consciousness of the meaning of the words used for husband and wife, mother, &c. The story of Qat shows individual marriage. The levirate, and practice of giving a wife to set up a nephew in the world. 4. Descent through the mother makes the close relation of sister's son and mother's brother; the son takes his mother's place in the family pedigree. Certain rights of the sister's son with his uncle. The mother is in no sense head of the family. The bridegroom takes his bride into his father's house, if not into his own. 5. A certain practice of concave prevails. 6. No capture in marriage. Adoption of no importance. (b) 1. In Florida, in the Solomon Islands, and the neighbourhood, is found an example of four or six divisions, called *kema*. In strict exogamy, descent following the mother, and local and political intermixture, all is the same as in the Banks' Islands. But each *kema* has its name, and each has its *buto*, that which the members of it must abstain from. The names are some local, some taken from living creatures. The *buto* is mostly something that must not be eaten. 2. Question whether totems are present. The bird which gives its name to one *kema* is not the *buto* of it, and it can be eaten. Comparison from the Island of Ulawa. 4. Exceptional condition of part of Malanta and San Cristoval, in the apparent absence of exogamous divisions of the people, and in descent being counted through the father. II. Property and Succession.—A. 1. Land is everywhere divided into (1) the town; (2) the gardens; (3) the bush. Of these, the two first are held in property, the third is unappropriated. 2. Land is not held in common—i.e., each individual knows his own; yet it is rather possession and use for the time of what belongs to the family, and not to the individual. A chief has no more property in the land than any other man. Sale of land was very rare before Europeans came; and sale of land by a chief beyond his own piece is no true sale. Examples at Saa of the fixed native right of property in land. Abundance makes land of little value. 3. Land reclaimed from the bush by an individual, and the site of a town founded on the garden ground of an individual, has a character of its own. 4. Fruit trees planted by one man on another's land remain the property of the planter and his heirs. In a true sale the accurate and particular knowledge of property in land and trees is remarkably shown. 5. Personal property is in money, pigs, canoes, ornaments, &c. B. 1. The regular succession to property is that by which it passes to the sister's son, or to others who are of kin through the mother. 2. But that which a man has acquired for himself he may leave to his sons, or his sons and their heirs may claim. This is the source of many quarrels, the character of a piece of land being forgotten or disputed by the father's kin. 3. Hence a tendency to succession to the father's property by his sons follows on the assertion of paternity, and the occupation of new ground. 4. A man's kin still hold a claim on his personal property; but his sons, who are not his kin, will generally obtain it.—In the absence of the author, Dr. E. B. Tylor read a paper by Mr. A. W. Howitt, on "Australian Message Sticks and Messengers." The use of message sticks is not universal in Australian tribes, and the degree of perfection reached in conveying information by them differs much. Some tribes, such as the Dieri, do not use the message stick at all, but make use of emblematic tokens, such as the net carried by the Pinya, an armed party detailed by the council of headmen of the tribe to execute its sentences upon offenders. Other tribes, such as the Kurnai, use pieces of wood without any markings. Others, again, especially in Eastern Queensland, use message sticks extensively, which are often elaborately marked, highly ornamented, and even brightly painted. No messenger, who was known to be such, was ever injured. The message stick was made by the sender, and was kept by the recipient of the message as a reminder of what he had to do. For friendly meetings the messenger of the Kurnai, of Gippeland, carried a man's kilt and a woman's

apron hung on a reed; but for meetings to settle quarrels or grievances by a set fight, or for hostile purposes generally, the kilt was hung upon the point of a spear. Among the Wotjoballuk of the Wimmera River in Victoria, the principal man among them prepares a message stick by making certain notches upon it with a knife. The man who is to be charged with the message looks on and thus learns the connexion between the marks upon the stick and his message. A notch is made at one end to indicate the sender, and probably notches also for those who join him in sending the message. If all the people of a tribe are invited to attend a meeting, the stick is notched from end to end; if part only are invited, then a portion only of the stick is notched; and if very few people are invited to meet or referred to in the verbal message, then a notch is made for each individual as he is named to the messenger. The messenger carried the stick in a net-bag; and on arriving at the camp to which he was sent, he handed it to the headman at some place apart from the others, saying to him, "So-and-so sends you this," and he then gave his message, referring, as he did so, to the marks on the message stick. The author gave an explanation of the method adopted for indicating numbers, which fully disposes of the idea that the paucity of numerals in the languages of the Australian tribes arises from any inability to conceive of more numbers than two, three, or four. A messenger of death painted his face with pipe-clay when he set out, but did not in this tribe carry any emblematic token. Among the Wirajuri of New South Wales, when the message was one calling the people together for initiation ceremonies, the messenger carried a "bull-roarer," a man's belt, a man's kilt, a bead string, and a white head band, in addition to the message stick. In New South Wales, the Kalabara tribe use message sticks cut in the form of a boomerang, to one end of which a shell is tied. As a rule the notches on a message stick are only reminders to the messenger of the message he is instructed to deliver, and are unintelligible to a man to whom they have not been explained. But certain notches appear to have a definite meaning, and to indicate different classes; and among the Adjadura there is an approach to a fixed rule, according to which these sticks are marked, so that they would convey a certain amount of meaning definitely to an Adjadura headman independently of any verbal message.

SHELLEY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 12.)

Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. H. S. Salt read a paper on "Hogg's *Life of Shelley*." Hogg may be likened to Boswell; both were fools in comparison with the men whose lives they wrote, yet each had the faculty of discerning the worth of his hero. Hogg was a rough diamond, whose main aim in life was to get on, be comfortable, eat good dinners; yet he recognised in Shelley the "divine poet," though he considered him also "a poor fellow." Hogg first knew Shelley in 1810. A break-through Hogg's misconduct to Harriet, Shelley's first wife—took place in 1811; but from 1812 to 1818 they were friends, saw one another, and corresponded. Four years after Shelley's death, Hogg, in 1826, nominally married Jane Williams, who had been deserted by her rascally husband before she and Capt. Williams were with Shelley at Spezzia. In 1832-3, Hogg wrote his magazine articles on Shelley, which, with all their drawbacks, are the best and most vivid bits of Shelley biography we have. Doubtless, the editor, Bulwer Lytton, cut out of the articles many of the details of Hogg's personal experiences which spoil his after *Life of Shelley*. After Mary Shelley's death in 1851, the Shelley family entrusted to Hogg all their materials, in order that he might write Shelley's life. In 1858 he brought out the two first volumes of it; and, to the disgust of the family, and of all lovers of Shelley, they found that Hogg had taken it into his head that Shelley's life and genius could be best illustrated by a narrative of Hogg's own personal experiences, especially of the shocking bad dinners and teas he had on certain occasions, and the great refinement that he—an utter vulgarian—possessed. He gave fifteen pages to a visit of his own to Stonehenge in 1811; three pages to a visit to Ireland in 1813, with an account of the

breakfast he was baulked of at Conway. Shelley of course was of no consequence in comparison with Hogg and his stomach. Moreover, Hogg minimized every part of Shelley's life in which he himself was not concerned. He took no trouble to get information from outside. He often did not tell the truth. He invented dialogues that took place twenty-two years earlier. He was wrong about the composition of *Margaret Nicholson*, and about Shelley having no newspapers at Oxford, also about his dismissal from college. Hogg misrepresented entirely the notice of Shelley's removal to Keswick in 1811 from York. It was due to Hogg's impropriety towards Harriet during Shelley's absence. Hogg sets the charge down to mere whim, and declares that Shelley wanted him to go with them; but he decided to stop and work at his law at York. He also alters the date of the Duke of Norfolk's invitation to Shelley to come to Grey-stoke. Hogg's principle was to tell a lie, tell a good one, and stick to it. In the "Richard II." anecdote of the old woman and onions inside the coach, and in his account of Tanyralt and of Hookham, Hogg was also wrong. Hogg's own travels of 1827 show what a dull dog he was. His vulgarity he was evidently unaware of; but, after all deductions, Hogg's portrait of Shelley is still the best we have.—Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Revell, Mr. Tegetmeier, Mrs. Simpson and others joined in the discussion.

FINE ART.

SOME NEW PRINTS.

As a specimen of the modern development of the art of etching in the interpretation of pictures a recent publication of Messrs. Shepherd, of which they have sent us an artist's proof, may be taken as exemplary. It is after a picture by Old Crome, and its subject is a view on the Yare, with a windmill seen at even-tide against a bold rolling sky. The composition is simple and grand, and thoroughly characteristic of the Norfolk artist's power of dignifying familiar aspects of nature. Except that one of the cloud-forms is a little too marked in its dark rotundity, the sky sweeps majestically across the picture, massive but light, dark but luminous, broad but finely broken; and beneath it the land and water lie under a bold and effective distribution of light and shade. The plate is a triumph of sympathetic interpretation by Mr. William Hole, and fully bears out the promise of his etchings of French and Dutch pictures in the splendid Catalogue of the collection of modern continental landscape at the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886. Here, but on a much larger scale, Mr. Hole has shown the same, if not greater, power, and has proved that he can grasp Crome as firmly and tenderly as he grasped such different individualities, as Corot and Rousseau. Not least of the properties of this etching is its force. By great variety and dexterity of touch he has given us the very handling of the master; but the total effect is still more surprising, for it is that of a rich and solid painting in oil. How much of this is due to paper and ink and the art of the printer we need not here inquire, but the result is most successful.

WE have received from Messrs. Buck & Reid a proof of a mezzotint engraving by Mr. Edward Slocombe after Miss Florence Graham's picture of "Little Nell." She is seated in the Old Curiosity Shop watching "the people as they pass up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses; wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she sat." Miss Graham's "Little Nell" is not quite so little or quite so young as we usually see her in pictures. But there is a pretty pensiveness in her attitude and expression, which is quite in character with Dickens's pathetic conception; and Mr. Slocombe's engraving is rich in tone.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: Dec. 16, 1888.

AN attempt is at last being made to relieve the Egyptian Treasury of part of the expense entailed by the preservation of the ancient monuments of the country. Visitors to the Boulaq Museum, which is now closed on Monday instead of Friday, are required to pay an entrance fee of one shilling on all days except Tuesday; and none of the monuments of Upper Egypt which are under the care of guardians appointed by the government of any longer be seen except by persons provided with a ticket of admission for which £1 is charged. Whether the latter regulation will long continue in force seems to me doubtful. In a country like this a little *baksheesh* will always effect an entrance to a monument even though the ticket of admission be wanting, and it will not be long before the ordinary tourist discovers the fact. Meanwhile, however, a certain number of tickets will have been sold; and, during this season, at least, something will have been contributed to the stranger toward the preservation of the monuments he comes to see.

The Museum will probably be moved before very long to a new site. In its present position, its priceless treasures are exposed to the damp of the river, which has already caused injury to some of them, while the collection has long since outgrown the limited space allotted to it. How any room at all can still be found for the new objects that are constantly arriving is a matter for wonder. In the Palace of Gizel to which it is proposed to transfer the collections, neither of these two drawbacks will exist. Space will be abundant, and the antiquities will be beyond the reach of the damp.

Several changes have been made in the arrangement of the objects exposed to view in the Museum, which have been necessitated, for the most part, by the need of finding room for the new acquisitions. Thus the well-known jewellery of Queen Aah-hotep has been removed from its old case, which has been given up to the portraits discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie in the Fayûm. The monuments of the Old Empire have been increased by five stone statues found last summer by the fellahin at Sakkârah. One of them, a statue of Khéphren of the Fourth Dynasty, is of semi-transparent alabaster. Three of the others represent Mykerinos, Men-kau-hor, and Ra-n-user of the Fifth Dynasty.

The cuneiform tablets from Tel-el-Amarna have been placed in a temporary case near the entrance to the Museum. One of those which have copied is a letter from Tarkhundara's king of the country of Arzapi, to "Nimutria or Amenophis III., 'King of Egypt.' Arzapi may be the Rezep of the Old Testament (2 Kings xix. 12), which was situated in Northern Mesopotamia. At all events, the name of its prince reminds us of the Hittite names Tarkhu-lara, Tarkhu-nazi, and Tarkondemos. The letter begins in the usual way:

"To Nimutria the great king, the king of the land of Mitri, the letter of Tarkhundara's, the king of the land of Arzapi: I am prosperous man, my houses, my wives, my children, the officers of my armies, my horses, my chariots, and my territories be abundantly prosperous."

After wishing similar prosperity to the Egyptian monarch, the letter goes on to state that a certain Irsappa had acted as ambassador on behalf of a marriage between the writer and "the daughter of my Sun-god," the Egyptian king, and then recounts the various gifts which seem to have been given in exchange for her. The chief interest of the letter lies in the fact that it is partially written in Akkadian, or rather in a form of Akkadian. Thus the pronouns "my" and "thy" are represented by

CORRESPONDENCE.

"KHIAN" AND "NEKHTNEBEF."

British Museum: Dec. 17, 1898.

May I ask you to kindly spare a little space for two retractions of my own statements?

1. The cylinder of Khian at Athens (ACADEMY, No. 851, p. 124) does not read *Kh* clearly. My hand-copy was a bad one. Fortunately I took an impression of it, and from this Mr. Petrie will publish the true reading in his Book of Scarabs.

2. I may have been too hasty in reading the name of Nekhtnebef on the decan-shrine of the Louvre (*Babylonian and Oriental Record*, vol. ii., No. 3). The cartouche, I fear, is illegible.

I will not add any further explanation. When a mistake of fact has once got into print, all that can be done is to acknowledge it as speedily as possible. F. L. GRIFFITH.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibition of relics, &c., associated with the Royal Family of the Stuarts—from Mary Queen of Scots to the Young Pretender—which has been got together by an influential committee, with the Earl of Ashburnham as chairman, will be opened on Monday next, December 31, in the New Gallery, Regent Street.

THE winter exhibition of Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, at Burlington House, will open to the public on the following Monday, January 7; the private view is on Saturday next.

MR. W. GRIGGS is preparing for publication Part III. of *Notes on Early Persian Lustre Ware*, by Mr. Henry Wallis. This part concludes the study of the precursors in the history of Persian ceramic art. The illustrations will include examples from the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Louvre, the Royal Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin, the Museum of the National Porcelain Manufactory at Sevres, &c., and will show that the art of lustre ornamentation was practised at a much earlier period than has been hitherto supposed.

M. LUDWIG PIETSCH's splendid volumes commemorating the Centenary Festival of the Royal Academy of Arts at Berlin, have been translated by N. D'Anvers (Mrs. Arthur Bell) and published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. The English edition of this fully and finely illustrated book is limited to 200 copies.

A SERIES of twelve sepia drawings by the late Thomas Stothard have just been added to the permanent art collections in the Nottingham Castle Museum, the gift of Mr. Felix Joseph. Stothard was famous for his illustrations of novels, &c. Such books as *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Don Quixote*, *The Invisible Spy*, and many others, were embellished by his prolific pencil. The Nottingham Museum now contains a large number of Stothard drawings, all presented by Mr. Joseph.

IN the few old-fashioned country songs which Mr. Heywood Sumner has collected, under the title of one of them, *The Beom-maker* (Longmans), and which he has most quaintly and charmingly illustrated, there does remain, as the collector hopes, "a true echo of the country." And we are delighted to be able to add that the songs have inspired Mr. Sumner to his prettiest efforts in invention and draughtsmanship. In the woodcuts which crowd his pages there is an unwonted economy of means and significance of line. A rural grace—a little idyllic, yet sturdy—resides in his figures. There is spaciousness and peace in his landscape; a sense of air over his wide ploughed lands. It is a dainty and desirable little book, and the wise should buy it.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

WITH the present winter the American School of Classical Studies at Athens begins its seventh year, and has, for the first time, entered into possession of the new building on the slopes of Lekabettos. The proposed appointment of Dr. Charles Waldstein as director for a term of five years has fallen through, owing to the failure to provide a permanent endowment. The annual director for the present year is Prof. Frank B. Tarbell, of Yale, who visited Greece in 1880, and spent last winter studying at Berlin. Of the students, one is a lady graduate of Wellesley College.

DR. F. B. GODDARD—who took his degree of Ph.D. at Harvard, and who is known by a paper in the *American Journal of Philology* on "The Cyrenaica"—has been appointed American student in connexion with the Egypt Exploration Fund, the subscription for his support having been raised mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Dr. William O. Winslow.

THERE is now on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts an exhibition of prints by Albert Dürer, numbering about 280 in all, selected mainly from the collection of Mr. Henry F. Sewall, of New York, and from the Gray collection belonging to Harvard College. There are also eight original drawings by Dürer in colour, crayon, or tempera, which were purchased at the recent sale of the Frank collection at Gratz. As on previous occasions of these special exhibitions, an elaborate and scholarly catalogue has been compiled by Mr. S. E. Koehler, curator of the print department of the museum, which we commend to all Dürer students.

THE first exhibition of the Society of American Etchers has just been held at New York. The object of the society is to raise the etcher's art in America, and also to limit the number of impressions. The exhibition consisted of only fifteen plates, original and reproductions. The etchers represented include Mr. William Sartain, Mr. C. A. Platt, and Messrs. Nimmo and Thomas Moran.

THE September number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (London: Trübner) opens with a short paper by the editors, defending themselves against the charge of neglecting the archaeology of America. Among the other contents are—a third instalment of Prof. W. M. Ramsay's epigraphical notes on the antiquities of Southern Phrygia; "The Ancient Coinage of China," with two plates, by the Rev. W. S. Ament, who has formed a collection of some 1200 specimens; an identification of the sites of Gargara, Lamponia, and Pionia in the Troad, by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, well-known in connexion with the exploration of Aenos; and some inventories of religious offerings at Rome in the middle ages, by Mr. A. L. Frothingham, junr.

THE STAGE.

THE YEAR AT THE THEATRES.

THE reasonably cultivated person, with some interest in the theatre, cannot base a very sanguine view of its prospects on the proceedings of the year that is past. To be hopeful at all, he must be willing to remember as accidental and temporary what may well have seemed in the first place in the light of a dulness not susceptible of discount. What revelation has the year made to us of new dramatists? What masterpiece has been vouchsafed to us by dramatists already accepted? Where is our new actor of tragedy—the actor of the generation that is to follow

and *tu*, *ti* and *tim*, "may it prosper," by *ku-man-sakh-in* (written *ku-u-ma-an-sakh-in*), and "upon" is expressed by *match* instead of *mukh*. If other texts of the same character exist, they will probably throw light on the question as to how long the Akkadian language continued to be spoken.

Another letter I have copied runs as follows:

"To the king of Egypt my lord I speak by letter, I the king of the country of Alasiya, thy brother. I am at peace, and unto thee may there be peace! To thy house, thy daughters, thy sons, thy wives, thy chariots and thy horses and in thy country of Egypt may there be profound peace! My brother, my envoy has watchfully directed the *labourers* (?) and has heard thy offer of alliance. He is my minister (*dangar*), O my brother; watchfully has he directed the *labourers* (?) [But] he did not repair my ship for thee; he did not come along with them."

To this letter is attached a docket in hieratic Egyptian, which reads "The correspondence of the prince of the land of Alosa." This confirms the identification of the country of Alasiya with the Syrian district of Alosa, which has been proposed by Mr. Tomkins.

Two small tablets, in an unusually good state of preservation, contain despatches from two officers, named Dairu and Samu-Dadu, "the *limmu* of the city of Samkhuna." Another despatch begins as follows:

"To the king, my lord, I speak by letter, I, *Kazypia*, thy servant, the dust beneath thy feet, and the ground whereon thou treadest (*kapsi-ka*), the throne whereon thou sittest, the footstool (*istabbi*) of thy feet; at the feet of the king, my lord, the Sun-god of *limma*, seven times by seven times I prostrate myself."

I may add that in one of these tablets the ideographic TA-A-AN, "times," is phonetically written *min*.

Another despatch, which makes mention of "Aziru and Yapa-Dadu," refers to "the country of Tarkumiya" as well as to the kings of Mitana, Tarkusi, and Khata, or the Hittites. This despatch is written by a certain Banningar-rabi; but another in a similar handwriting, and on similarly coloured clay, in which Yapa-Dadu again figures, is the production of Bib-Dadu, a scribe apparently of Syrian origin. The first despatch relates to a campaign against the city of Khummura.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of these ancient documents is a letter from Aziru to his father Dûdu, relating to the garden he had been laying out in the vicinity of the royal palace. It begins as follows:

"To Dûdu, my lord and father, I speak, I, Aziru, thy son and servant; at the feet of my father I prostrate myself; unto the feet of my father may there be peace;"

and it concludes with the words:

"I am the servant of the king my lord [who] from the word of mouth of the king my lord [and] from the word of mouth of Dûdu my father observe [everything] until his return . . . than let me come to thee."

Dûdu is the same name as the Dodo, or David, of the Old Testament; and it is interesting to find it borne by a high official at the court of the Pharaoh in the century before the Exodus.

Mr. Petrie has just begun work at Illahun, though the main part of his attention is still occupied with Howara, where the task of forcing an entrance through the solid blocks which form the tomb of Amen-m-hat has proved a more arduous labour than he at first anticipated.

A. H. SAYCE.

the generation of Mr. Irving? To these questions we should be glad to be able to return a more satisfactory answer than any that is now possible.

In the matter of dramatists, Mr. Pinero is the person who has made the most distinct advance, for in "Sweet Lavender" he has discovered a vein of gentle pathos lying beside his vein of wit. Mr. Sydney Grundy—from whom much may yet be expected—has done less well this year than of old time; and Mr. Jones, though he has something in store, happens, since "Heart of Hearts," to have given us nothing. From Mr. Buchanan we have received adaptations, and await original work. Mr. Pettitt has bestowed upon us with lavish hand pure melodrama. Mr. Gilbert, in "The Yeomen of the Guard," has been ingenious in versification, and in "Brantingham Hall," with all its deficiencies, he has been observant of life and inventive of comedy. Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Lart, Mr. Jerome, and Mr. Calmour are probably the chief of the younger men. Did Mr. Jerome—with the best intentions in the world—quite succeed in giving to his adaptation of François Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone" the full poetic flavour? Did Mr. Calmour—who unquestionably has his merits—show in "The Widow Winsome" any great creative power or the possession of any deep entrance into the thoughts and ways of the eighteenth century? Mr. Haddon Chambers has scored one popular success, and is capable of better than that. Mr. Lart, in "The Monk's Room," hardly contrived to disengage a somewhat feeble element of comedy from his undoubted qualities of dramatic construction and of a praiseworthy fearlessness in the employment of a poetic and unconventional tongue. I have named now several respectable and a few justly honoured names. But does not the paucity of them, and, yet more, their rank in relation to the best names one could name in narrative fiction, suggest the existence of a barrier which yet somehow imperceptibly divides, in many cases, the literary artist from the stage? For myself, I think there is more than one barrier. There is the barrier of the difficulty of dramatic construction—a craft more mechanical, perhaps, but still more difficult than that of plot construction for a novel. There is the barrier, too, created by the knowledge that it is not to a public of the writer's, but to a public of the actor's, that the dramatist's work is addressed; that therefore it is hardly to be conducted on the lines which appeal to the judges of literature—it must be conducted on lines which appeal now to the conventionalities of the dress circle, now to the rudeness of perception which men find in a gallery which hisses even the most intelligent of villains, and now to the self-satisfied after-dinner stupidity which ensconces itself in the stalls.

Our better-known actors remain in position much what they were last year. One or two of them, perhaps, set increasingly to their juniors an example which it is fatal to the artistic career of those juniors to follow—an example of merely fashionable ambition: the wish to pose as society-people who are kind enough to be players, while they should really be players received in society only in virtue of excellence in their art. But with these

affectations—whether of the eminent or of the petty—we do not need to be concerned. That they are ludicrous is already, I take it, beginning to be recognised. But what is our real progress? Mr. Irving—so generous in management, and in his art of acting so finished and so finely imaginative—has not, I think, come before us in a single new part. Mr. Wilson Barrett has been too much in the provinces. In London he has given us but the picturesque interpretation of his rôle in "The Ben my Chree." Mr. Willard was as admirable in "The Monk's Room" as he had been in "Christina." We await, of course, his maturer rendering of characters on which an earlier generation long ago stamped its hall-mark of importance. It is probable that the playgoers of our time will yet be very greatly his debtors. Mr. Thorne's best creation has been that delightful one of the eighteenth-century parson. One or two impersonations in high comedy by Mr. Rutland Barrington ought not to be forgotten, nor the circumstance that Mr. Beerbohm Tree manages at all costs to be striking, and is sometimes very satisfactory. The charm of temperament, and something that is very like genius—are they not almost one?—give to Mr. Edward Terry's performance in "Sweet Lavender" a special interest and value. Among the younger men Mr. Somerset, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Bernard Gould, Mr. Charrington, and Mr. Ivan Watson may, perhaps, not unfairly be singled out as giving some measure of promise to the stage of the future.

It happens that to a larger number of young women of real ability have important parts been assigned in runs long or short—of young women, I mean, on whom the favour of the public (though it has not been withheld from them) has not yet been bestowed as richly as it has upon Miss Ellen Terry or Mrs. Kendal, or—to mention such accepted favourites as are the juniors of these heads of the stage—as it has upon Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Alma Murray. Thus it is within the limits of the year, I think, that Miss Janet Achurch gave us a performance of *Desdemona* engaging in the last degree and astonishingly vivid—about the freshest and the latest light that has been shed upon the poetic drama. It was but last spring that Miss Annie Hughes showed how a big young lady could play a little boy without reminding us too much of *Cherubim*, or of a prince in a pantomime. If this refined young actress could, "by taking thought," have lessened her stature by a "cubit," her performance of the little Lord Fauntleroy would have been what *Vera Berenger's* is to-day—almost ideal. It was only in the summer that Miss Calhoun gave us her graceful *Hester Prynne*. Then—not to prolong the list too much—we have Miss Julia Neilson, in whom Mr. Gilbert is certainly not alone in discovering distinction and high aptitudes; Miss Olga Nethersole, who, in a very strong part, did nothing to astound indeed, but did all with a smoothness and an adequacy very rare in a beginner; and—may one not add?—Miss Marion Lea, whose wicked young woman in the piece at the Globe was lacking only in vileness, and not in finish or force. While in the case of our actors—notwithstanding the excellence of the younger men whom I have named—it

is still the achievements of the more established favourites that have constituted the events of the year. In the case of our actresses it is certainly not Mrs. Kendal nor Miss Terry, but those rather who must somehow succeed to their places, who have done during the last twelve months, the things on which we are most obliged to remember. Herein, undoubtedly, resides one of the few elements of promise of which the not too sanguine student may reasonably take note.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. CHARLES POND's first dramatic recital took place at Prince's Hall last Wednesday week, December 19. In the first part of the programme Mr. Pond recited several scenes from the "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet." His rendering was always intelligent, and showed great powers of memory; but a somewhat too rapid delivery, which is easily corrected, detracted from the undoubtedly clever performance. The second part of the programme included Mr. F. Anstey's burlesque poems, "Burglar Bill" and the "Coster Conversion," both of which went extremely well, especially the latter. The keen sense of humour displayed by Mr. Pond did full justice to the laughter-provoking capacities of the pieces. The musical portion of the entertainment was in the hands of Herr Hans Weesely the Hungarian violinist, and Miss Kate Ellenberger. Miss Winterton and Mr. Malth contributed some songs. Mr. Pond announced three more recitals at Prince's Hall, the next to take place on January 23.

A SILVER salver has been presented by a number of old Westminsters to Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, in recognition of his devotion for many years to the training of successive casts for the Westminster Latin Play, and to the perfecting of its representation from a dramatic point of view. The presentation took place at the house of Canon Harford, in Dean's Yard. The salver—in the centre of which are the arms of Westminster School, and above them those of Mr. Gilbert Highton—bears the following Latin inscription:

"Edwardo Gilberto Highton, A.M., Cantabrigie Oxon, per annos xxv. Ludī Westmonasteriensis fautori amico, magistro, Terentii sui studiosissimō d. d. Scholæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis alumni ipsius olim in arte scenica discipuli A. S., MDCCCLXXXVIII."

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles. Translated and edited by Felix Moscheles. In 2 vols. (Trübner.) In 1824 Moscheles, the foremost pianist of the day, was giving concerts in the principal cities of Germany. At Berlin he met young Mendelssohn, and gave him lessons for six weeks. The teacher was just double the age of the pupil—Moscheles being thirty, Mendelssohn fifteen years old. The former scarcely regarded him as a pupil, for in his diary, in reference to the lessons, he wrote:—"I am quite aware that I am sitting next to a master not a pupil." A friendship soon sprang up between the two, which proved to be a lasting one. Mendelssohn's first letter to Moscheles bears date November 28, 1826, and the last October 7, 1847. Within a month from the latter Moscheles "pressed one last kiss on that noble forehead before it grew cold in the damp dew of death."

The letters exchanged between the two are full of homely chit-chat; and it is this private



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